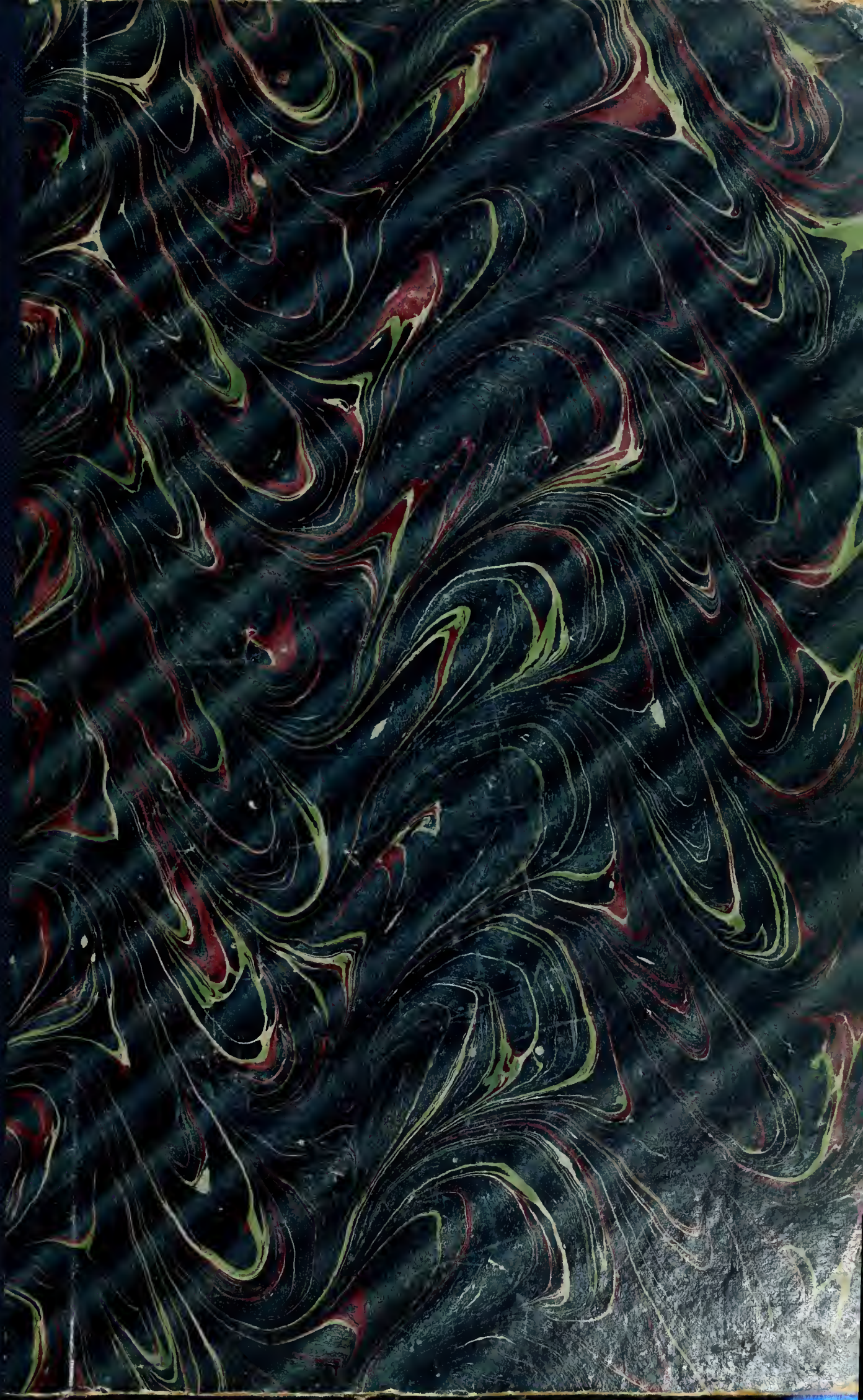




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The Literary Week.

MR. JOHN MORLEY'S *Life of Cromwell*, now appearing serially in the *Century Magazine*, will be published in book form in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan.

AMONG Mr. G. W. Stevens's effects, which have been returned from Ladysmith, were six unpublished articles, called "War and Mud" (an account of his arrival at Ladysmith), "The Fight that Failed" (Lombard's Kop), "The Investment," "The Thirty Light Horsemen," "The Conies are a Feeble Folk," and "The Raid on Gun Hill." These are the type-written copies of articles which were sent out from Ladysmith, and lost. The first of them was published in the *Daily Mail* on Thursday. Here is his first acquaintance with Ladysmith:

Through the rain-blubbered window I saw a soppy-sanded platform and little red-roofed station buildings streaked with water and mud. A few skimpy trees hung their leaves limply. When I got out they were tumbling the luggage into sallow puddles. My skin was stale with the sleep you take in your clothes, and the air of dawn clung darkly to it like wet linen. Ladysmith—good Lord! . . .

As I slid and staggered up a bank and round a corner, there appeared half a dozen Indian camp-followers—sopping khaki putties and wringing turbans, shrunken with cold, ambling miserably through the mire, skating vaguely over the slime with bowed backs and dead toes and fingers. Gloom, drip, shiver, mud—and this was Ladysmith and this was glorious war!

MANY friends of the City of London School have felt and expressed the desire that the career of Mr. G. W. Stevens should be suitably commemorated in the place where he was educated. A committee has accordingly been formed, and arrangements have been made to present to the school a replica of the well-known portrait by the Hon. John Collier. It is also intended, if sufficient contributions are received, to found an annual prize.

THUS they honour their literary men in Poland. The people of Warsaw have decided to signalise Henry Sienkiewicz's jubilee by a gift to him of landed property. A committee has been formed to collect subscriptions, and has already succeeded in raising a large sum, with which it is proposed to purchase an estate for the author in the province. The celebration of his jubilee and the presentation of the estate are to take place next November.

OWING to the printers having gone to press with the last signature of Mrs. Craigie's novel, *Robert Orange*, without receiving the press-proof, a sentence has been missed out on page 408. It is in Disraeli's last letter, and should go in between the words, "cause of the quarrel" and "Orange applied." It runs as follows: "The passion of love invariably drives men and women to an extreme step in one direction or another. It will send some to the Cloisters, some to the Tribune, some to the stage, some to heroism, some to crime, and all to their natural calling."

PROF. WALTER RALEIGH, of Liverpool, the author of *The English Novel*, and of a brilliant, but wilful, book on *Style*, has been appointed successor to Prof. Bradley in the Chair of English Literature at Glasgow.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS contributes to *Scribner's Magazine* a characteristic account of the Relief of Ladysmith. It is marked by good observation and sympathy. When Mr. Davis rode into Ladysmith he met two officers. One of them handed him a list of the prices that had been paid during the siege for food and tobacco. The price of cigars struck him as specially pathetic—no wonder; they cost over three shillings a piece. Mr. Davis produced a handful of cigars from his pocket and offered them to the officers. We must give this "Thing Seen" in his own words:

They each took one, but they refused to put the rest of the cigars in their pockets. Then a beautiful thing happened. They lit the cigars, and at the first taste of the smoke—and they were not good cigars—an almost human expression of peace and goodwill and utter abandonment of joy spread over their yellow skins and cracked lips and fever-lit eyes. The first man dropped his reins and put his hands on his hips and threw back his head and shoulders and closed his eyelids. I felt that I had intruded at a moment which should have been left sacred. Another boy officer in stainless khaki and beautifully turned out, polished and burnished and varnished, but with the same yellow skin and sharpened cheek-bones and protruding teeth, a skeleton on horseback, rode slowly toward us down the hill. As he reached us he glanced up and then swayed in his saddle, gazing at my companions fearfully. "Good God," he cried. His brother officers seemed to understand, but made no answer, except to jerk their heads toward me. They were too occupied to speak. I handed the skeleton a cigar, and he took it in great embarrassment, laughing and stammering and blushing. Then I began to understand; I began to appreciate the heroic self-sacrifice of the first two, who when they had been given the chance had refused to fill their pockets. I knew then that it was an effort worthy of the V.C.

THE *Ladies' Magazine*, the not very attractive title of the new periodical to be issued by Messrs. Pearson next January, will contain the opening chapters of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Eternal City." It is said that Mr. Hall Caine received £1,500 for the serial rights. Apropos of the subject of prices, we call the information, from "C. K. S.'s" letter in the *Sphere*, that Miss Marie Corelli has received £5,000 on account of the royalty for her new novel, *The Master Christian*.

MR. HENRY LAWSON, the Australian poet and author, who arrived in London last week, intends making his home in this country.

A BOOK of immediate topical interest is announced by Messrs. Sampson Low: *European Settlements in the Far East*. The compiler has aimed to supply information to the political student, the merchant, and the public generally.

FROM Mr. George Smith's remarks at the Mansion House celebration of *The Dictionary of National Biography* it may be gathered that the production of this great work has cost something like £150,000. Mr. Smith added that he must consider himself fairly fortunate if the return equals half this expenditure. No literary enterprise of such magnitude has been carried out in this country at the cost and initiative of a single individual. Mr. Morley, who proposed the toast of "The Dictionary of National Biography," made a sunny little speech, in the course of which he said (we quote the *Daily News* report):

Everybody knew that beautiful picture, not meant to be a picture, that Gibbon drew—how he walked under the acacias when he had finished his great work. Those who had produced this Dictionary did not walk under acacias, they lunched with the Lord Mayor. He believed, however, that they shared some of the regrets with which Gibbon parted from his immortal work. He himself had contributed only one article to this titanic Dictionary—the biography of a statesman who, he was told, though he did not accept it, was more dead than any other in the whole catalogue, and that was Cobden. As to scale and proportion, from Mr. Lee's famous study of Shakespeare—Mr. Firth's masterly article on Cromwell, Mr. Stephen's contributions—Burke and Swift, for example—to any others of the 30,000 subjects, the distribution of space must always be a matter open to argument. With regard to omissions, he was told that someone who was the possessor of "Boxiana" thought the prize ring had been very inadequately dealt with. Mr. Lee had adopted the principle that malefactors—and the character of a malefactor must always be very much a question of degree—because of the permanent interest they excited in the human mind, deserved a space scarcely inferior to that given to benefactors. He regretted that in this gallery they did not have Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Franklin. These were all British subjects. When the Dictionary was commenced, he could have wished that Mr. Smith had made it a dictionary of universal biography, but he saw now that Mr. Smith had been right in confining the task to national biography, and he was glad the work was "national," and was not called by some other words that were more in fashion at the present day.

THE Statistical Account of *The Dictionary of National Biography* appended to the last volume contains some curious information. The table of memoirs arranged century by century may be summarised as follows:

Memoirs.		Memoirs.	
Fifth century ...	36	Thirteenth century ...	515
Sixth century ...	81	Fourteenth century ...	678
Seventh century...	134	Fifteenth century ...	659
Eighth century ...	96	Sixteenth century ...	2,138
Ninth century ...	57	Seventeenth century...	5,674
Tenth century ...	76	Eighteenth century ...	5,789
Eleventh century ...	186	Nineteenth century ...	12,608
Twelfth century...	377		
		Total ...	29,104

The deductions which may be drawn from these figures are interesting, especially if the estimated population of the country in each century be taken into consideration. The distribution of the names over the alphabet is also shown, but here it would take a wise man to draw conclusions. The largest number of names appears under the letter B; and this letter is followed by C, S, H, M, P, W, G, &c. The figures for these letters are:

B ...	3,078	M ...	2,310
C ...	2,542	P ...	1,807
S ...	2,420	W ...	1,797
H ...	2,420	G ...	1,490

The fewest names naturally appear under Z, which furnishes 21. X has no name at all to its credit. Q has only 31, and U 75.

THE longest article in the Dictionary is Mr. Sidney Lee's Shakespeare, filling forty-nine pages. It is followed at a distance by the biography of the Duke of Wellington, by Col. E. M. Lloyd, R.G., with thirty-four pages. The next longest biographies are those of Francis Bacon, Oliver Cromwell, Queen Elizabeth, Sir Robert Walpole, the Duke of Marlborough, Sir Walter Scott, Edward I., Byron, Charles II., Newton, Swift, Edward III., Sterne, and Wycliffe. A list of the thirty-four contributors who have written the largest number of pages in the Dictionary starts as follows:

Name.	Amount of Contributions in pages.	Amount of Contributions reckoned in volumes.	No. of Articles.
Mr. Sidney Lee.....	1,370	Three volumes	820
Prof. J. K. Laughton...	1,000	Two and a quarter	904
Mr. Leslie Stephen	1,000	Two and a quarter	378
Mr. T. F. Henderson ...	900	Two	918
Mr. Thompson Cooper ..	900	Two	1,122
Rev. William Hunt.....	830	Two	595

Perhaps the proudest fact in the statistics is that the number of biographies in the Dictionary is far in excess of the number in the National Biography of any other country.

THE new *Anglo-Saxon Review* is an average number, in a cover of more than average gorgeousness. Best among its contents we like Mr. John Davidson's "Eclogue of the Downs." There are three speakers: Lucian, Urban, and Eustace; and they walk over the Downs and talk, as men will, about fate and the meaning of life. Their walk takes them

Under Erringham,
By Thundersbarrow Hill, through Mossy Bottom,
Past Crooked Moon and over Thorleigh Top,
Behind the tree-shorn Downs, by Small Dole, Beeding,
Bramber, and on to Steyning, where we dine.

The more serious passages, which are full of vitality, are relieved by delightful descriptions of the sights and sounds of the walk. The friends come to a hamlet, which consists of "a forge, a store, Three dwelling-houses, and a wayside inn." They taste the Sussex ale, and with it drink the silence.

EUSTACE.

The wind has fallen; not a whisper stirs
The brimming silence; earth, enchanted, waits
A counter-spell.

URBAN.

I love that litter, strewn
About the stithy yard; machines and ploughs;
Old toothless harrows; rollers, rusty, cracked,
And clotted o'er with tell-tale soil; wheel-tyres
Of sorts in bunches on the gable: all
Reposeful, genial, and luxurious.

EUSTACE.

A prying woman opens a door and peeps—
But not at us, she makes believe. She turns;
She hesitates; she saunters purposeless,
Then grasps her gown foothold across the way,
And punctuates the silence so.

URBAN.

A smothered, gurgling sound; a scarf of smoke
Hangs out upon the chimney-stalk! The bellows
Coughs and rumbles, sooty cobwebs blown
To tatters in its throat.

The assembled starlings scold
In budding tree-tops; and the brazen catch
And madrigal of fifty chanticleers
In fifty farms responds and dwindles wide
From knoll to knoll round Chanetonbury Ring,
That copes with sable crest the silvery air.

AN American poet, Mr. Robert Loveman, very sensibly calls his poems *A Book of Verses*. That is the ideal title for the volume of a "minor" poet, and there is no reason why every "minor" poet should not use it, the author's name being thus made the sufficient and appropriate distinction. The title—or description, for it is really no more—has derived dignity from its adoption by Mr. Henley.

A WORK of great importance to those who are interested in the art and history of typography has just been issued by the Clarendon Press. This is *Notes on a Century of Typography at the University Press, Oxford, 1693-1794*, with annotations and appendixes by Mr. Horace Hart, printer to the University. Only one hundred and fifty copies have been issued. The book, which we shall notice hereafter, is a large square quarto, and is nobly equipped in all respects. It displays all the various types which, between the above dates, were in use at Oxford, and of which specimen imprints were issued to authors in order that they might select the type in which their works were to be printed.

IN the new *Cornhill* Mr. Bernard Capes generously gives away—we presume he gives them away—nine plots of novels which he has not had the time or will to work out. They are mostly of the fantastic order. "The Plot of the Abhorred Couple" and "The Plot of the Fearful Head" are effective in the gruesome line. There are three Plots of Lost and Recovered Treasures and two Plots of Mysterious Deaths, and there is "The Plot of the Phenomenal Calculator and the Quantity Surveyor." Perhaps the most amusingly tragic plot is that of "The Dead Cook Under the Coal Shoot," which we will quote:

One morning is found, lying under the open circular shoot of a coal cellar beneath the pavement, the dead body of the general servant to a family living in a quiet street of a quiet suburb. She had evidently gone in the early morning to fetch coals. . . . Her scalp is abraded, her neck dislocated. The pavement in the immediate neighbourhood of the orifice is slightly spattered with blood. . . . It would seem that the crown of the victim's head was, when assailed, actually projected, sprouting like a red tulip bud from the pavement. Now, it is the very character of the injuries that baffles inquisition; for the damage to the scalp is superficial, and insufficient to account for the spilt blood, as in evidence. Moreover, even a red-haired cook will not allow her neck to be broken without a struggle, and here there was no sign of the occurrence of any. So again we set our illuminati to work; and this is the solution of the mystery as they interpret it: a circus company is leaving the neighbourhood in the early morning. A young elephant—one of certain animals conducted through the empty streets—becoming either scared or skittish, breaks from the ranks and scuttles along the side-walk. Mary Jane . . . hearing strange sounds, essays to project her inquisitive knowledge through the aperture, and has only got so far as to bung the latter, when the elephant shuffles up, and, unthinking, puts a foot upon the sprouting bulb, as upon a mere eccentricity of the pavement. Down goes Mary Jane, shutting upon herself, between the elephant and the coal, with a scratched scalp and a dislocated neck; and down also goes the animal's foot, wedging itself in the hole. And here it is, in the beast's frantic struggles to withdraw its limb, that the skin thereof is frayed and the blood scattered. (Note by illuminati: diameter of blood corpuscle in man, 3,300th of an inch; of an elephant, 2,745th of an inch.)

This story, well worked out, would have sped a railway journey.

"DOES anyone now read Mrs. Radcliffe?" asks Mr. Andrew Lang in an article on this novelist in the same magazine. Apparently people do, or did until recently, for Mr. Lang says:

The thick double-columned volume in which I peruse the works of the Enchantress belongs to a public library. It is quite the dirtiest, greasiest, most dog's-eared, and most bescribbled tome in the collection. Many of the books have remained during the last hundred years uncut even to this day, and I have had to apply the paper knife to many an author, from Aleiphron (1790) to Mr. Max Müller, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of *Bozzy's Life of Dr. Johnson*. But Mrs. Radcliffe has been read diligently, and copiously annotated.

Concerning Mrs. Radcliffe's novel, *The Sicilian Romance*, Mr. Lang has this suggestive and, we think, perfectly correct note:

The Sicilian Romance appeared in 1790, when the author's age was twenty-six. The book has a treble attraction, for it contains the germ of *Northanger Abbey* and the germ of *Jane Eyre* and—the germ of Byron! Like *Joseph Andrews*, *Northanger Abbey* began as a parody (of Mrs. Radcliffe), and developed into a real novel of character. So, too, Byron's gloomy scowling adventurers, with their darkling past, are mere repetitions in rhyme of Mrs. Radcliffe's Schedoni. This is so obvious that, when discussing Mrs. Radcliffe's Schedoni, Scott adds in a note parallel passages from Byron's *Ghaur*. Sir Walter did not mean to mock, he merely compared two kindred spirits. "The noble poet" "kept on the business still," and broke into octosyllabics, borrowed from Scott, his descriptions of miscreants borrowed from Mrs. Radcliffe.

MR. A. H. MILLAR's recent attack on the Omar Khayyám craze has its Transatlantic counterpart in an article by Mr. Edgar Fawcett in the *New York Journal*. This writer contends that the Omar Khayyám "fad" takes its place in a long line of English fads and fevers connected with Turgenev, Browning, Maeterlinck, and others. All these fads, says Mr. Fawcett, are dead or dying, and the Omar fad will die too, and the sooner the better; it has shown up "the hypocrisy of English ethics." Mr. Fawcett describes Omar's philosophy as follows:

Omar was not only a religious infidel, but he was a sensualist at whom Epicurus, not to mention Horace, would have shuddered. Yet he has been made the fashion, and that is enough for people to bow before him in silliest reverence. The professed lovers of Omar include Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Christians of almost every type. Ingersoll, that noble and honest thinker, never dreamed of such ruffian heterodoxy as this Persian *bon vivant* has literally reeled off by the yard, nor did the great dead agnostic whom I have just named ever once descend to the shallowness of Omar's utterance. It is all, when regarded seriously, the most pitiable stuff. Commonplace is no word for it, since it merely decorates the obvious in wine-drenched garlands and tawdry spangles. "Eat and drink, for to-morrow you die," does not express its dull grossness. "Get drunk as often as you can, and stay so as long as you can, for there's nothing in life half so profitable," sounds its true note.

It is to be observed here, as in Mr. Millar's case, that no distinction appears to be made between the half-legendary Omar and the very real FitzGerald. To say of FitzGerald's rendering that "commonplace is no word for it" would be crass stupidity; and yet the "fad" denounced in such unmeasured terms has grown up precisely round that rendering, which, to all intents and purposes, is a modern self-existing poem. We agree that the term "fad" is not misplaced: the Omar cult has been in many respects a ridiculous episode; and there is little doubt that before long FitzGerald's poem will once more be read by the fit and few. But to lash oneself into a fury over its philosophy is to establish one's unfitness to read it at all. Omar's "jug of wine" is not the same thing as the public-house round the corner.

St. Nicholas's examination papers for children have often a literary flavour. This month the young people are asked the following questions—the prize for the best answers being a year's subscription to the magazine :

- Who wrote "Goody Two Shoes" ?
 Where was Robinson Crusoe's island ?
 Which is stronger, a lion or a tiger ? Which is the braver animal ?
 What book was first printed in England ?
 What is the origin of the expression, "N. or M.," in the Catechism ?
 What is the meaning of "viz." ? What is its origin ?
 Who was "A. L. O. E." ? Who was "The Country Parson" ?

THE American *Bookman* of July has these remarks on scenery and weather in fiction :

We are quite convinced that in ninety-nine out of every one hundred novels, when the author turns from narrative or dialogue to a description of the surrounding forest, or of the nearby pool, or of the "tall Corinthian pillars of the stately old southern home," or of the hazy blue mountains in the distance, he or she is simply making so many lines of utterly meaningless words. This sort of padding is the most convenient and the easiest in the whole repertory of the third-rate craftsman or craftswoman.

Comparing elaborate with simple effects in this kind of writing, the critic goes on to say :

Dickens, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, devotes several pages to the description of autumn leaves being driven before the wind. It is a wonderful bit of word-painting; Taine has quoted it as an example of the poetic qualities of the great English writer; and still we venture to say that one might read over *Martin Chuzzlewit* for the tenth time, and yet we do not think that anyone ever read and loved *The History of Henry Esmond*, and did not always remember that when Henry went back to Castletwood, after his first bitter experience with the great world, and walked by his Lady's side the night of that 29th of December, that "the moon was up and glittering clear in the frosty sky." It is the simplest and briefest touch . . . and yet it is that touch which makes the picture so effective and complete.

There is truth in these remarks; but the subject is complex. An article on "Scenery in Fiction" would have to go much deeper to be of value.

Bibliographical.

WILL Mr. Lang's magazine article on Mrs. Radcliffe's novels do anything towards creating a demand for them, I wonder? I believe I am correct in saying that the latest occasion on which one of that lady's romances was reprinted was in 1891, when a London firm brought out a cheap edition of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Previously to that we had had, in 1887, a cheap reprint of *The Romance of the Forest*, and in 1884 a cheap reproduction of *The Italian*. Evidently, therefore, there are still people who read Mrs. Radcliffe, although it is many a year since Haynes Bayly had the effrontery to say of her that "past were her terrible touches"—she who had once been

the charmer
 Of girls who sat reading all night.

Of one thing we may be tolerably sure, and that is, that we are not likely to have a reprint, cheap or otherwise, of Mrs. Radcliffe's *Poems*, which seem to have seen the light for the first time in 1834. And yet the good lady prided herself upon her verses, and introduced sundry of them into her stories—notably into *The Romance of the Forest*—which contains a quite pretty little song (albeit exceeding sentimental), beginning :

The rose that weeps with morning dew,
 and so forth.

Attention may be drawn to the paper in the new *Anglo-Saxon Review* in which that versatile lady, the Countess of

Warwick, discourses of "Some Minor Miseries of a Book-Lover." Lady Warwick's warnings against the borrower and the marginal commentator are, of course, familiar; but there is suggestiveness in her remarks on methods of cataloguing, and her proposal for a vertical instead of horizontal arrangement of different-sized tomes on the same subject has something to recommend it. Her protests against inadequate binding, uncut leaves, and the inclusion in a book of its publisher's trade catalogue, will no doubt have sympathisers. There is, however, much to be said for, as well as against, uncut leaves and the publisher's catalogue. The latter is often of great value bibliographically. As for her ladyship's hint that some of the attendants in the British Museum Reading-room might well be women, I fear that this passage in her paper will shake the Museum to its foundations. The lady attendants would need to be over fifty years of age, at the very least. Some ladies under fifty are "distinctly comely," and one goes to the Reading-room to read—at least, some do. And about the regulation concerning "no conversation": is there such a thing as "a silent woman"?

Mr. Frederick Hawkins, of the *Times*, whose death has just been announced, will live in library catalogues, and also in the minds of those who are interested in theatrical history, as the author of *A Life of Edmund Kean*, published in 1869, and of four volumes on the French theatre, entitled respectively *Annals of the French Stage* (2 vols., 1884) and *The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century* (2 vols., 1888). The two latter works are accurate in their information and pleasing in their style. They are likely to remain standard authorities for some time to come. On the other hand, the definitive Life of Edmund Kean has yet to be written, despite the attempts made, not only by Mr. Hawkins, but by Sheridan Knowles, Barry Cornwall, and, in these present days, Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy. It is worth noting that Mr. Hawkins wrote a good deal in the *Theatre* magazine (which he edited at two different periods of its career), often anonymously, and often pseudonymously, masquerading most frequently as "Frédéric O'Keene."

The new Professor of English Literature at Glasgow, Mr. Walter Raleigh, has not yet contributed very much to that literature himself. He first came to the fore in 1894 with a little manual on *The English Novel*. Then he gave us, in 1896, a small brochure on Robert Louis Stevenson, and, in 1897, a booklet on *Style* and an introduction to some poems of Keats. At Glasgow, as at Edinburgh, there is a truly long vacation, and Mr. Raleigh should have leisure by and by to add to the number of his publications.

I see that one of the critics, reviewing *Mrs. Jeremie Didelere*, by H. J. Jennings, refers to its author as "she." Now, this particular H. J. Jennings may be a "she"; but I should think it more likely that the author of *Mrs. Jeremie Didelere* is identical with the Mr. H. J. Jennings, journalist, of Birmingham, who wrote a little book on the *Curiosities of Criticism* (1881) and monographs on Tennyson and Manning. If I am right, Mr. Jennings now has another curiosity of criticism to add to his store.

Talking of Mr. Lang, one is reminded that a certain ballad of his is likely, before very long, to get out of date. "I am not in *Men of the Time*," sang Mr. Lang some years ago, in accents of humorous regret; and now one hears that *Men of the Time* is to be incorporated in its more youthful and more "modern" rival, *Who's Who*, in which, of course, Mr. Lang has duly found a place.

The title of Mr. Churton Collins's forthcoming book—*Plain Truths about Current Literature*—recalls that of the *Modern Men of Letters Honestly Criticised* of the late Mr. Hain Friswell. That work landed Mr. Friswell in a well-remembered action for libel. Let us hope that, with that fact before him, Mr. Collins will not make his "Truths" too "plain."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Ancient Literature.

A History of Sanskrit Literature. By Arthur A. Macdonnell. (Heinemann.)

THIS handy volume (one of the "Short Histories of the Literature of the World," edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse) is intended by its author to supply, and undoubtedly does supply, a conspicuous want. There is no history of Indian literature to which the general reader can turn. There was, indeed, lately published a *Literary History of India*; but that included in its scope Indian history in its bearing upon literature, and involved, therefore, a mass of information with which the purely literary inquirer could well dispense. As a further distinction, the present volume is confined to Sanskrit literature, while that embraced the literature of Southern India down to Tamil and the vernacular literatures generally. Mr. Macdonnell has produced a handbook which will be indispensable to readers unacquainted with the Sanskrit tongue, and valuable also to the less advanced student of that language for its scholarly qualities, its clearness, precision, and accurate knowledge. We have just one cavil to make—a cavil with regard to proportion. The book is fullest just where we might have expected it pardonably to have been somewhat condensed—with regard to the Vedic literature of early India; it is rather regrettably condensed where we should have looked for it to be, if anywhere, over-full—in respect of classical Sanskrit literature. It is a quite modern failing. Fifty years ago a history of our own literature would have slipped gaily over early English letters to Tennyson. Now it is odds your author will so zealously cram his readers with the latest research on Cædmon and Beowulf that the writers from Burns onward are of necessity packed like sardines in layers. It was well that the Vedas, and specially the Rig-Veda, should have the emphasis due to their poetic quality and literary importance. But it may be matter for question whether the Brahmanas should have received such intimate analysis; and surely to extend equally intimate treatment even to the Sûtras, leaving classical Sanskrit for summary (though careful) handling in about the final third of the book is an error of proportion. Doubtless to the scholar such treatment commends itself; he has presumably a certain familiarity with classical Sanskrit, and can be content with outline, leaving the fuller treatment for the more recently explored Vedic literature. But the general reader (to whom this book is largely addressed) knows no more of *Sakuntalâ* than of the Rig-Veda. To meet his necessities, the handling should be strictly proportioned to the artistic quality and literary greatness of the works handled. Such, at least, is our preconception.

Sanskrit, as Mr. Macdonnell explains, was always very much of a literary tongue—at least as used in literature—the peculiar property of the Brahmins or priestly caste; sown with archaisms and in classical times with lengthy compound-words. At the present day it holds much the position of Latin in the Middle Ages—a learned language, spoken and written by learned Brahmins. It has a rich and scientific phonetic alphabet, of no less than forty-six letters. It was formerly written on birch-bark or palm-leaves—northern India using ink, southern India the stylus. Its most ancient monuments are the Vedas, of which we need only here concern ourselves with the first, or Rig-Veda—the others being successive adaptations of it to the purpose of the sacrificial ritual. The Rig-Veda is a mighty collection of hymns to the early gods of Brahmanism. The pseudo-Orphic hymns of Greece furnish a certain parallel. But the Rig-Veda extends to no less than 1,028 hymns, arranged in ten books. And, apart from its literary merit (which is very considerable), it is a treasury of information concerning the religion and

customs of the early Hindus. This, be it remembered, was over three thousand years ago—a uniquely early literary record. The poetic value of the Rig-Veda (which alone concerns the ACADEMY) reaches often a high point, though we may discount considerably the raptures of scholars. The Indian fancy is fertile, and notably in the Rig-Veda. The Indian sense of form is almost *nil*, and notably in the Rig-Veda. Fancy runs riot without rein or proportion. Passion in the higher senses is not pre-eminently an Indian gift, and it is notably absent in the Rig-Veda. At the same time these hymns have a directness lacking in later poetry. They display in profusion the myth-making faculty applied to Nature which is the characteristic of early poets and of Shelley, who had drunk deep at the fountain of Hellenism. Of Shelley we constantly think in turning these opening pages of Mr. Macdonnell. Natural facts are tissue into a hundred forms of imagery and personification, pass through transformation upon transformation. But it is a Shelley of less beauty, without the radiant loveliness, more often merely ingenious, more often (it must be said) merely commonplace or trivial, too often ugly fantastic.

Passing to classical Sanskrit literature, we are in a later era, beginning about 500 B.C. The gods of the Rig-Veda have become lesser deities; Brahma, Vishnu, Lakshmi (the Hindoo Aphrodite), Siva and his spouse Kali Durga, are the chief of the new hierarchy. Legendary epic succeeds religious hymns in the shape of the *Mahâbhârata*. We can but briefly mention here this portentous and truly Hindu epic. It has not, nor can ever be, translated in any true sense. For it is an epic for the days of Hilpa and Shalum, a poem such as only the suns of India could breed to its "strange overgrowth." It reaches over two hundred thousand lines, and over one hundred thousand *stokas* or stanzas. The kernel is the exterminating battle between the Kurus and Pândus; but around this has accumulated a monstrous accretion of didactic matter and episodes interminable. When the hero Arjuna hesitates to fight, a sage, by way of telling him a hortatory and encouraging story, relates a whole philosophic poem in eighteen cantos, the *Bhagavadgîtâ*. Imagine an epic on the plan of the *Arabian Nights*, and you have something like an idea of this great, but impossible, Hindu poem. More manageable, but still of great length, is the *Râmâyana* of Valmiki, which relates the wanderings, love, and adventures of the deified hero Râma, and his final restoration to the throne whence he had been exiled. More polished and literary in style than the older epic, it anticipates the purely literary epics which followed, under the name of *Kavyas*. It is the most popular of Hindoo epics, and has undoubted beauty. With the *Kavyas* blossomed also Sanskrit drama and lyric poetry. The greatest name in all three is that of Kalidasa. His *Megadhûta* or "Cloud-Messenger" is a lyric which Goethe loved, addressed by an exiled lover to the cloud sailing north towards the land where his mistress dwells.

But the fame of Kalidasa is highest as the foremost of Indian dramatists—above all, as the author of "*Sakuntalâ*"—or "*Çakuntalâ*," as Mr. Macdonnell writes it. "*Çakuntalâ*" is the one great Sanskrit poem which has penetrated all over Europe. Goethe, the impeccable, admired it as a masterpiece; it has been once, if not twice, acted in Paris of late years. It deserves its fame, yet it is not possible, by description or quotation, to give any idea of it to English readers. The plot is nothing, and very Indian—the loves of a warrior king and a nymph, forest-trained; thwarted for a time through the curse of an extremely holy ascetic with an extremely unholy temper, whom *Çakuntalâ* offended, because, thinking of her lover, she did not bestir herself promptly to afford him hospitality. Loss of memory falls on the king, owing to *Çakuntalâ*'s loss of her spousal-ring (magic is rife in the play), and he turns her away unrecognised. But the ring is found in a fish's belly and brought to the king, who at once regains

memory; sets out to seek Çakuntalā; and, after a little adventure, is reunited to her. There is scarce more than this in the play, which is, consequently, undramatic enough as regards action. The charm lies in the tender, voluptuous passion, the subdued melancholy, the rich lyric fancy, and descriptive setting. The breath of the Indian forest, the odour of lotus, the glow of tropical blossoms, pervade the drama, and make it haunting to the reader, however little he may care for the abundant supernatural machinery; and the Hindu deities have nothing of Greek charm and imposingness. Mr. Macdonnell is not happy in the few selections of verse scattered through this book, and he is specially inadequate as regards Çakuntalā. Therefore, we quote from another source a very free rendering of a passage which, if not representative, has, nevertheless, its own grace of fancy. It should be explained that the king has forbidden the celebration of the spring festival; and some girls are found by his chamberlain culling garlands in despite of the prohibition. They plead their ignorance of the edict:

MAIDENS.

Pardon, good sir, we have heard nought of it.

CHAMBERLAIN.

You have heard nought of it? Why, all the trees,
The vernal hedgerows, yea, the very birds
That have therein their leafy tenement,
The king's behest attend more heedfully.
You mango-blossoms, though long since at full,
Gather no down upon their tender tops;
The duteous amaranth hesitates to bud;
The cuckoo, though froze winter's rains are past,
Falters in act of dewy utterance.
Nay, to his quiver intimidated Love
Thrusts back the half-drawn shaft.

To pursue further Kalidasa's plays, or the rich Indian theatre in general, is impossible within our limits. It has many curious affinities to the Elizabethan drama—the mixture of prose and verse, of serious and comic, even the conventional presence of the court-jester who always accompanies the hero. Nor is Kalidasa's undramatic quality common to the drama as a whole. Let us, by way of conclusion, quote a lovely image from a play ascribed (probably falsely) to King Çriharsha. It describes the pale light before the rising of the moon:

Behold, the east proclaims the god of night,
Still hidden by the mountain where he rises,
Even as a maiden by her pale face shows
That in her inmost heart a lover dwells.

The philosophic and prose portion of Sanskrit literature we have not touched. But from our quite cursory survey of the poetic portion, it will be gathered how wide and rich is the material we have perforce left unnoted.

Under the Wing of Maeterlinck.

The Cave of Illusion: a Play in Four Acts. By Alfred Sutro. With an Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

IN the brilliant and beautiful essay which precedes Mr. Sutro's play in this volume, M. Maeterlinck tries to account for the present decadence of dramatic poetry. He attributes it to science, which, he says in effect, while offering a few definitive certitudes, has rendered impracticable certain incertitudes, and precisely those in which the loftiest thought flourished. Great poetry, he decides, has three principal elements: first, verbal beauty; second, the contemplation and passionate painting of nature and our feelings; third (and most important), the poet's "idea of the unknown, in which float the beings and the things evoked, of the mystery which dominates and judges these beings and these things, and presides over their destinies."

It is this last element which science has so fatally disturbed, and which only time can reconstitute. The theory is worked out with considerable ingenuity and penetration; but M. Maeterlinck appears to us to have failed in his endeavour to explain why dramatic poetry has been taken and other kinds of poetry left.

We have not perceived any close connexion between the preface and Mr. Sutro's play, which, by the way, the essayist praises very highly. *The Cave of Illusion* seems to M. Maeterlinck to be "from many points of view the almost perfect type of the best modern drama." We have the greatest respect for M. Maeterlinck's critical powers, but we are bound to disagree with him in this pronouncement. *The Cave of Illusion* is an interesting play, a carefully-written play, a clever play; but the despised dramatists of our West-end theatres have assuredly written better. In fact, except that it ends unhappily—or, rather, does not end at all, but merely leaves off—Mr. Sutro's play would make quite a marketable product, and might run a couple of hundred nights. It decidedly has four of the essentials of a popular stage success—verbal smartness, a luxurious setting, footmen, and an absence of new, disconcerting ideas.

Mr. Sutro takes a theme, long since antique and trite in fiction—that of the author with a dowdy wife who finds his inspiration in the misunderstood spouse of an opulent Philistine. David Hollisdaile, the hero, figures already in a hundred novels. Mr. Sutro surely has not observed him at first hand. Mr. Sutro would have us believe that Hollisdaile is a literary artist of genuine and striking talent, yet the fellow must needs read his work chapter by chapter to his Gabrielle under pain of not being able to continue it. Imagine a real distinguished author in that plight! Imagine a real distinguished author talking like this:

DAVID.

Of course you are glad! I have been wandering about since I left you, perplexed and disconsolate; I couldn't go home. And I lay on the grass, and half closed my eyes, and it came! And I couldn't resist the desire to come back here and tell you. Such a trifle, you know—a mere touch—but it makes all the difference! And do you know where the great flaw is? Just listen—it's wonderful—it—

[He pulls out a notebook and opens it.]

And like this:

DAVID.

Hear me too! Of myself I say nothing—but there is my work, which is your work too! . . . For you have awakened a force in me—a power—without you I am nothing; I fall to the ground.

GABRIELLE.

You imagine all this. . . .

DAVID.

Till I met you I worked as other men work; but now—I feel—I feel—oh, do not regard me as merely a braggart or fool—but since you have let me come here, day by day, and see you, and hear you, I have been conscious of—I have had thoughts—oh, I tell you, give me time, give me courage, your sympathy, the light that shines from you, I will do such work that men who know of us both shall fall on their knees for shame of their villainous slanders!

Distinguished authors don't do these things. They pursue their labours in a businesslike manner, so many hundred or thousand words a day, and discuss it as little as possible while it is in progress.

Nor do society women, however noble their spiritual struggles, employ language like the following:

GABRIELLE.

We have much in common. We are both a little bruised by life—we both are sensitive—perhaps we both dream dreams. . . . And I—have you ever gone out after a storm, and seen a flower that has almost been wrenched

from its stem—but the sun comes out, and the warmth and gladness revive it, and it once more struggles to live. . . . I am like that. I am beginning to forget, beginning to hope. Oh be glad of this friend of mine!

Both hero and heroine are unoriginal, not directly derived from life. Hopkinson the publisher is neither more nor less than a stage-publisher. He is so much a stage puppet that one is tempted to ask whether Mr. Sutro has ever seen a publisher, except, perchance, through the spectacles of Sir Walter Besant. Mrs. Mellissent, who supplies the "comic relief," is one of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's women; she might have emerged from "The Liars." Her style runs thus:

MRS. MELLISSENT.

[*Holding out her hand.*] My dear General—what a delightful surprise! You are usually invisible in the afternoon—they say you devote it to being manicured and having your fortune told. Where is Gabrielle?

[*The FOOTMAN returns from the boudoir.*

We have already said that the play has no proper ending. Mr. Sutro states a problem, but he does not solve it. Moreover, he has a tendency to achieve his "curtains" by means of surprises which are far more theatrical than dramatic. This applies to every act, but especially to the last. Gabrielle's cry, at the final moment, that she is expecting a child, comes with a shock; it crudely administers a shudder; it does not, however, simplify or amend the situation; on the contrary, it complicates every difficulty, and calls for at least another act. In making an *impasse* for himself, and then ringing down the curtain, Mr. Sutro has followed a precedent more facile than justifiable.

We have, perhaps, dwelt a little hardly on the defects of *The Cave of Illusion*. It has good qualities. It is interesting and often effective, and it contains one admirably-drawn character—that of Clara Hollisdaile. The second act, in which Clara Hollisdaile rules the scene, is distinctly better than the other three. But the play, as a whole, has an air of being "superior." It is not superior: we repeat that it is almost marketable.

Mr. Steevens's Early Work.

Things Seen. By G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood & Sons.)

WE cannot consider Mr. Street well inspired when he chose his title for this volume. So much of the late G. W. Steevens's work comes under the heading "Things Seen" that, when a book is made up largely of his more subjective papers, it seems a pity to furnish it with so objective a label. The first paper is a satirical analysis of the New Humanitarianism, the second paper a clever political adaptation of Gibbon, the fifth a review of Mr. Balfour's philosophy, the sixth a criticism of "Little Eyolf," the seventh a eulogy of Zola, and so forth. The appendix contains some extracts from "that pathetic trophy of indomitable cheerfulness," the *Ladysmith Lyre*, probably the last words that George Steevens wrote. Towards the end of the volume come some *Daily Mail* descriptive sketches, and there is also a good article on the Greek and Turkish war. A better title than "Things Seen" should not have been hard to find.

But the book is more important than the title; and the book is interesting. It was right that these fugitive papers should be collected for the Memorial Edition, of which this is the first volume, for they show the range of his intellectual experiments, and the growth of his mind. The dominant note of this early work is cleverness. It emphasises Steevens's cleverness far more than his later travel sketches did. Contrasting the two, we should say that the distinguishing quality of his later work was intelligence, which is, of course, much better than cleverness.

For one man who could write *With Kitchener to Khartum* or *From Capetown to Ladysmith* or *The Land of the Dollar*, you could find fifty to do such work as the reflective portion of this volume. Not so well, perhaps; not so incisively, so brilliantly; but well enough.

This book, indeed, proves how powerful a factor in Steevens's development was Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. It seems to have been Mr. Harmsworth who taught him to feel, or, at any rate, to permit his feeling to get into his work. Before Mr. Harmsworth's democratic influence was cast upon him Steevens was still an undergraduate: of his earlier editors neither Mr. Henley nor Mr. Cust could alter that, although both drew from him occasional articles indicating a wider, more human outlook. Yet it was left for Mr. Harmsworth finally to play the exorcist.

To our mind the best thing in this book—the best thing, that is, of the kind that will be new to the majority of Steevens's readers—is the essay on Zola. Written as long ago as 1893, it contains some of the most understanding criticism that Zola has received in this country. Here is a passage:

There is always the consciousness of abstract truth struggling to assert itself through every one of Zola's men and machines and institutions. It gives all his work a strange kind of perfection, not wholly artistic, but more like the perfection of a system whose fitted parts are all squared and jointed flawlessly. If the system is right, all is right. To come back to *La Débâcle*, what could be more triumphantly relevant and triumphantly true than the figure of the peasant stolidly working his fields among the shells of Sedan? Without the idea it is melodrama—perverse and objectless melodrama. But the idea comes to rescue it—the idea of recuperation in the fact of destruction, the indomitable perpetuity of life, the implicit statement of the law that becomes outspoken with *Le Docteur Pascal*. It is this symmetry and coherence—the constant sense of massive agencies working through all casual actions to which they lend purport and explanation—that gives us leave to call Zola the most ideal of the idealists. The real subject of the *Rougon-Macquart* is eternal truth, its real hero indestructible force.

It is the scientific spirit aflame with poetry. In place of the hopeless struggle to grapple with the monstrous tangle of interests that make up a man to-day, Zola puts the device of taking him by sections at a time and referring him under each section to one of the primitive forces that struggle in the complexity of his nature. He seems to be singing the war-song, not of man but of the impalpable agencies of philosophy. But to tell of philosophies and agencies is none the less to tell of man, whom they form. It is the passion of science, who for once has caught the look of her sister art. That is why Zola is for this one age of science—a wonderful sport in the line of artistic evolution. For if art could only once be science she would die happy. But she would die all the same.

In the same year, and for the same paper, the *National Observer*, Steevens made an experiment in character writing and produced "The Futile Don," of which these are the opening sentences:

He squares his elbows at high-table to the most marvellous of *entrées*; he rolls his eyes in common-room as he gulps the most precious of ports. And the *entrées* twist him with indigestion; the wine laps him in drowsiness. He crouches over his fender in May and catches cold. He guts Mommsen's "Staatsrecht" for his lectures, and cannot decipher his notes. He reads Tennyson, and forgets him in the very crisis of quotation. He talks of this and that, but pre-eminently of this. He walks round Godstow or Trumpington, panting and snatching short steps like a girl. He kneels down in chapel, covering his face with his hands to shut out the undergraduates, and prays God to be delivered from all heresy and schism. You would docket him as the pattern of important futility. And all the while he is dead.

It was that kind of thing which the demands of the *Daily Mail* was to stamp out. Not that such a study was not clever; but it was possibly not worth doing.

We have from time to time written so much about Steevens's special correspondence, that we say no more on this occasion; but his gifts in this direction are well represented in *Things Seen*. Many people will probably be glad to have the volume if only for his record of the Diamond Jubilee.

To Mr. Henley's biographical sketch of Steevens we have already referred. It is a warm-hearted, generous piece of writing, such as only Mr. Henley could have done.

"The Light that Never Was."

Pausanias, and Other Greek Sketches. By J. G. Frazer. (Macmillan. 5s.)

THIS is the promised and welcome offshoot of Mr. Frazer's great commentary on Pausanias, who was the topographer of Greece when Greece was disrobing herself of her last vestments of glory and beauty. The preservation of his *Description of Greece*, written in the second century of our era, is one of the most felicitous facts in all literature, and Mr. Frazer's commentary is a work of which our own age may be proud. Indeed, the word commentary seems inadequate to describe a work which does not merely criticise and annotate Pausanias, but envelops it, so to speak, in modern thought, and by a supreme effort throws it into a perspective that starts from our own day. Pausanias looked back many centuries as he trod the Sacred Way, and lingered on the banks of Ilyssus. We are taught in these pages to look back not only on these, but on Pausanias the melancholy antiquarian—the Howitt of his day. Like Howitt, Pausanias was an ordinary writer. Mr. Frazer tells us he was "a man made of common stuff and cast in a common mould." He had the antiquarian nose. His beliefs and doubts were those calculated to give to his narrative sympathy and piquancy. The gods and the oracles were accepted by him, but not the hundred heads of the hydra, and not the transformation of Zeus into a cuckoo to win the love of Hera. His whole standpoint and mental equipment are worked out by Mr. Frazer in his biographical sketch, which, with Mr. Frazer's own travel notes in the footsteps of Pausanias, forms the substance of this book. Pausanias' pages distil unconscious poetry; Mr. Frazer collects it. The pure colours of the ancient world, the music of undying names, the sparkle of seas that roll for ever in the light of history and legend—Pausanias sees these things, and writes of them in an average, placid, topographical strain; but like jewels in the hand of a dull dealer, they assert their liquidity of everlasting light. Like an antiquary, he is pre-occupied with the Past; but his Past was one of immortal interest. Illustrating his method, Mr. Frazer says;

If he looks up at the mountains, it is not to mark the snowy peaks in the sunlight against the blue, or the sombre pine-forests that fringe their crests and are mirrored in the dark lake below; it is to tell you that Zeus or Apollo or the Sun-god is worshipped on their tops, that the Thyiad women rave on them above the clouds, or that Pan has been heard piping in their lonely combs. The gloomy caverns, where the sunbeams hardly penetrate, with their fantastic stalactites and dripping roofs, are to him the haunts of Pan and the nymphs. The awful precipices of the Aroanian mountains, in the sunless crevices of which the snow-drifts never melt, would have been passed by him in silence were it not that the water that trickles down their dark glistening face is the water of Styx. If he describes the smooth, glassy pool which, bordered by reeds and tall grasses, still sleeps under the shadow of the shivering poplars in the Lernean swamp, it is because the way to hell goes down through its black unfathomed water. If he stops by murmuring stream or brimming river, it is to relate how from the banks of the Ilyssus, where she was at play, the North Wind carried off Orithyia to be his bride; how the Seleminus had been of

old a shepherd who loved a sea-nymph and died forlorn how the amorous Alpheus still flows across the wide and stormy Adriatic to join his love at Syracuse. If in summer he crosses a parched river-bed, where not a dribble of water is oozing, where the stones burn under foot and dazzle the eye by their white glare, he will tell you that this is the punishment the river suffers for having offended the sea-god. Distant prospects, again, are hardly remarked by him, except for the sake of some historical or legendary association. The high knoll which juts out from the rugged side of Mount Maenalus into the dead flat of the Mantinean plain was called the Look, he tells us, because here the dying Epaminondas, with his hand pressed hard on the wound from which his life was ebbing fast, took his long last look at the fight. The view of the sea from the Acropolis at Athens is noticed by him, not for its gleam of molten sapphire, but because from this height the aged Ægeus scanned the blue expanse for the white sails of his returning son, then cast himself headlong from the rock when he descried the bark with sable sails steering for the port of Athens.

The man who has no Greek, but who longs to know the old Greek world, and bathe his heart in its pieties and laughter, should place this book on his shelves. Keats had but Lemprière's Dictionary.

Country Humours.

Village Notes. By Pamela Tennant. (Heinemann.)

WE have here the kind of book which every leisurely observer in the country should attempt to write—a book setting forth the little peculiarities and humours, quaintnesses and beauties of one's simpler neighbours. We do not mean to suggest that the task is easy; indeed, it is very hard; but the effort is worth making, even if Mrs. Tennant's sympathetic vision and literary skill are never attained to. It is impossible to know too much about human nature—especially, perhaps, on its tenderer side—and little books of this class add to our knowledge very pleasantly. Old Anthony, the Wiltshire cowman, for example, is a real "find." This is old Anthony on humaneness:

"Noa! I says them as can be onkind to the creaturs, well! I can't understand 'em. Po'r dumb animals! With the way they get to know who's friends. Ha! Knowing? Why, look at old Mary there; so soon as ever she hear me outside the shed if she doesn't begin to coo and chatter! And knew who it was afore ever I come in at the door!" Then, in a voice of unutterable tenderness, "Dormed old 'oman!"

And this was his comment on the morning after a fox had been in the chickens' run:

"Oh! nothing'll do for 'ee till the bounds come. That's what *he* wants—comen and killen my fowls, and not so much as taking 'em away wi' 'un. Brazen creatur! If I didn't hear him a-yoppin' round the fowl-house all last night, and the fowls to-day all skeered and humpy. Ha! There'll nothing do for 'ee till the hounds come. Brazen everlastin' nuisance!"

Mrs. Tennant tells us also of a gardener who described chaffinches as "they little chinks"—a very pretty poetical nickname.

Here is another glimpse of countryside comedy:

A few friends had assembled at the small house with the beautiful garden, and the midday meal had reached its second course, when Miss Tripp's voice was raised in querulous tone, speaking to her niece. "Mary," it said, "I've a feelin' o' cold pudden' about me. I've a feelin' o' cold pudden' about me, Mary."

The niece, rising from her chair, began a search among the ample folds of the black silk dress. And in some crease the errant scrap was discovered and removed. All those present breathed more freely. But they were not to be let off so easily. Miss Tripp, comfortable once more

and smiling, drew her chair nearer to the table, adding, with the air of one alluding to a common experience of humanity: "Howsoever, it's no so bad as a spuinful o' jam behind the brooch!"

Mrs. Tennant's pages remind us very agreeably of a little book which we think it extremely unlikely that she has ever seen. Indeed, very few persons have seen it, for it was privately printed, in a minute edition, many years ago, and the existing copies must be exceedingly rare. The title is *Country Conversations*, and the book records the humours of a Derbyshire (or Shropshire?) village as they came under the notice of the author—an invalid lady who was able to do a little visiting, and who, on returning home, set down as closely as might be the things that she had heard. This lady was not only a humorist, but a literary artist, and the little book was a treasure. We wish that permission to quote from it were obtainable.

Mrs. Tennant's *Village Notes* is not all quaint sayings. There are reflective chapters, too, and a few admirable descriptive passages. Best of these is, perhaps, the following account of a calf and its mother:

When I went into the cowshed the red calf was being loosed for his evening meal. "You see, I lets him go first; then I takes what's left," said the cowman. And the calf dived into his mother, and became an excited and skittling tail. He gazed back at me with a large soft eye set round with astounding eyelashes; then returned to his meal, his mild mouth in an innocent lather of milky froth. The stable was warm, quiet, and sweet-smelling; a store of summer in the hay. I heard the deep, contented breaths of the cows, the drop of the wooden ball and halter through the ring. And the cheerful and melodious spurt of the milk rang out in the clean pails.

We commend the book heartily, and we trust that it may have the effect of bringing into the light of day some of the many other village records which, we doubt not, are at this moment reposing in the security of MS.

A word must be said for the very charming photo-gravures with which Mrs. Tennant's book is embellished.

Russia's Road to Peking.

The "Overland" to China. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. (Harper & Brothers. 16s.)

AMONG those who know the Far East Mr. Archibald Colquhoun is pre-eminent. He has already travelled in, and written on, the Middle Kingdom, and his new volume, which appears at the psychological moment, is a proof of his intelligent anticipation of the course of events. In 1898 the collapse of China before Japan, the near completion of the Siberian Railway, and the appearance of the United States as a colonising power in the Western Pacific, convinced Mr. Colquhoun that great things were brewing in China, and that the time had arrived for him to furbish up his knowledge of the Far East. He therefore started from St. Petersburg, and traversed European Russia and Siberia by rail as far as the temporary terminus on Lake Baikal. Thence he struck south-east by tarantass and camel cart across the Great Desert of Gobi to Peking; then from Peking to Tientsin by the road which Admiral Seymour has just failed to force, and so by sea to Shanghai, up the Yang-tse to Chung-King, and thence across country *via* Yunnan to the French colony and the Gulf of Tongking. Having done all this he naturally wrote a book about it.

There is an immense amount of political information in Mr. Colquhoun's new work which will be eagerly studied by those who wish to obtain an intelligent understanding of the present crisis. The author, as is well known, is a skilled writer, and not a mere compiler of notes taken on a journey, and his descriptions of the long railway

passage across Siberia, and of the places and peoples, are wonderfully vivid. Therefore Mr. Colquhoun's chapters on "Life in Peking—Past and Present," are of absorbing interest. His account of the approach to the capital from the Gobi Desert is worth quoting:

As we near the capital the stream of life becomes continuous. Mule-litters and sedan-chairs, though less frequent, add their touch of quaintness to the scene; and strings of solemn, silent-footed camels occasionally block the roads—each tied by a string through the nose to the tail of its foregoer. From the shaggy neck of the leader jangles a deep-toned, not unmelodious bell; and on its back a Mongol nods and sways half asleep, his purple robe and yellow sash adding a note of colour to the dingy humps he bestrides. The scene is a fascinating one for the new arrival, whether from over seas or over land: the tinkle and clang of mule and camel-bells; the cries of the drivers; the grunting sing-song of the barrow coolies; the strange blue-coated, bronze-featured throng, all working out their existence unconscious of any world beyond the radius of a few *li*. And yet so civilised!

And so the road continues over the broken causeway, on whose gray flagstones so many Imperial pageants have passed in a by-gone age.

Although there is neither steeple nor minaret to guide us, and the country is still open, we feel that Peking must be close at hand. Even the weary mules seem to know instinctively that their long journey is finished, and, of their own accord, quicken the pace. The excitement increases with each turn of the road, with each obscuring clump of trees; and the suspense has become so tense as to be almost unpleasant, when, quite suddenly, the huge walls stand before us. Revealed at once from base to parapet, they dwarf all else to insignificance and fill the entire landscape. In the last rays of the afternoon sun the weather-beaten masonry is suffused with rose tints, the sands glow, and the moat beyond becomes a stream of molten gold. . . . Before us, springing straight from the sand, tower the monuments of the conquering Manchu, so lofty that men are dwarfed by them to pygmies, so broad that three chariots might race abreast along their jungle-covered tops, and solid as the walls of Jericho before the trumpet blast! In that pure air the crenellated parapets stand out clear-cut, distance is practically annihilated, and the eye can follow bastion after bastion stretching away in a long line, from which, like giant sentinels, the many-storied towers, marking the nine great gates, look out across the plain. The walls themselves are of earth faced with huge bricks, and are built at an inward slope from base to parapet. In the interstices cling many a bush, and even trees, while from the gate-towers frown tier upon tier of painted representations of cannon. As our cart clatters under the echoing arch of the vast gateway the sun sets, and, in a dusty stream of camels, horsemen, and strange vehicles, we enter the Middle Ages.

In the old days, before the Franco-Russian alliance made the French Minister the obedient servant of the Russians, society in Peking seems to have been very pleasant. Then the tone was set by the British Legation, whether in diplomatic or in social matters. Every function bore a cosmopolitan character, and the geniality of good fellowship was agreeably controlled within tactful diplomatic forms. The community amounted to about one hundred, of whom fifteen were ladies, and if any stranger was in doubt as to his exact status, it was only necessary to send for the old Peking barber and see what position he was given in that functionary's rigid scale of charges. This was one dollar for cutting the hair of a plenipotentiary and envoy-extraordinary, eighty cents for a chargé d'affaires, thirty cents for an attaché, twenty cents for a student, and ten cents for a missionary, with intermediate charges for a customs commissioner, a secretary of Legation, and so forth. With the Chinese officials the diplomatists had little personal intercourse. First calls were paid to and returned by the Yamén, and at New Year the Chinese Ministers came in a body to call. But beyond this there

was no personal intercourse, as no Chinaman would risk being ill-thought of at Court by visiting a Legation on his own account. A few years ago the Chinese Minister in St. Petersburg became very intimate with Count Cassini, driving with him and lunching with him without ceremony. A year or two later the Chinaman returned to Peking as a member of the Tsung-li Yamén, and Count Cassini became Minister at Peking. But the Chinaman carefully avoided the Count, and gave no sign of remembering the old days on the Neva. When the Russo-French alliance began the old happy family circle of Ministers was broken up into cliques, and intrigues of all sorts bred bitterness and jealousy. Every annoyance, petty or otherwise, that the Russian and French Ministers could contrive to spite the British was indulged in, and no scruples of good taste or good manners withheld them. The Tsung-li Yamén were bullied and threatened, and as they looked in vain for help from England, were at last completely cowed.

The chapters on the Yang-tse Valley and South-western China are mournful reading, for they are a chronicle of lost opportunities and wasted chances. But they should be carefully studied. The book is well illustrated, and has several useful maps, but its value would be greatly increased if it had a better index. It seems hard for authors and publishers to understand that a book of this sort loses half its utility if it is not provided with a full and intelligently compiled index.

Other New Books.

HURRAH FOR THE LIFE
OF A SAILOR.

By VICE-ADMIRAL
SIR WILLIAM KENNEDY.

This is a wind and salt-water book. Expanded from a series of articles in the *Boy's Own Paper*, it is full of boyish spirits as well as mature experience; the title, indeed, gives the keynote to one of the most joyous books of naval reminiscences that has come in our way. The author's story begins on December 10, 1851, when the *Rodney*, a 90-gun sailing line-of-battle ship, was lying in Portsmouth waiting for her crew. "This operation often took six months at that time instead of as many hours as at present. The crews were picked up anyhow—longshore loafers, jail-birds, and such-like, with a sprinkling of good seamen among them—and it took the first year of their commission to knock them into shape." The rough humours of those days are laughingly sketched. Tyrannical midshipmen made the cadets kneel on their lockers and pray aloud for their persecutors' success in examinations, the signal to begin being usually a blow on the back with a hammer. We are grateful for the boatswain who said to the cabin boy: "Here, boy, we'll hexpense with your services, you disgustable young blackguard." Also for the story of the two drunken sailors at the opera at Malta: one of them was so far gone in liquor that he fell over the railing into the pit. His comrade, under the impression that it was a case of man overboard, promptly dived after him. Neither was killed; one broke his leg, the other was unharmed. The author knows some amusing cases in which tyrannical flogging officers had the tables turned on them:

A small craft was paid off at Devonport many years ago on her return from the West Coast of Africa. Nearly all the ship's company had been flogged during the commission. The captain was taking a walk up one of the streets of Devonport when an old woman came up to him and said, "Be you Captain —?"

"Yes, my good woman. What can I do for you?"

"Take that! for flogging my son," said she, at the same time whipping out a hake-fish and "letting him have it" across the face.

A certain frigate captain, a notorious bully, was thus served by his long-suffering clerk:

The captain was a small man, the clerk a big, powerful fellow; so one day he went into the captain's cabin, knocked him down, and gave him a good thrashing. The skipper yelled for help, and the sentry rushed in; but the clerk threw himself on the deck, and dragged the captain on the top of him, at the same time shouting for assistance. The only evidence was the sentry's, and he said that all he saw was the captain on the top of the clerk, apparently striking him.

The clerk, therefore, went scot free. The author was himself twice thoroughly flogged — "once for a most innocent remark: when our master's wife presented her husband with a son I asked if the babe had a stiff leg like his father."

Sir William Kennedy's reminiscences wander through the Crimean war, the war with China (1856), slave-chasing off Zanzibar, revolution in South America, and naval operations off Newfoundland, Hayti, Trinidad, Madagascar, the Andamans, &c., &c., with sport and shore adventure thrown in. A manlier, merrier book of naval reminiscences could not be desired. (Blackwood. 12s. 6d.)

SOUTH AFRICA, PAST AND PRESENT. By V. R. MARKHAM.

The author of this book having travelled in South Africa, and having met and conversed with all sorts and conditions of men, both English and Dutch, has been moved to write a book. One advantage Miss Markham's book has over its hundred and one rivals, or, at least, over most of them, is that it is better written. It seldom lapses into slipshod on the one hand, or into would-be fine writing on the other, and those of us who are jealous for the English tongue will be relieved to be able to read a book on the great question of the day without a ceaseless feeling of irritation and annoyance. V. R. Markham is English in her sympathies, and has no fellow-feeling for the "men belonging to a class who have never benefited this country by word or deed"; and she is clear-headed enough to see that the Jameson Raid was a result, and not a cause, of the misrule and corruption in the Transvaal. But she is rather too much inclined to float with the tide, and to make a scapegoat of Mr. Rhodes. But it is difficult to be judicial, and easy to gain a reputation for impartiality, when dealing with matters which have aroused so much controversy, and have led to such mighty issues. The book is divided into three parts: first, a sketch of South African history; secondly, a study of native affairs; and, thirdly, notes from a travelling diary. There is a useful historical chart, and an index just full enough to make one wish it were more comprehensive. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

TWENTY FAMOUS NAVAL BATTLES. By E. K. RAWSON.

Half a century ago Sir Edward Creasy wrote *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, a book which keeps its value to this day. That which Sir Edward Creasy did for battles on land (saving the Armada) we have long waited for a chronicler to do for battles on the sea. There are plenty of sea-fights which have influenced the course of history, and which are even more inspiring than land wars, but so far the *vates sacer* has not arisen to sing them. Mr. Edward Kirk Rawson, "Professor United States Navy, Superintendent Naval War Records," has had his chance and missed it. He has compiled two fine volumes on twenty famous naval battles, from Salamis to Santiago; but with all the world of history before him he has not known how to select with discrimination. In a work like this some connecting idea should run through the whole, and link the great combats one to another, but Mr. Rawson's battles are all detached and isolated. However, he could hardly connect them historically, for some of them are the veriest small beer. Salamis and Actium are well enough; vast issues hung on Lepanto; the

Revenge made a struggle that will never die; and the Armada, the Nile, and Trafalgar take their place as of right in any volume of this sort. But what is absolutely astonishing is Mr. Rawson's lack of any sense of proportion. What place has a duel with the pirate Paul Jones in such company, or the various American fights, such as that on Lake Erie in 1813, and those between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* and the *Alabama* and the *Kearsage* later on? Even the engagements in Manila Bay and at Santiago are of little value, as the opposing forces were so unequal, and the affairs were not so much battles as battues. (Isbister. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY Mlle. des ECHEROLLES.

Nothing so brings home to one the sordid horrors of the French Revolution as personal narratives by the ladies of good family who underwent all the miseries of the time and yet survived to write their memoirs. These sidelights on the Reign of Terror were written long ago by Mlle. des Echerolles, but have only just been Englished—and, it may be noted, have been most excellently translated—by Miss Marie Clotilde Balfour. Mlle. des Echerolles was the daughter of an officer of the King, and, when only thirteen years old, in 1791, fled with her father and aunt to Lyons, where they hoped to lose themselves in the huge population of the city. But M. des Echerolles was asked to command the Lyonnais who rose against the revolutionaries, and, as a consequence, after the defeat of the loyalists, was hunted from place to place by the Government. Happily, he escaped their clutches; but his sister was not so fortunate, for she was guillotined, and Mlle. des Echerolles was left alone in a great city, without money and far from her home. She describes most strikingly the way in which they lived, the domiciliary visits, the interrogations and the requisitions of all kinds, and the life in the prison, where the women were herded together denuded of everything, even of necessities. The little girl managed to get an interview with Citizen Parcino to beg for her aunt's life:

He only answered me by a conventional phrase: "As a private man I pity you; as a public man I can do nothing!" And then he turned his back on me without the least sign of compassion. Yet this man to whom I prayed, this man who had sat at my father's table, this man whom I had approached without fear—this man it was who had had my aunt arrested, who had replied, "Let her perish!" to those who had said to him, "We find nothing against her, and she is your fellow-citizen."

The book is simply written, and has a personal touch which gives it life, though a hundred years and more have elapsed since the events it records took place. (John Lane.)

Fiction.

Talent Undisciplined.

Voices in the Night. By Flora Annie Steel. (Heinemann. 6s.)

The Minx. By "Iota." (Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

WE have conscientiously read through both these books. Such a phrase, used in connexion with a work of imagination, implies disparagement; nay, so far as concerns the utterer, it is a final and unanswerable reproach. Nevertheless, we use it, both in sorrow and in anger—sorrow at the thought of what these books might have been, anger at the spectacle of what they are. Here are two authors of quite surprising and exceptional gifts. Differing in their themes, they have many points in common. Each possesses insight, imaginative power,

sympathy, and a fine individuality. Each is thoroughly aware of her world. Mrs. Mannington Caffyn among English society, and Mrs. Steel in the wider and prodigious field of India—they are at home; they know; they have summed up human nature in their ways, and what they may care to say about life is worth hearing. We hold a very high opinion of Mrs. Caffyn's talent. As for Mrs. Steel upon India, Mr. Rudyard Kipling might go to school to her and begin in the first form. When we consider the three chief characters in *The Minx*, Joyce and her two lovers; when we consider the vast crowd of strongly-conceived people in *Voices in the Night*, and especially that astonishing and daring creation, Chris Davenant; when we remember isolated scenes in both books, such as the talk between Elinor and Joyce over the burnt child, and the immense drama of the railway bridge at the end of Mrs. Steel's novel—we feel that these authors should surely belong to the elect of authors. . . . And yet it was only by the aid of conscience that we conquered their books. The plain fact is, that Mrs. Steel and Mrs. Caffyn would be distinguished writers, no less—if they could write. They cannot write. The complaint has been made before, but we must make it again, and continue to make it, more and more energetically: these authors have never taken the trouble to learn one essential part of their business. That is the simple English of the affair, and we offer no apology for stating it.

It is not the mere occasional bad grammar and verbal vulgarity that offend us, though there is sufficient offence in locutions like "loaned," "fussing about," "boss the show," and sentences like the following:

She realised swiftly that with purpose, opinion, and principles to uphold, therein lies tragedy.

It would no more have occurred to James Coates to pass Mrs. Thorpe's door without going in to see her, than it would have done to pass Elinor Moore's.

Great writers have sinned as deep. A much graver offence lies in the complete absence of any feeling for style, for even the outward dignity of sentences; in that constant ignoring of literary good form which by its persistence irritates far more than any outrageous solecism. One can recall public dinners at which it would have been a relief to cry out to one's neighbour: "For Heaven's sake, eat your peas with a knife and have done." There are those who sneer at the nicety of good form in writing. With cheerful contempt they ejaculate: "What does it matter?" But it does matter. It does count. Without acquiring it, no author ever did or ever will reach the high levels.

And even more important than literary good form is the broad general technique of story writing, which neither Mrs. Steel nor Mrs. Caffyn seems in the least to trouble about. A vast trackless, tangled jungle of words—that is *The Minx* and that is *Voices in the Night*. A series of tremendous shapeless slabs of minute observation, each labelled and each crushing the life out of some tiny fragment of actual tale—that also is *The Minx* and *Voices in the Night*. One finds no selective austerity, no effort after contours and symmetry, no dramatic directness of movement. All is confused, enormous, forbidding. The reader must constitute himself an explorer or an excavator; he must be prepared for deserts, glaciers, strata of solid, useless rock.

If Mrs. Steel and Mrs. Caffyn, with all their brilliant attributes, would only be at the inconvenience of learning—. But they will not. What is, must be. And as we are confronted by novel after novel of these esteemed writers, who can do everything but write, we feel ourselves assuming a sort of Oriental resignation before the inexplicabilities of existence.

The Second Lady Delcombe. By the Hon. Mrs. Kennard.
(Hutchinson.)

IN this excellent first novel Mrs. Kennard has used the Divorce Court as a background. The divorce of the first Lady Delcombe is ten years old when the story opens, and it is understood at once that the plot has no connexion with the sordid, common details which lead up to the State-aided liberation of unhappy couples. The incidents of divorce and the re-marriage of divorced persons are such ordinary affairs in the society with which the book is concerned that they are, as it were, taken for granted. The author does indeed introduce a clergyman who holds the opinion that he ought to conform to the law of his Church and not recognise Lord Delcombe's second venture in holy matrimony; but, on the other hand, the first Lady Delcombe is a member of an ancient Roman Catholic family, and seems to find no inconvenience attached to her marriage with Mr. Ratclyffe.

One of the unalterable laws of fiction is that neither shot nor shell, earthquakes nor volcanic eruptions, can seriously injure a hero or heroine; while certain other clearly-defined characters succumb to the slightest accident. To this latter class belongs, as we all know, the boy: the more charming the boy the more certain his doom. It was, then, no surprise when Tony, Lord Delcombe's only son, was laid upon his deathbed. We knew that deathbed was inevitable from the moment Tony met his father at Eton; but, for all that we bowed to an inexorable fate, we rebelled. Tony is so natural, so refreshing, that we grudged the parting. But the reader's sorrow is, of course, Mrs. Kennard's opportunity. The two Lady Delcombes met at Tony's side, and the result—is a triumph for the author. She treats the situation with such simplicity, such quiet reserve, that it is only before the meeting—and after—that we realise that an "impossible" moment has been faced and passed.

In many ways, *The Second Lady Delcombe* is unconventional. We are allowed to make the acquaintance of the heroine, an American girl, quietly. Her character is not ushered in with a blare of trumpets, and we are left to learn her innocence, her generosity, her charm through her words and actions. The book also contains some clever character-studies of women.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE AVENGING OF
RUTHANNA.

By MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN.

Infidelity in marriage is the theme of this story by the author of *Trevinnot of Guy's*, and though the story is handled discreetly the upshot is of an advanced order. A curious feature in the book is a full-page facsimile of the Death Certificate of one of the characters, the cause of death being given as: *Primary*, Poisoning by Prussic Acid; *Secondary*, Syncope. This observation catches our eye: "It is one of life's ironies that the wrong things always get overheard, and the right ones rarely." (John Long. 6s.)

THE MARRIED MISS BINKS. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

This is a sequel to *The Binks Family*, in which was set forth the rise in the world of an enterprising milkman, with all the mistakes and adventures rising out of his social ascent. Here we study the later fortunes of the family, with special reference to Polly Knipp, *née* Binks, who thus instructs a younger sister on her forthcoming wedding: "I wouldn't be married down here, if I were you, unless you could rake up a bishop to perform the ceremony. Oh, that's easy enough to manage if you would like it! I'll get

Lord Robert to arrange it for you. . . . It's all as simple as daylight when you know the ropes." (F. V. White & Co. 3s. 6d.)

THE LADYSMITH TREASURY. ED. BY J. EVELEIGH NASH.

We have already explained the genesis and aims of this collection of stories by well-known writers. The profits on the sale of the book will be sent to the Mayor of Ladysmith, and will be devoted to relieving distress in that town. All the stories, save three, are printed for the first time. The place of honour is filled by Mr. Anstey's "The Game of Adverbs," which appeared in *Punch*. (Sands. 6s.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF
MERCILESS LOVE. "FOR A GOD DISHONoured."

A readable and original story turning on vivisection. The heroine renounces her lover and her life's happiness in order to prevent £40,000 going to the founding of a Pasteur Institute—the predicament being created for her by the will of a former lover who jealously wished, on his deathbed, to prevent her marrying, and used his knowledge of her character to that end. (John Long. 6s.)

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

The hero, Scarlett Trent, is a millionaire with a past. He describes life in the City thus: "It's an ugly fascination. You are in the swim, and you must hold your own. You gamble with other men, and when you win you chuckle. All the time you're whittling your conscience away—if you ever had any. You're never quite dishonest, and you're never quite honest. You come out on top, and afterwards you hate yourself. It's a dirty little life." (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE CRIMSON WEED.

By CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN.

It is not easy to indicate the plot of this novel, the hero of which is a kind of modern Hamlet consumed with the desire to avenge a great wrong done to his mother and to himself. The motto of the story is Bacon's: "Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more man's nature runs to the more ought law to weed it out." The style is good, and the story is full of intellectuality. (Duckworth. 6s.)

A DIPLOMATIC WOMAN.

By HUAN MEE.

Six readable short stories of diplomatic melodrama. The first tells how a clever woman detected the wife of a Russian ambassador in the act of communicating a secret cypher, which is written in the paper of a cigarette. (Sands.)

NATIVE BORN.

By WILLIAM SYLVESTER WALKER.

Mr. Walker, who loves also to call himself "Coo-ee," made something of a hit with his story, *When the Mopoke Calls*. Here, as there, he revels in Australian bush lore, "station" work, pioneering, and the open-air life of the Colonies. This story is all movement and variety; there is the less reason, therefore, for its passages of rather obvious philosophy eked out with italics that sometimes come so frequently as to suggest a mosquito attack on the reader. (John Long. 6s.)

THE VANISHING OF TERA.

By FERGUS HUME.

"Suddenly a warm clasp was laid upon her wrist, and Tera awoke from her ecstasy to find a fair Saxon face close to her own. With a quiet little sigh of pleasure she nestled into the breast of the man. 'Jack,' she murmured softly, 'O'ia fe gwa te ofal.'" You see Tera was a Kanaka girl, and a convert, who had been brought to England and was the shining light of the Grimleigh Bethesda, and pious, and beautiful, and possessed of £3,000 worth of pearls, not to mention monarchical prospects on a Pacific island. (White & Co. 6s.)

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The Writer's Trade.

THE late Mr. Grant Allen was a hard-working writer, if he was nothing else. Mr. Clodd gives a list of seventy-two books to which he put his name or pseudonym. He wrote seventy-two books, and in a sense regretted them all. He believed that science was his calling, and now and then he wreaked that belief on a book to which, as he must have deeply felt, he had given only the leavings of energies devoted to the less ambitious work of writing stories and essays for the market. Whatever his aspirations and whatever his accomplishments in science, the fact remains that in the catalogue Grant Allen passes as a writer. It is a common thing for writers to ply their trade under protest, to nurse big regrets and vain desires. For a writer is a thinker, and whatever overplus of thought and energy are left when he has supplied the market is sure to be adventurous. In Grant Allen this overplus was a large and turbulent quantity, and it insisted on expression. Hence, at almost periodic intervals, he wrote special books to carry it off, books into which he believed he had put his best. In his last illness he said: "I want no memorial over my remains; tell those who care for anything that I may have done to buy a copy of *Force and Energy*." It was a human message; but the world pays its own tributes to a man, and it is possible to care for what Grant Allen did, and not buy this all but forgotten book. Hazlitt said that the only one of his works he cared anything about was his work on *The Principles of Human Actions*. It is almost the only writing of his which the world has agreed to neglect. To us it seems that Grant Allen's true work was the work that rejoiced him least—the work of the efficient, though ephemeral, writer. Are we therefore to dismiss his achievement as a common thing? It is on this point that we wish to say a word. The man who writes to live is not to be trusted to comment on his own performance, which he too often sees as a tissue of compromises. Full of compromises it must be, but these are often of a noble sort. A man is to be judged by the conditions under which he works; it is only when these are found and defined that Justice takes her seat. To Allen came the familiar struggles, cross-purposes, and regrets. When his first novel, *Philistia*, disappointed his expectations, he wrote:

I have put into it my very best, and it's quite clear that the best isn't good enough. I didn't write hastily, I satisfied utterly my critical faculty, and I can't do any better. Indeed, I can never again do so well. Now, this hasn't at all cast me down or disappointed me. I haven't so much ambition for myself as you are kind enough to have for me. I never cared for the chance of literary reputation except as a means of making a livelihood for Nellie and the boy. I can now make a livelihood easily; and I ought to turn to whatever will make it best. . . . I am trying with each new novel to go a step lower to catch the market.

Mr. Clodd is right when he says that such expressions of a black mood must be taken with qualification. They are incidental and inevitable. Much sentiment has been expended on the worn bread-winning writer. It is

time to define the work, the goal, and the legitimate consolations of those who engage in the writing trade—that trade which has, in late years, increased at such a rate that its religion seems to be still to seek. We have mentioned Hazlitt—how soon in any discussion of the writer's craft one thinks of Hazlitt! To him, with all his steely good sense, came the black *cui bono* mood of the Little Writer. He had seen an Indian juggler keep four balls in the air, and Mr. Richer walking the tight-rope at Sadler's Wells. These sights threw him into regrets.

What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labour and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up hill and then down again, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark and finding them? Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection, in which others cannot find a flaw? The utmost I can pretend to is to write a description of what this fellow [the Indian Juggler] can do. I can write a book: so can many others who have not learned even to spell. What abortions are these Essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do.

A most useful confession to quote! It comes from one of the greatest of the Little Writers. It sounds, with silvery clearness and coldness, that tragic note in a writer's life—his sense of the vagueness, the dubiety, the sorry incalculableness of all his service to men. How many times have we heard a clever writer exclaim in weariness that he wished he were a shoemaker producing shoes in which men might stand upright and walk about their business. "As proper men as ever trod on neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork," says the cobbler in "Julius Caesar." What a boast was that, uttered in a Roman mob, and in a dangerous moment. It was irrelevant to the occasion; say rather it was relevant to all occasions—this producible smiling fact, this assertion of the man's helpfulness in a capacity which no upheaval could impair, no logic confound. Tribunes, rebels, merchants, assassins, all must be shod. Alas, it is in the same play that the feebleness of authors is incarnated. The wretched Cinna who was not Cinna the poet, and screamingly protested as much, was borne down. "Tear him in pieces for his bad verses!"

Now, such arguments and instances beset every writer, as they did Hazlitt, but we contend that they are moody and delusive. We will say nothing about the transitoriness of all juggling and rope-dancing fame. The point is this—and to no one is it clearer than to the Hazlitts when they choose to be themselves: it is in the nature of shoe-making and rope-dancing to produce visible and computable results, whereas it is not in the nature of writing to do so. This is one of those things which the mind can accept, but not the heart. The writer may grasp it whenever he will, but the man rejects it in every open or human mood. The comfort it brings can be seized only by a process of thought, by ratiocination, by instances, or by a constructive hope. But to hope when you want to see, to ratiocinate when you want to know—this is hard. One may discharge the work of an hour, a day, on such a basis, but a lifetime, with all its temperamental sinkings, its backwaters and obstacles, is not so easily sustained on these difficult renewals of self-satisfaction. The work of the writer (again we exclude the immortals, who, however, rarely know their luck) is perhaps the most inconclusive of all work. There is no clear task to be finished. A writer may choose his mark and hit it; and, when he has done so, the wise declare that the mark was ill-chosen, was, in fact, not worth hitting. But, indeed, we are rather considering the case of the writer who, confessedly, has not even chosen a

mark, but is a writer at large, a public excogitator, and a wandering voice. What of *him* when the window "slowly grows a glimmering square"? What of his pains—for he took pains—and of his achievement—for surely he had a gatherable achievement? Grant Allen may not have been—he was not—the precisest type of such a writer, and yet his death at the age of fifty-two fills us with these melancholy questions.

We shall not call the answers to them melancholy. Away with these *cui bono* reflections that strike at life. The age which has multiplied the literary journalist beyond all precedent must have evolved, with the man, a gospel. Undoubtedly this is an age of ephemeral writers. It may be that, two hundred years hence, not a single writer now living will be accounted a classic save only Mr. Meredith. The rest of us are doomed; some of us will be forgotten as writers before we perish as men; others will attain to obituaries, others to a decade of memories; a few will be quoted until 1950 ("a clever writer of forty years ago remarked"), and a little band will be known and quoted by name all the way to the year 2000. But in intention, in ambition, and in fact, we all are travelling the one highway of letters as surely as he who walks to Finchley is on the same Great North Road with him who toils to York. From this community of purpose spring the pride and discouragement of the Little Writer. He toils as hard as any; he has wit, fancy, penetration, and has the meanings and music of words in his mind; there is no pains that he spares himself to seize the truths in his path and to adorn them; he re-writes his writings and launches them in books on the same waters that bore Milton and Dryden and Hazlitt to their desired havens; but his voyage ends at the harbour bar; he is not washed down to the happy valley of Avilion.

We have scores of such writers to-day. They call themselves hacks in dark moods; but they are not hacks, and know it. The root of the matter is in them, but soil, climate, opportunity, and their original force prevent them rising to the height of a great tree in which the birds may build. They declare with Hazlitt, "These Essays are the best I can do"; they are tempted to explain themselves like Allen: "I never cared for the chance of literary reputation except as a means of making a livelihood for Nellie and the boy." But in these moods the saving fact is lost—the fact that they are on the true old highway of letters. It is more important to be really on that highway than to reach any point in its length. How much greater is the difference between the seeking of that road and the having found it, than between a near or a distant goal along its august track. May not the Little Writer, reasoning for himself, and groping for a hopeful theory of his writing, begin, once for all, to separate the ideas of success and a continuing name? Has time really so much to do with the matter? For in literature three years are a "boom," and thirty are fame, and three hundred are immortality, and three thousand are Homer, and then the counting is done. Is it then such a little thing to have struck a bliss upon a day; to have spread little feasts of reason on successive Mondays or Wednesdays in an appointed column; to have tried, sometimes with known success, to illuminate a subject on which the talk is running; to have defined a tendency; to have lanced an error; or in any way to have stimulated the minds of tired men whose lives will cease with your own? Surely this is no shadowy harvest that a Little Writer may reap before he meets the Reaper. If its quantity be a vague thing, let him think in what a wide field he sowed, in what good company, with what large ecstasies, with what hints of acceptance, and with what germinations not yet revealed. He will rejoice, too, in his unpaid toil, his insane solitudes of thought and phrase, his corrections pencilled against stone walls, in the rain, while Fleet-street roared for his "copy." How sweet those pains which he need not have taken!

Things Seen.

Panic.

I HAD been vaguely conscious that the train was waiting longer than usual at the station, but the book I read was interesting, and I let the moments slip by. Suddenly the stranger laid down his paper. "Why are we waiting?" he asked. I leaned out of the carriage window. The fireman was standing by the side of the engine. The doors were opening. Anxious passengers were asking questions of the guard, who, his hand shading his eyes, was staring backwards along the line. "It's nothing," I muttered; nevertheless I alighted, and as I stepped on to the gravel a score of passengers were doing likewise. They asked each other the same question—"What's the matter? Why are we waiting?" A man, carrying a fishing-rod, jumped from the train and climbed over the paling into the roadway. "What's the matter?" I said to him. "Oh, it's best to be on the safe side," he answered. "What's the matter, guard?" I asked. "We're late, and I guess we've got to let the express go by!" He spoke in a loud voice, and, at his words, a panic of fear seemed to seize the people. They tumbled from the carriages. Parcels, packages, baskets were thrown upon the platform. "Get back, get back," shouted the guard; but nobody obeyed him. I looked back along the track. We were on a side line of rails. Behind us gleamed the main line, the bright metals curving away from us. Suddenly there was a roar and a rattle. It was the express. Somebody screamed. A child clutched my arm, and, at the same moment, the express curled away like a snake, and rushed past on its own bright metals.

We resumed our seats. My companion fanned himself with his hat. "It's all owing to Slough," he said. "Phew! But suppose—suppose—the points hadn't acted." As we steamed from the station we passed the fisherman plodding along the road.

"L'Empereur."

THE eye-filling fact in Cherbourg is that the town is the great northern military and naval port of France. The wide sweep of the harbour, dotted with ships of war and set with forts at intervals on its long circumference; the greater fortress, high above the roofs, staring watchfully over the sea; the lines of barracks; the troops in companies, the officers in groups, scattered everywhere throughout the streets; these, and these alone, make the character of the town.

I had set out after breakfast to stroll through the narrow streets, and to see what the place had to offer me; I had watched the men at their work, the recruits at their drill, when, returning to my hotel and pondering upon all I had seen, I found myself in the Place Napoléon, the statue of the great Emperor before me. Mounted on his charger, with arm outstretched over the harbour, his eyes fixed on the distance that alone hid England from his gaze, there sat Napoleon; and plain beneath the figure was the inscription which told of his resolve, his promise to the people of France, that "the glories of the East" should be outshone by the wonders of the future!

My mind, following the gesture of the outstretched arm, went back over the water to my country beyond, I thought of Acre and of Alexandria, of Salamanca and of Vittoria, of Trafalgar and of Waterloo; I thought of Egypt and of the Soudan, of Dreyfus and of Fashoda; I remembered tales of the madness that at times will rush upon a nation, tales of dishonour at home gilded over with glory abroad. An empty glorification of the past, I asked myself, or a standing, pregnant menace of the future? What was the significance of this thing, standing there in Cherbourg before the eyes of all, at the close of the nineteenth century?

The Art of Writing for Children.

It was a child who said of a neglected heap of latter-day nursery-books—which to the grown-up mind looked attractive enough to please any child's fancy—"They are very nice, only I don't want to read them. Everything is all right, except the story." And then, struck with a sudden inspiration, added: "Couldn't you make up a proper story about the pictures?"

Child-like, she had gone straight to the point, and had put her finger on the spot of failure when she said "Everything is all right but the story." It is the story that fails. It has lost the art of holding the children's attention, because it is, for the most part, above their heads. The truth is, that the author of to-day, however clever he may be, and however good his intention of amusing the youngsters, will never gain their affections until he has lost the trick he has fallen into of keeping his eye on the grown-up audience while he is telling the children stories. They must have his whole attention or he will lose theirs. If he would succeed in his task he must give himself up unreservedly to his legitimate audience, and enter into their world and their moods. By doing so he will find that his task becomes far easier of accomplishment. He will not be handicapped by all those many things which prevented him letting his imagination have full play while his eyes rested upon the critical grown-up audience.

Think what *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* would have lost had their author kept his eye upon the grown-up audience, instead of giving himself to a world peopled by little folk, who saw nothing strange in rabbits talking, mock-turtles weeping, and pigs turning into babies, and who accepted strange creatures like the Jabberwock as calmly as they did the imperiousness of a Queen who ordered massacres with Royal indifference as to whether they were carried out or not. It was an ideal audience and one to inspire an author. For, even if the children saw nothing of the whimsical adherence to the forms of logic in the stories of *Alice's Adventures*, they nevertheless revelled in the quaint mixture of sense and nonsense which so exactly hit their childish level and caught their fancy, holding them entranced with its dreamlike unity. The stories possess very much the same attraction that the old fairy stories have always had for children. For all their topsyturvydom they are simple, and deal with life as they themselves view it.

And simplicity has always attracted children. It was no gorgeous description that attracted them to the household tales of the Brothers Grimm, and afterwards to Andersen's legends. It is the simplicity of the tales that charms them, they feel that they are the real thing and they instinctively know that there is nothing stagey or affected about them. They are intelligible and easy of comprehension by the child-mind. The stories enter on no wild flights of romance, but run easily and smoothly among everyday paths of life, so that it requires no great imagination to follow them. They are the tales of the common folk, handed down from a period long before the dawn of history, easily understood by man and child alike. Moreover, they are not extravagant or out of proportion, and this is a point that children appreciate, for they have a larger sense of proportion than "children's writers" suppose.

Most children infinitely prefer Grimm's stories of the Geese Maidens and the shepherd lads set in their native surroundings to all the glories of gilded palaces and the Eastern gorgeousness of the *Arabian Nights*: in very much the same way that we prefer the Mab and Puck of Shakespeare in their woodland homes to Herrick's fairies, for all the glories of Oberon's palace, or his Temple "enchased with glass and beads."

For children lack imagination pure and simple. They can elaborate anything they have seen or heard minutely described until it is well-nigh unrecognisable, but the power of creation or grasping anything to which they possess no former clue is a flight to which they do not easily rise. The wonderment of the new idea stupefies them. They prefer to play their stories among the scenes with which they are familiar, to groping in their half-furnished minds after those strange mis-shapen ideas, high and fantastical with which the grown mind amuses itself.

If a topic or conception be in essence above a child's range, no amount of simplicity in the treatment will make it interesting to him. Children also like plenty of action in their stories. They are such restless beings, they must ever be up and doing; they love to hear of fighting dragons, rescuing princesses, and—with the exception of high-strung nervous children—they revel in "bluggy stories," as did the little hero in *Helen's Babies*. Stories of giants who would make their meals off the favourite hero (who, in spite of his undoubted superiority of wit and wisdom, his manly beauty, and his somewhat ostentatious virtues, is invariably despised by his family, and sent to seek his fortune as best he can), have always and will always attract the infant mind; while of Biblical stories nothing appeals as strongly to the juvenile taste and imagination as the story of David and Goliath, except, perhaps, the slaying of Abel by his brother Cain. How many times these scenes have been acted in nursery theatricals will never be known.

Perhaps one of the strongest tests of popularity that can be applied to a story-book is whether it is considered sufficiently interesting to be acted in the nursery. "A good acting book is worth all the others put together," was the verdict of a schoolroom critic who had views upon the subject of juvenile fiction. Certainly, this love of mimicry in children should not be overlooked by the stormers of the nursery library. And here, again, the grown-up audience will have to be entirely put aside, and the author be prepared to give explicit details as to how everything is done.

Half the popularity of *Robinson Crusoe* is due to the fact that there is so much doing in the book, and such minute details are given as to how everything was accomplished. Had the author kept his eye on the grown-up audience while he wrote, he might, and very probably would, have left out the greater part of the book—the very part that makes it intelligible to children—leaving it to the imagination of his readers. But, fortunately, he realised that the child's experience was too incomplete to supply the information, and that it was beyond the scope of childhood to imagine all the resources open to Crusoe. It is this art of getting in touch with children that writers of to-day lack. The adults will keep coming between the story-teller and his audience and spoiling the tale for both.

Let him who would write for Youth go to the old authors, and try and discover their secret of holding the child's fancy. Else, for all the attention of the best authors of to-day, the art of simple story-telling, which is the attraction of men and children alike, will soon be lost.

THERE are men and women who regard the weaving of stories calculated to influence the impressionable mind of a child as a branch of the literary calling as honourable as that of the sensational novelist or newspaper hack. To write successfully for the young is an art requiring special gifts and methods; an art which, though at present ignored, will in time receive due recognition and reward.

"A Writer for Boys" in "The Author" (July).

Correspondence.

Ernest Dowson.

SIR,—Mr. Harold Lush's letter decides me never again to indulge in unlabelled pleasantry—lest it fall into the hands of a professional humorist and be misconstrued.—I am, &c.,
YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

“Two Stage Plays.”

SIR,—Will you allow me a few lines to correct a statement which appeared in the ACADEMY of June 30, over the signature “The Bookworm”?

Two Stage Plays, by Lucy Snowe, will not have the advantage of being published by Mr. Heinemann, but is the first volume which will be issued, in a few days, with my imprint.—I am, &c.,

R. BINLEY JOHNSON.

8, York-buildings, Adelphi, W.C.: July 2, 1900.

A Disclaimer.

SIR,—IN the ACADEMY of June 23 there is, on page 537, the following statement:

The author of *A Peep into “Punch,”* by the way, is Mr. J. Holt Schooling, the ingenious statistician, who, month after month, instructs the readers of the popular magazines in such curious and valuable matters as the distance which would be covered by all the cigarettes smoked by Mr. Labouchere in a year, were they placed together in a line.

I think that your reviewer must have confused my work with the many imitations of my work, when he classed my writings with the utterly silly articles to which he alludes. I have never written articles of that sort. My method, in my statistical articles, being to select a subject of interest and importance, and to show clearly the incidence of the facts connected with my subject. But for one article by me I suppose there are published ten or twelve articles by my imitators, and the most of these fully deserve the contemptuous words of your reviewer.

I see that during 1899-1900 I have published only four articles of a statistical nature, and all of them were on important subjects; also, my writings prior to 1899 have all been quite free from the senseless statistical stupidities to which your reviewer alludes. I am, in fact, no more connected with these foolish articles than Mr. Phil May is connected with the numerous bad imitations of his black-and-white work, to which is purposely given a superficial likeness to drawings by Mr. Phil May.

Permit me, Sir, to repudiate wholly the paternity of the foolish things with which your reviewer has credited me, all of which owe their existence to the not too scrupulous activity of my imitators.—I am, &c.,

J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

Twickenham: June 28, 1900.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 41 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best reply to the following letter received by us:

“DEAR SIR,—I am most anxious, as one having literary aspirations, to cultivate *style*. Would you favour me with a few hints, or tell me where I could get the hints?—Yours truly, —”

The answers in this competition have been both numerous and excellent. Although we purposely fixed no limit as to length, we think that many of the reply-letters are weakened by being over-

long. We award the prize to Mr. A. C. Armstrong, 25, Edgar street, Hampstead-road, N.W., for the following:

DEAR SIR,—Without having the least wish to infer that you are deficient in general intelligence, will you allow me to point out, with all due respect, that your letter certainly exhibits a present lack of that *literary* intelligence—I had almost said intuition—which is, or should be, the chief possession of every writer. Had you this special intelligence—it may come to you with years, or it may be latent and require development—I am certain you had not asked me such a question. As it is, I can offer you no advice without appearing somewhat rude; but I sincerely assure you that it is offered in all kindness and respect. It is the old, old Biblical tag: “Get wisdom, get understanding”—advice I would also offer to a great many fairly well-known authors who are not so honest as you are about their shortcomings.

Style, *per se*, does not exist; it is but synonymous with literary intellect, brain, thought. You cannot be a good stylist if you have no brains: silk and broadcloth will never sit well upon a skeleton. You are like a builder who wants to know all about the upper parts of a house before he has mastered the principles of foundation. Get something great to write about, and you may be sure that your method of putting it into words will also be great. Your very ability to conceive an interesting subject will ensure your telling it in an interesting manner. And the ability to conceive requires great development, whether the germ be latent or acquired. What is called style is but the expression of *intellect*; individual style is the outcome of a strong *mental* individuality.

In conclusion, I can do no better than to quote for your benefit a few words by Robert Buchanan, from an old article I have been re-reading only this last week. You will find that they endorse every word I say. He writes: “I know of no instance in literature where consummate mastery of verbal expression is associated with deficient intellectual power. Even Keats, the least meditative and most passionate of all the poets, and the nearest in power of verbal magic to Shakespeare, was intellectually prescient to the inmost fibres of his poetical being—pure absolute thinking and conceiving power being at the very root of his unexampled sensuous instinct, and leading him to those miracles of phrasing in which, I conceive, he has no modern rival.”

I may add that I shall keep an eye open for your development; for, like that of the gentleman who asked “What is truth?” your honest innocence is distinctly interesting—and refreshing.

Other replies are as follows:

DEAR SIR,—This is not, alas, a matter for “*hints*.” The truth must be spoken brutally, or at least “*bruteament*.” Have you anything to say or to write that the world in the least desires to hear, or would be the better for hearing? If so, you will find yourself able to say it without any manufactured style. It may be that we ought to help lame dogs over stiles, but we want to know if they and their surroundings will be better off on the other side. To get rid of an impediment is not enough. Words, phrases, happy turns of language may be the clothes of thought, and sometimes they are garments becoming and ornamental; but to be this they must clothe something worth clothing. No sane man selects fine clothes for a scarecrow. “*Poeta nascitur, non fit*”: it is not so with style. That subtle thing grows as you grow, develops as you, I would fain hope, may develop. Your present style resembles your handwriting, which is—pardon me—somewhat immature. Read your Bible, my dear young friend. Read Bunyan—his is a better *Pilgrim's Progress* for you than that of Mark Twain. Read Ruskin, Stevenson, Macaulay—they will all give you something that you have not got already if you read them for the vital matter that is in them; but, for pity's sake, don't read anything, anyone, “to improve your style.” You will only become a prig by so doing; you will gain many a trick, you will increase your self-consciousness, but very little else that is worth getting.

You ask me how you may secure a very elaborately decorated Corinthian capitol: begin at the base and *build up*. But “*Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum*,” and very likely you may exchange this style for the simpler Doric.—Yours, &c.,

T. C., Buxted.

DEAR SIR,—Simple, careful, and consecutive thought, combined with a daily study of Shakespeare's Works, the Bible, and Charles Lamb's Essays, should enable any man to attain style, approximately good according to his innate ability. Good style, like human growth, must come naturally.—Yours, &c., W. S., Weymouth.

DEAR SIR,—Make sure you possess literary “powers,” not only “aspirations,” then you may safely trust to developing a natural and easy style without cultivating an article sure to have a false ring in it, easily detected, not only by the critic, but by the ordinary reader.—Yours, &c.,

DEAR SIR,—“Style is the vehicle of the spirit,” says Sydney Smith. To acquire it you must converse with the old sages and

philosophers. Weigh well their counsels. Read much, but choose the good for your mind as you would for your body, taking everything of the best. Read slowly, that you may digest it the more conveniently. To write aptly is a question of practice. The wisest reader makes the best author. Therefore study the style and manner of all those who by their works have kept the past alive, whose books are our friends and companions, and whose writings keep fresh scenes which, but for them, would be blank. Do not be disheartened by failures, but give of your best, and lay it humbly at the shrine of the great goddess Literature, remembering that

Authors are judged by strange, capricious rules,
The great ones are thought mad: the small ones fools.

—Yours, &c.,

G. E. P., London.

DEAR SIR,—Read the best that has been written both in prose and poetry, which will show you how others have mastered the difficult art of expression. When you have felt something of the value of words, conveniently forget each individual style you have studied, and, taking pen in hand, commence to forge your own. Let it be the unforced, natural expression of the literary individuality within you disciplined by culture. Dress your thoughts as you would have them dressed, careful only that they are intelligible and defy no canons of good English. Imitate no author, however great his name or wide his influence. A good style is simply self-possessed personality that by nature has chosen, and by cultivation has perfectly adapted itself to, the use of the literary medium.—Yours, &c.,

H. J., London.

DEAR SIR,—Like yourself, I was at one time very anxious to solve the mysteries of style; I ended by acknowledging the absolute truth of M. de Buffon's axiom: "Le style c'est de l'homme." If you cannot find style in your own brain and temperament, be sure you will find it nowhere else. R. L. Stevenson tells us he acquired style by playing "the sedulous ape" to the well-known writers who had been before him; but I doubt if he owed as much to them as he did to himself.—Yours, &c.,

E. L. C., Redhill.

DEAR SIR,—You ask for advice on the cultivation of a literary style. "People think that I can teach them style. What stuff it all is! Have something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style." So said Matthew Arnold, and you can have no better master. Style is, of course, innate. You may, however, bring yourself under the influence of the genius that has inspired the greatest masters of English prose. Take your degree at Oxford.—Yours, &c.,

A. G., Malvern.

DEAR SIR,—Have something to say. Say it as well and as shortly as possible. Then try to say it again better and more shortly.—Yours, &c.,

E. S. S., Nottingham.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,—Style cannot be learnt, nor do I know any "handy guide" to it. It may, though, be encouraged by a process of absorption, and to that end you should accustom yourself to examples of the finest writing. But do not labour unduly for the feminine mind is more delicate than a man's, and the fine flower of it is more quickly spoilt by the close air of the study. Read your Bible diligently. For the rest, read whatever you think good. In fiction be careful. Let Jane Austen be your heroine, with Thackeray as hero, for in them you will find the whole art of novel writing. Avoid magazines and almost all modern novelists, especially those accounted brilliant, who cover shallowness with epigram. In writing be yourself. Choose always the simplest form of expression. Have an affection for short words, and do not worry about handsome adjectives. Keep your colours in your box until you know how to use them, and shun "purple patches" as you would the black death. Finally, remember this wholesome piece of advice: "Whenever you have written anything which you think particularly fine—strike it out."—Yours, &c.,

E. D., Chelsea.

DEAR MADAM,—This in reply to your flattering letter. As "brevity is the soul of wit," so originality is the soul of literature; and, unless you possess a spark of this "divine quantity," which will readily enable you to cultivate a style of your own, the only hint I can offer is, aspire to some other height than literature.—Yours, &c.,

A. S. H., Dalkeith, N.B.

Other replies received from: E. H., London; N. A., Bæckenham; G. H., Didsbury; S. S. M., Edinburgh; J. D. W., London; L. R., London; H. W. D., London; H. W., London; A. W. D., London; A. W., London; A. F., Sutton; R. W. D. N., London; Z. McC., Whitby; J. B. N., Edinburgh; E. L. C., London; W. A. F., Bromley; A. G., Reigate; E. A., Wangford; E. J. N., Porthcawl; J. G., London; L. F., Manchester; F. L. A., London; J. C. S., Bristol; M. T., London; J. R. L., Belfast; L. L., Ramsgate; P. E., Bradford; A. R., London; J. J. P., Oswestry; E. H. H., London; C. G. H., Bristol; A. M., Maida Vale; L. C. J., North Berwick.

Competition No. 42 (New Series).

In our "Literary Week" columns, page 5, will be found the plot of a gruesome-grotesque novel, framed by Mr. Bernard Capes, and introduced by him into his article on "Plots," in the current *Cornhill Magazine*. We ask our readers to send us plots of the same type, and the usual prize of One Guinea will be awarded. We ask only for a clear matter-of-fact statement, the length of which should not exceed 350 words

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, July 10. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THE BIRDS OF MY PARISH. BY EVELYN H. POLLARD.

This book belongs to the popular class of literary natural history. The identity of the parish does not appear to be revealed; its land is poor and marshy, and the home of a thousand birds, with which the author seems to be on absolutely conversational terms. (Lane. 5s. net.)

A HISTORY OF THE BARONETAGE. BY FRANCIS W. PIXLEY.

Since James I. created the first Baronet, no history of this hereditary dignity has been attempted. Deprived of the help of other historians, Mr. Pixley has gone to original documents wherever he could find them. Several popular beliefs concerning the Baronetage are attacked by Mr. Pixley, notably the idea that the first Baronetcies were sold to persons of no social standing, in order to put money into the King's purse. He also tilts at the notion, fostered by the Kings of Arms and Heralds, that the Baronetage is an Order ("whereas it is a Degree of Dignity Hereditary"), and at the popular habit of abbreviating Baronet to "Bart." The book is handsomely produced by the publishers. (Duckworth. 10s. 6d. net.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Haweis (Rev. H. R.), *The Picture of Jesus* (Burnet & Isbister) 6/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Baillie (Major F. D.), *Mafeking: a Diary of the Siege* ... (Constable & Co.) 6/6
Geden (Alfred S.), *Studies in Eastern Religions* (Kelly) 3/6
Khan (N. N.), *The Ruling Chiefs of Western India* (Thacker)
Albert (Maurice), *Les Théâtres de la Foire (1660-1789)* (Librairie Hachette)
Sears (E. H.), *An Outline of Political Growth in the Nineteenth Century*
(Macmillan) net 12/6
Brown (H.), *War with the Boers* (Virtue)
Yesterday and To-day in Kruger's Land (Stock) net 1/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Blythe (W. H.), *Geometrical Drawing* (Camb. Univ. Press)
Peskett (A. G.), *Cai Juli Cæsaris* (Camb. Univ. Press)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Allen (Phoebe) and Godfrey (Dr. H. W.), *The Sun-Children's Budget*,
Vol. II., July, 1899, to April, 1900 (Wells, Gardner) 3/0
Collings (T. C.), *Crickets* (Unwin) 2/6
Whybrow (A. N.), *The Day-by-Day Cookery Book* (Sands & Co.)
The Geographical Journal. Vol. XV. (Stanford)

NEW EDITIONS.

Dickens (Charles), *Dombey and Son* (Nelson) 1/6
Dickens (Charles), *Barnaby Rudge* (Nelson) 1/0
Temple Shakespeare: Vol. XI. (Dent) net 4/6

* * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

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The Literary Week.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has completed a revised and final edition of his *First Principles*. This is the book which was attacked, by Prof. Ward, in *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, and which has had to pass through the ordeal of more criticism than any other philosophical work since Hume's writings, metaphorically speaking, "set the heather on fire." Mr. Spencer has made numerous replies to his critics; but in the new edition of *First Principles* he will put his views into final shape, and endeavour to remove misapprehensions. Though all the cardinal views of the work remain unchanged, numerous minor alterations have been made. According to rumour, Lord Kelvin is busily engaged writing his autobiography, and in making a kind of authoritative pronouncement on the points at issue between his friend Prof. Tait and Mr. Herbert Spencer. We have, however, the best authority for stating that rumour, in this instance, is entirely unfounded; for Lord Kelvin is not only not replying to Mr. Spencer's philosophico-scientific formulæ, but he is not even writing his autobiography.

AMONG the Civil List pensions granted during the year ending June 20, 1900, we find the following entries:

Mr. Alfred Austin, as Poet Laureate	£200	0	0
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SPECIAL probate to the will of Mr. Stephen Crane has been granted at Somerset House. The gross estate in Great Britain is sworn at £160. Mr. Crane appointed his brother, William Howe Crane, Fort Jervis, New York, his executor, so far as his American property is concerned.

MR. PETT RIDOE'S *A Son of the State*, which may be described as a companion volume to *Mord Em'ly*, is being received with considerable favour. *A Son of the State*, it will be remembered, was issued first as a sixpenny book, but not till the story was republished at six shillings did it receive the recognition it certainly deserves. The inference is plain.

ANOTHER young American girl, says the *Book-buyer* of New York, scarcely twenty years of age, has written a brilliant romance of sword-and-plume. It is her first book, and has won her the distinction of immediate

publication, as a serial, in the *Century*. Miss Bertha Runkle, whose literary beginnings are so auspicious, is the daughter of Mrs. L. G. Runkle, of New York. The story is called "The Helmet of Navarre," the scene is laid in Paris during the investment of the city by Henry of Navarre, and the whole action of the story occupies but four days of the week preceding Henry's entry to give his formal adherence to the Catholic Church.

FROM the same source we learn that among the eccentricities of recent publishing in America is to be reckoned the plan of having an edition—say of one thousand copies of an author's new book—signed by him on a fly-leaf. Several instances might be mentioned of such "author's autograph editions," as they are called, which have proved entirely successful commercially.

WE learn from an article in *M. A. P.* that Mr. Conan Doyle has strong views upon Criticism:

"I want the boy critic," he said, "the boy who will start a story and then chuck it down and say 'Rot,' or who will read a book straight through and say 'Ripping.' That's the person I want to criticise my work." "It's strange, too," he said one day, while snatching a few minutes' rest, "the older I get the less I read and the more I think. As a child the book that appealed to me most was one of Charles Reade's, and, curiously enough, it is the book I enjoy the most now." He talked of the way he wrote his stories. He said: "Of course, I know the end of my story before I begin it. I don't create characters, and then allow them to work out their careers in their own way. I always fix the end clearly before I begin to write."

MR. DOYLE, who is now on his way to England from South Africa, is making progress with his history of the War.

THE sixtieth birthday of Mr. Edward Clodd was signalled by the gift of a carved oak table from his friends. The names of the subscribers which were engraved upon the table included Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, "Anthony Hope," Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Clement Shorter, and others.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Mr. Basil Worsfold, in the list of reference works appended to his newly published *Judgment of Literature*, states that Cousin's *The True*, *The Beautiful*, and *The Good* is not translated into English. I picked up an English translation of Cousin's lectures about five years ago, and I have since seen copies of the same edition in the second-hand shops."

A NEW issue of the *Review of the Week* will begin with the next number. The paper will be enlarged, and the price will be raised to sixpence.

THE Religious Tract Society have undertaken, at the request of the Publication Committee of the Ecumenical Conference of Foreign Missions, to publish the Official Report of the great meetings held in New York from April 21 to May 2, 1900. A strong committee of literary experts have combined to produce the book.

PUBLIC school English will soon have its own dictionary. Mr. John S. Farmer, its lexicographer, has issued the prospectus of his long-expected work, of which the full title is: *The Public School Word-Book, A Contribution to a Historical Glossary of Words, Phrases, and Terms of Expression, Obsolete and in Present Use, Peculiar to Our Great Public Schools, Together with Some that Have Been or Are "Modish" at the Universities*. This Word-Book is for subscribers only, and the price is One Guinea. The dictionary is not a slang dictionary, pure and simple; its scope is accurately defined by its title. Twenty-four public schools and the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, Aberdeen, Dublin, &c., have been trawled for peculiar words. Mr. Farmer exclaims with enthusiasm: "No wonder our Mother-tongue is so vigorous, adaptable, and expansive—reaching out in its creative energy to all the forms and necessities of modern life—when even Young England shows such aptitude in coining new expressions, and adapting older forms to its ever-changing (and, shall I say, ever-increasing) needs." A few specimen definitions will show better than any explanation, the character of this interesting work:

Let-out, *subs.* (Tonbridge).—Any less extensive holiday than a half holiday.

Levite, *subs.* (Tonbridge).—A boy leaving the school.

Levy, *subs.* (Rugby).—See quot.

1836. HUGHES, *Tom Brown's School-days*, viii. In fact, the solemn assembly, a LEVY of the school, had been held, at which the captain of the school had got up, and, after premising that several instances had occurred of matters having been reported to the masters; that this was against public morality and School tradition; that a LEVY of the sixth had been held on the subject, and they had resolved that the practice must be stopped at once.

Lib, *subs.* (Charterhouse).—The Library. Whence LIB. COLL. = a collection of library books.

Speg, *adj.* (Winchester: obsolete).—Smart.

Spending-house, *subs.* (Rugby).—A pastry cook's: the custom, until Dr. Arnold abolished it, had been for the boys to take their morning and evening buttery commons of bread and cold milk to one of these establishments, and with "extras," such as tea, coffee, butter, &c., to obtain a more decent meal than was otherwise possible.

1890. *Great Public Schools*, p. 150. Every boy had a SPENDING-HOUSE, as it was called, at one of the confectioners' in High Street, where he left his books, bat, fishing-rod, &c.—to save a journey to his boarding-house—and spent his spare cash. It was in the back-yards of these houses that dogs and guns were kept.

Spess, *subs.* (Felsted).—A specimen: a term of contempt.

1883. *Felstedian*, July, 66. Others . . . calling out . . . frightful SPESSES, which word is in our language "specimens"; but as this is too long for their memories, they have shortened it.

Spink, *subs.* (Royal Military Academy).—Milk: specifically, condensed milk.

IN the July *Atlantic Monthly* there is an article on "Impressionism and Appreciation," which will be enjoyed by those who have problems of criticism at heart, and do not object to a stiffish argument. The writer, Mr. Lewis E. Gates, defends impressionist criticism warmly, but discreetly:

Regarded as literature about literature, impressionism may seem an over-refined product—two degrees removed from actual life, fantastically unreal; but regarded as the intimate record of what a few happy moments have meant to an alert mind and heart, impressionism is transcendently close to fact. The popularity of impressionism is only one sign more that we are learning to prize, above most things else, richness of spiritual experience. The sincere and significant mood—this is what we have come to care for, whether the mood be suggested by life, by nature, or by art and literature. False moods expressed maladroitly will doubtless try to get themselves accepted, just as artificial poems about nature have multiplied endlessly since Wordsworth's day. The counterfeit merely proves

the worth of the original. In an age that has learned to look on art with conscious sincerity, and to recognise that the experience offered in art rivals religious experience in renovating and stimulating power, there must more and more come to be an imaginative literature that takes its inspiration direct from art; of such imaginative literature critical impressionistic writing is one of the most vital forms.

Mr. Gates proceeds to deal with larger issues, and the article may be commended to those who think that Criticism is easy.

IN the same magazine a Contributors' Club philosopher discourses pleasantly on "Accidental Literature"—"the fortuitous charm of dictionaries, directories, concordances, gazetteers, and such lore." He finds the names of unknown folk on sign-boards and in reports and advertisements peculiarly suggestive:

The lists of real estate transfers and recorded mortgages are a very anthology of poesy. Of course, there is the eternal speculation as to the causes for the transfer, and the very word "mortgage" is as redolent of romance as an Italian salad is of garlic. There is the banality of such records as the mortgaging of O'Beirne's property to Ehret and of Finnerty's to Weinstein; but the unexpected enthralls you now and then with such a reversion of the natural order of things as a transfer from Goldberg to Dooley. It is picturesque, too, just to know that such people exist, even in the relation of mortgagor and mortgagee, as Flank and Marinus, Panish and McCauslan, Miss Moth and Mr. Weeks, Lang and Langbein, Feletti and Kehoe, Mordecui and Dramien.

Most people know these casual enjoyments. To the present writer, who never saw a horse-race, and never betted on one, the names of horses and owners, as given in the sporting columns of the newspapers, are a perpetual minor joy. Who can read without interest such names as these from a recent *Daily News*:

Mr. Doggett's Galloping Boy.
Mr. M. Pizzey's Moneyspinner.
Mr. Watts's Coral Sea.
Mr. P. Lorillard's Tantalus.
Mr. J. Musker's The General.
Lord Cowley's Pirate Queen.
Sir R. Waldie-Griffith's Vain Duchess.
Mr. M. Gurry's Anxious Moments.
Mr. Southall's Lictor.
Mr. T. Kincaid's Oradora.
Lord Farquhar's St. Gall.
Mr. Murray Griffith's Little Curley.

The Turf can hardly be decried for its nomenclature.

ONE or two "shady second-hand booksellers" seem to be playing an ingenious, but highly dangerous, game of theft at book-sales. Messrs. Puttick & Simpson have just been victimised in the following way. A thief abstracted from a copy of Thornton's *Don Juan*, which was lying on view in their sale-room, the coloured plate of the "Descent of Madame Saguie," and also pp. 493-4. To a *Daily Mail* reporter the motive for the theft was thus explained by a representative of the firm:

"This is not the first time that this sort of thing has happened to us. There are one or two shady second-hand booksellers who haunt important book sales and mutilate books in this way. They do this hoping that the books will be put up for auction in spite of their mutilated state, in which case they are enabled to buy them at a greatly reduced price. They afterwards deftly insert the stolen plate or leaves and dispose of the book privately for a largely increased amount. In the present case," he observed, "the value of the book is probably affected by something like £10. Of course, we have to compensate the owners, and, in addition, we are offering a reward for the discovery of the thief."

In the July *Macmillan* is a curiously censorious article on Gilbert White's recent editors, by Prof. Alfred Newton. The late Mr. Grant Allen wrote of White's natural history studies as his *fad*. The word could have been bettered, but so could the temper with which Prof. Newton writes:

If a word could be found to raise a feeling of disgust among the thousands of admirers of Gilbert White, it is that which is above italicised. Who but a vulgarian could conceive of White's life-long devotion to the study of natural history being designated a "fad"? And yet Mr. Allen wrote himself a naturalist!

Mr. Allen *was* a naturalist, but Prof. Newton will not stay his tomahawk:

How much he knew of the methods of observing naturalists in general, and of White's in particular, is shown by another passage in the same Introduction (p. xxxiii.). Describing the lawn and garden at Selborne, this editor is pleased to say: "Here the easy-minded Fellow of Oriel and curate of Faringdon could sit in his rustic chair all day long, and observe the birds and beasts as they dropped in to visit him." What the fellowship and curacy have to do with the matter is not apparent, but had Mr. Allen any experience of observational natural history, he would have known that beasts and birds do not "drop in" to visit people sitting all day long in chairs, rustic or otherwise.

Hoity toity! Grant Allen was writing an easy-going Introduction. He never meant to suggest that White's enormous mass of observations was accumulated only by sitting in an armchair. Yet that bird life can be studied from an armchair, placed on a lawn like White's, is very certain. We note that Messrs. Macmillan's new edition of White's book, which has just been added to their "Library of English Classics," consists of White's text as he left it himself, with only the "bibliographical note" which is a feature of the series.

THE Board of Education has prepared a syllabus of instruction in English Literature for Continuation Schools. It is intended as an indication to teachers who are dealing with young people who "earn their living by 'the sweat of the face.'" The following general hints given to such teachers strike us as judicious:

It is impossible to *teach* English literature in a course of lectures; your object must therefore be to *awake interest* in it. Keep in mind the continuity and development of literature: but dwell mainly on the greatest writers. Do not give lists of minor folk. It is not worth while *merely naming* any writer if you have not time to do more. Read out good passages, and at the end (but not in the middle) explain why they are good. Encourage the students to read widely for themselves, in unannotated texts and the better anthologies, and, if they like it, to learn lyrics or short passages by heart. On the whole, it is, perhaps, best not to put a primer into their hands until the course is finished; then one may be used for revision.

Literature does not lend itself much to an appeal to the eye, but the exhibition of portraits, rare editions, and facsimiles of handwriting serves to stimulate interest. Do not forget local associations. Where such exist the rule of exclusion of minor writers should be modified. Chatterton is not Shakespeare, but if you are teaching at Bristol you will visit St. Mary's, Redcliffe, just as at Stratford you will visit the birthplace and Anne Hathaway's cottage.

The lives of authors should be told only so far as they affected their work. A man's surroundings, such as the landscape of his home, give him local colour. Episodes which bring out character (e.g., Sidney at Zutphen) are valuable. But avoid accidentals; an enumeration of the posts at court held by Chaucer is useless.

Do not be precise about dates; there are no dates of importance in English literature; it is sufficient to remember what great writers were roughly contemporary, and the larger chronological periods, centuries and reigns, in which they fall.

THE *Bookman* says: "There is to be yet another great edition of Shakespeare under the editorial charge of a literary man who has recently won his spurs in the Shakespearean field." We note also that a Life of Shakespeare is to be written by Mr. Israel Gollancz for the "Temple" Shakespeare.

ADVERTISING as she is advertised, in America: "Elbert Hubbard says that a book cannot be boomed by advertising. We know better. Enormous sales are created by advertising. People can be and are influenced into buying books by the very force of the advertising—books that they would never otherwise have thought of purchasing—books in many instances that they will never read; but it is better to have a book that has 'go' in it. We are doing more and more publishers' advertising, and we still want more of it to do."

"MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX," says the *Author* for July, "calls his forthcoming story *An Eye for an Eye*, and the publisher of Anthony Trollope's works (which, by the way, continue to find a good sale) have formally permitted the use of this title." In this connexion it is interesting to recall the fact that in 1891 the late Mr. Andrew Tuer published a short novel without a title. Each purchaser of this tale was entitled to make a guess on a coupon as to its name, and the winner was to receive a large money prize, to be awarded the middle of 1892. But no one was successful. The story dealt with the case of a schoolboy who had gouged out a companion's eye, and afterwards, in retaliation, had one of his own knocked on to the lawn of a tennis-court by a singularly expert player, his former victim's bosom friend. Naturally scores of competitors suggested *An Eye for an Eye* as the title of this romance, but it was written in the first person singular, and Mr. Tuer had styled it *An I and an Eye*. No one hit on this.

It is, of course, in the essence of appropriateness that Dr. Thomas Hodgkin should review Prof. Bury's *Gibbon*. He did so in last week's *Pilot*, and we are glad that he sets the weight of his opinion against that view of history, already attacked by Mr. Andrew Lang, which would separate it from literature and reduce its expression to cold scientific statement. Discussing this depressing theory, enunciated about a year ago by MM. Langlois and Seignobos, Dr. Hodgkin says:

Notwithstanding the depressing conclusion suggested by this paragraph, I venture to express a belief that the writing of history will still continue to be recognised as a branch of literature, and that, precisely because they are works of art, Macaulay's *History of England*, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and pre-eminently the book that we are now about to consider, Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, will continue to be read even by students who are perfectly aware that some of the conclusions at which those authors arrived require to be modified in order to bring them into accordance with the results of more recent research.

A great history is, after all, like a great Epic, and has the Epic's right to live, though a date here and there may require correction, or even (as many of us think to be the case with Macaulay) though the author may not have held the balance true when weighing the characters of statesmen and warriors. Are we mistaken in thinking that the epoch when history began to be written "as a branch of literature" was an important era in the intellectual development of mankind? All those long monotonous annals of Assyrian and Egyptian kings, all the presumably dull works of Greek logographers lay behind him, doomed to oblivion: Herodotus arose and wrote the nine books which all Greece could listen to and remember, and History was born.

THE Statistical Account of the *Dictionary of National Biography* was very complete, but it does not fill up the

measure of curiosity felt by Dr. Garnett in this great enterprise. The statistical research, he thinks, might have been carried further. In the *Londoner* he remarks :

The weight of a single column of type multiplied by the total number would give the aggregate weight of metal used in producing the Dictionary. In the same manner, the measurement of a single line of type would show how far the Dictionary would extend in linear space northward from London, and, when the Supplement was complete, it might be computed at what period the fame of British worthies would "turn its back upon itself" at John o' Groats.

THE supply of advice on reading and the choice of books never gives out. Addressing the girl students of Burlington School the other day, the Bishop of London advised them to occupy their leisure in taking up some particular study and pursuing it to the end. One great difficulty which young ladies in society experienced was, he said, how to spend their time properly. Girls were too fond of the books whose date of writing was usually indicated by a yellow label on the cover. The happiest years of his life were the ten during which he kept a resolution that he would read no books which were written after the year 1600. He would not have them adopt so stringent a course, but if they were to read three books written before 1800 for each one written after that date he was confident they would be better employed.

WE do not know how familiar the following story may be, but it has been revived this week. M. Brunetière, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who is an authority on Bossuet, often styled the "Eagle of Meaux," once received the following letter from an American showman :

I have just heard that a Meaux Eagle, very celebrated, it appears, in your own country, has become your exclusive property. As proprietor of one of the largest museums in the States, I may say that this Meaux Eagle, whose reputation has been enhanced by your eloquence, would be valuable to me. If you will let me have this rare bird, and tell me how you feed him, you can quote your own figure.

M. Brunetière, of course, explained that this "rare bird" had been dead for two hundred years, and had never even been stuffed!

Bibliographical.

SAYS "S. G.," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the subject of capital letters: "Has anyone ever formulated the law which guided writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in their employment of this typographical device? It cannot have been purely arbitrary, but it is not easy to discover a method." I wonder if "S. G." has ever come across certain reprints of plays by Shakespeare, edited by Mr. Allan Park Paton, of Greenock. In each case the text is given with the capital letters as they appear in the early editions, and Mr. Paton's belief is that these capitals were deliberately employed to indicate the emphasis which should be placed on certain words—"emphasis-capitals" he calls them. Mr. Paton urges his view with much persistency and ingenuity, but, personally, I am not convinced. On the whole, it would seem as if capital letters were used by the old writers and printers according to their "taste and fancy." It is hardly credible that "emphasis" was intended in each instance.

There is nothing new under the sun. The editor of *Moonshine's* notion of a library specially adapted for life on a desert island was anticipated by Lowell in his "Fable for Critics," though not, it may be, in quite the spirit of which the editor of *Moonshine* would approve. Said Lowell:

I've thought very often 't would be a good thing,
In all public collections of books, if a wing
Were set off by itself, like the seas from the dry lands,

Marked "*Literature suited to desolate islands*,"

And filled with such books as could never be read
Save by readers of proofs, forced to do it for bread—
Such books as one's wrecked on in small country taverns,
Such as hermits might mortify over in caverns,
Such as Satan, if printing had then been invented,
As a climax of woe would to Job have presented,
Such as Crusoe might dip in, although there are few so
Outrageously cornered by fate as poor Crusoe.

Messrs. Putnam advertise *A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare*, and yet it seems to have been only the other day that we were studying the very latest theory about the said Sonnets—that of Mr. Samuel Butler. There are signs that the Shakespeare Sonnets will become, in a sense, as great a nuisance as is "Junius." Last year there were not only two new editions of them, but two new books about them—Mr. Cuming Walters's *Mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets* and Mr. Jesse Johnson's *Testimony of the Sonnets as to the Authors of Shakespeare's Plays and Poems*. In 1898 we had Mr. T. Tyler on *The Fitton Theory of the Sonnets*, and in 1896 a collection of "Scriptural Harmonies" with fifty of them. I suppose every student of the Sonnets has his own theory about them, but there is no reason why he should give it to the world.

The catholicity of the public taste is seen in the simultaneous appearance of sixpenny editions of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Cometh Up as a Flower*—two works which are not, artistically, quite on the same plane. *Cometh Up* appeared last year in a two-shilling form; so that its issue at sixpence does not cause surprise. It is really a feather in Miss Broughton's cap that her first story—and such a story!—should be found not only readable, but apparently popular, in 1900. It is positively thirty-three years old! Those of us who remember its original publication remember also how "shocking" it seemed to the reading public of that day. Now, of course, its most audacious passages are tame, even to the young lady of fifteen.

I see that we are to have from Mrs. Lathrop *The Autobiography of a Charwoman*. Why not? Jeames de la Pluche has written his own memoirs, and we have had on the stage the apotheosis of the "lady slavey." There can be few types of humanity and society which have not had their expositor in fiction. Even the animal creation has been allowed to recount its reminiscences, and I remember meeting some years ago with *The Confessions of a Door-Mat*, recounted by a young writer of poetic plays. The line, of course, will have to be drawn somewhere.

Great is the vitality of the *Lives of the Poets* which we owe to Samuel Johnson. They are constantly being edited, separately or in groups, for the use of youthful students, and one remembers that Matthew Arnold even did not disdain to do that sort of work for them. That was in 1886. In 1890 came the annotated edition of Messrs. Bell. This, however, was destined to be surpassed (*me judice*) in 1896, when we had from Messrs. Methuen their three-volume edition in the "English Classics" series, and from Messrs. Kegan Paul their six-volume edition, supervised and annotated by Mr. Arthur Waugh. Now we are promised an edition undertaken by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, whose absolute competency for the task is obvious.

Now that Mr. Brimley Johnson has issued his first book as publisher, it may be interesting to recall some of the work he has done as man of letters. One recollects his four-volume collection of *Popular British Ballads* (1894), followed in 1896 by a little monograph on Leigh Hunt and two little selections from De Quincey (*Lyrics in Prose*) and Carlyle (*Pen-Portraits*). In 1897 came a booklet of *Aphorisms from Landor*. All of these have indicated a genuine knowledge and love of English literature.

Matilde Serao, of whose works Mr. Heinemann promises us a uniform edition in England, is not entirely unknown to English readers. Mr. Heinemann himself published, in 1891, a translation of this writer's *Fantasy*, which he followed up in 1894 with a version of *Farewell, Love*.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Lucretius and Omar.

Lucretius on Life and Death. In the Metre of Omar Khayyám. To which are appended Parallel Passages from the Original. By W. H. Mallock. (A. & C. Black.)

"LUCRETIVS," writes Mr. Sellar in his admirable chapters upon the poet, "contemplates human life with a profound feeling like that of Pascal, and with a speculative elevation like that of Spinoza. The loftier tones of his poetry, and the sustained effort of mind which bears him through his long argument, remind us of Milton." These are just comparisons. We might add Dante; he also could vaunt, with a *primus ego*, that he, first of Italian poets, had handled mightily a most majestic theme. But between him who, in Mrs. Browning's phrase,

denied
Divinely the divine, and died
Chief poet by the Tiber side,

and the Persian with his roses and vines, nightingales and winecups, how vast the distance and the difference! Mr. Mallock is aware of it; but he finds a certain piquancy in the comparing and contrasting of the two Epicurean poets, and has paraphrased some five hundred lines of the Roman in the famous stanza devised by FitzGerald for the paraphrase of the Persian. The result is fascinating, and a failure: to paraphrase Bentley upon Pope's Homer—"a very pretty poem, Mr. Mallock, but you must not call it Lucretius." Imagine Omar rendered into Miltonic blank verse, and you have some notion of the aspect of Lucretius in the Omarian quatrain. The tripping, discontinuous, epigrammatic quatrains have nothing in common with the slow-labouring, lingering thunders of the Lucretian periods, each line a triumph of tremendous music, and the complete period their concerted harmony. Mr. Mallock's bold venture is an excellent illustration of the interdependence of matter and form: translated into a poem absolutely unlike his own, even the thought of Lucretius, the genius of his mind, almost wholly disappears. Thus translated, he is not himself; he is any one of the countless poets who sing of the eternity of death and the sorrow of life: we might almost be reading Horace. The essential quality of the *Rubáiyát*, in point of form, is a swift brevity. The poet lets fall a stanza now, a stanza then, each isolated, self-sufficient, perfect; strung together, they are but a chain of variations upon the same theme. There is no laborious argument, no philosophic plan, no systematic unfolding of a scheme of thought. It is philosophy in snatches of song, doctrine by epigram, dropped casually with a charming nonchalance from the lips of a semi-serious epicurean mystic, unconscious of responsibility, incapable of huge toil. Lucretius is as profoundly and passionately an apostle and evangelist as Saint Paul; his is no light-hearted pessimism, no carolling agnosticism, but an elemental message to the sons of men. Open Omar at any page, and you will light upon some immediately intelligible stanza about the Why and the Whither and the Wherefore of things: open Lucretius at random, and you will find yourself in the midst of some long and wrestling argument or exposition. Before Lucretius can chaunt that transcendent chaunt to the glory of deathless death, "Nil igitur mors est," and do so in a prolonged strain of sublimity unsurpassed, he must patiently adduce some score of reasons, worked out with enormous effort, in which beauty of form is sacrificed to accuracy of matter. No poem in the world so impresses us as accomplished with groans and sweat of the brow, with the agony and strong crying of birth-pangs, as the *De Natura Rerum*—which, truly interpreted, means the Universe. Little—no, to be accurate, nothing—as we know of Lucretius with absolute certainty from external

sources, we can with some confidence conjecture much concerning his character from his poem; and we may feel sure that he did not write to please himself. He might have enjoyed his solitary broodings and contemplations in a somewhat grim silence; but, thanks to Epicurus, he possessed the pearl of great price, the verity of verities, and he was bound to communicate it to a world lying in the darkness of superstitious dread, of unnecessary sorrow, of calamitous ignorance. We do not feel that about Omar; he, says FitzGerald, "only *diverted* himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last!" Omar jests: there is no jesting in Lucretius. M. Martha, author of perhaps the best work upon Lucretius, concludes his volume thus: "*La véritable réfutation de la doctrine de la volupté est la tristesse de son plus grand interprète.*"

Mr. Mallock's interesting experiment is, then, more curious than valuable—a valorous attempt to bridle Behemoth, to put a hook in the nostrils of Leviathan. Passing over, as is but natural, the scientific and technical portions of the poem, and merely culling from it its "beauties," he has given us an ingenious *pastiche* indeed, but done a fanciful injustice to the Son of Thunder. Mr. Pater has spoken of the thunder and lightning of Lucretius as being "like thunder and lightning some distance off, which one might recline to enjoy in a garden of roses." For once we venture to question the felicity of a phrase from Mr. Pater; but Mr. Mallock seems to have accepted it, and in his version we read Lucretius in the rose garden of Naishápur, beside the rose-bespinkled tomb of Omar. Little is here of the Lucretius who, as illustrious men of modern science are agreed, marvellously and by intuition anticipated important doctrines and discoveries of modern science; of the poet, who rivals Goethe in the combination of scientific with poetic imagination. Here is a Roman Omar, strenuous and impassioned; no minstrel of smiling nihilism, but the deliverer of a vast evangel, the prophet of the peace of eternal death; a preacher akin to Thackeray's "weary King Ecclesiast," "the sad and splendid." All is vanity, but kindly death ends all, says Lucretius: Death ends all, says Omar, therefore let us enjoy life to the uttermost. Omar is the truer Epicurean: Lucretius has more than a little of the Stoic in his temperament, and his devotion to Epicurus was less upon the moral or practical side than upon the speculative. Clearly, he hungered after an interpretation of the universe, of "all this unintelligible world"; he found it in the atomic theory, as accepted by Epicurus from Democritus. It is hard to say whether it be right to call him atheist. "Un grand poète athée," exclaims Villemain, "voilà sans doute un singulier phénomène." Certainly few conceptions can be more strikingly strange than his picture of gods who reign, perhaps, but assuredly do not govern: idle beings, divine drones extraneous to the workings of the world, fixed in a dreamy immobility, neither beneficent nor malevolent, not worthy of man's consideration. Such gods Lucretius contemptuously condescends to let exist; but the ruler of the universe is a blind necessity, the material law. The religious sense, as we understand it now, was no part of his nature; his devotion, his most exalted feeling, is called forth by the contemplation of the reign of physical law and order, *suaviter fortiterque disponens omnia*. "I venerate the earnestness of the man," writes FitzGerald, who loved him, "and the power with which he makes some music even from his hardest Atoms." Can we say of Omar that we "venerate his earnestness"? Melodiously to dwell upon the melancholy of things is no hard occupation, and the philosophy of "gather ye roses while ye may" is somewhat obvious. Critics have differed upon the quality of the faith that was in Omar: a frank materialist and sensualist, say some; a mystic veiling the ineffable truths in terms of earth, say others. It matters

little, and both views may be right; certain it is that Omar was a true Epicurean, loving life and its brief pleasures, the sole tangible realities in a mysterious universe. Unlike, indeed, is he to that earlier tentmaker who "died daily" to this present world and thirsted for that other, which alone was real to him. And it is sure that Lucretius would have felt slight sympathy with the prevailing moods of Omar, the dreamy sadness, indolent wishfulness, luxurious brooding upon the nature of things. Sad as Lucretius is, he has the air of boldly and stoutly denying it, having found peace and joy in believing the atomic gospel, and trampled the terrors of religion beneath his feet: "*felix qui potuit causas cognoscere rerum!*"

Mr. Mallock manages with much dexterity the famous quatrain: for example:

What though no statued youths from wall and wall
Strew light along your midnight festival

With golden hands, nor beams from Lebanon
Keep the lyre's langour lingering through the hall,

Yours is the table 'neath the high whispering trees;
Yours is the lyre of leaf and stream and breeze;

The golden flagon, and the echoing dome—
Lapped in the Spring, what care you then for these?

Yet, we repeat it, this is no measure for the organ music of Lucretius: he would sound more like himself in the blank verse of Milton, the heroics of Ben Jonson, Chapman, Dryden, the Alexandrians of Hugo or Leconte de Lisle. Mr. Mallock's poem is pretty: there is infinite beauty in Lucretius, but no dancing prettiness. The terrible intensity of his marching music demands, for its transference into another tongue, the weightiest possible equivalent to the *gravitas*, the *authoritas* of the noble Latin: who would translate *Paradise Lost* in the rhythms of *Emaux et Camées*, or the *Légende des Siècles* in the measures of "*Hesperides*"? The *furor arduus Lucreti*, as Statius has it, has nothing in common with the polished or chiselled elegance of Omar. Lucretius is the Michael Angelo of verse, a Titanic workman, compelling language to obey his sovereign will and fall into majestic cadence, thunderous, oceanic. Saint Jerome, in a sentence which has distracted every Lucretian critic, states that Lucretius composed his poem in the lucid intervals of insanity: it is impossible. The quatrains of Omar might have been so written; the colossal structure of the *De Natura Rerum* could not have been so designed and executed. But neither the classic Roman nor the mediæval Persian was mad; both kept a steady vision upon the world and life, both knew well what they were doing. Lucretius, like that later glory of Italy, the lamenting Leopardi, had sanity in the depths of his strange soul, and the mind which soared and ranged beyond the *flammanitia monia mundi*, and saw worlds in the making, and the torrent of atoms, knew no delusion. "Life and Death" appeared in no fantastic guise to this great iconoclast of superstition, this harrower of hell. Reason itself inspired the poem, thus justly appraised by the exquisite and worthless Ovid:

Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

Gradely—Greement.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Vol. IV.: Gradely—Greement. (Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.)

"A GRADELY plague it's bin to me, It's been a gradely blessin' too;" probably this will be Dr. Murray's confession when he has done with this marvellous Dictionary. The quotation occurs on the first page of this new part, prepared by Mr. Henry Bradley. It is a particularly interesting part—full of old and storied words like Gradely, Graft, Grail, Grain, Grammar, Grand, Grave, and Gravy. Gravy

is the curiosity of the part. What should you suppose is the etymology of gravy? It is "of obscure origin" in speech, as in cookery, but Dr. Murray thinks it comes from the Old French *grané* and that its *v* is just a mistake.

For the O.F. word the reading *grané* seems certain (though in printed texts *gravé* usually appears); it is probably cognate with O.F. *grain* "anything used in cooking," and with *GRENADÉ*; *GRENADINE*; cf. also *fans grenon* = "gravy bastard." But in the English MSS. the word has nearly always either a *v* or a letter which looks more like *u* than *n* (the only exception being in the "table" to *Liber Cocorum*, which has thrice *grane*, while the text has *grauē*). As the Middle English word was therefore identical in form with the modern word, it seems difficult, in spite of the difference in sense, to regard them as unconnected. In the present state of the evidence, the most probable conclusion is that the O.F. *grané* was early misread as *gravé*, and in that form became current as a term of English cookery.

With its origin the interest of the word ceases; except for the familiar phrase "to stew in one's own gravy," which Mr. Bradley finds in Ned Ward's *London Spy* (1699), and for the phrase "gravey-eyed," which Grose records with the meaning of bleary-eyed. Mr. Bradley gives no quotation for the last term, but small boys and girls still apply the unfeeling nickname "Gravy-Eyes" to anyone so afflicted.

We have served the gravy before the joint, and must e'en go back. Gradely is a fine old word that is still doing duty in Lancashire. A gradely lass is a big comely lass; a gradely fool is an out-and-out fool; and the word means real or proper in such a sentence as "My gradely name is Harry Shareall." Most frequently the word is equivalent to very—"a gradely fine day"; but it has still another shade of meaning in "I cannaw tell thee greedly"—i.e., exactly. Gradely is one of several words in this section of the Dictionary owning a Scandinavian origin. The obsolete substantive, Grain, meaning, in the plural, the fork of the human body, the lower limbs, is of this family. In some dialects grain still means the branch of a tree, or a fork between boughs. A seventeenth century writer said of Absalom: "his head was caught fast within the graines of a spreading oak." A prong of a fork is called a grain, and the plural was often spelt grainse, so that a magazine writer had: "The sailmaker . . . personated Neptune . . . and . . . flourished a three-pronged grainse." The other and greater Grain—i.e., a seed, is, of course, of French-Latin derivation. The sense-development of grain is very interesting. There is, for instance, a perfect connexion between its two meanings of a seed or particle, and a dye. A red dye was made from "the Scarlet Grain . . . which cometh of the Ilex" (Holland's *Pliny*); hence in technical and mercantile speech this scarlet dye itself was called grain, and afterwards the word was applied to dye in general. Milton's "All in a robe of darkest grain" must be read in this light. And when we say "ingrained" it is in this special sense that the word is properly used—i.e., indelible, fast-dyed: "My father, as I told you, was a philosopher in grain," says Tristram Shandy; and Keble says of Bishop Wilson—"He was an antiquarian in grain, and delighted in exact observation." Another Old Norse word still heard in the north of England is Graith, a verb meaning to prepare, get ready, procure. "Get the table graithed"—i.e., dressed, is given in a Whitty glossary. Chaucer found the word useful, and so did Burns.

Only one Celtic word lifts up its hand between Gradely and Greement. This is the verb Gralloch, to disembowel (a deer)—a well-known sporting term. In her novel, *Held in Bondage*, Ouida writes: "We think no toil or trouble too great to hear the ping of the bullet, and see the deer gralloched at last." The viscera of a dead deer form the gralloch, which must be distinguished from the umbles (the heart, liver, &c.), contemplated in the expression "*humble pie*."

Gramercy is an interesting word, if only because its use

is the foundation of so many feeble historical novels. It is the compound of O.F. *grant* and *merci*:

The primary sense of *merci* was "reward, favour gained by merit"; hence *grant merci* originally meant "may God reward you greatly": cf. GOD-A-MERCY. Both *grant merci* and *merci* without the adjective came to be used interjectionally = "thanks," in which use the shorter form survives in modern French.

Gramercy, therefore, came to mean Thank you; and Thanks to. *Gramercy horse!* meant "Thanks to my good horse." It seems doubtful whether the use of the word by historical novelists as an exclamation, the equivalent of "Mercy on us," has much justification. It was apparently so used by Heywood and Ross. This use seems to be derived from Dr. Johnson, who from his desk in Gough-square expounded the word as a corruption of "grant me mercy." Coleridge uses it so in *The Ancient Mariner*: "Gramercy! they for joy did grin"; and Lord Lytton, in his *Last of the Barons*, has: "Gramercy, it seems that there is nothing which better stirs a man's appetite than a sick bed." He might have added: "Historical novelists please copy," but he had no need to do so; they have copied. Gramarye and Grammar are words of which the histories and meanings are full of interest. The same, of course, is true of Grand. We notice, by the way, that the ACADEMY is the only authority given for the compound, Grand-aided. In the issue of March 5, 1881, a reviewer, who was dealing with one of Dr. George Macdonald's novels, wrote: "Worried by a severe aunt and a grand-aided cousin, what wonder if the silly child consented one night to a stolen interview with Tom." As showing how continuous has been the search for illustrative quotations, we may mention that an ACADEMY of eighteen months ago is quoted, along with Mr. Kipling, as an authority for the compound word Grain-bag. We had no idea that we had ever written about grain-bags, and lo—on looking it up—'twas the present writer.

A rather fine compound of Grand is Grandeval, meaning of a great age, ancient. Henry More wrote in 1650, "Reverend Master Aristotle, that grandeval Patriarch in points of Philosophy," and Prof. Mozley wrote, just about two centuries later, in an essay on Carlyle's *Cromwell*, "There . . . the one grandeval element of Power exists alone." Grandfather as a verb is unfamiliar, especially in the sense of "to flatter with excessive deference." Samuel Richardson has it thus in *Clarissa Harlowe*: "Nor would I advise that you should go to grandfather up your cousin Morden." The word is used by Mr. Birrell in a more obvious sense. To grandfather (a thing) is to attribute it to some person as its mediate originator. Thus in his *Res Judicate* Mr. Birrell speaks of Knox as the man "on whom the Tractarian movement has been plausibly grandfathered." Grandify, to make great, is quoted only from Hooker (and not the "judicious" Hooker): "Whom that . . . God may salnifi, fortifi, and grandifi." Several other words formed from Grand, more or less obsolete, are worth noting, as Grandisonant. "The grandisonant name of The Glory of Mount Pleasant" wrote Christopher North in *Blackwood*. Grandity seems a useful variant of grandeur; how well it serves Puttenham in his *English Poesie* (1589): "And in a Prince it is decent to goe slowly, and to march with leisure, and with a certain granditie rather than gravitie." Camden thought that English poets have both qualities: "Our poets excel in granditie and gravity"; and the word was used as late as 1839. It would be interesting to know exactly how and when the phrase, "the Grand Tour," came into use in England. Mr. Bradley's earliest quotation is from Lassels' *Voyage to Italy* (1670). "And no man understands Livy and Cæsar. . . like him who hath made exactly the Grand Tour of France and the Giro of Italy." Great virtue in that "exactly."

The history of the word Graingerize may not be precisely

known to everyone. Mr. James Grainger was not so much a graingerizer as the cause of graingerizing in others. In 1769 he published a *Biographical History of England*, with blank leaves for the reception of engravings, portraits, &c. The idea "caught on," and the filling up of a "Grainger" became the hobby of young ladies.

Twelve columns of the Dictionary are given to Grass and its compounds. As a verb, Grass is distinctly expressive. The reader may remember how the Chicken, in *Dombey and Son*, attributed his dilapidated visage to "his having had the misfortune to get into chancery at an early stage of the proceedings, when he was severely fibbed by the Larkey one, and heavily grassed"—i.e., floored. Is there a proper analogy between Grass in this sense, and Gravel in the sense of to perplex or confound. Mr. Bradley does not refer the one to the other. A seventeenth century writer had: "This question would gravell a great number," where gravel seems to have the sense of "floor"; and Berkeley writes: "It will perhaps gravel even a philosopher to comprehend it." Thenceforward the word meant to irritate or perplex. "These English songs gravel me to death," wrote Burns to his friend Thomson. This use of the word is prevalent in America, and both Mark Twain and Lowell have it. Gravel is also Stock Exchange slang for a lack of money. "Getting gravelly here" suggests that the financial ship is in danger of beaching for lack of funds to float it. The substantive Grave and its verb are most interesting: we will just note that the verb was once much used in the sense of to bury. Massinger had: "Would I had seen thee graved with thy great sire." It is curious that the two and a half centuries after Massinger yielded no second instance. But, at last, Mr. James Grant wrote in his novel, *One of the "600"* (1876): "They told you that I was dead, too, and graved in yonder kirk."

Who has met with Graveolent, meaning offensive to the smell? "Such playful missiles as graveolent eggs" is the phrase of a novelist of 1862. Lord Lytton had written: "He strives to buoy himself up from 'the graveolent abyss' of his infamy." Whom did he quote? We might linger long on Great and its compounds: they run to eighteen columns of the Dictionary. We are a little surprised to find that Great in its colloquial sense of "splendid," "immense" was used as early as 1809. In his *Knickerbocker History of New York* Irving wrote: "She . . . could get along very nearly as fast with the wind ahead as when it was a-poop, and was particularly great in a calm." This use seems to have taken rise in America. Marryat noted in his diary, 1839, that in America "the word great is oddly used for fine, splendid: 'She's the greatest gal in the whole Union.'" It would be interesting to form a list of words coined, or old words revived, by Carlyle. He wrote "greatish" in his *Reminiscences*. Greed as a verb is rare, but useful. Thus in Lord Lytton's *Harold*:

The ravens sit greeding,
And watching and heeding.

The Musician of the "Pathetic" Symphony.

Tchaikovsky: his Life and Works. By Rosa Newmarch. (Grant Richards.)

THIS does not profess to be more than a memoir, a stop-gap memoir, compiled under difficulties of scanty material. Nor is it more than it professes to be. It is of value, because there is yet no life of Tchaikovsky. But we get small real insight into the man, partly because he was retiring, a shunner of publicity. Nor do we feel it satisfactory as an appreciation of his genius. Not that Miss (or Mrs.) Newmarch lacks critical knowledge of music. But one who can talk about the "strange combination of the mediocre and sublime," and the "over-wrought

emotion," of the great "Pathetic" symphony, shows a lack of deep emotional understanding not favourable for completely sympathetic comprehension of Tchaikovsky's work. She seems to us to have an instinctive shrinking from the most characteristic side (as she admits it to be) of Tchaikovsky's music, a shy distaste—almost a coldness—for it. That deep personal melancholy is to her morbid, suspect as to its complete, or at least universal, sincerity; may it not sometimes be rhetorical? Certainly, she likes him best in any other mood. But this, unfortunate in the critic, is doubly unfortunate in the critical biographer, for it sets her upon proving that he was not a melancholy man. One should not start a biography with a preconceived thesis. Without it, she might have sought in his character for something to explain that habitual trait of his music.

Undoubtedly, Tchaikovsky was not a morbid man. But he was a very sensitive man, and his life was not altogether happy. There needs no more to explain that dominating melancholy of his works. One need not be morbid to feel keenly that life is a state of unblossoming hopes and defeated joys. Tchaikovsky was a man of long, early disappointment, and his marriage was a premature and disastrous ruin. We know none of the details, so the reader is defrauded of a romance. This modern of the moderns in music was, at the outset, an amateur—like most of the Russian composers, his biographer says. He was an *employé* in the Ministry of Justice at St. Petersburg, with musical tastes. He began his theoretical studies as an amateur, and was noted for lack of earnestness. But Rubinstein often looked over the exercises of the harmony classes in the Petersburg Conservatoire; and, struck by young Tchaikovsky's ability and carelessness, gave him a serious, yet encouraging, "talking-to." The young student dropped his official appointment and his indolence, took music as a bride, and put forth astonishing energy. Rubinstein once set him contrapuntal variations on a given theme, emphasising the need of quantity as well as quality in this kind.

I thought [says Rubinstein] perhaps he would write about a dozen variations. But not at all. At the next class I received over two hundred. To examine all these (Rubinstein concluded with a bland smile) would have taken me more time than it took him to write them.

Sensitive, affectionate, retiring, clinging to praise and encouragement, for all his fertility of production and methodical industry, he encountered a disheartening succession of failures before the success of his opera, the "Oprichnic." And his most revered friends, the two Rubinstens, who were also his masters, were the severest in their criticism. Anton, in particular, the great pianist, was adverse to most of his works, even the great ones. He scarcely ever played Tchaikovsky's pieces. At the trial of the Quartet in F major we are told:

All the time the music went on Rubinstein listened with a lowering, discontented expression, and at the end, with his usual brutal frankness, he said that it was not in the least in the style of chamber music; that he himself could not understand the composition, &c. The audience as well as the players went into ecstasies; but the one listener whose appreciation meant most to the composer obstinately stuck to his own opinion. He was evidently deeply hurt by Rubinstein's cutting remarks.

It is a tribute to the marvellous energy which accompanied his sensitiveness that he yet never ceased to produce. Both qualities are visible in his finely featured face, which has nothing of the Tartar one sees in Rubinstein.

For the rest, his career—apart from music—is uneventful; apart also from that unhappy marriage which for a time so overwhelmed him that he thought his genius had got its death-blow. He was never in straits; and a timely endowment by an unknown lady enabled him, like Wordsworth, to retire into the country and write solely for fame. Modern of the moderns (as we have said),

his early and enduring passion was yet for Italian music, specially Rossini's, which gave to his own work its characteristic of melody. Still more surprisingly, he loved not Wagner, until in his last years he yielded to the conquering "Parsifal." Even Berlioz he loved "no more than reason" (as Beatrice says). Through Rubinstein, Liszt, and Schumann the genius of modernity seems to have been transmitted to him. Mozart, also, he worshipped as Mozart should be worshipped. Let us add also the influence of the Russian Glinka to his musical genealogy. His opinions on music yield more matter than his life as here given; and it would be interesting to quote them had we space. For the sake of these, and of the *Diary of his Tour* in 1888, the book is well worth reading apart from the facts of his life, for the brevity of which (as we have said) the author is not responsible. She has done what could be done in the absence of that material which only an authorised biographer can furnish. An authorised biography is understood to be in preparation; and, if properly handled, it will be a most interesting and important addition to the personal literature of music.

Lyon King of Arms.

Heraldry in Relation to Scottish History and Art. By Sir James Balfour Paul, Lord Lyon King of Arms. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

"I OBSERVE," wrote Camden in 1600, "that those who know nothing about this noble study regard it as frivolous and receive it with derision"; and that has remained the plight and the attitude of the vast majority, even of otherwise educated people, to this day. The fact that some of the sixteenth and seventeenth century writers on armory brought discredit upon their science by the fantastic extravagancies of myth, allegory, and mysticism, with which they overlaid it, is no excuse in the present time, for those who are innocent of armorial knowledge are not likely to have read their works. But *diu servabit odorem*: the ill-name has stuck to the dog and become a fixed tradition. Those, however, who are engaged in mediæval research are aware that some acquaintance with heraldry is indispensable not only for the purposes of the genealogist, but also for the student of the art and the history of the Middle Ages.

Some of us are old enough to remember the time when the opinion that instruction in at least the grammar of armory was considered a necessary part of the education of gentlemen had not yet become extinct, and to have imbibed its rudiments at the grand-maternal knee during the construction of the heraldic fire-screen or sofa-cushion that served as our first "accidence of armorie." But the elegant accomplishments of the English gentlewoman are, unhappily, fast disappearing. It is, therefore, with genuine gratitude that we welcome this effort on the part of the Lyon King of Arms to revive, at any rate within his own jurisdiction, a more general interest in the "gentle" cult which offers the twofold attraction of being at the same time both a science and an art. The volume, too, is naturally the more acceptable in that it comes backed by the official authority of one of the most learned and accomplished heralds of the day, and, moreover, represents original work, and is not merely another addition to the sum of *rechauffés* issued to round off some series of manuals. Nevertheless, both in form and in substance, the book, which is a republication of the Rhind Lectures on Archaeology for 1898, is essentially a popular treatise, and one to be readily understood of the multitude. Sir James reminds us that at the first outset the uninstructed inquirer may be dismayed by the apparently uncouth jargon of heraldic terminology, which is mostly of French origin;

but the fact that in armorial lore it is permissible to pronounce the latter language as it is spelt should invest its study with a fascination for the average Briton.

The author acknowledges his indebtedness in parts to Mr. George Grazebrook's excellent monograph on *The Dates of Various-shaped Shields*, which, it is greatly to be regretted, was printed privately, and its usefulness consequently limited; and also to *Lang's Ancient Scottish Seals*, which did for Scotland what might have been done for England had it not been for the death of Mr. Grazebrook, whose projected *Corpus Sigillorum* would have supplied a much-felt want.

Neither argument nor abuse, nor, it would seem, even ridicule, is able to rouse conscience in, or to instil common-sense into, the public mind anent things armorial: the bogus coat still flourishes exceedingly; the crest, which is properly inseparable from the helm, still adorns the livery button and the spoon. But what hope of regeneration can there be while heraldic officials, who should know better, still permit their draughtsmen to display profile crests on full-faced helmets, or to poise on the latter a barber's-pole-like wreath productive only of an effect resembling that of the deftly balanced tray of the muffin man? There are some interesting pages on methods of marking family cadency, based on the use of the bordure: a plan that might well be universally adopted in place of the microscopic and unworkable system of tiny charges introduced in the days of decadent armory, and which has long since hopelessly broken down.

The volume is admirably and generously illustrated, and from the best contemporary authorities, such as seals, banners, and monuments. One plate, however, from lack of sufficient explanation, may occasion at first a little bewilderment; but reflection will show that it is subtly left to us to draw from it for ourselves a silent artistic moral. It is a representation of a combat between a knight and a somewhat stunted lion, in which Providence, whose antiquarian and aesthetic tastes are evidently outraged by the tasteless and Germanesque form of the shield borne by the former, is handing to him from heaven as a substitute one of the strictly orthodox heater shape.

We were about to hazard a few remarks touching the literary style of these lectures, but, on reconsideration, have arrived at the conclusion that they must not be supposed to be couched in the English language, but in the rude dialect of Caledonia; hence any comment on their linguistic peculiarities would be hypercritical. Latin, however, should be much the same on both sides of the Tweed, and we hardly think that this concession would altogether palliate the confusion of *fibula* with *infule* (p. 170).

It is worthy of note that, although Scotland has produced, in Mackenzie, Nisbet, and Seton, three armorial writers of the highest rank, the present Lord Lyon is the first Scottish Officer of Arms who has given to the world a treatise on Heraldry. Time was when the English *Heralds' College* produced author after author of eminence; and we trust that Sir James Balfour Paul's example may be followed south of the border, and that new Segars and Camdens, Dugdales and Bysshes, may yet arise to show that heraldic scholarship is not quite dead in England.

A Camp-Fire Book.

Mafeking: a Diary of the Siege. By Major F. D. Baillie. (Constable. 6s.)

AFTER the war correspondents' books on the war come the soldiers' books. This is a soldier's book—no more. Major Baillie has few literary graces; he abounds in colloquialisms; his sentences are strangely built; his punctuation is awkward; and he is capable of a slip in grammar. Yet this is a thoroughly readable and convincing little record.

It has a character which is possible only to a soldier's book: war is realised as work—the day's work. The book is a diary kept from day to day, recording plain events and plain feelings. We get an excellent idea of all the features of siege life—except, perhaps, its monotony. The siege lasted seven months; but Major Baillie's book can be read, at a pinch, in two hours, and it bristles with event and incident. The weariness of waiting is conveyed only in occasional sentences: "Till you have experienced it no one (at least I hadn't) has any idea how trying it is to exist without news of the outside world"; and, again, with better effect—"Nothing, perhaps, brings home our isolation so much as to see the rails overgrown with grass, and reflect that this is a main line to England." To do them justice the beleaguering Boers seem to have become just as bored by the siege. Nothing, indeed, is more curious than the little time-killing amenities which sprang up between Boer and British. Each Sunday brought truce, and Major Baillie makes the apposite remark: "I suppose we are the only two nations who would observe it." They tried hard to kill each other these outlying Boer and British forces, but somehow jocularity would creep in. An unexploded five-pound shell, fired into Mafeking, was found to contain the following missive:

Mr. Baden-Powell,

Pleas excuse me for sending this iron messenger i have no other to send at Present. He is rather excentric but vorgive him if he does not behave well. i wish to ask you not to let your men drink all the whisky as i wish to have a drink when we all come to see you. cindly tell Mrs. Dumkeley that her mother and vanily are all quite well.

I remaijn, Yours trewly, a Republican.

Conversation by flag went on frequently. This was the sort of dialogue:

Yesterday the Boers volunteered that they, the Dutch, were knocking us about in the Free State. The orderly said, "The Free State, where is the Free State?" and the Boer said, "North of the Orange River." On the orderly's answering, "Ah, you mean New England," the Boer seemed hurt, but they are pretty civil all the same and both sides continually ask after their various friends and get answers.

Many character-sketches of British officers and private soldiers who went to their deaths are scattered up and down the book. These heroisms are not pushed forward, they belong to skirmishes and sorties which few of us have kept in mind; and yet they are of the perfect British kind. On December 26, Colonel Baden-Powell ordered an attack on Game Tree fort. The attempt to secure secrecy failed, and the Boers were forewarned and fore-armed: all unknown to our men the earthwork at the top of the hill had become a block-house with three tiers of fire. And yet our men rushed up to its walls. Corporal Cooke got on the roof, and Lieutenant Paton was shot dead whilst firing with his revolver through the loop-holes. "The Beers still speak of Paton's courage," says Major Baillie as he passes on. Trooper Muttershek is celebrated in the pages which tell of the greatest fight of the siege, the fight which ended in the capture of Eloff. Muttershek "absolutely declined to surrender and fought on till killed. It wasn't a case of dashing in and dashing out and having your fun and a fight, it was a case of resolution to die sooner than throw down your arms, the wisdom may be questionable, the heroism undoubted. He wasn't taking any surrender." Not all the brave bit the dust. In the same fight McLeod, "the man in charge of the wires," played his part. Here is his portrait:

Macleod commenced careering about armed with a stick and a rifle, and followed by his staff of black men with the idea of directly connecting Major Godley's fort and the headquarters. I may mention McLeod is a sailor and conducts his horse on the principle of a ship. He is perhaps the worst horseman I have ever seen and it says much for the honour of the horse flesh of Mafeking that

he is still alive. However, be that as it may, his pawky humour and absolute disregard of danger has made him one of the most amusing features of the siege. You always hear him in broad Scotch and remarkable places, but he is always where he is wanted.

Major Baillie has conceived a great affection for that cattle-stealing tribe, the Baralongs, whose headmen were of so much service to Colonel Baden-Powell. Their qualities are as peculiar as they are valuable. Lieut. F. Smitheman, Colonel Plumer's Intelligence Officer, is the man of all Englishmen in South Africa who understands the Baralong mind: and, observing his ways, Major Baillie says:

It is curious to note how the Englishman associated with the natives identifies himself with his tribe, and becomes a Zulu, Baralong, Fingo, or Basuto with a firm belief that all other natives except his own particular tribe are no good at all and that their methods of fighting are useless. Having heard the point discussed by many of my friends and having witnessed their implicit confidence in their own particular tribe and distrust of the others, one can understand that the foreigner may see something to laugh at in an Englishman's absolute and justified confidence in the English. They call it insularity in Europe. I wonder what they would call its offspring here?

We have read many war books of late; none with more pleasure than this. For there is the real camp-fire smack about Major Baillie's stories and his shrewd soldierly philosophy.

A Forgotten Thinker.

Studies in John the Scot (Erigena.) By Alice Gardner. (Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d.)

WE are afraid that very few people outside the ranks of students of philosophy have ever heard of the name of John the Scot; and, so far as we are aware, this is the first attempt that has been made in England to make the public familiar with the work of one who towered above the men of his time. And the public, not being specially interested in working out the pedigree of abstract ideas, is not without some measure of excuse for its ignorance in this particular instance. For Scotus was a philosopher of the dark ages, and many of the questions he dealt with belong to an entirely different "climate" from ours; while his writings contain a good deal of what Hallam bluntly called "unintelligible rhapsodies of mysticism." But while he made a very free use of allegories, it must be placed to his credit, as a bold, independent, thinker that among the doctrines he disbelieved and treated as allegorical was that of the literal material fire of hell; and at the time he wrote the agonies of the lost seemed to be the central fact of religion. Even with all his mysticism and odour of Middle Age problems, Scotus stands out clearly as a very remarkable man, who was not afraid to discuss all questions in the most fearless manner, and who attained as nearly to the position of agnosticism as it was possible for one of his age to do. A man like this, who was in advance of his time, and had the courage of his opinions, makes an interesting figure; and Miss Gardner, of Newnham College, Cambridge, has produced a bright little volume, which ought to prove acceptable to a wide circle of readers.

The personal element in the volume is very satisfactory, the facts and fictions of the life of Scotus being handled with superior discernment, and narrated with much literary skill. Considering how very little is known about her philosopher, Miss Gardner succeeds in framing a wonderfully realistic picture of that remarkable Irishman John Scotus Erigena, who led the life of a wandering scholar, and was unwearied in his labours to infuse some measure of rationalism into theology, and to rekindle the torch of Greek philosophic thought. But when we pass from the

man to the part he played in theology and philosophy opinions will differ regarding the manner in which Miss Gardner has discharged her task. There is decidedly too much of Scotus the theologian, and we might well have been spared somewhat lengthy dissertations on predestination, and symbolism and sacrament. Doubtless Scotus was free from the gross materialism of his time; but the growth of the spirit of rationalism, and the solid work accomplished by the comparative and evolutionary school of thinkers, has largely altered the point of view, and made the startling things of yesterday the commonplaces of to-day. Our authoress would have us believe that the plainest man who has any religion at all is bound to have a teleology and a theodicy of some kind or another, but it is likely to be crude and inconsistent. Even the philosopher, we are told, "must have his in more subtle form, yet it would be rash to say that he more than his humble neighbour has ever attained to consistency." This may be true enough of philosophers who represent Cambridge modes of thought, but it is certainly not true of those philosophers, mostly men of English birth, who, proceeding on M. Sherer's dictum, that "God is the cause of all things, but the explanation of nothing," have with perfect consistency swept away every form of anthropomorphism.

The book is decidedly more interesting, to lay readers, in those portions which depict Scotus as making no vain efforts to force reason to attempt tasks that are quite beyond it, as recognising the principle of the relativity in all knowledge; believing in an unknown God which is a datum of consciousness, but respecting which nothing can be asserted, and always acting on the dictum that authority proceeds from right reason, not reason from authority. We have been surprised, however, to come across such expressions as "an eclectic philosopher," and "a philosophy rationally eclectic," for we have yet to make the acquaintance of a rational and consistent form of eclectic philosophy. There has been much controversy about the method and meaning of Eclecticism, but since Mr. Cousin's time it has become tolerably clear that the system is made up of flimsy sentimentalism and shallow rhetoric, and that, in John Fiske's words, "it has harangued itself to death."

Other New Books.

CONVERSATIONS WITH PRINCE
BISMARCK.

EDITED BY SIDNEY
WHATMAN.

This is a selection made by Mr. Sidney Whatman from the publications of that Bismarck's Boswell, Heinrich von Poschinger. It is welcome because, without giving anything new, it condenses and brings within reach some of the more pregnant utterances of him who was perhaps the greatest political mind of the nineteenth century. The editor eulogises the "humour, sarcasm, pathos, pity," of these "keen shafts and sallies," and no one knew his Europe better than the Great Chancellor. But yet how vain the forecasts even of the most acute! Bismarck thought the French war would be followed by six other wars; it has been followed by none. He looked on England as a mere crowd swayed hither and thither by Gladstonian rhetoric, no longer a force that by its nature could persist in a given direction. Gladstone is dead, and the country is once more very like what it used to be in the old Wellingtonian days. He seems to have exaggerated the importance of President Kruger, and mistaken animal cunning for the simple wisdom that might have preserved the Transvaal. Nor did he fully understand that the Nihilism of his day was largely an outcome of hard times—the nations have prospered since, and the revolutionary movement has shrunk into insignificance. Temporary, no doubt. At the ebb of the tide we shall hear again from the Fenians, dynamitards, infernal machine

men and destructives, quiet though they be at present. Bismarck, too, knew the personal forces of the hour, but could not judge what their successors would be. These were his limitations, but there were questions in which the virile, sagacious mind seemed incapable of error, as in the passage on agrarian policy on p. 129. No English statesman of our time understands that matter as Bismarck understood it. The whole chapter in which this occurs—a conversation reported by the editor of the *Neue Bayerische Landerzeitung*—exhibits the sound practical opportunistic wisdom of Bismarck at its best. "If I am to go through life with certain given principles," he said to a philosophically minded cousin, "it seems to me as though I had to pass through a narrow forest track with a long pole in my mouth." Characteristically the simile was taken from sylvan life. Bismarck's ambition, patriotism, or whatever it was, might lead him to cities and parliaments; but his frank speech and broad humour, his brutal wit and sarcasm, and his delight in hound and trencher were those of a man who would rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak. You might call him a Squire Western of genius. (Harper's.)

THE STORY OF BIRD LIFE.

Mr. W. P. Pycraft undertook a difficult task when he tried to give a simple account of the bird's evolution and a description of its main characteristics in one volume. Ornithology is an old science, but it has taken on an entirely new shape since the time of Darwin. There is a tendency in some quarters, and this book is not quite free from it, to press too far some of the deductions from the work of that great naturalist, but in his main lines the student will find him a safe guide. In particular he shows what ought to be studied. Mr. Pycraft gives us the history of what one may call the abstract bird, its reptilian descent, form and structure. There are chapters on wings and flight, courtship, nest-building, migration, distribution, classification, and so on. As soon as the observer has mastered the theory of the subject, he may leave Mr. Pycraft, who, like his model Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, is more of a museum than a field naturalist, and apply the general rule to the individual bird. In other words, he may learn from the book what to look for, and instead of collecting a mass of loose items arrange his knowledge on useful lines. He will note a bird's plumage and as far as possible ascertain the reason of it. We do not know that in all cases that given by Mr. Pycraft will be satisfactory. For example, he refers to certain experiments that aroused much interest at the Zoological Gardens some time ago, the effort being to show that the white on the lowest part of the bodies of certain animals is a help to protection. He gives the rabbit as illustration. Quite true, but it is also a fact that in the dusk you can know a rabbit by its white scut when nothing else would be seen but for that. So it is with those equally timid and harmless creatures, roe-deer—the white renders them visible. Truth to tell, the reasons given for coloration are still to a large extent theoretical and speculative. The young ornithologist, however, will find it of great service to note the following facts about any bird he is interested in—its plumage and its haunts and enemies to see if one is affected by the rest, its beak and method of feeding, of which one probably depends on the other, any special plumes or ornaments donned by it in the breeding season, its nest and the method in which it rears or fails to rear its young, its migrations if it makes any by land and sea, and its song. Such particulars need only an attentive eye and care to gather them, but in the body they make the starting-point of ornithology. Why they do so is admirably explained by the author. (George Newnes. 1s.)

A HISTORY OF EPIC POETRY.

By JOHN CLARK.

THIS excellent little book traces the history of the epic from the time of Virgil onward. It is a novel idea, thus to follow the fortunes of a special literary form, but an

idea justified by the execution. It is unusually well written, the criticism exceedingly judicious, it is well proportioned, and—above all—interesting. Perhaps the chief defect which might be alleged is the curt and uncere- monious dismissal of the Hindu epics. The most attractive feature to many will be Mr. Clark's very taking account of the obscurer epics—obscure either from their alien tongue, or the minor character of their authors. To the former class belongs the *Kalevala*, the curious and curiously formless Icelandic epic. Even the minor epics of Greece and Rome Mr. Clark's keen eye for lurking beauty invests with interest. Quintus Smyrnaeus has his due, and Apollonius Rhodius discloses neglected blossoms. This, for instance (we spare the Greek):

Her heart moved ceaselessly within her breast, as in a room leaps a sunbeam reflected from water that hath been newly poured into a vessel, for it darteth here and there, shaken by the swift whirling. So, too, fluttered the maiden's heart in her breast.

Or yet again this pretty simile:

In such wise did Eros dart a graceful brilliance from the head of fair-haired Aisonides, who drew on himself the lady's bright glances; she dissolved into love as her heart within was warmed, just as the dew, warmed by the morning light, dissolveth round roses.

Statius, too, is appreciatively criticised, though who now reads him? One remembers that phrase so vividly giving the impetuous grasp of the disguised Achilles on the arms which Ulysses displays before him:

Manu consumitur hasta.

Though Mr. Clark does not quote it, he plentifully illustrates the poet's felicity of phrase-making. Altogether, a volume with a poetic insight which sets it far above mere academic compilations. (Oliver & Boyd.)

Fiction.

Little Lady Mary and Her Best Friend. Two Stories. By Horace G. Hutchinson. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

IN a short preface Mr. Hutchinson ingeniously apologises for including two stories (actually, there are three) within one cover, and finds his excuse in the fact that the same motive forms the basis of each plot. All three stories turn upon a self-sacrifice. In the brief middle one, the characters belong to the masses: this tale is a failure; it is not realised. In the other two the characters belong to the classes, and both are distinctly successful. "Little Lady Mary" makes periodic excursions from her husband's side, and refuses to disclose to him the place of her sojourn or the reason thereof. Rather than saddle him with the knowledge that the condition of her health necessitates several serious operations, she incurs suspicion and suffers unpleasantness. The situation reminds one of that between Jules Desmarets and Clémence in Balzac's *Ferragus*. Ultimately a grave risk of dying compels her to enlighten her husband; she then recovers, and perfect happiness is achieved. In the second story an unmarried man is in love with a married woman. The latter's husband cheats at cards, and to save the woman from a disastrous grief, the lover, by allowing himself to be suspected, enables the husband to go scot-free. The death of the husband is the lover's reward.

It will be perceived that neither plot shows much freshness of invention in its main outlines. In the first, the conduct of Lady Mary, and in the second, the preservation of the husband's written confession, are points as to which the author scarcely convinces us. The tales are, however, both fresh and agreeable. Mr. Hutchinson appears to know the political and social world; he is lavish with a pretty sentiment which is not maudlin; and he can draw the portrait of a charming woman. "Little Lady Mary"

and Mrs. Falconer, the two heroines, are truly delightful. What distinguishes the whole book is a certain delicacy and sobriety both of statement and of feeling—a fine natural reticence and literary good taste. The writing is at once careful and adroit, but there are places, at somewhat frequent intervals, where Mr. Hutchinson utilizes the outworn *clichés* of domestic fiction :

Lady Worthing's Saturday to Monday parties—for it was she whom Little Lady Mary affectionately addressed as "Mamie"—were famous. Her husband was a staunch representative of the old-fashioned landed interest, but his wife's parties, in their historical country house, included all the most interesting men, and (should one not add?) women, on either side of politics, and, besides, all that were best known in science, art, or literature. You could not tell whom you might not meet in that curious medley, but you might be certain that none whom you would meet would be altogether undistinguished or hopelessly dull. It goes surely without the saying that the unique character of the Worthings' house-parties was due rather to the indefinable charm of the hostess' personality. . . .

Doubtless exactly such parties and exactly such hostesses are to be found in the world, and may therefore be described in novels; but the describing novelist, at this time of day, should seek a fresh terminology and more precise definition.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE MAN-STEALERS.

BY M. P. SHIEL.

Mr. Shiel's new novel deals with the time and events immediately following the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena. We witness the operations of certain secret societies formed in Paris with the aim of "either . . . getting Napoleon out of St. Helena, or the vaguer one of revenge; and in both cases the mind turned naturally to one man—the Duke of Wellington." Hence the story is correctly described by its sub-title: "An Incident in the Life of the Iron Duke." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

MISS'ESS JOY.

BY JOHN LE BRETON.

Joy is Farmer Eden's daughter; and, being a strong man, he takes her to his home when Joy's unwedded mother dies. There is consternation among the farmer's sisters; much moral flutter and dread of consequences. Farmer Eden's French housekeeper—a wise woman—enjoys the situation sardonically; and Joy's childish beauty, contrasting with the regular Eden stamp, wins hearts. We watch her growth, and all the ironies and fatalities that beset it. The level of the author's *Miss Tudor* and *Unholy Matrimony* is maintained. A strong story. (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ELLEN GLASGOW.

A story of American life by the author of *Phases of an Inferior Planet*. We watch the hero's career from farmer's boy to judge. "There ar'n't nothin' in peanut-raisin'" is Nick Burr's early conviction; he accounted a judge's career "cleaner work." The story is a strong commentary on the lynching practices which are the disgrace of certain States of America. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE FATHER CONFESSOR: STORIES OF DEATH AND DANGER.

BY DORA SIGERSON
SHORTER.

Seventeen "stories of death and danger." Mrs. Shorter's strong imagination and forcible style ensure the

reader's interest. The first story tells how a husband, inspired by De Quincey's essay on "Murder as one of the Fine Arts," brings about his wife's death by means of which the law can take no cognisance. The priest to whom he makes confession has a personal interest in the drama. (Ward, Lock.)

THE STRONGARM.

BY ROBERT BARR.

Mr. Barr's new novel is a Rhineland romance of the olden days. Castles, intrigues, archbishops, barons, outlaws, and men-at-arms. The action never rests. Ten short stories follow the one which gives its title to the volume. Mr. Barr had some difficulty in naming his novel, and on a flyleaf he recalls Sir Walter Scott's experience with *Rob Roy*: "When the author projected this further encroachment on the patience of an indulgent public, he was at some loss for a title; a good name being very nearly of as much consequence in literature as in life." (Methuen. 6s.)

ON ALIEN SHORES.

BY LESLIE KEITH.

A story of modern society life, its ambitions and difficulties, by the author of *The Mischief-Maker*. The imprudent but happy marriage of Susannah Berentine, and her consequent plunge from West-End brilliance and prospects of wealth into suburban dullness and small economies, is the motive of the story; which, however, takes up new interests as it proceeds. The portrait of Mrs. William Berentine, Susie's aunt, a typical good-natured, but convention-bound, Society woman, is well sketched. On her first visit to Susie's suburban home she came in a cab, to spare the feelings of her coachman; "it was out of a growler she stepped, wearing a dress nicely calculated to express her shocked sense of Susie's sins; a black silk, rather shabby, and a bonnet out of which she had taken the feathers." (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

BLOOD TRACKS OF THE BUSH.

BY SIMPSON NEWLAND.

All that is dramatic in Bush life seems to be piled up in this story, which resembles the author's earlier novel, *Paving the Way*, in being a romance of wild and lurid adventures, and strange complexities of plot. "Across the boundless wilds of Australia fate had pursued and overtaken him, in the shape of the man he most dreaded to meet. 'Dismount' was the second command, and he found himself standing on the ground. . . . 'Take off your clothes, everything'! For one second Gilbert hesitated. 'Beware.' And the revolver grew steady." (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

THE UTMOST FARTHING.

BY B. PAUL NEUMAN.

A study of revenge. The passion is developed in the heart of a London girl whose family has come down in the world through—as she conceives—the financial treachery of a friend of her father's. The suburban and commercial surroundings of the Medlett and Croft families form an effective and well-studied background to Nora Croft's sleepless and dangerous desire for vengeance. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE MINISTER'S GUEST.

BY ISABEL SMITH.

A close study of Dissenting life, narrow views, and religious busybodies. We are spared none of the dreariness of Duck Lane chapel; its "damp and warmed pew varnish and musty cushions"; the creaking of the deacons' boots as they walk in; and evangelical preaching in the dim light. The story is written with knowledge. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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James Lane Allen.

An Inquiry.

WHEN a book attains a large circulation one usually says that it succeeds. But the fine books succeed of themselves, by their own virtue, and apart from the acclamatory noises of fame. Immure them in cabinets, east them into Sahara: still they imperturbably succeed. If on a rare occasion such a book sells by scores of thousands, it is not the book, but the public, which succeeds; it is not the book, but the public, which has emerged splendidly from a trial. Look at this following passage, and say whether the author or his readers are the more to be congratulated on the fact that the book containing it has met with wide popular acceptance:

Poor old schoolhouse, long since become scattered ashes! Poor little backwoods academicians, driven in about sunrise, driven out toward dusk! Poor little tired backs with nothing to lean against! Poor little bare feet that could never reach the floor! Poor little droop-headed figures, so sleepy in the long summer days, so afraid to fall asleep! Long, long since, little children of the past, your backs have become straight enough, measured on the same cool bed; sooner or later your feet, wherever wandering, have found their resting-places in the soft earth; and all your drooping heads have gone to sleep on the same dreamless pillow and there are sleeping. And the young schoolmaster, who seemed exempt from frailty while he guarded like a sentinel that lone outpost of the alphabet—he, too, has long since joined the choir invisible of the immortal dead. But there is something left of him though more than a century has passed away: something that has wandered far down the course of time to us like the faint summer fragrance of a young tree long since fallen dead in its wintered forest, like a dim radiance yet travelling onward into space from an orb turned black and cold, like an old melody surviving on and on in the air without any instrument, without any strings.

A fine book is above the populace; if the populace reaches up to it, let us praise the populace. Mr. Allen's novel, *The Choir Invisible*, has been bought in America to the extent of two hundred thousand copies. America has succeeded brilliantly; America has, in fact, surpassed England, even assuming that her population is twice ours, for no book of equal merit with Mr. Allen's ever had half such a welcome from ourselves—that is to say, within a similar period of time. The phenomenon of that two hundred thousand must give pause to the facile generalisations of those who are saddened and disgusted by the triumph of mitigated rubbish. It must tend to reinstate the public in the artist's esteem, to correct an undue pessimism, and to establish a sane and proper belief in the "ultimate decency" of the average man. What, despised average man, you like *this*, you pay a dollar and a half for *this*! Miracles, then, have not ceased! . . . But why should the thing be a miracle? Say, not that miracles have not ceased, but that they have never begun. The two hundred thousand which aspired to *The Choir Invisible* did not aspire by chance. They, and perhaps two hundred thousand more, are always alert, longing, anxious to appreciate and ascend towards some nobility above them. Not all nobility is for their eyes, but when their eyes see

their hearts are lifted. And let no one think that these phrases are inappropriate here.

The Choir Invisible, like Mr. Allen's latest novel, *The Increasing Purpose*, is the story of a superb moral struggle; and the action of both books passes chiefly amid rural scenes, close to the earth and to the calm, uncomplaining beasts of the field. Mr. Allen is the novelist of Kentucky. In reading him one is made conscious of the fact that the United States is not a single country, but several. Kentucky, with its glorious grass, its ancient homesteads and hospitality, its Roman delight in fine roads; Kentucky, which with a population of two millions has only one town of over five thousand inhabitants, seems as unlike the America of our imagination as old middle England itself. Indeed, it is a true offshoot of old England, descended by way of Virginia. And one has a comfortable suspicion that this, and not roaring New York nor Chicago affronting the skies, is the real, valid America. In all Mr. Allen's work you will find two governing ideas, the idea of the beauty of the earth, and the idea of the moral grandeur of human nature. These ideas monopolise his imagination. He does not wilfully ignore ugliness and meanness, nor seek dishonestly to hide them—he has no time to attend to them, being otherwise busy. In *The Choir Invisible* we have a picture of Kentucky while Washington was yet alive. It was less civilised then and less tamed, but more colossal in its solitudes, and not less lovely. The book is a series of rhapsodies upon Kentuckian earth. In such an amphitheatre Mr. Allen places two human beings whose moral strength and moral beauty make them truly heroic—John Gray, the young schoolmaster, and Jessica Falconer, a great lady married to a gentleman-farmer. These two fall in love: that is all the tragedy. Jessica is Mr. Allen's finest achievement. He has lavished upon her the supreme efforts of an imagination which by instinct turns women into angels. When John Gray, in a valedictory sermon, exhorts his schoolboys to mend their ways, he adds: "As for my little girls, they are good enough as they are." That is the voice of Mr. Allen. As for Jessica, who, by the way, is thirty-eight, her purity is almost passionate; yet she is warm-blooded, she has sex. She might be a composite of Gautier's *de Maupin*, and one of Christina Rossetti's nuns. High above John Gray and everyone else, she exists as an embodied ideal. The schoolmaster is desolated by his terrible struggles against temptation; but she, victimised by a love perhaps more consuming than his own, knows neither hesitancy nor fear. Fate has no stroke which she cannot bear in dignity and grace, and with inimitable fortitude she draws even from the final disaster a consolation. Jessica is a woman to rouse one's enthusiasm; certainly, she roused her author's; his sympathy with her is so constant, so intense, so righteous, and so intimate, that no other could hope to match it; one feels that he alone of all men will ever fully appreciate Jessica.

The cause of the popularity of *The Choir Invisible* is apparent. The book is the expression of a temperament at once kindly, profound, and simple, but, above all, simple—a temperament which, while absorbing modern ideas, has retained the charm of ancient ways. Mr. Allen is an ingenuous writer. In technique he has some of the quaint, surprising simplicity of Balzac. No considerations of literary custom, no narrow regard for a superficial realism, will prevent him from arriving in the directest manner that occurs to him. He cares little for the trickeries of the expert penman. In none of his books is there, perhaps, anything so extraordinarily bold as the treatise on Swedenborg in Balzac's *Seraphita*; but again and again Mr. Allen abandons his narrative entirely in order to discourse, or make his persons discourse, on some moral point, the exposition of which may assist him in the business of characterisation. Note that it is always a moral point. Here we are concerned with morals; the

question is invariably of right-doing or wrong-doing; God and Conscience command the scene. And poor Humanity, rendered grandiose by Mr. Allen's large and sublime trust in the soul, makes a brave show. That is the inmost secret. Can you not see the two hundred thousand, reassured by Mr. Allen's simplicity, strengthened by his faith, charmed by his fine chivalry to women—can you not see them, now, watching with intent and content faces the mighty struggle of John and Jessica against themselves and circumstance, confident of the result, and deriving from the spectacle a personal stimulus and complacency? "If this is human nature," they muse, "then we are not so bad after all." (And we are not.) Long-dormant impulses are reawakened, forgotten purposes remembered, and for a time the world runs better because of Mr. Allen. *Æsthetically*, *The Choir Invisible* reaches a high standard. Imperfect it is, but it is noble—nobly conceived, nobly imagined, and nobly written. Its imperfection is due partly to Mr. Allen's lack of fertility and skill in the invention of incident, but more to a general looseness and inconsequence of construction. To borrow the terms of music, Mr. Allen seems to have been satisfied with the fantasia form when he should have used that of the sonata.

In these technical respects, *The Increasing Purpose* is an improvement upon *The Choir Invisible*, but the later book has scarcely the rich glow of its forerunner. The hero of *The Increasing Purpose* is the son of a poor, old-fashioned, narrow-minded Kentucky yeoman, who after exasperating hardships reached college, intending to become a minister; but there he found Darwin, and losing his faith in any dogmatic creed was expelled from *Alma Mater*. David's tragic return home—"I always knew there was nothing in you," was his father's bitter sentence—is magnificently done; and the description of his subsequent life on the farm discloses Mr. Allen's feeling for nature and animals at its most intimate and most admirable. The weak portion of the book is the last, where David falls in love with a delightful schoolmistress, and so recoups himself for previous loss of happiness. These scenes appear to be over-subtilised, and decidedly they fail in original imaginative power. There is, moreover, too much clever chatter (we hesitate to say that it is devised *ad captandum vulgus*) about men and women. For example:

"I may do very well with science, but I am not so sure about women."

"Aren't women science?"

"They are a branch of theology," he said; "they are what a man thinks about when he begins to probe his Destiny."

Mr. Allen might well leave mere cleverness to the merely clever, resting content with the simplicity of his own individual genius. Now there is a book—or, rather, there are two books making one—which seem to us to be more personally and specially Mr. Allen's than even *The Choir Invisible*, and which, preceding that novel in date of composition, constitute the most perfect work he has yet accomplished, if not the biggest. We refer to *A Kentucky Cardinal* and its sequel, *Aftermath*. Mr. Allen has here set down, in quasi-diary form, the ideas and sensations of a nature-lover, who was for a time snatched away from nature by an angelic woman, and who returned to nature saddened and ennobled by the catastrophe of that woman's death. The story is not conceived in the grand manner of *The Choir Invisible*; it is smaller, less considerable, but in achievement it is exquisite: its wit, its humour, its wisdom, and its tenderness must surely be among the best that ever came out of America. It is a radiant and marvellous little work, and from the playfulness of the opening to the austere sweet melancholy of the close it entrances and enchants. It may never be popular, but more than anything else it will help to sustain Mr. Allen's reputation with those few upon whose decision his reputation must ultimately depend.

Things Seen.

Mère Tue-Mouche.

MÈRE TUE-MOUCHE they called her, and she lived alone in the little white-washed house at the end of the village, where, at the foot of the hill, the path ran down to the sea-wall. The sun was strong and the heat was stifling, and at all times you would see her standing in the open doorway to breathe the air. She was very brown and very wrinkled, but erect for all her age; exceedingly picturesque she looked against the blackness of the darkened room, in her blue apron and her spotlessly white Norman cap, beneath which the pleasant eyes shone out from the kind old face.

There were two things that had no place in Madame's placid philosophy, and they were dust and flies. Especially against the latter she waged—gently, methodically, and without malice—an unceasing warfare. In her work of slaughter—for which her only weapon was a folded cloth—she showed no emotion, no haste; she would come to the doorway to taste the sunlight, slowly flick flick, and she would stop to exchange a cheery "Bonjour, madame, il fait bien beau, n'est ce pas?" with a passing friend. Then she would walk round the white walls and flick, flick, flick; for flies might have no more peace without than within. Back to the doorway, a pause, another "Bonjour," and again from within the room would come the flick, flick, flick as before. She never ceased in her task, she only paused—not from weariness nor from remorse, but because for the time she saw no more victims; very soon it began again.

So they called her Mère Tue-Mouche. She was standing in the doorway killing flies when I saw her last. And if I pass again by the little white house at the foot of the hill, I know she will still be there—unless, in the meanwhile, gently, methodically, and without malice, she too has been swept away in her turn.

A Lady and Gentleman.

THEY sat opposite to me in a second-class railway carriage, a little boy between them.

She was much older than the man—she must have been fifty at least, and he was quite ten years younger. A widow's bonnet surmounted her pretty, silvery hair; a pathetic tremble of the chin marked her bereavement as recent. But she listened with a gentle, appreciative interest—not the less charming that it was maintained with effort—to the stories which her military-looking friend was relating with an embellishment that was evidently prompted by an anxious desire to please her.

I noticed that topics relating to the war were carefully avoided—perhaps her husband had been a soldier. There was still, in spite of her sorrow, a faint look of hope about her—a vague expectancy in the gaze that wandered to the swiftly-receding darkness outside.

Possibly an elder son was fighting now; for when at a station a soldier in khaki passed the window the little boy looked up with an excited exclamation of "Charlie!" that caused a spasm of pain to pass over her lips.

The friend was a big man, with a sunburnt face, upon which the past years had written a number of kind little lines. He sympathetically drew the little fellow's attention away from his mother, and together they had a merry battle of childish wit and nonsense.

And so they helped each other—a perfect lady and a perfect gentleman—she never letting him see the struggle it was to hear him with a smile—such a pretty smile in its sad patience; he as gentle and chivalrous to the faded woman beside him as if she had all the charm of youth. He paid her little compliments that the veriest baby could have seen through; and she accepted them in gratitude for the kind heart that had prompted their utterance.

A Lady and a Gentleman

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

It is a long time since I have enjoyed so thoroughly a French novel as I enjoyed lately *Jacquon le Croquant*, by M. Eugène le Roy. The story is a vivid and delightful study of rural life after the Restoration. It is nothing of the nature of an historical novel, though the world sixty or seventy years ago seems as far removed from us almost as a couple of centuries. It is the revival of a forgotten period so brilliantly done, of such a rare and captivating charm, of such a rich and deep simplicity, as to seize the reader with all the intensity of actual fact. Indeed, you could scarcely call it a novel, such is the breathing reality of its inspiration. There are no adventures, no hair-breadth escapes, no wild flights of imagination such as we associate with our notion of a tale placed in an outlived period; but the characterisation is striking, full of quiet originality, of delicacy and reserve. The main features apart from the rustic atmosphere, which is admirably suggested, are the delineation of the hateful hardness and cruelty of the *parvenu* aristocrats, offspring of the Revolution, and the bitter rivalries of the congregationalists and the regular clergy, which have had such a disastrous influence upon French modern politics.

This book is written in autobiographical form. Jacquon tells his own story in the language of an intelligent and educated rustic, and the tale is one of courage, of pathos, with all the gracious surprises life holds in store for the worst-treated creature that ever drew breath. For this is the great, the eternal lesson of experience. With humour and courage no existence can be entirely sombre, whatever terrible tragedies may shake it. This little lad bears his troubles bravely, unconscious of his heroism, and when a ray of sunshine falls athwart his path he has the grace and sense to profit by it. The scenery of Perigord is painted with a master hand; you live in it as you turn the pages, and the dialect is not difficult or rough to the eye. In this quaint land they worship God, the Devil, and, far greater and more mysterious than either, the Maker of Rain. Nothing could be more charming than the opening pages describing the midnight Christmas Mass, and the walk home from the Castle where it was celebrated of the child and his mother through a wild, snowy landscape. The details noted are so exactly what would strike a peasant child who had some innate delicacy of sentiment and the gift of acute observation. When they get back to their cold and comfortless cabin, in terror of the wolves, the mother gives the boy a morsel of food, and he writes: "Eating this ball of maize flour, kneaded in water, cooked with cabbage leaves without a bit of lard inside, and quite cold, I thought of all the good things seen in the Castle kitchen, and—I won't hide it—it made me find the morsel bad, as it was really; but usually I did not mind it." This is the gallant spirit in which both child and man meet the most terrible misfortunes. At the end he revolts against his horrible persecutors, the titled landlord and his equally iniquitous agent, and wreaks a dire but well-merited vengeance. "Why up there in the Castle so many good things, and down here in this cabin nothing but cold, stale morsels to eat? In my child's head I did not put the question so clearly, but all the same I felt there was something not quite right." I hardly know what to praise most in the style: its perfect lack of pretension, its seemingly unstudied and virile charm, its rough elegance, all of which are the result of a hidden art.

In no Irish tale is there a worse landlord, a more insolent agent than the Comte de Nunzac and his miserable creatures; in none a more infamous example of injustice in an eviction. Jacquon's father, a brave unfortunate, struggling with undeserved calamities, shoots the agent, who has just shot his beloved dog on the pretext that the Count objects to a peasant possessing a hound. Here

begins the tragedy which a quarrel between an unscrupulous lord of the soil and a poor helpless peasant, his victim, ever is. The mother is a silent heroic figure, one of those figures of wife and mother made to redeem a race, a superb, reticent, unconsciously noble peasant woman, to whose thrift and endurance France owes the better part of her greatness and prosperity.

The most lovable character of this remarkable book is the *curé* Bonal, the most human of saints—hated and persecuted by the Jesuits—in power under the Restoration, because he had accepted the Republic and the Empire, convinced that it is a priest's duty to do good to his neighbours instead of meddling with politics. Into these generous hands Jacquon, orphaned under tragic circumstances, falls for his happiness. The *curé* dresses him, feeds him, teaches him, makes a servant of him first and then a friend, and the boy's gratitude and devotion are boundless. There is a delightful chevalier and his angelic sister Hermine, two old unmarried aristocrats, who give the little they possess to the poor, and adopt Jacquon as well as the *curé*. These pages are full of sweetness and brightness, but the wicked Count and the wicked Jesuits have their eyes malevolently fixed on this little terrestrial paradise. The congregationalists do not stop until they have spread the charge of atheism against the *curé*, and with unutterable baseness attack the private characters of two such exquisite souls as the old priest and the old maid. The upshot of their hideous intrigues is the sentence of excommunication, and the *ex-curé* turns peasant with Jacquon and dies of a broken heart, passionately revered by his parishioners, who only accept his successor, after heaping every insult upon him, at the prayers of their old disgraced pastor. Jacquon's idyllic love affair is delightfully told, and lightens up the sombre episode of his burning down his ancient enemy's castle and casting the family adrift. The whole book is original and quaint, like the life it treats of.

H. L.

Correspondence.

Mr. Robertson's "Introduction to English Politics."

SIR,—In a current number of the ACADEMY the review of J. M. Robertson's *Introduction to English Politics* struck me as being in many ways most remarkable. As I am now reading the book, so mercilessly "slated" by your reviewer, for the third time, I am driven to prove my appreciation of it by a protesting word or two.

1. Why are the words "demotic" and "subsume" jargon? If "demotic" is jargon, so are "erotic" and "neurotic," both of which are now exceedingly common. What other words will serve the purpose better? "Subsume," too, is as good as "*résumé*" (used by your reviewer along with "*métier*," although there are English equivalents), or as "pre-, con-, and re-sume."

2. Why is Mr. Jenks's definition of politics "practical and scholarly"? "By politics we mean the business of government—that is to say, the control and management of people living together in a society." Mr. Robertson's definition is: "Politics, in its most general and fundamental character, is the strife of wills on the ground of social action. As international politics is the sum of the strifes and compromises of States, so home politics is the sum of the strifes and compromises of classes, interests, factions, sects, theorists." This definition may not be "practical or scholarly"; but, at any rate, it is true, and your reviewer will find his work cut out for him to prove it otherwise.

3. In the course of his argument Mr. Robertson always informs his readers on what evidence he has built up his synthesis. Will your reviewer be good enough to point

out where the syntheses are false, or a more fruitful method of inquiry, and more intellectually invigorating?

4. Can anything but good result from a revision of certain historical shibboleths, such as the Greeks had a genius for this and the Teutons for that, &c.; art thrives best under a despotism; war is good for trade, &c.?

5. Mr. Robertson has set himself a task of enormous difficulty; but in his preamble he modestly says: "And I can but hope that by setting up, as it seeks to do, a series of provocations to the study and discussions of tendencies and principles, it will help to provide *what safeguards are needed to its own errors*" (italics are mine); therefore, it behoves a reviewer who taunts the author with writing "red rags of politics" to accept that challenge, and specify the errors.—I am, &c.,

F. KETTLE.

[These observations scarcely call for reply. At his best moments, and I gladly admitted how good they are, Mr. Robertson himself avoids jargon of the demotic order. What I said about his definition was, that it was vague and, by implication, that it was not as simple, practical, and scholarly as that I quoted. Anyone may judge for himself how far this was justified. In regard to the so-called "historical shibboleths," my point was that the analogy of nature is against the author: as different breeds of other animals have their several capacities, so have the breeds of men. My main desire was to show that the depressing pessimism of Mr. Robertson's conclusions is not justified by the facts, and has probably been reached by his too concentrated attention on issues that are either dead or act as red rags on an interesting but not judicial temperament. Mr. Kettle dwells on the little questions, but shirks the big ones.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

Style.

SIR,—I think your anonymous inquirer for "Aids to Style" has been hardly dealt with by some of the prize answerers, and that notably the prize-winner's remarks are beside the point. There seems to be a fallacy somewhere in his implied assumption that because "you cannot be a good stylist if you have no brains," therefore if you have brains you must be a good stylist. The inquirer will, indeed, be puzzled if after reading Mr. Armstrong's authoritative *dicta* he turns to your review of the works of Mrs. Steel and Mrs. Caffyn on page 13.

It is hardly credible that anybody with literary experience should suppose that "ability to conceive an interesting subject will ensure (the) telling of it in an interesting manner." As well might one assert that the possession of a block of fine marble ensures the eventual production of a fine statue; no doubt there would be no statue without the marble. Again—"Get something great to write about, and you *may be sure* that your method of putting it into words will also be great"! There really is an art of expression quite apart from the abundance or otherwise of the matter waiting to be expressed. Hume and Bentham had both plenty to say; Hume succeeded in saying it, Bentham failed. Swift on the other hand could write well upon a broomstick. There is a whole class of literary work which depends for its charm on a dallying with "airy nothings."

Certainly brains are essential for this sort of work; but the question to which your inquirer wanted an answer was, I take it, this: What are the points on which you should concentrate your brains, if you are to succeed in the very difficult operation of transmuting thought into literary speech? Now whether it be possible to give a useful answer to this question or not, it is certain that the process is not the same as that by which ideas are conceived and stored.—I am, &c.,

J. M. S.

SIR,—The letter which gained the prize in your competition last week asserts that there is no such thing as style, *per se*; that it is but the expression of intellect, and that the ability to conceive an interesting subject ensures that the telling of it will be interesting. Several of the other letters you quote say much the same thing in other words.

In another part of the same number there is a criticism of two recent novels, in which the writer gives unstinted praise to the exceptional gifts of the authors—allows them insight, imaginative power, sympathy, and says that they have chosen fine subjects which they fully understand, but that their books are almost unreadable because they have never taken the trouble to learn the essential part of their business—that they cannot write.

If the ingenuous writer of the request which prompted last week's competition reads the ACADEMY in a teachable and receptive spirit, as seems probable, will not he (or she) be somewhat bewildered?—I am, &c.,

7, Gordon-street, W.C.

E. M. SMITH.

[We are, of course, not responsible for the views of our competitors; and it must not be supposed that we endorse Mr. Armstrong's hints on Style without qualification; but we think that he meant more by "conceive" than his correspondents allow, and that his letter shows this.—ED.]

A Correction.

SIR,—I notice a statement on the front page of the ACADEMY of this week which is not at all correct. You say that Mr. Hall Caine received £1,500 for the serial rights of his story, *The Eternal City*. This is not correct. The sum we have paid Mr. Hall Caine for the British serial rights alone is far in excess of this.—We are, &c.,

C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.

(PETER KEARY, Managing Director.)

Henrietta Street, London, W.C.:

July 6, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

A HISTORY OF GREECE.

By J. B. BURY.

Prof. Bury's ripe scholarship has already been exhibited to the literary world in his edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. In this history of Greece his aim is educational in its plan and aims, but it is also intended to reach a wider circle than students. The book is about the size of Green's *Shorter History of England*, and is admirably equipped with maps and illustrations. (Methuen. 8s. 6d.)

LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE EAST
INDIA COMPANY. VOL. IV.

ED. BY WILLIAM
FORSTER.

This volume, in a series of great interest, contains documents relating to the year 1616. This was an important year in our early relations with India: it saw the foundations by Roe of English influence at the Mogul court, the despatch of the first trading ship to a Persian port, and the first permanent settlement on the Coromandel coast. (Sampson Low.)

SCRAMBLES IN THE EASTERN GRAIANS. BY GEORGE YELD.

This book, by the author of the *Alpine Journal*, will interest all mountaineers. The author insists on the special charms of mountains which rise from the almost tropical luxury of the Aosta valley to the cold and solitude of great peaks and glaciers. "The Cogne group is still unswept by the wave of tourists which annually floods so many districts of the Alps, and the lover of the mountains may enjoy their glories and the treasures of an unequalled flora all unvexed." (Unwin.)

MEMORIES OF SOME OXFORD PETS,
BY THEIR FRIENDS.

COLLECTED BY
MRS. WALLACE.

This is a pleasant little book about dogs and cats and other pets which have lived snug lives at Oxford. The most notable is undoubtedly Oriol Bill, the world-famed bulldog of Oriol College, who died two years ago. A portrait of Oriol Bill is the frontispiece of the book. A distinguished professor of Oriol wrote, when he received his appointment: "My highest ambition is gratified, now that I am part owner of Oriol Bill." This fine dog knew every member of the college; and "the more he lived among us, the more he caught the humour of the place." (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Delmar (Alex.), *Ancient Britain in the Light of Modern Archaeological Discoveries* (Camb. Encyclopædia Co., New York)
Hurd (Percy A.), *People You Know* (Arrowsmith)
Mackenzie (Prof. W. Douglas), *South Africa: Its History, Heroes, and Wars* (Marshall & Son) net 60

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Schmeil (Dr. Otto), *Text-Book of Zoology. Part I. Mammals* (Black)
Leicester (Mary), *The Philosophy of Many Things* (Lloyd)
Clark (John Bates), *The Distribution of Wealth* (Macmillan) net 12 6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Clover (Sam T.), *Glimpses Across the Sea* (Windiknowe Publishing Co.)

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Kastner (L. F.), and Atkins (H. G.), *A Short History of French Literature* (Blackie) 4 6

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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 42 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best plot for a gruesome-grotesque novel on the model of Mr. Bernard Capes's plot of "The Dead Cook under the Coal Shoot" (*Cornhill Magazine*, July). The answers we have received are few, and they do not make pretty reading. Our competitors have emulated Mr. Capes's tragedy but not his tact. On the whole, the prize is due to Mr. Ernest H. Harrison, 43, Hopton-road, Streatham, S.W., for

THE FATE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY COMPANY PROMOTER.

A series of appalling calamities take place, defying the utmost efforts of prevention. In one week a great railway accident, an immense conflagration, and several other terrible disasters, in which hundreds of lives are lost, alarm the country. A short while before the M.F.S. Company had been successfully floated by an eccentric and successful company promoter, whom we may call Jopley. The mysterious expectations of the new company succeed in creating an enormous rush on the shares. As a result there is a gigantic financial panic on 'Change. The horror of the nation is increased by the number of bodies that still await interment. Jopley is equal to the occasion, and comes forward with his newly-formed company, offering to bury them all immediately and at almost infinitesimal expense. His proposal is first violently assailed, then accepted. The company's fine steamship is at once commissioned, and its gruesome cargo shipped without delay. Jopley sets off on the fateful voyage, accompanied by a large circle of friends of as doubtful a reputation as himself. When they are gone a strong body of his opponents—chiefly undertakers, paid mourners, and coffin-makers—raise a howl of indignation, inflamed by Jopley's extensively circulated pamphlet on "A Rational Burial System." A logical detective becomes auspicious, commences statistical calcu-

ations and comparisons, and finally proves that the recent great disasters must have been the work of miscreants. Investigation into the Company's affairs discloses strange secrets. Jopley's dastardly scheme is gradually unfolded, and the net is drawn closer. The strange conditions of the state of preparedness in which the M.F.S. Company were after Jopley's proposal are thrown into lurid light by the discovery that the letters "M.F.S." stand for "Marine Funeral Steamship." This the logical detective works out from a perusal of Jopley's pamphlet, and of the extraordinarily vague prospectus of the Company. The country is in a ferment at these disclosures, and, lashed into a fury by the proof of such dastardly outrages, awaits Jopley's return. The weeks fly past, then months and years, but nothing is ever heard of Jopley again save weird rumours and startling tales of his fate.

Another reply is as follows:

THE KODAK.

Mulberry Smithson, a wealthy merchant, purchases old country manor house; retires there with wife and daughter, Annelida; agrees with vendor to keep in his employment his housekeeper. She says that one room is haunted by ghost of last representative of family that built the house. This gentleman mortgaged the estate to a lawyer, who foreclosed and ousted him, meaning to reside there himself. The day before the lawyer was to enter the owner having first left on the table a declaration that his ghost would murder any one who slept in the room for ever after cut his throat in the best bedroom. The lawyer slept in this room the next night, and was found with his throat cut in the morning (add details to liking). No one had slept there since.

Annelida tells her maid of her resolve to sleep in this room; binds her to silence. Maid, being alarmed, goes to room in the night, finds Annelida with throat cut; screams and swoons on the body; household rush in, in various deshabilles. Mrs. Smithson dies in a fit. No trace of murderer.

American detective employed to investigate. Behaviour of maid arouses his suspicion. He overhears her talk in her sleep; taxes her with the crime, and threatens arrest unless she confesses. She confesses that rejected lover of Annelida bribed her to communicate to him all Annelida's actions. She told him of Annelida's intention to sleep in the room. By accident she discovered he had obtained admission to the room the night Annelida was murdered; accused him of murder. He confessed, but threatened to implicate her if she told.

Detective, finding half a broken shirt-button in the room, traces lover thereby to London, thence to the Transvaal, where he has enlisted in Boer army; follows him to war. Lover wounded; nursed by detective, who decoys him to Delagoa, has him arrested, and confined on British man-of-war. Lover hangs himself in cabin with his braces; leaves confession that he bade Annelida choose between his love or his knife; she chose the latter.

Mulberry Smithson goes mad; raves amid maniacal laughter of Annelida's beautiful necklace "of rich, blood-red rubies—blood-red!—blood-red!" [G. W. H., Manchester.]

Other replies received from: E. L. C., Redhill; G. S., Banbury; E. R. S., Croydon; C. E. B. P., Alton; T. C., Buxted; N. A., Kent; T. V. N., Essex.

Competition No. 43 (New Series).

We offer this week a prize of One Guinea for the best rendering of the following lyric by Alfred de Musset:

DERNIERS VERS.

J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie,
Et mes amis, et ma gaieté;
J'ai perdu jusqu'à la fierté
Qui faisait croire à mon génie.
Quand j'ai connu la vérité,
J'ai cru que c'était une amie.
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,
J'en étais déjà dégoûté.
Et pourtant elle est éternelle,
Et ceux qui se sont passés d'elle
Ici bas out tout ignoré.
Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui réponde.
Le seul bien qui me reste au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleuré.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, July 17. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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The Literary Week.

THE proposal now on foot that the Irish language should be made the vehicle of instruction in all the schools in the Irish-speaking districts of Ireland has certainly the merit of being new and astonishing. As set forth by Mr. George Moore in the *Times*, the aim of the movement is to provide a vehicle for future literature. Mr. Moore contends that the English language, burdened with 400 years of literature, has lost its freshness; and that its fate is to become the mere language of commerce, as Latin became the language of theology. The literature of the future, Mr. Moore thinks, will be written in the small languages rather than in the universal languages. This strikes us as a very dubious saying. It ignores, it seems to us, the vital connexion between literature and life. Small languages connote a small population, a restricted outlook, an over-awed polity. Can great literatures spring from such soil? Graceful, subtle literatures may, but great ones? History does not warrant that hope. Mr. Moore talks about Denmark, to whose language he credits Ibsen and Bjørnsen. Well, Ibsen and Bjørnsen have yet to be tested by time. In the case of Ireland, what ground have we for believing that the Irish language did not exhaust itself in the old Irish literature? And what probability is there that its revival will enable it to produce a fresh literature? Mr. Moore may be right about England, but we suspect he is quite wrong about Ireland. However, he has the support—the carefully qualified support—of Mr. Edmund Gosse, who says:

The language of Ireland has been blossoming there unseen like a hidden garden of roses, and, whenever the wind has blown from the west, our English poetry has felt the vague perfume of it.

But of real support of Mr. Moore there is little in Mr. Gosse's pretty letter to the *Times*.

THE first impression of Mrs. Meynell's *John Ruskin* having been exhausted, Messrs. Blackwood have issued a second edition.

PUBLICATION of a novel in England and America is, from a pecuniary point of view, good for the author. But the practice has its drawbacks, one of them being that American publishers sometimes go to press without waiting for the author's corrections. We know of one novelist who suffered in this way, and of another who, happening to turn over the pages of the American edition of his book some months after it had been published, discovered that an entire chapter had been omitted. "I suppose they were short of paper" he soliloquised. But the most flagrant case is that of the author of *Red Pottage*. The following explanatory and apologetic paragraph is from *Harper's Weekly*:

Owing to various difficulties and complications, the details of which need not be here set forth, the first American edition of Miss Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage*, which was published by the Messrs. Harper, had to be printed from proofs which the author had not revised. The demand for the novel was so prompt and so urgent that three following editions had to be printed from the

same plates as the first. In these first four American editions there were errors, which the author corrected in proof and which did not appear in any of the English editions. In the last four American editions of the book (there have been eleven in all) these errors do not appear, but unluckily the reviewers in this country dealt with the earlier American editions, and some of them have charged Miss Cholmondeley with mistakes of grammar and sense which she did not commit, but which existed in the English proofs before she revised them. The reviewers who accused Miss Cholmondeley of ignorance and disregard of syntax are invited to take notice that she was not guilty of those offences, and that they were misled by appearances due to complications of which she and her American publishers were both disconsolate, though blameless, victims.

WE offer to industrious book compilers an idea for a new anthology—"Poems by the Fathers of Poets." It would be curious; and as the fathers of poets would buy the volume, the anthology should have a wide sale. We are moved to these remarks by the publication in the *Daily Chronicle* of some lines by the Rev. Stephen Phillips, D.D., father of Mr. Stephen Phillips. They were suggested by a remark of M. Maurice de Fleury, to the effect that love is a malady of the mind, to be classed among the most distressing of the diseases:

Of love, life's balm, by heavenly instinct led,
'Tis true our Shakespeare's peerless wit hath said,
It is an ill that harmeth heart and head;

Nay, up-to-date authorities on nerve
Declare it but a poison that may serve
Briefly to end the bliss we would preserve;

Still, like Orlando and all lovers sure,
Though French physician find its certain cure,
We say, Ah, let us yet such ill endure!

FROM "Latest Wills": Robert Alau Mowbray Stevenson, 41, Oxford-road, Chiswick, art critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, painter, and Roscoe Professor of Fine Arts, Liverpool University College, 1887-93. Sole executrix—Mrs. H. L. Stevenson, the widow. £7,117.

THE title of one of Mr. George Allen's new books, announced for the autumn, does not strike us as being felicitous. To whom would one give it? and, when given, imagine the feelings of the child seeing the title every day. The book is called *The Dull Child's Grammar*.

To the *Review of the Week* of last Saturday Mr. Thomas Hardy contributed a little poem which his admirers will like to note. It is called "To Sincerity." There are six stanzas, of which the first, and last two, are as follows:

O shunned Sincerity! . . .
Where modern methods be,
What scope for thine and thee?

—Yet, would men look for true things,
And questioningly view things,
And count to bear undue things,
The real might mend the seeming,
The fact the dread foredeeming,
And Life its disesteeming.

It is difficult to reconcile the proceedings of the Boxers with the character of the Chinese, as revealed in their songs. "Through most of these," says Prof. Douglas, a distinguished authority, "there breathes a quiet calm, a spirit of peaceful repose, of family love, and of religious feeling." Below is a specimen, taken from *The Book of Odes*, compiled by Confucius. It might be called "The Lazy Husband and the Dutiful Wife":

"Get up, husband. Here's the day!"
 "Not yet, wife, the dawn's still grey!"
 "Get up, sir, and on the right
 See the morning star shines bright.
 Shake off slumber, and prepare
 Ducks and geese to shoot and snare.
 All our darts, and line to kill,
 I will dress for you with skill;
 Thus a blithesome hour we'll pass,
 Brightened by a cheerful glass;
 While your lute its aid imparts,
 To justify and soothe our hearts.
 On all whom you may wish to know,
 I'll girdle ornaments bestow;
 And girdle ornaments I'll send
 To anyone who calls you friend;
 With them whose love for you's abiding,
 My girdle ornaments dividing."

Most Chinese songs are in the same key. The epic is conspicuously lacking from Chinese poetry. But there is one exception—the prayer alleged to have been uttered by King Suen during the great drought of the eighth century. Some of the lines are very vigorous and forceful:

The Monarch cried, "Alas!
 What crime is ours that Heaven thus sends on us
 Death and Disorder, that with blow on blow,
 Famine attacks us?
 Surely I have grudged
 To God no victims; all our store is spent of tokens—
 Why is it I am not heard?
 Rages the drought. The hills are parched, and dry
 The streams. The demon of the drought
 Destroys like one who scatters fiery flames.
 Terrified by the burning heat, my heart,
 My mourning heart, seems all consumed with fire,
 The many dukes and ministers of the past,
 Pay no heed."

The reference to the "many dukes and ministers of the past" means, of course, that prayers to ancestors had been in vain.

SINCE our paragraph on Mr. Pearson and "The Yellow Peril" appeared, several writers have made references to the subject, but none of them, somewhat suspiciously, go deeper than the author of our note. Thus not merely did Mr. Pearson opine that the Chinese would dominate the world, but he conjectured that we should sink to their level, morally and intellectually, a view also once expressed by Mr. Mill. Thus to quote from *National Life and Character*, which none of the many writers who have recently referred to it, save ourselves, have done:

Ultimately he [the European] will have to conform to the Oriental standard of existence, or—and this is the probable solution—to stint the increase of population. If he does this by methods that are inconsistent with morality, the very life-springs of the race will be tainted. If he does it by a patient self-restraint that shows itself in a limitation to late marriages, national character will be unimpaired, but material decline will be commenced. With civilisation equally diffused, the most populous country must ultimately be the most powerful; and the preponderance of China over any rival—even over the United States of America—is likely to be overwhelming. . . . Let us conceive the leading European nations to be stationary, while the Black and Yellow Belt, including China, Malaysia, India, Central Africa, and Tropical America, is all teeming with life developed by industrial enterprise, fairly well administered by native governments, and owning the

better part of the carrying trade of the world. Can anyone suppose that, in such a condition of political society, the habitual temper of mind in Europe would not be profoundly changed? Depression, hopelessness, a disregard of invention and improvement, would replace the sanguine confidence of races that, at present, are always panting for new worlds to conquer.

MESSRS. SOTHEY began on Wednesday a four days' book sale of considerable interest. The books are gathered from many sources, and there is a rather pathetic suggestiveness about the divisional headings, which include:

The Property of a Nobleman.
 The Property of a Gentleman.
 The Property of a Lady.
 The Property of a Baronet.
 The Property of a Clergyman.
 Another Property.
 Other Properties.

Many of the books and MSS. are of special interest, and the general run of books is good. We note the following entry:

STEVENSON (ROBERT LOUIS), THE BODY SNATCHER,
 ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MS., 17 folio pages 1884

The original MS. of this remarkable story, which appeared in the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for 1884, with the number of the magazine in which it first appeared; press notices of the story, the last portrait of R. L. Stevenson, a trial plate, and a proof of the design by Mat. Morgan.

An autograph letter of Byron's, written to John Hunt, from Genoa, March 17, 1823, is interesting. Byron writes about public disapproval of his works. He adds:

Every publication of mine has latterly failed. I am not discouraged by this, because writing and composition are habits of my mind with which Success and Publication are objects of remotest reference—not causes, but effects, like those of any other pursuit. I have enough of both of praise and abuse to deprive them of their novelty, but I continue to compose for the same reason that I ride, or read, or bathe, or travel—it is a habit. I want sadly *Peveril of the Peak*, which has not yet arrived here, and I will thank you much for a copy; I shall direct Mr. Kiunnaird to reimburse you for the price.

A letter of Shelley's, dated from Marlow in 1817, contains the sentence:

I published sometime since a Poem called *Alastor* at Baldwin's; the sale, I believe, was scarcely anything.

A quatrain in the handwriting of the Duke of Reichstadt, the unfortunate son of Napoleon I., and the hero of M. Rostand's "L'Aiglon," is also offered, and runs as follows:

Heureux qui met en Dieu toute son espérance,
 On a toujours besoin d'explorer sa bonté;
 Il nous consolera dans les jours de souffrance
 Si nous l'avons servi dans prospérité.

FRANÇOIS.

WHAT we may call the dynamite criticism of Shakespeare goes on merrily. Not only has Mr. Donnelly been busy again, but at least two other American commentators have put forward explosive theories. Mr. Charles Allen, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, assails the Baconian theory, but substitutes one not much more acceptable—viz., that Shakespeare collaborated to a greater extent than is realised with other dramatists. "If such collaboration is established on the part of the writer of any of the Shakespearean plays, it makes against the Baconian theory of authorship. It is not likely that Bacon would unite with any of the ordinary playwrights in the production of plays." So that to save Shakespeare from Bacon, Mr. Allen throws him into the sea of dramatic authorship, and allows his genius to mingle with the general waters. This is not inspiring

THE second critic is a Mr. W. H. Edwards, who has written a book entitled *Shaksper, not Shakespeare*, the argument of which may be gathered from the following passages:

In the pages to follow, I assert and prove that the Shakespeare plays were not written for William Shaksper's Theatre, and that no one of them was ever played at his theatre, except in special scenes or in pantomime; and also that no man during his lifetime attributed the plays to William Shaksper, or suspected him of any authorship whatever. I assert and prove that until the issue of the First Folio of the Collected Plays in 1623, years after the death of William Shaksper, these plays, singly or collectively, had no reputation whatever.

Mr. Edwards then sketches Shakespeare's life, and, coming to his name, says:

The name Shakespeare is quite another etymologically and orthographically from Shagsper, or Shaksper, or Shaksper, or Shaxpeyr, or Shackyspere, or Shaxper. It is not in evidence that any author lived in the age of Elizabeth whose family and baptismal name was William Shakespeare, or Shake-speare. There is no such historical man—no individual known who bore that name—and the inference is fair that the name as printed upon certain poems and plays was a pseudonym, like that of "Mark Twain" or of "George Elliot."

Mr. Edwards scouts the idea that a man of Shakespeare's bringing up could have a command of languages and of court life. Who, then, wrote the Plays? More dynamite is brought forward. If Shakespeare cannot be embodied in Bacon at least he can be blown to fragments and his genius divided among a crowd.

It would seem, then, to humbler individuals that possibly either one of the writers named and some score others might have worked on the Shakespeare plays without violence to probability. I would suggest that searchlights be turned on the judicious Hooker, or the worthy Donne, or the learned Coke, or Tobie Matthew, or Lord Burleigh himself . . . or the many acknowledged playwrights of that age, university men, who wrote singly or in collaboration—Daniel, Marlowe, Greene, and the rest.

At this rate Shakespeare described his plays when he described Petruchio's attire: "A new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced . . . his horse tripped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred," &c. But, for our part, we prefer to think that Shakespeare addresses his critics in Petruchio's words: "Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do, You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone."

In a second article on Prof. Bury's *Gibbon*, in the *Pilot*, Dr. Hodgkin touches on Gibbon's attitude to Christianity. He considers that Gibbon was "a non-religious man," who had no spiritual experience of his own.

It may be true, as Lord Byron says, that the effect of his writings was "to sap a solemn creed with solemn sneer," but I doubt whether he was sufficiently in earnest, even in his unbelief, to have consciously set this aim before him. The one quality which provokes his utter scorn and antagonism is "bigotry," and, curiously enough, he finds traces of this abhorred passion of the soul in Voltaire himself. No; Gibbon did not, I think, specially hate Christianity, but he disliked in his languid, superior way, all appearance of religious earnestness in Jew or Gentile. As a matter of curious speculation he was willing to devote a good deal of time and thought to Christian theology (his account of the heresies and orthodoxies of the fourth or fifth centuries is still, perhaps, one of the best that has been written), but the whole thing was utterly outside of him. Religion met no want in his heart, touched no lever in his soul. He was essentially a child of "the polite society" of the eighteenth century, a society which believed in itself and in not much beside, a society which secretly thought that God would never be severe with persons of such high quality.

MR. HENLEY now connects South Africa with whatever literature he is dealing with. His "Ex Libris" in the August *Pall Mall Magazine* begins: "At the time of writing, Lord Roberts has entered Pretoria, the braves on Laing's Nek are like a nut in a pair of crackers, what was the Orange Free State is British territory, and Mr. Ernest Coleridge has published his excellently edited third volume of the *Poetry of Byron*." Next month Mr. Henley will hardly arrive at his point so quickly, for there will be events in China to recite in addition. Mr. Henley is the Ulysses of criticism; he will not settle down, but is ever bent on adventure and big effects. To defend Byron he hacks his way through poets, who, left to themselves, would have stood aside and perhaps have applauded his design. But they all bleed to make a Henley holiday. This is the kind of thing:

And Kaled, Gulnare, Zuleika, Julia, Haidée, are they so very much less interesting, do they touch us so very much less instantly, are they so very much more remote from reality, than "faintly smiling Adeline" and these other Tennysonian beauties? And the May Queen—with her Robin and those "garden tools," and that "Traviata cough" of hers—are we really to take her to our bosoms now—even now!—before that thrice excellent Aurora Raby and our "frolic grace Fitz-Fulke," who have so much to do with the gaiety and the supremacy of the last cantos of *Don Juan*?

I trow not; for these shams signed "Tennyson" are already dead, and not dead only, but damned—damned to the infernal deeps—"With Erebus and tortures vile also."

The next poet to cumber the battlefield is "that mass of half-inspired, half-realised, half-uttered, and wholly perfunctory and futile gabble which—some noble passages apart—is Browning." The next to fall is Rossetti. The last is Shelley, and then there is a gory roll-call:

In truth, Mr. Coleridge is fully justified in remarking that Byron's poetry "holds its own." Does Shelley's? I wonder! some lyrics apart, I wonder! Has *The Cenci* never been found out? do people still find sustenance in *The Revolt of Islam*, and "The Witch of Atlas," and "Rosalind and Helen," and "The Sensitive Plant," and *Alastor*? Were these ever anything to anybody? "I'll not believe it." Or, if they were, in the days of their birth, are they anything to anybody now, after four score years and a surfeit of Tennyson and Browning and Rossetti? Probably, of all the poets who ennobled and delighted the earlier days of this dying century, the best read and the best loved is Keats; though Coleridge, the "universal inspiration" as I've called him elsewhere, stands far higher than he did in his own day; and Wordsworth, whose philosophy appears on the whole to have served its turn, is still read largely for that philosophy, and now and then for his divagations—(God knows how or why!)—into high poetry. On the whole, it looks as though Matthew Arnold had but grasped half the truth when he said that Byron and Wordsworth would head the procession of Nineteenth Century English poets into the "mist and hum" of the Twentieth Century. It may be Shelley and Byron; it may be Byron and Keats; it may be Byron and Coleridge. But, whoever the one, the other will certainly be Byron.

So many books have been held over by publishers that, in spite of the complications in China, the autumn season promises to be a very full one. The following novels may be expected:

The Soft Side. Henry James.
In the Palace of the King. Marion Crawford.
Quisante. Anthony Hope.
Richard Yea and Nay. Maurice Hewlett.
Cunning Murrell. Arthur Morrison.
A Master of Craft. W. W. Jacobs.
Sons of the Morning. Eden Phillpotts.
The Gateless Barrier. Lucas Malet.
Zuleika Hobson. Max Beerbohm.

WHEN awarding prizes at the Blackheath School last Saturday, Mr. Birrell talked as amusingly as could be expected, having regard to the fact that he was introduced by the head master as "a modern Macaulay." Fancy trying to "birrell" after that! He said, among other things (we quote the *Daily News* report):

He could not remember in his schooldays ever getting a prize, but he often witnessed other boys getting them, and though he may have envied them the distinction, he did not envy them the books they carried away. Having kept up his acquaintance in after life with many of those heroes, who now inhabited comfortable homes of their own, he often inquired what had become of those school-prizes, but they were seldom forthcoming. The prizes, however, just distributed, with one lamentable exception—a book that he himself, in a misguided moment, wrote [*Obiter Dicta*—were admirable and interesting works, taste having improved, and publishers become more enterprising.

WE are to have a biography of Count Tolstoi—necessarily a *memoir pour servir*—by Mr. Hagbert Wright. Mr. Wright is the energetic librarian of the London Library. He hopes to visit Tolstoi in his home this summer.

HAVE editors their "fancies" in typewriting? Failing style in an article, do they succumb to style in its presentation? We have not detected such susceptibilities in our own breast, but we note the following advertisement in a literary paper:

MSS. copied, from 10d. per 1,000 words, in a new and effective style, which gives the MS. a special chance.

Bibliographical.

THERE is great activity among the biographers. We are to have, for example, brand-new memoirs of Cardinal Richelieu, Gilbert White of Selborne, and Richard Wagner; and all will be welcome. Of Richelieu there is no exhaustive, or even substantial, English life in circulation. The only obtainable memoirs are that which appeared in the "Foreign Statesmen" series four years ago, and that which M. Gustave Masson wrote for the S.P.C.K. in 1884. Most English people of to-day have derived their ideas about Richelieu from Lord Lytton's play, from the dramas dealing with d'Artagnan, or from *Under the Red Robe*. Of Gilbert White the published biographical details have been few; and of late years they have usually been repeated, with variations, by editors of *The Natural History of Selborne*, from Buckland to Grant Allen. Among those editors, one remembers, were Richard Jefferies (1887) and John Burroughs (1895). Concerning Wagner there is already existent in English a good deal of biographical material. There are, for example, the memoir by F. Hueffer in the "Great Musicians" series (1883), and F. Praeger's *Wagner as I Knew Him* (1892); there are also the English translations of the monographs by F. Muncker (1891) and H. S. Chamberlain (1897). Add to these the Wagner-Liszt Correspondence, published in English in 1888, and the letters to Dresden friends, to Roeckl, to Wesendonck, and to Heckel, issued respectively in 1890, 1897, and 1899, and you have a mass of Wagner literature from which a very large measure of biographical data could be extracted without the aid of any new biographer.

The publication of Tennyson's "Princess," arranged as a drama by a certain L. Rossi, recalls the fact that the poem has already been the basis of two dramatic productions, both from the pen of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. L. Rossi has taken Tennyson's lines and used as many of them as possible. Mr. Gilbert, in the first place, made the poem the foundation of a blank-verse extravaganza, likewise entitled "The Princess," and described by the author as "a whimsical allegory," "a respectful perversion of Mr.

Tennyson's poem." This was in 1870, in which year the "perversion" was performed at the Olympic Theatre, London. If I remember rightly, it was not a very great success. On the other hand, when Mr. Gilbert, some fourteen years later, fitted his "perversion" with choruses and other lyric interludes, called it "Princess Ida," and got Sir Arthur Sullivan to write the necessary music, the result was triumph. "Princess Ida" is not one of the best known of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas, but it has done much to popularise (though in the vein of caricature) the creation of the poet. L. Rossi's "Princess" seems to have been performed in private. I should tremble for it in public.

Talking of L. Rossi, I protest, as a bibliographer, against the adoption of a signature so unsatisfactory. What does the "L" import? Is it the initial of a masculine or of a female name? Authors are rather inconsiderate in this direction. They often give no clue not only to sex but to "condition." Is L. Rossi, if a woman, "Miss" or "Mrs."? (*Miss or Mrs.*? by the way, is the title of one of Wilkie Collins's "problem" stories.) I was glad, the other day, to see the author of a book on Hampstead and its associations setting a good example in this respect. She proclaimed herself quite clearly on the title-page as "Mrs. Caroline A. White." What a relief to the reviewer, who is so tired of writing about an author as "Miss (or Mrs.)"!

We are promised a sequel to Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Back*, to be entitled *My After-Dream*, and, of course, not the work of Mr. Bellamy. Sequels not written by the authors of the original productions are not, if my memory serves me, very common in the literary world. One sees more of that sort of thing in matters of the stage—Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin" being followed by Oxenford's "Sam's Arrival" and H. J. Byron's "Lord Dundreary Married and Done For," Taylor's "Ticket of Leave Man" by Cheltnam's "Ticket of Leave Man's Wife," and Lytton's "Lady of Lyons" by Merivale's "Lady of Lyons Married and Settled"—to name no others. In the realm of fiction, however, the original writer has generally done his own sequels, and it is the safer plan. It is not everyone who can bend the bow of Apollo. William Brough wrote a piece into which he introduced a Lord Dundreary from whom, he pretended, Taylor's Lord Dundreary had descended. That was a bit of audacity to which, I think, and hope, the history of pure literature affords no parallel.

Close upon the paragraphs in which, the other day, I gave some particulars concerning the recent vogue of Ben Jonson, comes the announcement that a couple of scholars contemplate the publication of an annotated edition of his works, in which special attention will be paid to the classic originals of many of the poet-dramatist's lines. Is it possible that Jonson can have, at this time of day, any admirers so seriously devoted to him? I venture to think that as a dramatist he is dead. To an annotated edition of his lyric poems there would, of course, be no objection, though even that seems scarcely worth while.

In the four-page Introduction which Mr. Watts-Dunton has written for the sixpenny edition of his *Aylwin*, he will explain why it was that he delayed the publication of that work even after the decease of those who might be thought to be delineated in it. "It was simply diffidence," says Mr. Watts-Dunton; "in other words, it was that infirmity which, though generally supposed to belong to youth, comes to a writer, if it comes at all, with years." It was the success of *The Coming of Love*, with its large gypsy element, which decided the fate of *Aylwin*, inducing its author to give it to the world. To certain correspondents Mr. Watts-Dunton, through this Introduction, makes it known that the Sinfì Lovell of his prefatory notes to *Lavengro* is the Sinfì Lovell of *Aylwin*, and that the Rhona Boswell of *Aylwin* is the Rhona Boswell of *The Coming of Love*.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Beatific Pot-boilers.

Essays of John Dryden. Selected and Edited by W. P. Ker, M.A. (Clarendon Press. 2 vols. 10s. 6d.)

THESE essays, which Prof. Walter Ker has had the excellent idea of issuing in a detached form, are the critical prefaces to Dryden's various publications, excluding such as were purely dedicatory. Here we have two volumes of pot-boilers flagrant, unashamed, with little reason, indeed, for shame, since they have survived — and gloriously survived — near two centuries.

Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For them the critics much confide in;
Though only writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.

Byron's doggerel happily memorises a fact. Dryden, when he threw off these prefaces to gratify the demands of "the trade," had small thought of writing masterpieces, small thought that he was marking an epoch in English prose. Yet this he did. And he did it by arrant pot-boiling.

O that the present hour would lend
One more pot-boiler of the kind!
Such "padding" as his we should not mind!

Byron may pardon the outrage for its appropriateness. These essays (as Prof. Ker not untruly styles them) are a monumental proof that the man of parts can gild his literary chains; that it is cowardly to say: "I wrote badly because I wrote, not of my own impulse, but for pay"; that the pot-boiler may at least be a thing of veritable merit, if not of transcendent merit. Granted that, without blame, even a man of parts might fail to wear his chains like "Glorious John" — "Glorious John," who could have made a decent poem out of *Bradshaw's Guide*. Yet do these beatific pot-boilers come as a seasonable rebuke to the slovenly work which overflows the modern press, often the work of men who could do better things, were their literary conscience not hardened as the soles of a street-Arab.

Yet further are they a rebuke, and at the same time a wholesome antidote, to the prevalent poverty of slipshod style. We do not speak of the few who write solely for literary fame: *their* disease is quite other — a too meticulous anxiety of expression, though not often of structure. We speak of the virtual or avowed pot-boiler, of what goes by the generic name of journalistic style — the style of those who must needs write *currente calamo*, with indeliberate pen. One knows this general style. With the more expert it consists in successive sentences of almost infantile brevity, turning the flank of structural difficulty — the chopped sausage-meat of composition, Macaulay done to rags. With the less expert it is a diffuse, weak-minded sentence, a labefaction of all structure, relatives wandering aimless, distressedly looking for their connexions, with an unhappy sense that the search is hopeless; there is no attempt at clause, but instead the nearest the writer can go to organism is to take several short sentences, put them end to end, and knock the heads out of them. Dryden is an admirable example for the reformation of both these kinds. He stands midway between the two. His sentences are not mere short yaps, like an excited cur. Nor yet has he the formal, *periodic* structure of Johnson, or the still somewhat formal though looser structure of Swift. A formal structure would be useless for informal writing. Succeeding to the stately writers of the seventeenth century, yet obliged by circumstances and his own temper to write fluently, he hits on a happy compromise. His sentences are direct, with a certain felicitous laxity of construction, which rids them of all pedantry, any air of deliberation; yet he dexterously avoids the dissolution of structure,

and keeps them well in rein, for all the easy bravery of their pace. At the same time, there is throughout the vigorous straightness, the idiomatic, vernacular turn, fresh from and smelling of the soil, which eminently suited his genius, and must have been a joy to himself, as it is to the reader. All these characters make it an admirable influence for the reformation of modern journalistic style, in either extreme of its slovenly effeteness. Above all, Dryden is not effete. He is brimming with virility, his style is full of fight. Yet it has no taint of the vulgarity, the *rowdiness*, of what now too often passes for "vigorous English." A phrase here, of course, a construction there, a word or so elsewhere, is obsolete; but these are casual, easily eliminated.

Of his staid narrative style, a little more calculated than the thorough Drydenian writing when his blood is up, there is an excellent specimen in the opening of *The Essay on Dramatic Poesy*. It has, moreover, a peculiar interest; for it is an admirable little cabinet picture of a striking historical episode as it was realised by the Londoner of that day. Not often, in those impersonal times, are we given a glimpse of events as they came home to the man in the street: but here we are allowed, for a single moment, to see London in a war experience with almost the intimacy of the present day. It concerns a battle off the English coast between the Dutch fleet and the English led by the Duke of York. We insert the proper names, instead of the fictitious ones given by Dryden:

It was that memorable day, in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch — a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe. While these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy conduct of His Royal Highness, went breaking, little by little, into the line of the enemies, the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city, so that all men, being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event which we knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and, leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the park, some cross the river, others down it — all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Among the rest it was the fortune of Lord Buckhurst, Sir Robert Howard, Sir Charles Sedley, and Mr. Dryden to be in company together. . . . Taking, then, a barge which a servant of Sir Charles Sedley had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them the great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired; after which, having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then, every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney: those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror, which they had betwixt the fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, Lord Buckhurst, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory, adding that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.

Buckhurst's wish (or Dryden's in Buckhurst's mouth) has been fulfilled. For near two centuries London city has never again sat solitary, while its citizens flocked Greenwich-ward to harken anxiously that sound as of "swallows in a chimney" — the thunder of an enemy's guns. Is the time at hand when the scene described with such life-like touches may be renewed? Anyway, a more taking introduction to an essay was never contrived.

But this is not, as we have said, Dryden's more current style. Of that a quite average conception may be formed from the following passage in the *Examen Poeticum*, where he is treating the proper manner of translation:

Mr. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be translated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it; but I suppose it is for fear of omitting any of his excellencies. Sure I am, that if it be a fault, 'tis much more pardonable than that of those who run into the other extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confined so straitly to his author's words that he wants elbow-room to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose, where he found him verse; and no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so-much-admired Sandys. . . . But this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse nor loved it; they were scholars, 'tis true, but they were pedants; and for a just reward of their pedantic pains all their translations want to be translated into English.

We may demur to that illiberal judgment on an age which produced better translations than anything the eighteenth century has given us; though Sandys, truly, was a poor specimen. But the easy directness of the style, the inartificial variety of short and long sentences; the well-knit structure, diversified with a certain agreeable laxity; the strong, clear vernacular, the English backbone of it all; these things are not only excellent in themselves, but most imitable at the present day. Here, again, is a typical specimen of his most forceful and happy manner; which has the further advantage of containing a judicious and judicial criticism on a point which still affords matter for heated and by no means always judicious discussion. It is from the *Dedication of the Aeneis*:

I will not excuse, but justify, myself for one pretended crime with which I am liable to be charged by false critics . . . that I Latinise too much. 'Tis true that when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin nor any other language; but when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding words are not of our growth, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy I spend in England: here it remains and here it circulates; for if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but if we will have things of magnificence and splendour, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament, and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables; therefore, if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalised by using it myself; and, if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish between pedantry and poetry: every man, therefore, is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin, and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English idiom. After this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages. And, lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this licence very sparingly; for if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed, not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

This is Dryden's criticism at its best; sound, sensible judgment, unentangled by questions of principle, wherein he shows weak. It leaves little to be said on the matter. One notes a characteristic feature of his argumentative style—a certain lively cut-and-thrust manner, sometimes animated by interrogation, which recalls a forcible debater. Such a style is liable to be too unexceptional, to slur nice considerations: here and there one might demand a modification of some statement too sweeping. He slips sometimes in strict grammar: "every man is not fit to

innovate" were better "not every man is fit to innovate," for it means structurally other than he intends. You will note his happiness of homely illustration: Swift himself scarce betters it, though he be more fecund in it. What joy were it if many modern *critiques* were as sane in decision, as hardy and clean in style!

The editing is excellently done. Of course, having once decided what class of preface to exclude, the task with regard to the remainder became mainly a mechanical one. Yet some matters remain for an editor's decision, even in a reprint. Should he adopt the text of Dryden's first or Dryden's latest edition? In this case Prof. Ker seems to us to have made an unfortunate choice. He elects to follow the first editions, on the ground that the text of the later editions is already accessible in other forms, while that of the first editions is not. But is there any reason why readers should hunger after the first edition texts? Dryden's corrections were, as Prof. Ker says, mainly grammatical. He might have added that Dryden (as might be expected from a man who all his life was improving his *technique*) showed sound judgment in these mostly grammatical corrections. It is surely a curious standard of editorship which reprints an inferior text in preference to a better and later text (corrected, too, by the ripe judgment of the author himself), merely because no other editor has done it—as why on earth should he? Moreover, this is the only separate reprint of Dryden's prose in general—apart from his total works—and the more reason, therefore, why the text should be the best available. Prof. Ker has seemingly been bitten by the modern mania to reprint non-valuable things solely because they are inaccessible—and would they remained so! On the other hand, his judgment in using modern spelling seems well supported by the reasons he advances. Above all, we owe him gratitude for the admirable critical analysis of Dryden's prose—both general and particular—with which he prefaces these volumes.

Two Country Books.

Seven Gardens and a Palace. By E. V. B. (Lane.)

The Birds of My Parish. By Evelyn H. Pollard. (Lane.)

UNLIKE in other respects, these books resemble one another in being beautifully printed and illustrated. Miss (or is it Mrs?) Pollard keeps to her text and writes of nothing but birds. "E. V. B."—since this is how the Hon. Mrs. Boyle likes to be known—ranges far and wide. Nominally, her book is about various homes she has had—"Dropmore," for example, in South Bucks, built by Lord Grenville about 1792. Lady Grenville had a passion for the wild-brier rose, and now the bushes she planted come up all wild about the place in natural and beautiful disorder, in contrast with the stateliness of the famous gardens. "Huntercombe," now "an old house full of echoes," was once part of the ancient priory of Burnham—a broken sword (once swayed by a cavalier) in the hall, a ruin without, a fish-stew, an oak scrub, a willow garth, and much of old legend and new story—material surely made to the hand for "E. V. B."! How easy to imagine "the long-past summer morning, when through the wide glass doors opening upon the garden right across the dewy lawn one could see the low-branched elms in the meadow by the pond where the cows were grazing." Then there is "Maryculter," in far-away Aberdeenshire, with its grey stables and tales going back to 1127, when the Templars had a manor of 8,000 acres. Ellon Castle, its sundial of James the Second's day, its view of the lovely peak of Bonnachie, old yews, shaded alleys—it, like the rest, has a clothing of romance. So by degrees we come to Hampton Court. Nowhere is the authoress one little bit of the mere enthusiast or fad-ridden gardener. She has sympathy, imagination, poetry,

a full mind. Perhaps her one great fault is a tendency to indulge in sentiment, and, at unguarded moments, to fall into a style patented by Onida: "The palm-gardens of Bordighera where periwinkles—*flori dei morte*—rain down their blue from the overflowing laps of ancient palms, or wander in smiles about the rugged roots." A whole chapter is written in a style of which this is a favourable example. We like "E. V. B." best without stilts, as in the following extract. A critic second to none has said you can always tell a true lover of nature when he or she begins to write about the wind. There are things that almost write themselves—the slender young moon like white ivory, stars reflected from still water, reeds, bulrushes, lilies, foliage, flowers, hayland, and cornland, but you must really know and feel to write thus of the wind:

The "sorry wind" is singing now. A little of the sorry wind goes a long way; and even in my new garden-room, with the wide delightful window of leaded panes—made to catch the full south pouring in great floods of light—I do not care to listen. The sorry wind is a solitary evening singing, chanting, reciting all the time, is most melancholy. What it says I am never sure of; but I know that in the music of the sorry wind is never heard aught but a strain of hopeless sorrow. . . . If pathos be, as has been said, the "sense of loss and longing mingled with melancholy," then the sorry wind is surely pathos itself. It is the saddest sound in the world to listen to.

The ring of sincerity is there as if heard in a speaker's voice. We hasten to add that the mournfulness of this passage is not at all characteristic of the book. Mrs. Boyle, as a rule, writes cheerfully, though one regrets that the presence of pen and paper seems to repress her acute sense of fun, which is but indicated in a few passages such as the following:

Half the world knows no more about their neighbours the rooks than the old Scotch farmer, who, on the occasion of a village meeting, when the lecturer proposed to read a paper about rooks, remarked "What can he have to say about the crow? It's juist a bird that eats tatties."

This of Maryculter churchyard: "It was the old man that does the mowing who meditatively remarked to us one day—leaning, like old Time, upon his scythe: 'It is a verra solemn place' (I wish he had not added—'seems summat to look at when it's cleaned up')." There is, again, the story of the gentleman's butler who passed stolid and unimpressed through all the fairest scenes of the Continent till he came to the giant cork trees at Madrid, the sight of which woke the enthusiasm of his butler's mind. But "E. V. B." has been too sparing of this playful element in her nature, and we could have wished that her pages had been more freely adorned with passages of a similar kind. There are, however, many human touches equally interesting. For example, take this pen-portrait of her grandmother, Lady Albinia Cumberland, daughter of George, third Earl of Buckingham, who died, at ninety-two years of age, in 1852. She had been one of Queen Charlotte's ladies and a great beauty in her youth, as her portrait by Romney remains to testify. But here is the figure she cut at Hampton Court in her old age:

A little old woman, rather bent, yet with slow and stately gait. Her train of soft black mode silk she held up at the back as she walked. A white kerchief, and a black lace veil arranged over her close round cap, completed the picturesque toilette. Bonnet she never wore excepting on Sundays for service in the chapel. At chapel, Lady A. (she was always "Lady A." to her family and friends) sat upstairs in the Royal Closet or enclosed gallery, then the exclusive right of present or former members of the household. Here she made a point of beguiling the hour of service with the peculiar chronic long-drawn cough in which she indulged to the exasperation of the whole congregation. Vainly they threatened to bring her before the Board of Green Cloth—the Star Chamber of Hampton Court—Lady A.'s cough was indomitable.

But, after all, these passages only illustrate the subsidiary features of "E. V. B.'s" merits as a writer—her

main attraction lies in the expression of that charm of the garden which she puts with an intensity unique among her contemporaries, though easily paralleled from the pages of Gerard and other enthusiasts of the past. Not to prove a skill that long has been demonstrated, but only to show by example what the reader may expect to find, we give a description of "the most beautiful tree in all the world"—the phrase is that of "E. V. B.":

It is a willow—grand, immense in both bulk and height. It is mirrored in the glassy farm pond near, where cattle cool their feet and drink, and shelter beneath the shadow of it when the sun is hot. Walk past a little way, then turn and look back, and gaze upon the tree rising up into the blue, in the glory of its countless silver. The grey of it is like an olive-grove on the hill slopes of Estelle. The shimmering leaves, as the light breeze lifts them, are like the silvery turn of olive sprays when the south wind blows. One longs to sit down before the tree with an easel and a big canvas. Most hopeless of tasks! Words cannot paint the rhythm of its triad foliage; no painter's brush could give the glimmering grey of it.

That picture of a willow should be set in a gallery with Dorothy Wordsworth's birch and the oak of Richard Jefferies. We have room for only one more extract, and it is chosen rather for the gardening amateur than the literary gardener:

Have you seen the green rose? You would love it if you knew it well. Ours—with a plant of that rare delight, white lavender—was sent to me from Tabley Hall, whose lady devotes herself to all old-fashioned garden flowers. It is very curious, yet far too fine a thing to rank only as a curiosity. I have grown to think the green rose beautiful in its own weird way. . . . You must go close up and look it in the face, or you will not know the bush is really flowering. Then what seems at first all leafage is transformed into a mass of roses green.

Our other book is of an altogether different sort. The authoress tells us she read White's *Selborne*, and thereafter wished to do for the parish of Hayford in Norfolk what has already been accomplished for Selborne. For the length of three or four pages she most gravely adheres to the model and then—why then, in a charmingly feminine way, she forgets all about it, and the bulk of the book consists of conversations between birds, of which a single specimen will probably entertain more than our description could:

"Madam," rejoined the kestrel blandly, "pardon me, but I think you have made a mistake, for no ladies are admitted to —"

"Lady!" shrieked she. "Don't call me a lady; call me a woman! Yes, I'm a woman, and I'm proud of it. Let me tell all you men present —"

"Madam, excuse my interruption, but you are evading the point, which is, that no lady, I mean no woman, is permitted to be present at this august —"

"First of July, isn't it?" laughed the jackdaw.

These be japes indeed, and the book is rich in them. Another pleasant device of the authoress is to invert the gender of her pronouns, so that such a quaint sentence as the following is not uncommon: "*He* once laid eight eggs in a rotten tree in the parish" (p. 238). On the very next page the pronoun is changed throughout an old rhyme that we at all events have never seen printed so before. The italics are ours:

In April come *she* will
In May *she* sings all day
In June *she* changes her tune,
In July *she* begins to fly
In August *go* *she* must.

We do not for a moment doubt that the author, who is not usually ill-informed, knows as well as the reader that it is the cock bird that is referred to, and does this, as children say, on purpose, only we do not quite see her object. On the whole, we feel inclined to recommend her to return to the old ways and call the male "*he*" and the female "*she*."

A Gentlewoman of the Slums.

The Autobiography of a Charwoman. As Chronicled by Annie Wakeman. (John Macqueen. 6s.)

ANNIE WAKEMAN'S (Mrs. L. A. Lathrop's) book belongs to the same *genre* as Mr. Clarence Rook's *Hooligan Nights*. It is a selective biography, shaped from a verbal narrative given to the writer. We believe that the great danger in writing such a record is that of making it too long. The reader cannot be in close personal relation either with the writer who reports or with the person who is reported. He misses in the writer the freedom of the novelist, and he misses in the subject the freedom of the autobiographer. But the writer himself, being in direct contact with his subject, is apt to be unconscious of these conditions. He hopes to be a perfect conduit between the speaker and the public. But personality can never be so conveyed with complete success. The writer must shape, embellish, suppress, and control the written record; and though all his touches may be in the interests of fidelity, yet every artistic touch defeats, in a manner, its own end, so that there slowly arrives a page when the method is seen to be a little leaky and a little fatiguing. The critical moral is that books of this kind should be *short*; but the public, accustomed to books of a standard length at a standard price, exert an unconscious pressure on publisher and author, with the result that they get full measure, but the liquor is somewhat diluted. We feel that this is the case with an otherwise admirable book. It would have gained by pruning. The interest of the book lies in the character, morals, and humour of a London charwoman; but these would have displayed themselves in a smaller number of incidents and situations than are actually employed for the purpose.

This said, and we hope we have said it without over-emphasis, there is nothing to do but to advise the reader to read this most amusing and touching record of a woman of the people. Mrs. Dobbs, as she eventually became, had her full share of the ups and downs of life in a sphere where ups and downs meant varying degrees of privation. She was a thoroughly sound, self-respecting woman, who loved her children, was fond of flowers and music, was a born cook and nurse, and dragged herself and her family through life with infinite toil and resource and cheerfulness, keeping her innate sweetness and even her personal beauty. Her errors were completely circumscribed by her virtues. Betrayed and forsaken by "a real gent," she instantly recovered her tone of mind, and set to work to do right by his child—fighting her way back to respectability. Yet she could glory in the glimpse of high life she had enjoyed:

I 'ad loved, and see life with a gent. Nobody could take that mem'ry from me. I never blamed 'im. Not likely 'ee could bother over a charnce offspring. I'd done wrong, and I was sorry, and I must swaller me gruel and make no wry faces over it. It's no good chewin' your wrongs, it only gives you indigestion. Besides wick, wen a woman makes 'er fust babby close she feels a kind of solemn joy a-liftin' 'er up, and that's why 'er under lip looks so lovin' and gentle and appealin' wen she meets strangers.

Among strangers, in an alley off the Euston-road, Betty became the mother of "an uncommon fine boy," as Dr. Crampton made mention."

I forgot ev'rything else, fur me thoughts was all on me son, and I was 'appy in thinkin' over and choosin' a 'igh-class name fit fur the son of a real gent. At larst I lighted on Ferdinand Harther, callin' of 'im "Ferdie" for short, and makin' up me mind 'ee should 'ave the best I could give 'im, if I worked fur 'im day and night, so as 'ee should be a credit to 'is father, even if he never know'd 'im.

Ferdie never did know his father, but Ferdie remained the apple of his mother's eye t'rough all her

domestic experiences. His "igh class" ways did not seem to lead him to success, but they were perpetual reminders of his good origin. His mother's most tragic moment came many years later when her husband, the little-worth but handsome Dobbs, a "snobber" by trade, and "the Dook" by nickname, took Ferdie into the middle of Hampstead Heath and told him the secret of his birth. Ferdie had by that time gone into lodgings of his own; and thither his mother took train and 'bus with a heavy heart, to recapture her son's love. This produces the most poignant piece of irony in the book:

'Ee was at the door, goin' in, as I arrived. Wen I spoke 'ee avoided me, like I'd 'ad the plague, makin' me explanation 'arder fur me. But I follered 'im upstairs and into 'is room. 'Es never spoke. I lit the lamp, got 'is slippers out, put the room a bit to rights, and waited patient.

At last I begun. I told 'im me life from a child till 'ee was born. I said no word cruel of 'is father and I didn't try to excuse me own conduc'. But I told 'im 'ow I'd sung in the streets fur 'im in rain and fog, layin' in rheumatics fur me old age. And I begged of 'im to forgive me. 'Ee made no reply. I set quiet, then the old life come over me and I wep' bitter. In two or three minutes Ferdie put 'is arms round me, and 'ee says, "Mother, I forgive you!" That's wot 'ee would natural say, bein' born of a 'igher class 'm. I was so full of rejoice over 'is goodness that I larfed and cried to wunst.

In another vein are the descriptions of the weddings of Betty's sons, Tim and John 'Enery. Tim's chosen partner, Florrie, was an East End match girl, who spoke the dialect of Bow with such purity that even Mrs. Dobbs could scarcely understand it. But Florrie always said her prayers, and meant well by Tim. "She talks Cockney, but thinks Park-lane, in a manner of speaking," was her mother-in-law's verdict. The wedding was engineered principally by John 'Enery, now in almost affluent circumstances. The exclusive Ferdie didn't go to the wedding: "you see 'm, there was lines Ferdie couldn't cross, being the son of a gent."

Leavin' the church, we was all covered with rice, enough to make puddins fur months to come, I should say, fur the factory gells was all there to give a cheer fur the bride. Then the principal ones took four-wheel cabs to Florrie's 'ome. There was 'er fambly, me, and the nearest of the "old fambly friends." The dinner was mostly fluids—gin bein' cheaper than joints and producin' 'igh spirits quicker—but no one was drunk. . . . After dinner we 'ad some music, and I sung "Then You'll Remember Me," and "Er Bright Smile 'Aunts Me Still," afore we started off fur supper at me own 'ome—me tryin' to give the shake to some of them "fambly friends." But lor'! you might as well a tried to knock off a limpet. They all come, and their eyes bunged out when they see a proper supper—a cold joint, a cold goose, salads, cheese, sweets, and a weddin' cake, with claret and port at two shillin's the bottle, and a drop of sperrits fur the men—all paid fur by John 'Enery, who wasn't goin', as 'ee said with pride, to see 'is brother marry beneath 'im without teachin' 'is new sister-in-law's people 'ow their betters conducted their share of weddin's.

To the "Dook's" eternal credit he was sober and civilised on this occasion. He brought to the banquet all the majesty of his height and his big voice, all the ease of his assured strength, and, what was even more valuable, the trained eloquence of a man accustomed to speak up at his Club.

Never 'ave I been prouder of Dobbs. . . . 'Ee made the openin' speech, Florrie's father respondin' fur the bride, Tim bein' too shy. Lawk! wen I yeared that speech of Dobbs's I wondered wotver Parlyment 'ad been doin' that Dobbs wasn't in the 'Ouse of Commons.

'Ee begun by referin' to the Queen, the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces, bangin' 'is 'and on the table for us to applaud, wick we did 'earty. Then 'ee says, "And now I come to the bride—our new Queen—Tim bein' Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces all in 'isself." We all laughed and called "Year, year!" Tim looked uncomfortable and scared, as if 'eed suddent swallered somethink the

wrong way. The Dook went on and says, "Ladies and gents," and yere the "fambly friends" set up straighter and put on a expression of a fust-class limited company when shares is goin' up. 'Ee says, "I repeat, ladies and gents, I 'ave to-day lost a son, but I 'ave found a daughter."

This was layin' it on fairish thick, fur Ferdie, who give a quiet laugh to 'isself, knowin' 'ow Dobbs despised Tim, and never regardin' of him as a son. Florrie looked beamin', throwin' a kiss at Dobbs, while she give Tim a dig and motioned 'im to rise and bow, which 'ee did, lookin' nowheres in partic'ler.

Amid all her fidelities—and they were many—Betty Dobbs remained faithful to her early error. On her death-bed she spoke plainly on the matter:

'Arry was the only gent in me career, and I see life with 'im, and I love 'is memory, and I love 'is offspring, and 'ave tried to be a good mother to 'im. Me one foot is in the grave at this minute as I'm speakin' to you 'im, and that bein' so, I can honest say as I ain't frettin' over me sin with Ferdie's father. I told you as I wouldn't never repent it—no more 'ave I. And them was the views as I give to the Vicar. . . . 'Ee talked very kind to me, and most affectin', and 'ee seemed to sense me complete, understandin' me point of view, though 'ee didn't say so in words, as 'ow could 'ee, repentance bein' a special point with vicars. 'Ee didn't argufy the point. 'Ee always cuts 'is coat accordin' to 'is cloth, by which I mean 'ee meets the needs of them as 'ee talks to, 'is remarks bein' full of tac'. 'Is tex' was love, leavin' out vengeance fur them as is bent on chivvin' people. The Vicar never chivvies no one into 'eaven, and 'ee was comfortin' and give me 'ope and peace. I told 'im as 'ow I should live less of a 'earben durin' the rest of me short journey by reason of 'is comfortin' words.

We have relied on extracts, rather than on floating praise, to commend this book. It is delightful in its kind. The illustrations by "Rip" are well conceived; indeed, the frontispiece picture of the wedding party, with the "Dook" proposing the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces, is excellent. So is the realisation of the Charwoman on the cover.

A Book of Parody.

The Girl with Feet of Clay. By Edgar Turner. (Long. 6s.)

OF all the dishes in the literary banquet none offers so piquant a flavour as the parody, and from none do we exact so high a degree of excellence. A mediocre parody is a poor thing, and a long parody is a poor thing. In parody we want only the essence, the heart of hearts. We permit length only to burlesques, which are different. Thackeray's "Rebecca and Rowena," for example, is burlesque, Mr. Burnand's "'Strapmore,' by Weeder," and "'One and Three,' by Fictor Nogo," are burlesques; but Mr. Bret Harte's "Miss Miggs" is parody, and Calverley's "Lovers—and a Reflection" is parody, and Mr. Seaman's "Ballad of a Bun" is parody. Briefly defined (but the attempt to define is, we know, foolishly temeritous), parody might be called a comic condensation of a mind and style; burlesque, a comic extension of them.

Mr. Turner hovers between the two states, that of parodist and that of burlesque writer. The result may not be a valuable addition to the literature of comic criticism (which is what both parody and burlesque amount to), but it is amusing reading. What we miss from Mr. Turner's work is any power to master difficulties. His very choice of subjects—or victims—suggests this incapacity. He aims low. Not Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Barrie, but Mr. Crockett, Mr. Le Gallienne, Miss Corelli, Mr. Jerome. That is to say, not great manners so much as small mannerisms attract him. And, of course the small mannerisms practically parody

themselves. Mr. Le Gallienne, for example, is the simplest material. Mr. Turner has done his task very well and very cleverly, but it was facile. Here is a passage from *The Girl with Feet of Clay*, a perversion of *The Quest of the Golden Girl*.

I had promised to meet at Blackfriars, and to take to see the procession, a lady whom I sometimes suffered to pass a hand through my long fine hair. But such promises are kept only when it is convenient to keep them. I looked at the Titian hair and throat, and I looked at the eyes like new-born passion flowers. Then I asked the girl whether she would come with me to a window where I had seats.

"With all my heart," she said; and her voice was gentle and clear as fairy marriage bells.

We left the train at the Temple, and went to the seats I had booked on Ludgate Hill. It must have been a joyful quarter of an hour to the girl. Before she had only walked with soulless men—men who know not art, men to whom Aucassin and Nicolette are but names or less than names. Now she walked with a man of romance, a man of feeling, a man to whom the mysteries are not mysteries, but laughing, labelled graces.

We sat, she and I alone together, while the procession went slowly by. Sometimes I held her hand, sometimes I touched her shoe with mine, and always I talked. I pictured to her a future—how that together we would read Bernard Shaw for the first wonderful time, together learn Max Beerbohm's works by heart, together roll over an A.B.C. table the sumptuous cadences of Stephen Phillips.

That is neat and amusing, and it shows that full familiarity with the victim's work which is needful to the good parodist.

No one else inspires Mr. Turner quite so successfully. Miss Corelli incites him to something nearer spleen. His treatment of her is merciless. Mr. Turner imagines her as a little girl who has never grown up, and he explains why:

Twenty years ago the crusade for the emancipation of women began. Articles descriptive of the hardships of their position appeared in newspapers and reviews. Meetings to assert their claims to equal rights with men were held. The first of the insurrectionary novels was published.

I was only ten then, but even at that age I liked to be in touch with the question of the day. I read one of the articles and went to one of the meetings. They frightened me. I had long known that I was growing up to be a woman, and now I learned that most women were oppressed and unhappy.

Eager for full particulars, I read the insurrectionary novel. I learned from it that men were selfish savages and women their natural victims, and I became still more frightened. Was it worth while, I asked myself, to grow up? As a little girl I was safe, but as a woman I should be in constant danger. Was it worth while? . . . At last I made up my mind. If I became a woman, the odds on my falling a victim to some man would be about twelve to one. The risk was too great. I decided to stop growing, and to remain a little girl.

The book is not all parody. There are some original stories, one of which, "The Soul of the Woman," is very promising for Mr. Turner's own individual career. Perhaps the time has come for him to embark upon this career seriously. Our advice to him is to consider the present diverting volume his literary wild oats, and turn his back upon it and upon the study of his contemporaries and the "Literary Gossipers" who comment upon them. His own work lies before him. Meanwhile we are grateful for some light chuckling.

Other New Books.

A SPORTSWOMAN IN INDIA.

By ISABEL SAVORY.

There is something pathetic in the sporting temperament. "I am in violent motion; I encounter danger; therefore I am alive," it seems to say. It wonders whether people who pay afternoon calls and sit at desks are alive. *En revanche*, the sporting temperament causes a vast amount of discomfort to people who are not engaged in proving their vitality. That is the impression derived from the perusal of the effervescent narrative before us. Miss Savory goes pig-sticking. The pig objects, whereupon he overthrows "two wretched women . . . who were going down the road with waterpots; both were badly cut." Or Miss Savory goes tiger-hunting and an unfortunate coolie (you hire coolies for about fourpence a day) is bitten through the thigh, and dies. Or she rides along a precipice and her horse is dashed to pieces. So our sportswoman is big with fate, and the Puritan may sniff. But whether sport for sport's sake be admissible or not, there can be no question that in sport Miss Savory finds the natural expression of her individuality. Here is no mere globe-trotter's record. She has shot a tiger on foot while he was charging, and has stood four yards from an infuriated black bear. In her eager fearlessness she reminds us of the late George Kingsley. The emotion she gives to sport is intelligent; by a paradox it includes an admiration for the creatures she kills greater than ours who pity them in their helpless contest with the skill of man. Hence this veritable animal story-book, apart from the curious profusion of quotations which pepper it, has its own poetic interest. Take this description of a tiger:

Suddenly there was a sound—monkeys trooping through the jungle, high in the trees, grasping the pliant branches and shaking them with rare! . . . Another second, the jungle-grass waved and crackled, and out into the open emerged and advanced slowly a picture of fearful beauty. . . . On he came, his cruel eyes largely blinking in the sun. His long slouching walk, suggestive of such latent strength, betrayed the vast muscle working firmly through the loose, glossy skin, which was clear red and white, with its double stripes, and the W mark on the head. The sight of such consummate power, as he swung majestically along, licking his lips and his monstache after his feed, was one of those things not soon to be forgotten.

It was this tiger that ran up the tree where Miss Savory's companion was posted, and "tore his finger all down the back of it to the bone." She shot the tiger as he clasped the tree, and "How could she!" many women will exclaim.

One is amused with the irony which brought this Diana into the presence of a very pious little girl, the daughter of a Civil Servant. There was one little boy at the tea-party in question, and he had been reciting the Lord's Prayer "in stentorian tones." "I asked the little girl," says Miss Savory, "where her other brothers were." "Tom's at school [she replied], and Arthur's in Paradise; he's flying about with wings like a vulture."

Here we take leave of a portly but companionable volume. It is, let us add, freely illustrated. The pencil of Mr. Wimbush, whose name appears on several drawings, does not hesitate at the most tremendous themes. (Hutchinson. 16s.)

PARIS OF THE PARISIANS.

By JOHN F. MACDONALD.

The triumph of civilisation is this—the show of *naïveté* without the reality of childlikeness. Of this triumph Paris is a splendid illustration. It is not only we who see her thus; it is thus she sees herself. From the classic pages of Murger to the latest *Guide des Plaisirs à Paris* the "coquaine," as Daudet's Planus called her, has ever the same bewildering freshness of aspect, she is always the queen of siren cities. Mr. Macdonald's clever volume of

impressions, to which Miss Katie Macdonald contributes some bright chapters, is throughout reflective of the charm exercised by the seemingly-ingenuous, and the gaiety which is as instinctive as a religious emotion. Who can get angry with this Paris that says, with one voice, "n'en parlons plus" when you ask its opinion on the Dreyfus verdict, and calls the "new century" problem the "Nouvelle Affaire"? It is like a child. It "loves incongruities"; it will "make October May by decking the trees on the Champs Elysées with artificial blossoms and buds." It is cruel with grace, and again it is ignorant with grace.

Imagine an Englishman sensible of his commission of a public mistake in eating; he becomes red and dejected; he is far from amused. For comparison, listen to a French lady struggling to eat a bun with a fork. "On dit que le muffin est encore plus pervers," she remarks. Though the world observe her she cannot be confounded with her mistake.

Work with us is grimly done, and if it is paid for treated as a matter of course. That is not the view of French carpenters. "Venez, donc." Approach the bandstand with them. Peer at it. Go down on your knees with them. Feel that board. Look at that screw. . . . Only they know what work is. . . . Know that they toiled and toiled and toiled for hours and hours and hours, . . . bravely and uninterruptedly, beneath a fearful sun." It is playing with life, and one may say the same of the facile affections of the Quartier Latin. But there is a philosophy in that attitude, so long as the mask be never allowed to fall. And in a particularly brilliant sketch, "The Tragedies of Montmartre," Mr. Macdonald shows how the religion of gaiety is kept up at the cost of reason itself in the "feverish atmosphere of the 'Butte.'" It is a terrible position that of High Priest in the Temple of Pleasure; it is like playing the bones with one's spirit; but the Parisian knows where to rusticate when he feels *énervé*. At Pré Catelan he takes milk, and is soon so restored as to ask, "Which is my Cow?" "I refuse," he proceeds, "to go home until I have sung my cow a song." As no one can point her out, he resolves to sing to them all, one after the other, starting with the first." Paris, the professionally gay, is not the only Paris; the bookworms who haunt the quays would tell us otherwise, and so would thousands of her industrious citizens. Their children make a pretty spectacle in this charming book; and, in fine, Paris is fond of them and all her children, because she is like a child herself, and knows the difference between the likeness and the reality. (Richards. 5s.)

THE EARLY HISTORY OF ENGLISH
POOR RELIEF.

By E. M. LEONARD.

With the dissolution of the monasteries, the break-up of feudal households, and changes in industry, a numerous, well-defined pauper class for the first time emerged. Bands of vagrants—"a rowsey, ragged rabblement of rakehells"—roamed over the land, robbing and burgling. The secular powers, therefore, were driven to exact what charity refused to give, and thus the erratic doles of individuals were gradually replaced by systematic grants of relief under State compulsion. Miss Leonard shows that poor relief was at first partly a police measure, and reasonably suggests that our legal system of relief largely accounts for the comparative absence of violent catastrophes in our history.

Not until Henry VIII.'s reign was relief effectively organised in London and a few other towns. Municipal orders, having proved successful, became the basis of legislation. Statute followed statute, however, without any substantial results, because the enforcement of the law was irregular. Even the great Elizabethan poor law of 1601, which served as the foundation of our system of relief for 233 years, was not at first effectively carried out.

Strangely enough, a better administration of the law was secured by the Privy Council in the period 1629 to 1640. The Council, which during these years was guilty of notorious tyranny and misrule in the general affairs of State, achieved more by illegal orders and proclamations than had been achieved previously by legal processes. This paternal body not only cared for children and the impotent poor, but provided work as a livelihood for able-bodied parishioners, and hard labour for sturdy vagrants. The decrees of the Council were enforced most strictly in the Puritan counties. Probably the design of the Government was to secure the adhesion of the poorer classes to despotic rule; but, whatever the motive, the result of efficient relief was seen in a cessation of complaints by the justices of vagrancy, felonies, and disorders down to the time of the Civil War.

The history of poor relief shows conclusively that the fundamental difficulty of every system lies not in legislation but in administration. The law may draw distinctions between "valiant beggars" and the deserving poor, but the guile of the adept pauper may baffle the most expert relieving officer.

Miss Leonard has dealt in a clear and forcible style with a subject of permanent interest. The scope and method of her work have been well conceived, and she is scholarly without being dull. (Cambridge University Press.)

Fiction.

The West End. By Percy White.
(Sands & Co. 6s.)

THIS novel begins, and continues for a long time, in a manner which is deceptively modest and unassuming. The narrator, Rupert Atherton, lame orphan nephew of an excessively rich wholesale provision dealer, mildly introduces himself, and announces his intention of telling you how John Treadaway's family ("Treadaway's Teas," see omnibus boards) took the West End by storm, and entered into the kingdom of the smart. The family consisted of Treadaway, his wife, their daughter Miranda, their son Archie—and Rupert, who was his uncle's secretary and intelligencer. The drama begins by the building of a palace in Park-lane. One by one the strings are pulled: the necessary complaisant Countess is discovered; the necessary enterprises of charity are undertaken; the newspapers begin to talk; old acquaintances are dropped; and even among the new ones the less smart are sifted from the more. When Mrs. Treadaway is indisposed, she has the *migraine*. So the vast and perfectly honest intrigue proceeds, financed and engineered by John Treadaway, but kept in a smooth, level motion by the watchful diplomacy of Rupert. You read on and on, and what you feel is that you are being diverted by a sound skill neatly used. The plot is full of ingenuities, changes, contrasts. You are shown how the Treadaways, old-fashioned in morals to the last, narrowly escape the crushing wheels of a scandal; how Mr. Treadaway once nearly doubts his wife's virtue; how this adventurer and that true lover seek the hand of the beautiful, sensible, and strong-minded Miranda; how Archie, wild, often fatuous, but good-natured, joins a crack cavalry regiment; and how Rupert, scorned by many, patronised by others, and secretly feared and admired by a few, really occupies a twin-throne with his uncle at the very heart of the great movement. . . . Possibly you wonder what power is carrying you through this book so nicely; for there is no high emotional quality and no compelling charm of style. You are merely interested. You think you could put this book down.

But could you? Perhaps you might, up to a point, but not after the Transvaal War has supervened in the tale. You then immediately find out that the author has had

you in his grasp for a long time; he has only to close his fingers and you will be held fast. Well, he closes them. He never achieves a distinguished style, but he achieves emotion, and he manages his plot with absolute virtuosity. The grip is tightened, and you cannot escape. You perceive now that all those kaleidoscopic pictures of smart and plutocratic society and of the usurious underworld have fulfilled a part pre-arranged for them; all this mild satire and witty analysis has had a deeper purpose than seemed to you. From the moment that Archie, that foolish, boyish, beloved subaltern, leaves for South Africa, the story bursts out into its true colours of dignified and austere tragedy. The terrible war-atmosphere of London last winter envelops everything; you live over again the week of Magersfontein and of Stormberg. You hold your breath while Rupert opens the halfpenny evening paper in front of four footmen. Then comes the news of Archie's death ("There seemed, even at that rigid, leaden moment, something incongruous in a Treadaway dying for his country"), and then the laying bare of his secret, scandalous marriage, and the disaster of the *divorcée*, who is about to bring into being the sole heir to the Treadaway baronetcy and millions. It is a stringent, appalling finale, with Miranda's happiness to lighten it.

The West End is a fine social satire, but it is a great deal more than that. Mr. Percy White has done nothing so good before.

The Gifts of Enemies. By G. E. Mitton.
(A. & C. Black. 6s.)

THIS novel is unsatisfactory, distinctly inferior to the author's first book, *A Bachelor Girl in London*; but it is the work of a man who has the capacity to write a reasonably excellent story. Mr. Mitton is gifted with a sense of the dramatic. Several times in the course of *The Gifts of Enemies* he uses this gift with effect—particularly in the two affairs of the Yorks v. Surrey cricket match and the gambling-club raid. Further, his character-drawing is not without merit. That strange girl, Rosa Wybrow, who begins the tale by killing a man, is very well realised. The hero, Neil Hawtrey, baronet and professional cricketer, whose adventures constitute the theme of the novel, is a grey and neutral person, neither attractive nor powerful. His attributes are the attributes of the book, which is chiefly commonplace. Mr. Mitton *sees* with some earnestness, but he sees nothing fresh. He is at the trouble to tell us what we already know; and were it not for his ingenuity in striking fire from the collision of events, the story would be of an unredeemed tameness. The following passage, taken from the description of an Empire ballet, shows Mr. Mitton's shortcomings as an observer and describer:

All the cunning invention, all the contrast of colour that artistic power could devise and money procure, had been lavished on the gorgeous scene. It was a symphony of colour, a harmony of sight. Hundreds of girls in soft art silks of radiant hues moved in rhythmic motion—a flash—and there were a hundred glowing daffodils, replaced a second later by tulip and narcissus; the motive was the procession of flowers throughout the year. By combination of colour, by deftly-flung draperies, the flowers of each season were represented following each other in lines and filmy waves; a breeze seemed to waft over them, they bowed, and rose again more resplendent than before in new and vivid tints. Hundreds crowded upon hundreds, until the culmination was reached in the national flower of England, the rose, which . . .

All which is quite futile.

Not infrequently Mr. Mitton's style descends to the worst badness of Fleet-street. On p. 9 is that weird adjective "horney"; on p. 26 is a culpable error of mere grammar; on p. 26 the word "phenomenon" is used in

a wrong sense; on p. 101 we read "the girl had a Madonna-like purity of feature and expression" (imagine the audacity of an author who can employ that phrase again!); on p. 134 someone "suggested an adjournment to the Empire." The catalogue of peccadilloes might be extended indefinitely. The worst sin of the book is the amazing and entirely inexcusable street accident coincidence on p. 322. Nevertheless, despite our serious discontent with this particular novel, we have hopes of Mr. Mitton.

The Priest's Marriage. By NORA VYNNE.
(Burleigh. 6s.)

BOTH in these columns and elsewhere it has been noted how hardly a man hammered, *tusione plurima*, into a Catholic priest may transform himself into the likeness of the world. The subject is well worthy of treatment. Mr. Howells attempted it long ago and, sober realist that in these days he is, produced melodrama; at any rate, his book was melodramatised very successfully for Mr. Benson. Miss Vynne, in her account of the process by which Stravel comes to see in his wife his sin incarnate, does not quite escape the same condemnation. The moment in which Annie, approaching her husband to tell him that she is to become a mother, is repulsed with a word which "Christ alone ever spoke kindly," and a blow on the breast with a crucifix, should prove effective behind the footlights. Yet, though as a whole the book is an intelligent and careful piece of work, we confess that we do not altogether believe in Stravel. True, he is free from the grosser absurdities and incoherences which encompass the priest in the hands of many excellent writers; he fills even with some dignity his place in the story of which he is the organic centre. But the red blood of the book runs in the arteries of the minor characters, and particularly of the group of girls out of which our priest selects his bride. Miss Vynne has studied a certain type of the young woman on the hither borders of Suburbia to some purpose: she knows her tricks and manners—her shrewdness, her simplicity, her ignorance, her narrowness of outlook, her whole-hearted devotion to the duty of securing, first for herself and afterwards for her sisters, a husband. From an early chapter come these characteristic fragments:

"Ella is right; Nan is good, of course, dreadfully good, but Mr. Stravel does not love her for that. He loves her because he thinks she's good, but he only thinks she's good because she's pretty. . . ."

"I'm too stupid naturally," said the shy girl, "so I suppose I ought to marry very well."

"That's quite a different thing," said Ella, who was screwing her hair into pins. "Natural stupidity is like naturally curling hair, it never twists in quite the right way. You'll have to learn to be clever, Dolly, and then learn to hide it."

"Yes," said Effie, "because the husband who married you for not being clever would be sure to neglect you for not being clever afterwards. The really clever thing is to make him love you because he thinks you a silly, ignorant little thing, and then make him go on loving you because he finds you a clever woman."

A well-constructed story, written in a direct, concise style, which will add to its author's reputation as a novelist; but her short stories are better.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

FOR BRITAIN'S SOLDIERS. BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Fifteen well-known writers have presented stories to this book, the profits of which will go to the War Fund. The book will be on sale for three months only. The fare

offered seems excellent. Among the contributors are Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Crockett, Mr. Mason, Mr. Ridge, and Mr. Wells. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE BANKER AND THE BEAR. BY HENRY K. WEBSTER.

AN American story of financial interest, showing how the hero tried to form a corner in lard. It is a little to be regretted that the heroine passes under the masculine name of Dick. Witnessing an exciting scene at the Board of Trade, Dick asked: "Are they doing anything but yell?" . . . "Anything but yell!" he quoted. "They're making a price that will rule in all the markets of the world." Lard and love. (Macmillan. 6s.)

AN EYE FOR AN EYE. BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

This time Mr. Le Queux weaves his mystery in London, and the mystery-hunters are journalists and detectives. At the outset we have a novelty in the shape of a detective inspector who will not report a crime he has discovered because it is mixed up with a snake, and he has private superstitions about snakes. The story is full of verve and sharply realised incident. (White & Co. 6s.)

THE SIN OF ATLANTIS. BY ROY HORNIMAN.

"The shorter of the two men was Edwin Lever, occultist and individualist. The other was Michael Broadhurst, occultist and altruist, and everything which the latter carries with it. . . . Broadhurst, unruffled, smiled most humorously. 'Was it to organise evil that you went to Tibet ten years ago?'" (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE CRIMSON CRYPTOGRAM. BY FERGUS HUME.

"A Midnight Surprise"—"The Writing in Blood"—"The Reading of the Blood Signs"—"A Music Hall Star"—"What Mrs. Amber Knew"—"The Red Pocket Book": such are some of the chapter headings of this lineal descendant of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)

THE SHIELD OF HIS HONOUR. BY RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

Russian melodrama by the clever author of *My Official Wife*. The atmosphere is that of wealth, the highest military and diplomatic circles; Grand Dukes, and Excellencies, and Cossack colonels, and great bankers move through the story, which is laid in St. Petersburg and New York. (White & Co. 6s.)

TOWN LADY AND COUNTRY LASS. BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

"It was in the days of King George the Second," begins this love story by the author of *The House on the Marsh*, "when England and France stood watching each other like snarling dogs on either side of a ditch." The King is one of the characters in a story that lacks nothing of action, but on the whole provides a quiet old-English type of interest. (White & Co. 6s.)

FOR RIGHT AND ENGLAND. BY HUME NISBET.

A tissue of abuse and bad taste, this novel purports to draw the portrait of Mr. Kruger, who is introduced as the preacher in the Dopper church at Pretoria. He is promptly compared to a gorilla, a wild boar, an octopus. "Imagine a criminal of the most brutal type," &c. (White & Co. 6s.)

JUGGLING FORTUNE. BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

Mr. Speight's earlier stories have been of a more melodramatic cast than this "Everyday Romance," dealing with commercial and middle-class life. Romance is perhaps hardly the term to apply to a story of which the hero begins life as an artist, and a few years later is the patentee of a mincing-machine; but that is a trifle. Though not exciting, the story justifies itself by its careful study of financial life. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Omar Cult.

SOMEONE who has a dry humour and keen insight ought to write the history of the modern cult of Omar Khayyam. In France the suggestion would not need to be made; some gay psychologist would already be at work on a task offering such rich material of tragedy, comedy, and humbug.

Those who desire to do this thing should dip their pens at once. Every day the inducements to the task are becoming more irresistible. It were best to be first in the field. The material for the final chapters is beginning to arrive, and it is of a sort which promises more rollicking fun than any earlier elements in this strange affair. But, indeed, the whole story is curious, picturesque, and pathetic in high degrees. Consider how your historian's mere rough notes would crackle with possibilities and opportunities, seen far ahead. Naishapur—Woodbridge. Omar—FitzGerald. How one might embroider on these connexions. The utter improbability of FitzGerald being drawn to a far-off, forgotten Persian poet, and the incredibility of his making an English poem out of a Persian one in the intervals of indolent sailing in the *Scandal*, and a sixth reading of Madame Sévigné's Letters. The impossibility of the result interesting more than a few eccentrics in these islands. The publication, in spite of all; and the silent Cimmerian passage of the book to Mr. Quaritch's twopenny box. FitzGerald's death. Then the slow discovery. Mr. Swinburne's appreciation. Mr. Meredith's. The Whisper as a force in literature. Tennyson's "divinely well." The fact—the indubitable fact—that this shy, dumb, ruminative recluse and bookman, whose love of literature seemed to leave him no time or inclination to produce it, had done a perfect piece of writing. And then the noising abroad of the miracle. The first choice allusions in journalism. The sumptuous talk in Vigo-street. The invocations to "Old Fitz," as to "the gentle Elia." The paragraphs on the spelling of *Rubāiyāt*; on its accents; and, lastly, on its meaning. The slow casual awakening of the public. The evolution of a boom. THE BOOM.

We calculate that three chapters would hardly do justice to the boom. Who will sort the material? A plunging humour, as of a leviathan taking the water, will serve the historian best here. Let him toss all on high. There was that letter to the Shah. There was Mr. Le Gallienne's late leap on to the back of Mr. Justin McCarthy. There were the CLUB dinners, and the charts in the *Sketch* showing where Mr. Edmund Gosse sat. And there was the American echo. The way America hustled into Omar, when it got its advices, was real smart. Mr. Mosher easily sold 20,000 cheap copies of the poem, and for the millionaire youth wondrous editions were hatched. One such was advertised quite recently as follows:

RUBĀIYĀT.—Limited edition of fifty copies printed on genuine parchment, every page of each copy illuminated by hand, in gold and colours, bound in vellum, with metal clasps set with semi-precious stones, 100 dols.

We shall always believe that these "semi-precious

jewels" were the beginning of the end. They had hardly ceased to burn their coloured lights in the advertisement columns of the American *Bookman* when Mr. Edgar Fawcett, a writer of some repute, arose and proclaimed through the *New York Journal* that the Omar cult has been a silly "fad" and has illustrated the "hypocrisy of English ethics." He talked of the "ruffian heterodoxy" of "this Persian *bon vivant*." "The most pitiable stuff." "Common-place is no word for it, since it merely decorates the obvious in wine-drenched garlands and tawdry spangles." And the Omarite message was interpreted: "Get drunk as often as you can, and stay so long as you can, for there's nothing in life half so profitable."

Yet Mr. Fawcett was not, we believe, the first of the iconoclasts. From Dundee there had come the voice of Mr. A. H. Millar in high protest; and, compared with his, Mr. Fawcett's words were as water unto wine. For, while Mr. Fawcett called Omarism a fad, Mr. Millar denounced it as a new creed, "the mournful pessimism" of which "seems strangely out of harmony with the spirit of an age which has witnessed many fervent religious revivals." Prodigious! The Omar cult on one side, and the tents of the Christian Endeavourers whitening Muswell Hill on the other! Ritualism versus the *Rubāiyāt*! General Booth and "Old Fitz"! These were unthought of contrasts; and doubtless some useful purpose, not yet discoverable, has been served by Mr. Millar's indication of their existence. Just here it is convenient to remark that Mr. Millar incontinently mixes these tremendous issues with another of less popular, and certainly less material, interest. He contends that the Omar cult as we now know it is rendered absurd by the doubts which beset the very existence of Omar, and by a possibility (which we do not dispute) that the *Rubāiyāt* was written nearly four hundred years after the date of Omar's death. Now, Mr. Millar is at liberty to advance, and to prove, any theories he pleases about the authorship of the *Rubāiyāt* and the date of its composition. He may declare that Omar never existed, or that Omar is libelled by connecting him with a poem full of "nihilistic sensuality." These are interesting matters, but their settlement requires in those who attempt it a deep knowledge of the Persian language and of Persian history. It is, however, notorious that the Omar cult rests simply on the merits of FitzGerald's English rendering of the *Rubāiyāt*. There are probably not a dozen men in England who have any masterly knowledge of the Persian of Omar. These questions about the date, the authorship, and the readings of scattered MSS. have nothing to do with the living "cult" which Mr. Millar wishes to attack. If FitzGerald had evolved Omar from his inner consciousness—had simply created him—his poem would stand where it does, would have gained the same admiration, and would have communicated the same solace to readers of to-day. And if Mr. Millar should produce pat evidence that the Persian *Rubāiyāt* is a forgery, that it represents a degraded Mohammedanism, and must have been disowned by Omar, he would have produced nothing more momentous than an interesting foot-note to the English, self-existing poem of FitzGerald. What Mr. Millar fails to see is that FitzGerald's poem *is* self-existent, and would have been just as effective if Omar and Naishapur and the call to the wine-cup had all originated in his own brain in his Woodbridge cottage. Mr. Millar himself points out—as if it helped his case—that "it is frankly admitted that FitzGerald interpolated many quatrains for which there is no shadow of authority in the original." Precisely in proportion as he did so does his *Rubāiyāt* escape injury from Mr. Millar's learned statements about the real Omar, and his decadent imitators of a later day. We can, however, understand Mr. Millar's desire to dwell in this region of the discussion as much as possible. The other line of attack—the attack on the morality of the FitzGerald *Rubāiyāt*—must indeed be difficult work. Still,

Mr. Millar has blown no uncertain blast. We really must register again the full text of his warning. The reader will kindly lay down his "Golden Treasury" *Rubāiyāt* while we do so.

There is not much comfort in the mournful pessimism of such a creed (as Omar's), and it seems strangely out of harmony with the spirit of an age which has witnessed many fervent religious revivals, and has carefully avoided the pitfalls of Atheism and Materialism. Hence it is probable that the Omarism which has suddenly burst forth within these few years will rapidly sink into oblivion; and the next generation, as the present, will prefer the calm, steady faith of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and "Crossing the Bar" to the heartless, hopeless, impotent despair of the *Rubāiyāt* of Omar Khayyām.

So the circle of irony is completing itself. FitzGerald, who hardly dared an essay in *belles-lettres*, has, it seems, promulgated a creed, and the minds of ministers are disturbed.

Only Scottish seriousness could have originated such a view of the matter—could have seen in the purely literary cult of "Omarism" a power for evil equal, let us say, to the present organised power for good exercised by the Particular Baptists; or could have talked of the cult of Omar and "religious revivals" as if the first movement were one of Satan's devices to stop the second. Mr. Millar takes a wrong turning when he imagines that people are radically influenced by the philosophy of the *Rubāiyāt*. They are not, and especially is this true if, with Mr. Millar, we take the most positive and least elevated view of that philosophy. Replying to our recent remark that, while many people read Omar, no one takes him for a guide, Mr. Millar says this is a "futile conclusion," and adds: "Surely this is circumscribing seriously the functions of Omarism." Necessarily such a conclusion seems futile to a gentleman whose Knoxian attack on FitzGerald's poem is based precisely on the idea that people are making it their Bible. As for circumscribing the limits of Omarism, we are only circumscribing the limits of the Omarism which exists in Mr. Millar's imagination.

These views of the *Rubāiyāt* could originate only in minds which have not the perception of certain luxurious functions of poetry, and of the automatic process by which the mind of the reader enjoys the luxury but does not translate it into action or creed. Is it necessary to argue to a critic of the land of Burns that a man may enjoy songs of drink and free love without losing his moral balance? Mr. Millar can have read but little poetry if he is not aware that there is a poetry which seeks to release weary and dangerous moods by giving them expression. He contrasts the *Rubāiyāt* with Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; but has he ever compared it with Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters"? Has he compared it with certain songs of Horace? with certain utterances of Montaigne? Can he approve the Book of Ecclesiastes, and then disapprove of verses like these:

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and Dust to lie
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

The brief truth about the Omar cult we conceive to be this: As a sudden and wide-spread devotion to one fine poem, fanned by advertisement and imitation, and doomed to subside, the cult has its ridiculous aspect. There was really no reason of a satisfying kind why the New Bookishness should not have selected Milton's *Comus* for its fetish instead of FitzGerald's *Rubāiyāt*. That had, indeed, been a better choice. But FitzGerald's poem is a fine one; and for our part we take our stand on its intrinsic merits, amused by its alternate fates of neglect, popularity, and opprobrium. These are mere states of the atmosphere. The poem's the thing; and a fine draught it is in the right hour!

Things Seen.

The Hill.

YONDER, far away, the hill rose to the blue sky. From every point of the garden that green, heat-capped hill, immemorial sentinel over the opulent, peaceful countryside, was visible. I had seen it in all weathers, this changeless, friendly hill; but on this still summer day, when peace and the world were interchangeable terms, and the warm, flower-scent laden air lulled the senses, I felt almost a feeling of worship towards that green hill. When evening fell; when the sun dipped, and then peeped from behind the fir-trees, and a hush came over the land, someone sang—

But I was up at break of day,
And brought my flowers along with me.

That gave me the idea. I would that very night absent myself from my bed. I would sleep out of doors; before dawn I would be climbing that hill, and see the sun rise from the summit. Midnight found me feeling my way up, up through the warm, still woods. Little living things scurried across my path, or moved restlessly in the undergrowth as I swung by seeking a place of rest. Did I sleep? I know not, for my eyes were hardly closed before, so it seemed, the birds were twittering of another dawn:

But I was up at break of day,
And brought my flowers along with me.

I picked them on the hillside, under a sky flecked with red and gold. Beneath stretched the awakening valley, awakening to a day that knew no fear; a day in which the mere joy of living sufficed. As I neared the summit of the hill, I saw above me a mound. I climbed towards it. . . . It was a fort—a fort newly made. The guns were trained over the valley. A soldier stood there peering. And beyond was—France.

The Hymn-Book.

THE great Assembly Rooms looked bare and dusty in the morning sun. The bits of ribbon, lace, and tulle scattered over the floor, with here and there a piteous crumpled flower, the piles of chairs in the great stone hall below, and the strip of crimson felt which spread its faded length

down the muddy steps—all bore witness to the fact of last night's "soirée."

In the great saloon upstairs some children were having a dancing lesson, and the most lingering of sensuous waltzes came borne to me where I waited.

I thought I would go and watch them.

Round they went in their dainty attire, amid glitter and music and flash.

"The heirs of all the ages." . . . They smiled at me. I smiled back. I stood and wondered at them. . . .

As I passed out of the hall the wind blew a leaflet towards me, and I picked it up and read.

It contained three or four Lenten hymns, as used in a Welsh monastery. . . . How had it come there? . . . Then I remembered that Father I—was preaching there every Sunday, in that same hall where the children were dancing now. . . . A poster bearing his name was before me as I turned. . . . I opened the little book. . . . The hymn that caught my eye was called "*What then.*" . . . And I saw in my dream a kneeling penitent and the face of a priest. . . . The tones of the waltz came borne to me sweeter than ever. . . . I laid the leaflet down on a chair, and went my way . . . and wondered. . . . For I had stood where two worlds met.

"The heirs of all the ages." . . . Heirs of what? This little life—a dance—a dirge—no more? . . . And is that all we call their heritage? . . . And . . . What then? . . .

"Robert Orange."*

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" has brought to the continued study of the personality whom she calls "Robert Orange" the distinction of her earlier book, *The School for Saints*. Robert Orange ends, as it was clear from the first that he would end, in the religious vocation. Orange marries Brigit, only to discover, on the day after the wedding, that her nominal husband, the wretched Parlete, is alive, and that there is nothing but renunciation for both of them. For a short time Orange lingers on the stage, faintly pursued by the phantom loves of two other women—Lady Fitz-Rewes, whom we know of old, and a new rather "orchidaceous" type, very brilliantly sketched, in the person of Lady Sara de Treverell. A duel with Castrillon, who renews his pursuit of Brigit, hastens the end to which this fine, rather bloodless, character manifestly tends, as Brigit, with her inheritance of the artistic temper, tends towards the unreal but attractive world of the stage. Robert Orange's final surrender of his will to the forces that mastered him in his youth is described in a kind of valedictory letter by Disraeli:

It was his faith to believe that salvation rests on the negation and renunciation of personality. He pushed this to the complete suppression of his will, tenderly considered. I need not detain you on the familiar dogmas of Christianity with regard to the reign of nature and the reign of grace. Your view may be expressed thus:

Puis-qu'il aime à périr, je consens qu'il périsse.

Perhaps this consummation is made less convincing inasmuch as it comes through the stress of an exciting situation, the revulsion of a sensitive nature from a moment of passion, the moving power of which is jealousy. Not having been from the first strongly drawn to Orange's character, I confess that the end of his career leaves me cold. The study of his temperament is to me an historic study, rather than a piece of instant and living portraiture. He seems to be a figure in the world of Disraeli's novels rather than in the society of to-day. 1869, which is Robert

Orange's date, must, indeed, be far from 1899, for I do not feel that I recognise the social atmosphere of the earlier period as having many points of resemblance to that of the later time. Surely unless our social life is all along idealised by a lady who has for literary purposes the advantage of not belonging to the people who produced it, it has grown much coarser than it was. Even Lord Reckage, a most delightful portrait, stands far above the average intellectual interests of the English aristocracy. Perhaps that is because that aristocracy has ceased to exist, or has become a mere ornament and appendage of the money-making type. But at its best I doubt whether in this century at least it possessed the quality of subtlety, of fascination, of semi-poetic beauty, which both Disraeli and "John Oliver Hobbes" appear to have found in it. Both these writers are, indeed, admirable critics of institutions they admire, or seem to admire. Nothing can be more vivacious than the dissection of Lord Reckage or the slight but very humorous sketch of Lord Garrow; but, on the whole, I feel that if all this delightful artificiality ever existed, it at no time possessed the capricious grace of the society of which Reckage is a part. Surely, one asks, this is not England—even the England of the Disraelian period. It is a group by Watteau—something classical and French, like the genius of its author.

Having said so much, it is easy for the critic to surrender himself without reserve to the singular charm of manner, the power of close description of subtle or perverse moods, which increasingly distinguishes "John Oliver Hobbes's" work. Reckage himself is a persuasive and elaborate work of portraiture, which must, I think, have been taken from life—though I cannot identify him with any public character on the stage, now or then. Admirable, indeed, and often profound, is the suggestion of this wilful and corroded temperament, devoted to the mixed pursuit of those frivolous and pious ends which in English life are so closely identified. "John Oliver Hobbes" has a peculiar advantage for analysing this kind of career. She is an American and she is a Catholic—*i.e.*, she can see its ludicrous side and its dilettantism, and that of the Anglican busybodies whom she depicts. You may easily state the objections to the Catholic view of life, but there is one thing which it is not—it is never vulgar. Who can say the same of the Anglican Archbishop, or those other models of temperate piety, the mould of which is the Anglican Church? Her special and avowed portrait—that of Disraeli—I find less satisfactory. It may be true, but I find it hard to read some sentences in Disraeli's conversation and letters, showing a strong feeling for Catholicism, when I remember that their author was the man who introduced and carried the Public Worship Regulation Act. On the whole, perhaps this strange man is more plausible in the sequel than in the earlier book, *The School for Saints*. His sincere affection for personal friends was undoubtedly a characteristic, as it is of many people who, lacking an ideal aim, look at the world with strong emphasis on its folly and its untrustworthiness. But to such a man English society must have been more of a sheer boredom than "John Oliver Hobbes" imagines. Disraeli, we know, was often a silent and indifferent table-companion. Neither as a politician nor as a writer could he long keep the tongue out of his cheek when the subject was English institutions. He flattered the aristocracy, which disliked him; and in a sense, no doubt, he admired it. But he had the intellectual man's contempt for it; the Jew's aversion for anything so self-centred, so self-satisfied.

Of the style of Robert Orange little but praise can be spoken. "John Oliver Hobbes's" gift of epigram even threatens to be something of a danger to the development of her work. She is never satisfied till she gets the *mot juste*—until language has given her the precise reflection of the mood or humour which she desires to convey. The book is full of good sayings, all of them elegant as to

* *Robert Orange*. Being a continuation of the history of *Robert Orange*, M.P., and a sequel to *The School for Saints*. By John Oliver Hobbes. (T. Fisher Unwin)

their dress; some profound as to their thought. Take these, for example:

The second-rate mind, whether represented in a person or by a council, shrinks from the adoption of simple measures, and invariably seeks to make itself conspicuous by so placing others as to make them appear unnecessary.

Food, and wine, and money, and fine houses, and amusements were subjects on which he expended a large amount of silent enthusiasm.

Reckage knew well that he was himself too selfish a man to let affection for any one creature come between his soul and its God. There was no self-discipline required in his case when a choice had to be made between a human being and his own advantage—whether temporal or eternal.

An impulse, which had something in it of brute fury, urged him to tear open that still face and drag the thoughts behind it to the light.

Character is the rarest thing in England.

. . . Her quick sympathies rendered the most trivial interchange of ideas an emotional exercise.

The English can never deal with systems or ideas. They can only attack individuals—you depend in a crisis on the passions of men, never on their reason.

No powerful being ever yet either stood by the glory, or fell by the disasters, of a love-affair alone, uncomplicated by other issues.

Any man who is written up into a place can be written down out of it.

Society . . . does not practise any of the virtues which it demands from the individual. It ridicules the highest motives, and degrades the most heroic achievements. It is fed with emotions and spectacles: it cries, laughs, and condemns without knowledge and without enthusiasm.

What one feels is that much of this observation of life, so acute and so delicate, is limited by the writer's faith; it springs rather from religious feeling than from the universal philosophy which is the root of the greatest literature. In all her recent books you have the two worlds set in steady contrast—the world of human striving and imperfection, the ideal cloistered world in which the passions have rest, and the soul's progress is at once sure and eternal. The problem which such a treatment of the world's doings suggests can hardly be discussed here. Modern literature seems determined to approach it from a point of view widely different from that of "John Oliver Hobbes." It excepts nothing from its analyses. She, it is clear, excepts much. Her books show increasing literary power, humour, and delicacy of feeling. But they show also an increasing detachment from the world which she often criticises so admirably, and which, unlike her, writers so essentially modern as Ibsen and Tolstoi insist on regarding as a sufficient arena for effort at once profound and stimulating.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

Correspondence.

Style.

SIR,—Will you allow me to offer you my thanks for so kindly taking up the cudgels on my behalf? Certainly I *did* mean more by "conceive" than my correspondents seem to allow—or discern. It seems to me that the man who says anything about style is very much in the same position as the unfortunate, bald-headed gentleman who went to gather honey without his hat. The character of Hamlet, or the Antinomianism of Genius, are subjects which cannot compare with it for offering opportunities for discussion!

I must object to "J. M. S.'s" use of the word "authoritative" concerning my *Dicta*. It is a side-kick which is quite gratuitous. I simply wrote what I thought, and think. I do not claim to be an authority on anything—except what is good for me to eat.

He also takes me to task concerning my statement that "you cannot be a good stylist if you have no brains" (which I think should be pretty evident!), and says that by making such a statement I implied that, "therefore, if

you have brains you must be a good stylist." Did I? If he says so I suppose I did. But surely he is somewhat hazy about the very special character and kind of the brains we are dealing with. Let me remind him that we are discussing the literary, not the ordinary mind, or any other species of mind. If a man has brains it does not necessarily follow that he is, or should be, a literary man—a statement that cuts both ways!

As for his remark that there is "an art of expression quite apart . . . from the matter waiting to be expressed," I can only assure him that it would afford me the sincerest gratification to see a specimen of it! The only sample that has hitherto come my way was a pamphlet of political import, obviously inspired by a Tory, and entitled "What the Liberals have Done." It consisted of a collection of *blank* leaves, which implied, of course, that the Liberals had done nothing at all! But this is politics, and I must be careful. I am stepping from the frying-pan into the fire.—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR COLES ARMSTRONG.

Tchaikovsky.

SIR,—With reference to your review of Mrs. Newmarch's *Tchaikovsky*, I should like, with your permission, to emphasise your statement as to his not being "a morbid man." Some of the scandalous stories that have reached England since his death have aroused the suspicion that he was something worse than merely morbid, and the report of his mysterious suicide just at the precise moment when popular success was assured him added colour to this suspicion, and with many people the suspicion became a conviction. I have, however, had the privilege of conversing with several of Tchaikovsky's friends, and I have been assured by them that the great Russian composer could not in any sense be called "morbid"; that he was full of the joy of living; and that, in a limited degree, he was happy and contented. Mr. Adolph Brodsky, who is mentioned with so much affection and regard by Tchaikovsky in his *Diary*, has more than once told me that the story of the latter's suicide is credited by none of his friends and relatives: it is merely an invention of a scandal-loving public, which is only too ready to believe anything that will bring shame and ignominy on the name of an illustrious man.—I am, &c.,

C. FRED KENYON.

Mr. Robertson's 'Introduction to English Politics.'

SIR,—Your reviewer, in his partial replies to my queries, says that I dwell on the little questions, but shirk the big ones—an assertion which goes to explain why he refrains from answering what, in all innocence, I considered an important question; but before re-stating that question, I had, perhaps, better deal with the following statement: "In regard to the so-called 'historical shibboleths,' my point was that the analogy of nature is against the author: as different breeds of other animals have their several capacities, so have the breeds of men"—a refutation which leaves me wondering how variability within a closely-related group of animals has been brought about if not by crossing, change of environment, natural or artificial selection, regulation of hot and cold, &c. It thus turns out that this analogy corroborates Mr. Robertson's main thesis: that race genius is a consequence of geographical position, socio-economic conditions, religious and culture contacts. There is, however, no necessity to press this analogy, as our author expressly confines himself to higher societies; and, believing that history is interpretable, he uses the well-accredited histories in order to obtain generalisations which shall give us political and social guidance in the present. My question, then, is: *Into what specific errors has our author been led by his rejection of the race-genius theory?* It is a simple enough question, especially as the material for answering it is given in the book itself.—I am, &c.,

F. KETTLE.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 43 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best rendering of the following poem by Alfred de Musset :

DERNIERS VERS.

J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie,
Et mes amis, et ma gaité ;
J'ai perdu jusqu'à la fierté
Qui faisait croire à mon génie.

Quand j'ai connu la vérité,
J'ai cru que c'était une amie.
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,
J'en étais déjà dégoutté.

Et pourtant elle est éternelle,
Et ceux qui se sont passés d'elle
Ici bas ont tout ignoré.

Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui réponde.
Le seul bien qui me reste au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleuré.

This competition has been popular, and many of the translations are good. As usual, some efforts succeed as poems better than they do as translations. We have awarded the prize to Mrs. Alice Ferrand, Littlefield House, Exmouth, for the following :

LAST VERSES.

My strength is gone, and the glad lust
Of living fades, and friends depart ;
Lost even is the pride of heart
Which made me in my genius trust.

When first I saw the face of Truth
I deemed that I had found a friend ;
But having proved her to the end,
I satiate grew, and tired, in sooth.

And yet she is eternal power,
Nor have they lived a single hour
Who here below have scorned her sway.

God speaks, and I must answer soon.
The world contains but this last boon—
That I have wept upon a day !

The following translations are among the best sent in :

A LAST WORD.

My strength and life are gone from me,
My friends estranged, and mirth forgot ;
The very pride men held to be
My pledge of power, remembered not.

I looked on Truth, and knew her fair
Of face, and gave her all my trust :
I probed her inmost heart, and there
My rapture sickened to disgust.

Yet has she life that cannot die ;
Nor is there any secret known
To souls who pass her heedless by.

God calls, and man must speak : the years,
Ruthless, have left me this alone—
That I, for speech, have given Him tears.

[M. A. W., London.]

LAST LINES.

My life, my powers, abandon me,
My friends, my gaiety are fled ;
Even the pride on which was fed
My self-belief has ceased to be.

When first truth came to me I said :
Lo ! she will prove a friend to me ;
But when I felt her, and could see—
Already I was surfeited.

Yet truth is endless ; whoso'er
Rejected her, missed everywhere
The lore that is in nature hid.

God speaks, and I must make reply.
The sole good left me is that I
Remember tears which once I shed.

[L. L., London.]

LAST WORDS.

Energy gone and life beside,
With friendship, and the youthful glow
Of joyousness—and power to show
My genius justified of pride.

For when I looked Truth in the face,
Methought a friend and comrade found,
Till Knowledge brought the bitter wound
Of disenchantment in her place.

Yet Truth stands rooted fast on high,
And scoffers who have passed her by
From them, through time, is wisdom kept.

God speaks, and wills an answering sign.
The only blessing left of mine
Is this, that I have sometimes wept.

[A. H. W., Croydon.]

LAST VERSES.

I have lost strength and life's desire,
And my friends, and gaiety ;
That pride itself was fain to die
Which lit by faith my sacred fire.

When I met Truth upon the way,
I thought that she would be my friend,
But ere I knew and felt the end,
I had wearied of her sway.

Natheless she lives immortally.
And they who heedless pass her by
Here below have lived inept.

God speaks, we needs must make reply,
The only blessing I descry
Is, that I have sometimes wept.

[M. T., London.]

Other replies received from : N. L., Bristol ; R. F. McC., Whitby ; H. V. H., London ; E. W. H., London ; N. S., London ; W. G. F., Southsea ; H. R. S., Newcastle-on-Tyne ; J. D. A., Ealing ; F. R. M., London ; F. H. S., Bridgwater ; J. P., Trowbridge ; C. L. C., Redhill ; H. W. D., London ; W. C. T., Liverpool ; G. E. P., London ; G. H., Malvern Wells ; K. E. T., London ; A. M. P., Folkestone ; E. B., Liverpool ; S. M., Addiscombe ; E. C. M. D., Crediton ; Miss B., Brentwood ; C. J. F., Gloucester ; A. W., London ; K. K., Dublin ; A. B., Edinburgh ; C. J. W., Bristol ; Miss P., Norwich ; A. R. P., Folkestone ; F. W. C., London ; E. A. S., Sevenoaks ; Miss B., Bideford ; N. A., West Bromwich ; F. B. D., Torquay ; K. J., Bristol ; J. P. B., Lissimouth, N.B.

Competition No. 44 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best sonnet entitled "China."

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, July 24. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

"Truth-Seeker," Religion and Reason (Watts & Co.) net 1/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Bell (F. W.), The South African Conspiracy, or the Arms of Afrikanerdom

(Heinemann)

Geden (Alfred S.), Studies in Eastern Religions (Kelly)

Rowell (T.), Natal and the Borders (Dent) net 2/6

Penny (Mrs. Frank), Fort St. George, Madras (Sonne schien) net 10/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Inglis (H. R. G.), The John o' Groats Road Map (Hall & Inglis) 1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Ferreira (Aug. J.), Nebo, the Merchant of Susa : a Drama (Greening) net 2/6

Templemore (Bryan), Cravenpark : a Play (Hiscoke) net 2/6

Pooler (C. K.), Translations and Other Verses (Longmans) net 3/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Nicklin (J. A.), Scott's Old Mortality (Camb. Univ. Press) 2/

Lyde (L. W.), A School Geography of the World (Black)

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The Literary Week.

It is announced that Mr. Tree will produce a new play, "The King of the Jews," by Mr. Stephen Phillips. It seems to be the fate of the poetic dramatist to live on hope and paragraphs, but we trust that in this case "will produce" means more than "has accepted."

Mr. HENLEY has written much stirring patriotic verse in his time, and especially of late. These poems he has now collected in a slim, capably printed volume (Mr. Henley oddly calls it a "sheaflet of numbers"), issued by Mr. Nutt at a shilling net. The dedication is as follows :

F. M.

FREDERICK HUGH SHERSTON ROBERTS, V.C.

LIEUTENANT, KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS

(Simultaneously published 8th January, 1872 : Chieveley Camp, 16th December, 1899)

AND THE MANY VALLIANT SOULS
WHOSE PASSING FOR ENGLAND'S SAKE
HAS THRILLED THE ENDS OF THE WORLD
WITH PAIN AND PRIDE.

THE hot weather has produced in certain critics of novels a tendency to confuse the author with his characters. To one of these, a writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, Mr. Percy White has addressed the following pawky and sensible letter :

I trust that I am too modest a journalist and humble a novelist to appeal against the mature judgment of any critic save in the meekest spirit, especially as it places me in the invidious position of a man compelled to apologise for a minute joke. When Miranda asked Herrick whether he was called "Fair Daffodils" at school because "he wept too soon," I was aware that she was adjusting the poem to suit her own temporary purpose. The happy-go-lucky people in "the West-end" do stretch their quotations to suit their convenience; this plea also applies to "a quotation presumably from 'In Memoriam.'" I also know how to spell the name of the author of the *Rubdyat*, however cleverly the typewriter and printer may have conspired to conceal this accomplishment. Mr. Bailey-Martin, the author of another of my novels, perpetrates numerous "Curiosities of Illiteracy"; the blunders were intended to be characteristic of that ingenious character, but, split my infinitives! I am still bearing the burden of his reckless ignorance.

Mrs CRAIGIE's little boy has been seriously ill, and is still in need of every care and attention. She is, therefore, quite unable to reply at present to certain technical criticisms applied to the use of certain words and expressions in *Robert Orange*. She hopes to do so later on. In the meantime she points out that the term *d'outrance*, objected to by one or two reviewers, is perfectly correct in the sense in which she has employed it. This information may be found in any good dictionary or in any treatise on duelling.

THE report of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., has just been issued, and spells prosperity little affected by the war. There is a net profit for the year of £65,308 12s. 9d.

The directors propose to pay a dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 10 per cent. for the year, and to carry forward £3,011 13s. Last year the profits amounted to £66,019 2s. 1d.

It is not often that one meets with a better story, better told, than the following, which we find in the *Evening News* :

Private Edward —, wounded before Johannesburg, returned home on sick leave a few days ago, and a lady interested in the family called on the mother, whose only child he is. To the visitor's dismay the woman, who had been so brave during the weary weeks of waiting, burst into tears. "They've gone and took away my boy," she said at length. "Last October 'e went off full of 'is fun, pullin' Krooger's whiskers and the like o' that nonsense, and now, now of a sudden, 'e's got a man—good and kindlike, as 'e wasn't never afore; but I'm empty fer my little lad, wot the army's took and left in Afriky. Seems just the other day 'is father give 'im the strap fer mixin' treacle with the blackin', and now we can't neither of us find a tongue fer to talk easy with 'im."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Don't you think you fret yourself unnecessarily over the title, *The Dull Child's Grammar*? Every child will simply call it 'The Dull Grammar.' When at school I used Sullivan's *The Spelling-Book Superseded*; but we always called it 'The Superseded Spelling-Book.'"

THE title of the Earl of Rosslyn's book of war adventures will be *Twice Captured*. The author was present as a soldier at Pieters Hill and at the relief of Ladysmith; he crossed Basutoland, made his way through the Boer lines near Thabanchu, and was captured at Dewetsdorp. Escaping from his guards, he was recaptured at the Reddersburg disaster, and was imprisoned at Pretoria.

DR. WILLIAM BARRY has now almost finished his new novel, *The Wizard's Knot*. It is a story of the time just before and during the great famine in Ireland, the scene being laid in the south-west angle of Cork and Kerry.

LITERARY aspirants who are discouraged by the cold return of their MSS. should try a Chinese editor. The MS. may come back, but with it will come a note of rejection in which all the balm of Gilead is concentrated. For, according to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, an American organ, this is the way in which MSS. are refused in China :

Illustrious Brother of the Sun and Moon! Look upon thy Slave, who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee, and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live.

We have read thy Manuscript with delight. By the bones of our Ancestors we swear that never have we encountered such a Masterpiece. Should we print it, His Majesty the Emperor would order us to take it as a criterion, and never again to print anything which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before Ten Thousand Years, all trembling we return thy Manuscript, and beg of thee Ten Thousand Pardons. See! my hand is at my feet, and I am thy Slave.

MR. A. H. MILLAR, whose fair and generous reply to our article of last week we print elsewhere, will be rejoiced to know that whatever Omar Kháyyám was in the flesh, he is a reformed character in Hades. So, at least, we gather from an amusing little book, *The Soliloquy of a Shadow-Shape on a Holiday from Hades* (Karslake & Co.), for which Mr. Arthur H. Scaife is responsible. In this poem, written in his own quatrains, Omar Kháyyám appears as the critic and denouncer of latter-day morals, not by any means as their corrupter. To a tired Editor the old man appears in a flowing beard, and the Editor takes him to his club for a chat:

"What name shall I put down?" asked the Editor, as he opened the visitors' book.

"Omar Kháyyám," said the old Persian, with Oriental dignity.

The Editor entered the name, but did not put any address. A certain sense of delicacy prevented him from pressing inquiries on that point.

Then they went upstairs to the visitors' room, which they had all to themselves.

"Have a whisky and soda or a lemon squash?"

"Thanks, I never drink anything now." There was a slight emphasis on the "now" which was not lost on the Editor.

"What a change!" he thought.

"Yes," said the old man slowly, "it is somewhat of a change."

Naturally, the conversation soon turned to literary matters:

"I am glad" [said Omar] "to think that my poor verses have at last begun to meet with some slight show of appreciation. But, oh dear me! the points that have been missed by my translators!"

"Not by FitzGerald?"

"Yes, even by FitzGerald; but let that pass."

OMAR'S business with the Editor is to induce that worthy to translate and publish a new *Rubáiyát* on his observations of London life. The Editor accepts the commission, and the quatrains follow. We find in them a vein of somewhat elementary satire on modern social evils, especially drink, the satire extending to the Editor's notes. We quote a few quatrains:

LXI.

As for your marriages: on making search
I find, to tie the knot you go to Church;
To get the knot untied you go to Law
And leave your Holy Mother in the lurch.

LXII.

That Piccadilly in my gizzard sticks—
Last night I got into an awful fix.
And I a Shade! What would my poor wives think?
They manage these things better on the Styx.

LXIII.*

· · · · ·
· · · · ·
· · · · ·

LXIV

Their good kind sisters seem to pass them by
Like lady Levites. Can you tell me why?
Are they all innocent, or are they blind?
Or do they see, and "wink the other eye"?†

LXV.

Man as a rule sits callous on the fence,
Headless he's thereby guilty of offence,
Little he knows, or reckons not if he knows,
The only heinous crime's indifference.

* Beyond the power of Bowdler himself to Bowdlerize. It positively recommends the adoption of a single moral standard for the two sexes.—Ed.

† Apologies are tendered for the extreme inelegance of this expression, but it is the only one which adequately expresses the meaning of the original.—Ed.

Mr. Scaife is to be congratulated on essaying the difficult art of satire at a time when that branch of the literary tree is as good as dead. He is also to be congratulated on his representation of Omar as a little lower than the angels, just when he is being placed no higher than the brutes. We said the Omar comedy was likely to end with a good "curtain"; and there appears to be no doubt of this consummation.

THE Catholic Truth Society is issuing a series of monographs of Old Masters, which are of almost waistcoat-pocket size, and of a delightfully simple format. *Sandro Botticelli* and *Fra Angelico* are the volumes to hand.

China of To-day: The Yellow Peril is Mr. Newnes's latest venture in the photographic album line. The first of the sixpenny parts is decidedly interesting.

A FAIR-MINDED, but distinctly critical, article on the Mysticism of Maeterlinck appeared in last week's *Pilot*. The writer's position may be guessed from his opening paragraph, which we give below, but the article should be read in its entirety.

To the right appreciation of the ideas of M. Maeterlinck it is essential to realise that his mysticism is literary, not religious. His philosophy is tentative and eclectic—a very interesting outcome of some observation, and more reading, finely assimilated and reproduced in language that is like the soul of music in common words. It is not a philosophy of experience or faith; it lacks conviction in essential matters; and it is without the definiteness of conclusion necessary to the guidance of conduct or the exact testing of principles. Hence it follows that the books which embody it do not altogether satisfy the discriminating reader, who is most capable of appreciating their beauties; while they are likely to mislead dangerously the undiscriminating reader who yields himself unreservedly to the charm of an exquisitely sincere, subtle, and insinuating style.

THE first part of the Index to the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Birmingham is issued, and contains English editions of Shakespeare's works, and separate Plays and Poems. The mere list of editions, with the names of their editors, the number of volumes in which they were issued, the size, and the date of issue, is not uninteresting. In the eighteenth century only one edition appeared in so many as twenty volumes. Nor were twenty-one volumes ever exceeded until 1894-6, when the Temple Shakespeare was issued in forty volumes. The "Pocket Falstaff" Shakespeare (Sands & Co.) is also in forty volumes, and Messrs. Bradbury Agnew's "Handy-Volume" edition is in thirty-nine volumes. Apparently, Shakespeare has never, like Scott, reached the pomp of forty-eight volumes.

THE *Kiote* (Lincoln, Neb.) appears in a new dress this month with a "new set of stories, yelps, &c., especially the latter." It also has a new printer, "which may enable the reader who has acquired the gig-lamp habit to throw away his lamps, and rest his eyes. It is printed on a press that revolves, instead of one with a corn-sheller movement." Best among the new yelps we like the following:

It was evening. The wind, weary with miles of travel over sun-kissed prairies came in fitful gusts, and the wind-mill overhead creaked dismally.

"Dave," said Farmer Bryan slowly to Senator Hill, and he rested a well-worn boot on the edge of the watering-trough, "I wish that when you go down to Kansas City to-morrow you would please tell the boys not to come around any more like they did the other night playin' the band and breakin' my rest, not for a spell at least. You see, I've got that field of wheat to cut yet, and then there's them oats, too, over on the hill. I can't seem to make much headway with my work nohow. The old reaper keeps a-actin' up, the dun mule got sick yisterday and

kept me up a dopin' him near all the night, and I'm plum worn out with my work, let alone havin' a gang of fellows a-hollerin' and a band a-playin' half the night. You can tell them that if they've got their minds made up to it they can nominate me for President down at Kansas City, but I don't want them to keep me awake half of the night and tramp out the grass and spile the piney beds in my front yard."

THE gospel of Walt Whitman can, it seems, be made very useful in directions which you would hardly think about in reading *Leaves of Grass*. "Q" writes in the *Conservator*, the organ of Whitmanism, of the blessedness of the musical comedy (Vaudeville, he calls it) in this exalted strain: "There is a logical hocus pocus reflected in vaudeville to honour which you must accept its extremest conditions of license. . . . It reduces me to first-born desires, glad surprise, invincible gestation. It is truce and amity. In vaudeville every sword disappears and even the ploughshare is disdained. Vaudeville does not make war or schisms or send its auditors home ripe for rebellion or insist upon the sorrows of man. Did you suppose that the sportive instinct and the unrestrained gesture of vaudeville removed it from suffrage and made it a chronic subject for pardon? You are deceived. Vaudeville has that best of reasons for being—its own inherent energy. . . . Not to apotheosise vaudeville, yet also not to hold it up for common scorn, I would simply acknowledge the inalienable majesty of primal rudeness and unchecked passion. I know that you say to me: You are pressing an eccentricity home. No, I am ridding myself of a false plume. I am doing service in a temple, acquitting myself by an act of worship, liquidating a debt." These reflections should prove immensely useful between the acts of certain musical comedies now delighting London.

At the dépôt of the Guild of Women Binders, 61, Charing Cross-road, may be seen a copy of Boydell's *History of the River Thames*, in two folio volumes, with plates in aquatint. To this fine copy are added more than 680 extra engravings, inserted and inlaid to size. The book is of exceptional interest to lovers of London.

MR. MURRAY, who is publishing a novel by Mrs. Edith Wharton, a very popular American writer, gives an amusing account of the difficulties which were encountered in naming it. Finally, as will be seen, Mr. Murray had to take the christening on himself. Mr. Murray says:

In the United States the story appears as *The Touchstone*. While it was passing through the press over here, I was informed that a novel under this name was already in circulation. In accordance with the usual rule of courtesy and convenience which is observed in such matters, I decided to alter the title, and wrote at once to the author, asking permission to call her book *The Touch of a Vanished Hand*. As the author was travelling in Italy, a month elapsed before I received a reply, by telegraph, instructing me to adopt another title, which, unfortunately, had also been forestalled. Meanwhile, the sheets had all been printed off, when I was informed that a novel was published in 1889 called *The Touch of a Vanished Hand*. In telegraphing, the author gave me no address, and as a decision has to be made without further delay, I have ventured to give the book the title which it now bears—*A Gift from the Grave*; and I hope that no other claimant to this will now arise.

Not everyone may know how Mark Twain became a literary person. In his new book of stories, *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, Mark tells the story as follows:

In my view, a person who published things in a mere newspaper could not properly claim recognition as a literary person; he must rise away above that; he must appear in a magazine. He would then be a literary person; also he would be famous—right away. These two ambitions were strong upon me. This was in 1866.

I prepared my contribution, and then looked around for the best magazine to go up to glory in. I selected the most important one in New York. The contribution was accepted. I signed it "Mark Twain," for that name had some currency on the Pacific coast, and it was my idea to spread it all over the world, now, at this one jump. The article appeared in the December number, and I sat up a month waiting for the January number, for that one would contain the year's list of contributors, and my name would be in it, and I should be famous and could give the banquet I was meditating.

I did not give the banquet. I had not written the "Mark Twain" distinctly; it was a fresh name to Eastern printers, and they put it "Mike Swain" or "Mac Swain." I do not remember which. At any rate I was not celebrated and did not give the banquet. I was a literary person, but that was all—a buried one; buried alive.

COMMENTING ON our paragraph, last week, on Mr. Farmer's forthcoming *Public School Word-Book*, the literary gossipier of *Country Life* remarks that he himself came from the school to which "spieg" (*i.e.*, smart) is attributed, namely Winchester; and he forthwith produces the following imaginary conversation of two Winchester boys who discuss Mr. Farmer's book:

A.—I thoke on that book: one could spend a whole hatch-thoke mugging tother school notions.

B.—Oz der; but I am not bulky enough to buy it.

A.—Then you must be dead brum. Socius round Meads past log pond champions, and let us think of some way of making it.

B.—I can't think, haven't got twenty juniors and sha'n't have them till next short half, and this is only the third half remedy in Cloister time.

Which our contemporary explains as follows:

All that would be perfectly clear to any thorough Wykehamist; for to "thoke" is to anticipate a thing with longing and also to lie in bed; and a "hatch-thoke" is a Founder's commemoration day on which you may lie in bed late; and to "mug" is to work and also to rub linseed oil into a bat; and "notions" are our language; and every school except Winchester is a "tother" school. "Oz der" means so do I, and was invented some thirty-four years ago by two linguistic experts of tender years; and "bulky" is rich. "Brum" is the reverse—stingy or penniless. "Socius" is walk with me, and to "make" is to steal. "Log pond champions" are some heads on the wall near the spot where tradition has it that there was once a pond. In college a man may not say "I think" until he has twenty juniors; "Cloister time" is the summer term; "short half" comes between the summer holidays and Christmas, and it takes three halves to make a whole; and a "half remedy" is simply a half holiday.

THE portrait of Mr. Watts-Dunton which appears on the cover of Messrs. Hurst & Blackett's sixpenny edition of *Aylwin* does not represent the author as his friends now know him, but as he was when he was beginning, in Stevensonian phrase, to roll the idea of *Aylwin* on his tongue. Mr. Watts-Dunton's new Introduction to his story concludes as follows:

Some years ago there appeared in the weekly *Graphic* the early portrait of me, here reproduced on the title-page. It was taken not very long before the time when *Aylwin* was written. Besides being strikingly good as a likeness, the portrait is so associated with the one period of my life round which all the subsequent years seem to have been revolving, that I requested the publisher of the *Graphic* to allow me to purchase the block. That gentleman was so kind as to give it to me; and now, after years of change, I find a happy use for it, for since the publication of *Aylwin* I have frequently been asked where that early portrait could be obtained.

IN explanation of the long interval between the completion and publication of *Aylwin*, Mr. Watts-Dunton writes:

Why did I still delay in publishing it after these reasons for withholding it had passed away? This is a question

that has often been put to me both in print and in conversation. And yet I should have imagined that the explanation was not far to seek. It was simply diffidence: in other words it was that infirmity which, though generally supposed to belong to youth, comes to a writer, if it comes at all, with years. Undoubtedly there was a time in my life when I should have leapt with considerable rashness into the brilliant ranks of our contemporary novelists. But this was before I had reached what I will call the diffident period in the life of a writer. And then, again, I had often been told by George Borrow, and also by my friend Francis Groome, the great living authority on Roman matters, that there was in England no interest in gypsies. Altogether, then, had it not been for the unexpected success of *The Coming of Love*, a story of gypsy life, it is doubtful whether I should not have delayed the publication of *Aylwin* until the great warder of the gates of day we call Death should close his portal behind me and shut me off from these dreams.

THE *Windsor Magazine* publishes an article, with portraits and facsimiles, on "The Favourite Quotations of Literary People." Among those who responded to the invitation of the editor are Mr. Edmund Gosse, Miss Marie Corelli, and the author of *When Knighthood was in Flower*. Mr. Edmund Gosse is of the opinion that "it must be very difficult for anyone to say what is his favourite quotation or motto; but," he adds, "when I came to this house four-and-twenty years' ago I painted on the rafter in my book-room a line from Tibullus:

Pieridas pueri doctos et amate poetas,

and it is there still. I don't know any words which express better my aim in life."

MISS MARIE CORELLI's favourite quotations are:

Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me!—*Hamlet*.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joy three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!—*Robert Browning*."

"EDWIN CASKODEN" (Mr. Charles Major), the author of *When Knighthood was in Flower*, writes: "I send you some verses, *Wet Weather Talk*, by our Indiana poet, James Whitcombe Riley, my very dear friend. I send you the whole poem, but the first verse is the one I specially like, because it breathes a sweet philosophy which, if we but live up to it, will bring to us all that which we most desire—happiness:

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice."

Bibliographical.

EXCELLENT is Mr. Walter Scott's notion of re-issuing his series of translations of Ibsen's prose dramas in volumes, each of which will contain one play. The series came out originally in 1890-91, and ran to five volumes, four of which contained three plays each, while the fifth was devoted wholly to "Emperor and Galilean." In 1897 Mr. Scott published five of these thirteen plays separately and in cheap form—namely, "A Doll's House," "An Enemy of the People," "Ghosts," "The Lady from the Sea," and "The Wild Duck." Now the whole series will have the advantage of revision by Mr. Archer, and will have a uniform appearance. Unhappily, all Ibsen's plays are not in Mr. Scott's hands. Since 1891 we have had

translations of "The Master Builder" (1893), of "Little Eyolf" (1894), of "John Gabriel Borkman" (1897), and of "When We Dead Awaken" (1900)—all of them with the imprint of Mr. Heinemann. It would no doubt be very pleasant to many if Mr. Scott could so arrange with Mr. Heinemann that the proposed new series should comprise versions of all the prose dramas of Ibsen down to date. Meanwhile, the admirers of Ibsen will not forget the pioneer of Ibsen translation in England was Miss Lord, whose version of "A Doll's House" ("Nora") came out in 1882, and was recently reprinted. Then came "The Pillars of Society, and Other Plays," edited by Mr. Havlock Ellis in 1888; while to 1889 belong Mrs. Marx Aveing's translation of "The Lady of the Sea," and Mr. Louis N. Parker's version of "Rosmersholm." Thus early did Mr. Parker, now a fertile and popular playwright, evince his interest in the modern literary drama.

It is quite a relief to learn, on what seems good authority, that there is not to be an "official" biography of Mr. Ruskin. That we may have, some day, a selection from his letters and his diaries is, I suppose, possible. Personally, I venture to think that the world knows quite as much about Mr. Ruskin as it is at all necessary that it should know. He himself was not diffident in personal discourse, and his Ego was, I should say, always very present and dear to him. Assuredly, no more biographies of him are wanted. The thing was overdone even in his lifetime. So long ago as 1883 we had *The Life and Teaching of John Ruskin*, by Mr. J. M. Mather. Exactly ten years after came the two-volume Memoir by Mr. Collingwood, which recently has been revised, rewritten, and republished in one volume. This may well remain the standard account of Ruskin, excellent in its way as is the little brochure by Mr. Spielmann. I take no account of the books written to expound the Master's "teaching." But the world is over-biographised (to coin a word); and the multiplication of memoirs of this person or that, however distinguished, is greatly to be deprecated.

Why, asks a contemporary, does it never occur to anybody to reprint Sir John Hawkins's *Life of Dr. Johnson*? Why is it always Boswell's *Life* that absorbs the attention of the publishers? The answer is too obvious to need stating. One may go, indeed, further, and ask, in turn, why no one reprints the biographies of Johnson by Towers (produced the year before Hawkins produced his) and by Anderson (which dates from 1795). Hawkins the biographer of Johnson has, in truth, been obscured by Hawkins the historian of music, Sir John's work on the latter subject being his best title to honour. It appeared originally in five volumes in 1776, under the title of *General History of the Science and Practice of Music*. It had a rival in Burney's work on the same topic, but Hawkins's book has lasted the longer. It was reprinted in two volumes so recently as 1875, whereas it is recorded that Burney's *History* never even reached a second edition.

It is good news that the Complete Works of Emerson are to find a place in the Minerva Library. At the present moment, I suppose, the standard English edition of those Works is that of Messrs. Bell & Sons in three volumes, dating back so far as 1883. It is interesting to remember that Messrs. Ward & Lock brought out Emerson's Complete Prose Works in one volume in 1889. For individual prose works of Emerson there has always been in England a gratifying demand. Of *The Conduct of Life*, of *English Traits*, of *Representative Men*, of *Society and Solitude*, and so forth, there have been many editions—a fact which reflects credit upon the English reading public.

I see we are to have from Miss Florence Warden, by and by, a novel called *The Love that Lasts*. Surely it has not been left to Miss Warden to use for the first time so obvious a title? There is in circulation at this moment a work of fiction called *The Love that Never Dies*, which is at least a variation on a venerable theme.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Byron in Venice.

Byron's Works: Letters and Journals. Vol. IV. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero, M.A. (John Murray. 6s.)

BYRON the letter-writer is always masterly in his kind; and here we have him matured, seasoned, ripe of flavour. The profoundly artificial pose of dash and devilry, absolutely natural because it is the Byronic pose, and to pose as Byron was Byron's nature; this is here in the consummate ease which comes of artistic practice. He conceived a Byron which should strike the world; and in the acting of himself, at least, he was a splendid artist. "Lord Byron, by George Gordon Noel Byron," was a part he had personated so often that it no longer offered any difficulties; it was his one masterpiece of melodrama. He played it to his friends no less than to the public; as Mrs. Siddons avowed her fellow-guests by the gesture with which she *stabbed* the mutton. This brilliant impersonation is at its best in these letters—vivid, cynical, off-hand, full of carefully careless epigram and paradox. They are not studied—he has had too lifelong practice to need study. The point of junction between the original Byron and the trained Byron he could not himself point out. It would be very unworthy of so masterly an actor if he could not deceive himself. In this volume there are many brilliant flashes of interest; but it is, above all, the Venetian Byron, Byron *Innamorato*—multitudinously *innamora'to*. We have not the filthy-wallowing Byron whom Shelley saw, and has recorded for all time. But that dubious praise of cynical candour which he claimed for himself these letters vindicate: he does not mitigate (though he may euphemise) the flagrantly physical nature of what it pleases him to call his "loves." Let us study, therefore, the sublime spectacle of the "noble Bard" in love; stripped of what the world long delighted (and the supreme French nation still delights) to consider poetry.

Settled in Venice, at the house of a draper in the Frezzeria, the susceptible Bard fell in love with his landlady, the draper's wife, Marianna Segati. All things considered, he imagined that he had the privilege of first debauching her. Other advices represent her as a woman who intrigued with all in the house, or who visited the house. But, as the noble Bard finely observes, "it does not much signify." In Venice, as he explains, it is considered striking, not to say virtuous, constancy if a married woman confine herself to one lover. Only the unmarried incur the charge of profligacy by admitting a paramour. So it only signifies what attractions Byron found in his landlady; and upon that subject he is eloquent to Moore:

Marianna is in her appearance altogether like an ante-lope. She has the large, black, oriental eyes, with that peculiar expression in them which is seen rarely among Europeans—even the Italians—and which many of the Turkish women give themselves by tinging the eyelid—an art not known out of that country, I believe. This expression she has naturally, and something more than this. In short, I cannot describe the effect of this kind of eye—at least upon me. Her features are regular, and rather aquiline—mouth small—skin clear and soft, with a kind of hectic colour—forehead remarkably good: her hair is of the dark gloss, curl, and colour of Lady Jersey's: her figure is light and pretty, and she is a famous songstress—scientifically so; her natural voice (in conversation, I mean) is very sweet; and the naïveté of the Venetian dialect is always pleasing in the mouth of a woman.

So Marianna began; but a "monstrous regiment of women" followed. Marianna's sister had the amiable desire to share her happiness, but did not share Byron, Marianna presenting her instead with sundry sisterly slaps in the face, which moved the dear child to tears by their impulsive warmth. The seraglio, indeed, through defective

arrangements of arrival and departure, clashed a good deal, even to tearing of hair and headgear. Marianna's particularly successful rival was a bakeress, Byron's account of whom to Murray is very frank, characteristic, and unquotably long. But here are some details:

The reasons of [her hold over me] were, firstly, her person—very dark, tall, the Venetian face, very fine black eyes—and certain other qualities which need not be mentioned. She was two-and-twenty years old, and, never having had children, had not spoilt her figure. She was, besides, a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her thoughts, in her countenance, in every thing, with all their naïveté and Pantaloon humour. In other respects she was somewhat fierce and *prepotente*, that is, overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, . . . and if she found any women in her way, she knocked them down.

At the masked ball on the last night of the Carnival, . . . she snatched off the mask of Madame Contarini, a lady noble by birth and decent in conduct, for no other reason but because she happened to be leaning on my arm. . . .

But her reign drew to a close. She became quite ungovernable. . . . I told her quietly that she must return home. . . . She refused to quit the house. I was firm, and she went, threatening knives and revenge. I told her that I had seen knives drawn before her time, and that if she chose to begin, there was a knife, and fork also, at her service on the table, and that intimidation would not do. The next day, while I was at dinner, she walked in (having broke open a glass door that led from the hall below to the staircase by way of prologue), and, advancing straight up to the table, snatched the knife from my hand, cutting me slightly in the thumb in the operation. Whether she meant to use this against herself or me, I know not—probably against neither—but Fletcher seized her by the arms and disarmed her. [He sent her home in his gondola.]

We heard a great noise. I went out, and met them . . . carrying her upstairs. She had thrown herself into the Canal. That she intended to destroy herself I do not believe; but when we consider the fear women and men who cannot swim have of deep or even of shallow water . . . and that it was also night, and dark, and very cold, it shows that she had a devilish spirit of some sort within her. . . .

I foresaw her intention to refix herself, and sent for a surgeon, inquiring how many hours it would require to restore her from her agitation; and he named the time. I then said, "I give you that time, and more if you require it; but at the expiration of the prescribed period, if *She* does not leave the house, *I* will."

All my people were consternated; they had always been frightened at her, and were now paralysed; they wanted me to apply to the police, to guard myself, &c. . . . I did nothing of the kind, thinking that I might as well end that way as another; besides, I had been used to savage women, and knew their ways. I had her sent home quietly after her recovery, and never saw her since, except once at the opera. . . . She made many attempts to return, but no more violent ones. And this is the story of Margarita Coggi, as far as it belongs to me.

Even with our abridgment, it is not the story of two people lovely and pleasant in their lives. We have omitted some rather plain language of the gentle Margarita; likewise certain significant asterisks—not of Byron's insertion—which are sprinkled liberally over these letters—the stars of heavy cracks in the ice of the proprieties. Byron apparently sometimes diversified the monotony of married intrigue by an infusion of the other kind of passion (passion is a word of conveniently flexible meaning). Let him tell his own story again; and this time with less interruption.

In going, about an hour and a half ago, to a rendezvous with a Venetian girl (unmarried, and the daughter of one of their nobles) I tumbled into the Grand Canal, and, not choosing to miss my appointment by the delays of changing, I have been perched in a balcony with my wet clothes on ever since, till this minute that on my return I have slipped into my dressing-gown. My feet slipped in

getting into my gondola to set out (owing to the cursed slippery steps of their palaces), and in I flounced like a Carp, and went dripping like a Triton to my sea-nymph, and had to scramble up to a grated window:

Fenced with iron within and without,
Lest the lover get in or the lady get out.

She is a very dear friend of mine, and I have undergone some trouble on her account, for last winter the truculent tyrant, her flinty-hearted father, having been informed by an infernal German, the Countess Vorsperg (their next neighbour), of our meetings, they sent a priest to me, and a Commissary of police, and they locked the Girl up, and gave her prayers and bread and water, and our connexion was cut off for some time; but the father hath lately been laid up, and the brother is at Milan, and the mother falls asleep, and the servants are naturally on the wrong side of the question, and there is no Moon at midnight just now, so that we have lately been able to recommence; the fair one is eighteen; her name, Angelina; the family name, of course, I don't tell you.

She proposed to me to divorce my mathematical wife, and I told her that in England we can't divorce except for female infidelity. "And pray," (said she), "how do you know what she may have been doing these last three years?" I answered that I could not tell, but that the " " was not quite so flourishing in Great Britain as with us here. "But," she said, "can't you get rid of her?" "Not more than is done already," (I answered): "you would not have me poison her?" Would you believe it? She made me no answer. Is not that a true and odd national trait? It spoke more than a thousand words, and yet this is a little, pretty, sweet-tempered, quiet, feminine being as ever you saw, but the Passions of a Sunny Soil are paramount to all other considerations. An unmarried Girl naturally wishes to be married: if she can marry and love at the same time it is well, but at any rate she must love. I am not sure that my pretty paramour was herself fully aware of the inference to be drawn from her dead Silence, but even the unconsciousness of the latent idea was striking to an observer of the Passions; and I never strike out a thought of another's or of my own without trying to trace it to its Source.

Flinty-hearted scoundrel of a father to lock up this sweet feminine creature from a noble Bard with an unattached wife and a semi-detached harem! Murray, the fortunate recipient of this improving correspondence, must have gained from it a knowledge of Italy not perhaps extensive, but decidedly peculiar; Byronically demonstrating that in Italy, at least, "every woman is at heart a rake." He will tell "my Murray" such a story as this of the Marchesa Castiglione, who had an *affaire* with Colonel Fitzgerald, twenty years her junior:

The war broke out, he returned to England, to serve—not his country, for that's Ireland—but England, which is a different thing; and *she*—heaven knows what she did. In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the Definitive Treaty of Peace was developed to the astonished Milanese by the arrival of Colonel Fitzgerald, who, flinging himself full at the feet of Madame Castiglione, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish-Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed, and exclaimed, "Who are you?" The Colonel cried, "What! don't you know me? I am so and so," &c.; till, at length, the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *povero* sub-lieutenant. She then said, "Was there ever such virtue?" (that was her very word) and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, reinstated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Abdiel of abseuce.

Yet Byron did get weary of it all. That departure to the Greek war was probably a genuine impulse to reach a nobler life than he had hitherto been living. Towards the close of his Venetian life he had thoughts of emigrating to Venezuela—and he gives the reasons to Hobhouse:

I am not tired of Italy, but a man must be a Cicisbeo and a singer in duets and a connoisseur of Operas—or nothing—here. I have made some progress in all these

accomplishments, but I can't say that I don't feel the degradation. Better be an unskilful Planter, an awkward settler—better be a hunter, or anything, than a flatterer of fiddlers and fan-carrier of a woman. I like women—God he knows—but the more their system here develops upon me, the worse it seems, after Turkey too; here the polygamy is all on the female side. I have been an intriguer, a husband, a woman-monger, and now I am a Cavalier Servente—by the holy! it is a strange sensation.

Yes, he began to feel the degradation. And after reading these letters—with all their literary interest and brilliance, which we have not illustrated, in order to notice that which is peculiarly and prominently characteristic of this present volume—we do not wonder at it. Over all the dash and *élan* one is paramountly sensible of the prodigal, the mournful waste of power.

Monstrous China.

China, the Long-Lived Empire. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. (The Century Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

"CHINA! Canton! Bless us—how it strains the imagination and makes it ache!" So Lamb to Manning in 1806. Wars, embassies, consulates, and massacres have not materially lessened that strain. China is still an abstraction. Every book of Chinese travel has the stamp of novelty. The writer on China has no need to steer a course between accumulated shoals of the trite. To do him justice, he generally writes with the newness and urgency of the Ancient Mariner:

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The sea of Chinese life is so vast, changeless, and strange, that this adjective "silent" hardly needs to be amended. What does China tell? The traveller goes thither only to hear the sempiternal chatter of the one race in whom stagnation does not connote decay. It was a happy fancy that made Lamb write to Manning, barely six years after his friend's departure to China:

Your friends have all got old—those you left blooming; myself (who am one of the few that remember you), those golden hairs which you recollect my taking a pride in, turned to silver and gray. . . . St. Paul's Church is a heap of ruins; the Monument isn't half so high as you knew it, divers parts being successively taken down which the ravages of time had rendered dangerous; the horse at Charing Cross is gone, no one knows whither; and all this has taken place while you have been settling whether Ho-hing-tong should be spelt with a — or a —.

It is in a spirit of wonder, of scarcely shaken incredulity, that one still turns to any book purporting to describe China. And the excellent book before us hits this mood. Mrs. Scidmore, who has seen, exclaims on China as heartily as the reader, who has not. "The most incomprehensible, unfathomable, inscrutable, contradictory, logical, and illogical people on earth."

Moreover, Mrs. Scidmore's zeal for travel in China has limitations which would probably be shared by most of us. She speaks of the repulsion which the traveller feels whenever he finds himself in the thick of Chinese life.

The hostility of the people, combined with a certain fraternity and equality; the close shouldering and elbowing of the filthy crowds whose solid, stolid, bovine stare, continued for hours, unpleasantly mesmerises one; the inevitable wrangling, haggling, and bribing before one can get in or out of any show-place, and the awful Chinese voice—in fact, the whole scheme and plan of the world Chinese—wear upon one, "get upon one's nerves," in a way and to a degree difficult to explain. . . . The traveller . . . soon feels that he must go, and China's edge is paved with broken intentions, travellers' plans and itineraries abandoned with zeal.

And apart from all special buffets and inconveniences

there is the deep-down, ever-felt enmity of races. Mrs. Seidmore goes too far when she says that affection is never possible between the Anglo-Saxon and the Chinese. Sir Robert Hart's brilliant career—which we hope against hope is not ended, and to which Mrs. Seidmore does the fullest justice—is a leading proof to the contrary. Yet the gulf between white and yellow is seldom bridged. The Englishman can stand most solitudes, but the solitude he feels among the Chinese has in it something nightmarish and horrible:

Their very numbers and sameness appal one, the frightful likeness of any one individual to all the other three hundred odd millions of his own people. Everywhere, from end to end of the vast empire, one finds them cast in the same unvarying physical and mental mold—the same yellow skin, hard features, and harsh, mechanical voice, the same houses, graves, and clothes; the same prejudices, superstitions, and customs; the same selfish conservatism, blind worship of precedent and antiquity; a monotony, unanimity, and repetition of life, character, and incident that offends one almost to resentment.

Everywhere on their tenth of the globe, from the edge of Siberia to the end of Cochin China, the same ignoble queue and the senseless cotton shirt are worn; everywhere this fifth of the human race is sunk in dirt and disorder, decadent, degenerate, indifferent to a fallen estate, consumed with conceit, selfish, vain, cowardly, and superstitious, without imagination, sentiment, chivalry, or sense of humour, combating with most zeal anything that would alter conditions even for the better, indifferent as to who rules or usurps the throne. There is no word or written character for patriotism in the language, hardly good ground in the minds and hearts for planting the seed of that sentiment, but there are one hundred and fifty ways of writing the characters for good luck and long life. And yet in no country have political martyrs ever died more nobly and unselfishly than those reformers executed at Peking in 1898. Although Mongol, Mirg, and Manchu won the empire by arms, the soldier is despised, as much the butt of dramatists as the priest. There is no respect or consideration for woman, who is a despised, inferior, and soulless creature, yet three times in these last forty years the dragon throne has been seized and the country hurried on to ruin by the same high-tempered, strong-willed, vindictive old Manchu dowager odalisk.

Tientsin—what, think you, is this place like, this name in the newspapers? Do you know that it contains, with its suburbs, more than a million people, and stretches for six miles along the banks of its muddy river? A drear congestion of humanity,

it is built of gray bricks, has dingy-tiled roofs, and, without space, splendour, greenery, or cleanliness anywhere about it, is but a huge warren, in whose narrow stone runs unceasing processions of people stream and scream and scold their way from dawn to dark.

The few mitigating features of Tientsin life do not dispel this impression, which is the more likely to be correct because in describing Peking Mrs. Seidmore takes other travellers to task for the too sober colouring of their descriptions of the Imperial city. But even in Peking the monstrousness of the city's life prevails over all detail. "Peking is the most incredible, impossible, anomalous, and surprising place in the world." The city suddenly presents itself to the eye by its walls.

Although one travels toward it across the great level plain that extends from Peking's suburban hills for seven hundred miles southward, the city walls are not distinguished until one is near them. Then they loom above, and stretch in such long, endless perspective, that one loses measure of their vastness, and the eye accepts them quite as much as a range of hills or any natural feature of the landscape.

The city, which is four cities clamped together by massive walls and strange gateways, is admirably described by Mrs. Seidmore, with touches which we have not met with elsewhere. One has read in many books of the beauty of the British Legation, with its

silent lawns and pavilions and its smooth-running, wholesome English life. But there is another side to that picture, curiously symbolic of the timid, precarious foothold which European diplomacy has in China.

If one enters the Tartar city through the high arch of the Hata-men, he comes almost immediately upon the Chiaomin Hsiang, or Legation Street, which runs parallel with the city wall for a mile, before debouching on the great square in front of the palace gate. All the foreign compounds are on or near that street, but it is a straggling, unpaved slum of a thoroughfare, along which are occasionally seen a European picking his way between the ruts and puddles with the donkeys and camels; envoys, plenipotentiaries, and scions of *la carrière diplomatique* having lived along this broad gutter for nearly forty years, and had just the effect upon imperial Peking that many barbarians had upon imperial Rome. . . . They have been content to wallow along this filthy Legation Street, breathing its dust, sickened with its mud and stenches, the highway before their doors a general sewer and dumping-ground for offensive refuse of every kind. The street is all gutter save where there are fragmentary attempts at a raised mudbank footwalk beside the house walls, for use when the cartway between is too deep a mud slough. "We are here on sufferance, under protest, you know," say the meek and lowly diplomats; "we must not offend Chinese prejudices." Moreover, all the Legations would not subscribe to an attempted improvement fund, nor all unite in demanding that the Chinese should clean, light, pave, and drain Legation Street—that jealousy of the Great Powers so ironically termed the "Concert of Europe" is as much to blame for this sanitary corner of Peking as for affairs in Crete and Armenia.

That is a surprising state of things, but, as Mrs. Seidmore elsewhere remarks, "China is China to the last word, triumphant over all agents of progress and regeneration." This remark was inspired by her first sight of a Chinese locomotive. The railway train of the West has, like Bottom, been translated—Chinesed.

There are seemingly no springs under the body of the coach, and the first-class passenger finds himself thumped about like a load of freight. Without carpet or cushion or curtain, carving, gilding, and surplus splendours, one is jolted along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. There were curtains and cushions in the first-class cars at the inauguration of railway travel, but the Chinese passengers took away every loose thing when they left the cars, even to the brass catches, snaps, and springs of the window-fastenings.

Perhaps the most laughable example of the Chinese capacity to be advanced and behindhand, learned and ignorant at one and the same moment is afforded by the Peking Board of Astronomers, who compute eclipses with accuracy for the official calendar, but, when the eclipse draws near, leave their instruments, and, assembling in the courtyard of the Observatory, frantically beat tom-toms to scare away the casual dragon which is about to swallow the sun or the moon.

Since the Legations are meanly environed, one might expect that the Chinese Council with which they deal, the Tsung-li-Yamen, was dazzling by contrast. Such is not the case. China deals with Europe through a Board which took its rise in 1860 as a mere temporary bureau of necessity, and which still ranks as an inferior Board outside the six great departments of government.

It has not even the honour of being housed within the Imperial City. Ministers have always a long, slow ride in state across to the shabby gateway of the forlorn old Yamen, where now eleven aged, sleepy incompetents muddle with foreign affairs. As these eleven elders have reached such posts by steady advances, they are always septuagenarians, worn out with the exacting, empty, routine rites and functions of such high office, and physically too exhausted by their midnight rides to and sunrise departures from the Palace to begin fitly the day's tedium at the dilapidated Tsung-li-Yamen.

The midnight rides to and from the palace are explained

by the fact that the Imperial Palace is busiest at night. Edicts are decreed by the light of thousands of vegetable wax candles, or were until the recent introduction of the electric light.

The Emperor Kwangsu was supposed to rise for his day at two o'clock in the morning, and, after the rites and ceremonies, to hold councils and audiences, receive memorials and reports, and work busily until after sunrise. He turned to relaxation when plebeian daylight came, and went wearily to bed about five o'clock in the afternoon. Audiences were set for the grisly hour just before dawn, and the assembled ministers usually waited sleepily on the imperial pleasure. Even the foreign envoys were bidden to their audience in the ignoble Pavilion of Purple Light at six o'clock in the morning, as to a French military court-martial.

We wonder whether Lamb's irresponsible chatter to Manning across Asia, his tea-cup pattern knowledge of China, will yield us a significant sentence in the present crisis. One feels that babes and sucklings can talk best on such a theme. And Lamb wrote jestingly: "Come out of Babylon, O, my friend! for her time is come; and the child that is native, and the Proselyte of her gates, shall kindle and smoke together."

Old Eyes, Young Heart.

The Flowing Tide. By Mme. Belloc. (Sands.)

"Young eyes saw," writes Mme. Belloc, "and an old heart remembers." But the heart of the writer of this book is young. She writes as one to whom the history of the world is set about the growth of the Church of Christ—the visible Church mounted upon the Seven Hills; as one to whom its ultimate triumph is assured by Divine guarantees—"Lo, I am with you all days," "The gates of hell shall not prevail." For her, living among the best of her brethren in the faith, dwelling aloof, perhaps, in memories of a great day of resuscitation, the important movement of the 'Forties still swells—that flowing tide is not yet at the flood. If her book, then, betrays a spirit of ecclesiastical optimism and a tendency to overrate the importance, the significance, even the number of the conversions to the Catholic and Roman Church, the fault springs from no unworthy or unamiable source. Its contents record mainly the personal impressions of an interested observer, not wide enough to form a safe basis for generalisation, but, because of their personal note, a contribution to the ecclesiastical history of the period that has a value of its own. The author is discursive, disjointed, occasionally careless of the niceties of accurate English, but often interesting and seldom positively dull.

Unlike the greater number of Rome's recruits in this country, Mme. Belloc came of a Nonconformist stock. Her people had received from the refugee priests of the French Revolution juster notions of the Catholic clergy and creed than those which had been generally handed down from the days of the Jesuit Persons and his ill-advised dalliance with treason. By their personal reminiscences she was in touch with the priest of Old Oscott, the Rev. Joseph Borington, a cousin of the bishop, with whom he served on what was known as the Catholic Committee—that body which, in its desire to secure from the Government of the day some mitigation of Catholic disabilities, was willing to accept, on behalf of Roman Catholics in England, the ludicrous title "Catholic dissenters." Among the intimate friends of the Parkes family was the famous old parson of Hatton, Dr. Parr, who daily used to send them "messengers with strange little notes, written in corners of his paper." For the Romish Church, according to the unwilling testimony of his biographer, "he ever entertained an almost reverential respect," and in praise of a certain divine he was wont to say that "he was a very learned man in the English

Church and would almost have been considered as in the Church of Rome." It was at the house of the conscientious biographer that Miss Bessie Parkes came first into contact with a representative of the old religion—a child with the splendid name of Adelaide de Lys, a French exile, who ate no flesh meat on Friday.

With the end of the burly Georgian period that laid out London in squares and covered the country with stage coaches and the ninepenny post, a new breath—who shall say whence?—stirred upon the stagnant air. St. Augustine and the Venerable Bede emerged from dusty shelves; Thomas à Kempis became a power in literature; an idealised vision of the mediæval Church rapt the minds of Oxford dons. The "Library of the Fathers" and the "Lives of the English Saints" appeared; Newman on the Mediterranean wrote the yearning lyric that, whatever its technical defects, laid a lasting hold upon the hearts of his countrymen. Not long since "There is no court of Rome," Sydney Smith had said, "and no Pope; there is a waxwork Pope and a waxwork court of Rome." Now to Wiseman, visiting London in 1835, came Newman and Hurrell Froude, as it were secretly, to learn upon what terms Rome might be disposed to mother them, and, learning that less than the whole Council of Trent was less than enough, went away sorrowful.

In 1849 Dr. Wiseman was appointed vicar-apostolic of the London District, and that same year—so far had public opinion advanced—in the presence of 240 priests and 14 bishops, he consecrated Pugin's large gingerbread cathedral in Southwark. The Gorham judgment, by which it was declared that in the Church of England the doctrine of baptismal regeneration was of optional tenure, gave a new impetus to the transition movement, and, with a multitude of others, swept into the fold James Hope, two of the Wilberforce family, and Manning. The next year, from "outside the Flaminian Gate," came Wiseman's proud pastoral announcing the re-establishment of a territorial hierarchy; and in view of Miss Parkes's window a wall was hideously frescoed with an ecclesiastical Guy Fawkes. Also the Pope, the twelve Bishops, and the Cardinal were burned in effigy, what time the loyal crowd chanted the National Anthem and the Morning Hymn. At the end of the long low building that was the first home of the Oratory in Brompton, she heard Faber preach; whose *All for Jesus* had taken pious London by storm, and provoked in the stolid minds of an older generation grave doubts as to his sanity—"Got a bee in 's bonnet," said a worthy Lancashire priest to a fellow ecclesiastic, and alleged the book as evidence. But Wiseman's judgment was different, who wrote to the Oratorian on his death-bed:

There can be no danger in dwelling on the mercies rather than on the justice of God, and, therefore, none in making the best of our claims upon the former, so as to disarm the latter. If one has for years been endeavouring to cleave to the Cross and to cling to the hem of Mary's garment, it is the office of hope to plead these affectionate occupations of a life in favour of mercy, grace, and confidence, at the approach of death. I only wish that I could look forward to similar motives and rights when, in the same crisis, the sense of such heavy responsibilities so little answered will weigh upon me.

An impression of singular vividness was made upon the chronicler by a man little known outside diocesan circles, and certainly alien enough in temper from the liberal woman of the world. Yet it would, perhaps, not be rash to conclude that he was the immediate agent of her conversion.

Whatever enthusiasm [she writes] lurked under Monsignor Gilbert's grave aspect could only be realised by noticing the tenacity with which he held on to his purposes, one of which, by the mercy of God, was to baptize a person in whom he appeared to take a deep interest. . . . To give good plain advice, according to his best lights; to expound, without personal urgency nevertheless, a certain

rigid unimaginative faith which was to him as an iron rod which braced him up, body and soul, and which kept him working at his desk within four hours of his death from bronchitis—such was the conception of duty of my dear revered friend. I remember, as if it were yesterday, a conversation he held with me about the damnation of the heathen, and especially the Chinese, and the expression of his face as he said that it was by no means an article of faith that the Chinese, bad as they were, were too bad to afford hope about them as a whole. He said to me, "You are not bound to believe they will be—but I do."

Mme. Belloc's outlook is not confined to her own country. On the continent of Europe and in the United States of America the tide is still, to her eyes, a flowing one. An eddy of it she takes to be the movement in the Established Church which, though making in all things towards conformity with Rome, is yielding at the present time but a scanty harvest. But she is impressed by its proportions, and by the real zeal which, in the midst of a good deal of affectation and self-will, does make itself here and there manifest. Figures from Gorman's *Rome's Recruits* furnish her with a final flourish. And certainly none need grudge her whatever confirmation she may derive from the 205 officers of the army and the 446 divines who, in half a century, have arrayed themselves beneath the papal standard.

"Oriel Bill" and Dr. Hill.

Some Oxford Pets. Edited by Mrs. Wallace. (Blackwell.)

WRITING about pets has always been one of the literary luxuries. However busy an author may be, he can always readily find time to extol a favourite dog or cat and throw his best into it. Nor does the question of money enter. In other words, writing about pets belongs to the open-handed literature of friendliness.

And this is a very friendly little book, full of good human nature and good dog and cat nature. In response to an appeal from Mrs. Wallace, the editor, a number of people have written kindly and humorously of their pets, in order that the book, when complete, might be sold for the benefit of the funds now being raised for the wounded in the Transvaal War. Mr. Warde Fowler, author of *Tales of the Birds*, supplies a preface, and then we come right away upon the hero of the book, "Oriel Bill," the famous bull-dog of Oriel College.

The Rev. L. R. Phelps, who serves as Bill's elegist, has a very pretty humorous gift, and these five pages are pleasant reading. Oriel Bill was as much a character, an individual, as the Master of Balliol. He would associate with none but Oriel men; he would enter college only on the annual photographing ceremony, when he settled himself on a table and "faced the camera with placid courage"; he attended all college matches, and once, on a very hot day, he jumped into a hansom and returned to town in comfort. "In the time of his hot youth," says Mr. Phelps, "he was seen at his best in a field of cows." He was charming with children; he appeared twice on the stage, once as Lance's dog in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"; he was photographed in dozens of curious attitudes in cap and gown; he could not abide fireworks. "No one who ever saw him stretched before the fire, his huge head on his forepaws, his hind legs stretched out behind him, with that inimitable look of pain which goes with a high ideal on his face, and who heard him snore, will ever forget it." After an illustrious career Oriel Bill slipped into self-indulgence and died on May 22, 1898.

Among the other papers in this agreeable book is one by Prof. Max Müller on his dachshunds, Waldmann and Männerl, who was own brother to Matthew Arnold's Geist; an account of Tom of Corpus, the Christchurch cat; and the description of Skian, a "Mull terrier." It

was to Skian (Mrs. Massie's dog) that Dr. Birkbeck Hill wrote the following epistle:

To His Highness, Skian,
The Dog(e) of Oxford.

MY DEAR SKIAN,—Many thanks for your kind present of your own portrait. I have shown it to my cat Hodge; after gazing at it a while she said, with a sigh, that there was nothing that she would more willingly lead than a cat and dog life with you. If you would only come and sit in my study with her, I should find it very easy to sit down doggedly and write. Jesuit's bark would not be nearly so bracing as your honest and friendly one, which greets me every morning. You might make me, perhaps, a little too dogmatic, but at all events there is nothing of a puppy about you. How pleasantly you and I could write doggerel verses together, and how helpful would you be to my niece Lillian in her dog-Latin. She would be so grateful to you for your assistance, that at the end of every lesson she would sing the dogsology—I hope that I spell it rightly. It is all very well for the poet to sing:

"My boat is on the shore
My bark is on the sea";

had he known you and lived here he would have wished your bark to be at No. 3, The Crescent. I am not fond of quarrelling, but I should dearly like to have a bone to pick with you every day of my life. If you would not think it personal, I would propose that we should drink dog's nose together. "Love me, love my dog," is all very well: but how if the dog you love is not yours but Mrs. Massie's? I wish she would give you an ill-name, and then she might as well—not hang you—but send you to me. As long as you were in the room I could never be so churlish as to say: "When I ope my lips let no dog bark." You might bark as often as you pleased. Your motto and Hodge's shall be: "The cat will mew and dog will have his day," and your day shall be a very long one. So, my dear Skian, pray show your mistress two fair pairs of heels, and run away to your friend G. BIRKBECK HILL.

When Dr. Hill has entirely done with Dr. Johnson, he might add to the gaiety of nations by a volume of familiar epistles to his friends' dogs.

Other New Books.

THOMAS GIRTIN.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

Mr. Binyon is connected with the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, and the circumstance has been of advantage to him in preparing this handsome literary and pictorial memoir of the young artist to whom Turner acknowledged his indebtedness. In setting forth the chief incidents of Girtin's short and brilliant life, Mr. Binyon has perforce relied mainly on Mr. Roget's history of the Old Water Colour Society, where the known facts about Girtin are collected. The son of a Southwark rope-maker, Girtin was London born and bred. Adelphi-terrace is the spot most associated with his name. There he was apprenticed to the well-known Edward Dayes, and there he grew so tired of laying flat tints on Dayes's prints that he ran away. His reward was imprisonment in the Fleet as a refractory apprentice; but tradition has it that he won his first recognition within those forbidding precincts. Lord Essex is said to have come thither to see the graceful drawings with which Girtin had covered the walls of his bare room. Anyhow, Girtin soon found a more genial master in John Raphael Smith, for whom he laid on flat tints without repining. Mr. Binyon justly remarks that this flat-washing was the very work to develop the sureness of hand which distinguished even the minor water-colourists of that day. At Smith's Girtin and Turner came together, and Girtin's progress was for some years more rapid than Turner's. The youths often spent their evenings with Dr. Monro or Dr. Henderson, two *dilettanti* who lived in Adelphi-terrace, and there they met De Wint, Cotman, Hunt, Varley, and others.

So that Adelphi-terrace is for ever associated with that delightful band of water-colour artists whose work is as English and inspired as anything in British Art.

Mr. Binyon usefully points out that this revival—not rise—of water-colour drawing belonged to a very ordinary, and, indeed, commercial, movement. There was a kind of rage for national topography. Copper-plate views were the desired embellishment of the drawing-room table. Girtin and his contemporaries worked to produce a drawing that would engrave. And this fact explains the quiet, grey tones of their pictures. They usually laid in the design with a faint grey, and worked on that as a basis. Girtin soon made himself an adept. He brought little that was new to the method, but he had a sure hand and a fund of real feeling. He excelled in rendering atmosphere, and the light on the stones of old ruins. Light and the veils and accidents which make it beautiful, he loved, and space and solitude and graceful decay lured him unfailingly. Mr. Binyon claims that no one has excelled him in rendering “the beauty of the colour of old stone, with all its fadings and enrichings by air and sunshine and the kind neglect of man.” Necessarily, much of this charm is lost in the photographic reproductions which follow the text. Yet there is no difficulty in tracing it in the autotypes of “Landisfarne Abbey” and in “Durham Cathedral.” Perhaps Girtin’s command over light and atmosphere is best seen in the autotype of his lovely “White House at Chelsea,” now in the possession of Mr. Horatio L. Michells. The exquisite airiness, freshness, and ethereal perspective of this drawing are not to be described. Mr. Binyon tells how Turner praised it:

A dealer called on him in a hackney coach one morning, and looking at his work, said: “These are very fine, Mr. Turner, but I have brought something finer with me.” “I don’t know what that can be,” returned the painter, “unless it’s Tom Girtin’s ‘White House at Chelsea.’”

Girtin’s undoubted genius, and his early death, go far to justify Mr. Binyon in associating his name with that of Keats. It is matter for congratulation that this adequate memorial of a fine painter has been made; and we echo the wish that Girtin’s claims may be further satisfied by an exhibition of his original drawings. Mr. Binyon has done all, short of that, which can bring his qualities into fresh notice. (Seeley.)

CYCLING ON THE ALPS: A PRACTICAL GUIDE.

By C. L. FREESTON.

Mr. Freeston’s practical guide sets one panting for the “ample ether” of the Alpine passes. You may not, it is true, be able to push your machine to the summit of the Matterhorn, and coast down the other side to dinner and bed; but the passes are quite accessible to a bicycle—that is to say, a bicycle may be pushed up and ridden down with no particular exertion or danger. In the Engadine the prospect is even brighter:

As a cycling ground the Engadine is unique, for it affords the rider a means of cycling sixty miles on end without a yard of walking, and yet—mark this—at a mean altitude exceeding that of the topmost peak of the loftiest mountain in Great Britain. At its highest point the Engadine road is six thousand feet high; it is nearly four thousand at its lowest, and this minor difference is almost evenly distributed along the entire route.

That is the excellence of the roads in the Alpine passes. For the Swiss roadmakers are the best in the world, and their carefully graduated zig-zags never approach the steepness of our “dangerous to cyclist” hills. Mr. Freeston, who has ridden, with ladies too, over most of the well-known passes, has had to dismount from motives of caution but once, when a cart blocked the entrance to an Alpine village.

To those who wish to follow in his footsteps Mr. Freeston gives clear and full advice as to route and points of halt. Energy is needed, for there are stretches which

the bicycle must be brought up by hand. But there is the glorious coast in view, to say nothing of the scenery. And when the rider begins to coast he need fear no sudden drop, no cross roads with slumbering waggons to vex him. Let him ride with care round the corners of the zig-zag road; let him have a couple of brakes on his machine, and no accident is likely to mar his joy. In conclusion, we may say that Mr. Freeston has omitted almost everything from his book that would not interest the intending cyclist in the Alps, and omitted nothing that could help him. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

KING ALFRED’S VERSION OF THE CONSOLATIONS OF BOETHIUS.

EDITED BY
DR. SEDGEFIELD.

THE approaching “Alfred Millenary” is already yielding its crop of volumes. This is the third or fourth that has come under our notice. Dr. Sedgefield has previously edited for the Clarendon Press a critical edition of King Alfred’s Anglo-Saxon version of Boethius. He now attempts to bring the most interesting work of the scholarship before a wider public, by turning the Anglo-Saxon as literally as possible into modern English. A careful introduction contains specimens of a number of English versions of the *De Consolatione* subsequent to Alfred’s. They are those of Chaucer, John Walton (1410), George Colville (1556), Sir Thomas Challoner (1563), Queen Elizabeth (1593), J. T. (1609), Harry Coningsby (1664), “A Lover of Truth and Virtue” (1674), Lord Preston (1695), William Causton (1730), Philip Ridpett (1785), Robert Duncan (1789), Anon. (1792), H. R. James (1897). Dr. Sedgefield takes the second “prose” of the fourth book, and the second “metre” of the third book as test passages, and, as he says, his extracts “give a fair idea of the course of English translation during the last five hundred years.” But, curiously enough, he has omitted the most memorable—after Chaucer, and, perhaps, Alfred himself—of all Boethius’ translators. This is Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, who, in his *Olor Iscanus* (1651) and *Thalia Rediviva* (1678) gave admirable versions of more than half the metrical portions of the *De Consolatione*. Vaughan will very much more than endure Dr. Sedgefield’s test. In fact, he is a poet, while most of his rivals are the merest rhymesters. Thus Lord Preston:

I’ll take my harp, and touch each warbling string,
And I, her Bard, will sing
Of Nature’s powerful Hand
Which doth with Reins the Universe command,
My Song shall comprehend each Law,
By which she doth all Beings bind, and awe,
I’ll read her mighty Pandects o’r,
My eye into each Page shall look
Of the Elephantine Book,
And I her choicest Secrets will explore.

Thus Coningsby, as trite as his fellow is diffuse:

Kind Nature the whole World does guide,
With Gordian Knot does bind,
Does certain Laws for it provide,
Which now to warble is my miud.

And thus Vaughan:

What fix’d affections, and lov’d laws—
Which are the hid, magnetic cause—
Wise Nature governs with, and by
What fast, inviolable tie
The whole creation to her ends
For ever provident she bends:
All this I purpose to rehearse
In the sweet airs of solemn verse.

(Clarendon Press.)

NOTES ON PRINTERS AND BOOKSELLERS. BY C. GERRINO.

A bookish man is easily pleased with chatter about books, and Mr. Gerring’s compilation of notes on the history of bookmaking and bookselling and on the personalities of Mr. Bernard Quaritch and other booksellers may find its public. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Fiction.

The Mechanics of Heroism.

Black Heart and White Heart, and Other Stories. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans. 6s.)

Daniel Herrick. By Sidney Herbert Burchell. (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

Paul the Optimist. By W. P. Dothie. (John Long. 6s.)

THE real converse of egoism is not, as some think, altruism, but hero-worship. It is, in fact, a great relief from the tormenting envies of life to gaze on some manifest and overtopping figure of success standing clearly out amid the striving herd. Even embittered rivals may be at peace while admiring the same superior being uplifted convincingly above them both by his own stature and not by any mere pedestal. Envy comes in when, by standing on tiptoe, a man gets level with his superior, not when his superior tops him by more than a head. Healthy hero-worship not only is the converse of envy, but it yields delightful anodyne for envy's pangs. Something of ourselves must needs reside in what we worship. Our hero is ever, as far as we are concerned, a projection of our own consciousness into a kind of heaven, whatever our hero may be in himself.

So in fiction. It is because we feel with the hero that we enjoy him. And how do we know the hero? Easily enough. The hero wins his way through, and because of, everything to triumphant self-expression. He bursts into flower. If he renounce, behold his head garnished with a halo. If he die, behold him a trailing cloud of glory. If he be happy, behold him splendidly happy, yoked to Earth's loveliest. The career of a hero feeds the eye of the hero-worshipper. The concept of success is greater in his mind by the sight, and he is happy by sympathy and the spell of a dream.

But the hero must be human; his heroism must be illustrated in such fashion that he never passes wholly into the misty region of the demi-god. When, for instance, we read in the Cuchullin Saga that Cúchulainn "dealt three blows in the liss, so that eight men fell from each blow, and one escaped in each group of nine," we simply shrug our shoulders wearily. The feat transcends possibility; but not in that alone is the boast of it nothing. We lack circumstance; it is not "reported." When, however, Guy Livingstone, in dying, crushes the silver cup in his hand we feel both man and matter; the grip is on the mind as well as on the cup.

Mr. Rider Haggard has never neglected this golden rule of hero-creation—*visualise*. His grandiose situations are always clearly conceived and are appreciated accordingly. He has given us many Guy Livingstones in savage setting, and he loves to exhibit them in Berserk mood. It is a black Guy Livingstone—one of Cetywayo's Zulus—whom he gives us in *Black Heart and White Heart*: "With a roar like a lion's" he seized a man "round the waist and thigh," and "hurled him over the edge of the cliff to find his death on the rocks of the Pool of Doom." We watch him racing on foot after his galloping enemy "White Heart" (a scoundrel of Herculean strength), till finally they wrestle for life and death. But Mr. Haggard is weary of muscular strength; and, though there is prodigious exercise of this gift in the three stories contained in his latest volume, it is not primary and ultimate; it falls short of the heroic. Courage of soul as against physical prowess is the theme that is uppermost in two of these stories. This is an advance, for there is a taint of the shambles in all Berserk rages, but it is an advance that means no decline in a certain gruesome picturesqueness. An attempt, in language at times curiously modern, to recreate a city of Monomotapa gives us a Hebrew martyr, and Divine justice does not allow a lover to be happy who has bowed to Baal for the sake of saving the life of his sweetheart.

But heroism is allowed the last word. It is not Mr. Haggard's way to leave arch enemies in ascendance. Irony is alien to the heroic spirit. "An eye for an eye" is a motto dear to those who perceive the hurt of heroes. Mr. Haggard's martyr finds time to utter the scathing contents of a page before he is murdered, and an arrow shot from the base of a cliff by an outraged hero finds a vital spot in a ruffianly king standing on the summit.

The missionary hero is an individual whom Mr. Haggard treats in decidedly striking fashion. What if a believer were required to demonstrate the literal truth of his message at the peril of his life? That is the question the novelist set himself, and in sending the Rev. Thomas Owen among "The Sons of Fire" he allows great faith the privilege of proving its validity. Semi-miracles happen, and the missionary converts the "wizard" who poisons him. The wizard becomes a martyr, and in the attitude of crucifixion is seen animating the troops of his king. He dies potent, brilliant, prophetic. Ah, Mr. Haggard, what an incorrigible hero-monger you are!

A hero of a kind that requires more managing than the Haggardian type is that of the modern pseudo-historical novel. Mr. Burchell has made some reputation as a depicter in romance of the Stuart period. The essay in art of such a novel as *Daniel Herrick*, which takes up the period of Charles II., and sketches his wronged Portuguese queen in some detail, was clearly more difficult to execute—all things considered, more ambitious too—than the tasks lately performed by Mr. Haggard. Admit that Mr. Burchell shows greater deftness than Mr. Haggard, and puts into his puppets more of the stuff of men and women as this poor world produces them, still one must consider Mr. Burchell the inferior romancer of the two. Why? Because Mr. Burchell's hero eavesdrops too luckily, because coincidence is too obsequious to him. In real life coincidence is so rare that its occurrence frequently betrays our superstition, or our desire not to be thought superstitious. In fiction it is a monstrosity. Daniel Herrick tells his own tale. He is the offspring of unknown parents, and one congratulates Mr. Burchell for a courageous realism in allowing one of them to have been a rascal. He spends laborious days in serving his queen privily, and in endeavouring to unravel a case of abduction. Wherefore he is persistently haunted by a hag, heroically aided by a comely dame who loves him, but to whom he can only be brotherly, and sentenced to death by a treasonable assembly. A hag, mark you, affords an excellent foil to a hero; she makes the reader twice as uneasy as an ordinary villain. Mr. Burchell, be it added, invokes the Plague to serve the hero in an extremity, paints a touching portrait of poor Queen Catherine, and a sprightly one of "Old Rowley."

Remains a hero of a third sort—wooden, yet throbbing with a certain genuineness of intention—the idealistic intention of his creator. Paul the Optimist is a man who is not to be knocked down or discoloured by buffets of mortal chance. He is truthful; he has a sort of clairvoyance, yet he falls into a murder-trap and is nearly killed. As tailor's assistant, pawnbroker's clerk, clerk in some gasworks, he stands for plain realism if you disentangle him from the terrible thicket of plot into which Mr. Dothie, with short-sighted ingenuity, has led him. "Where would you be without the old Bethlehem miracle?" is the last question in the book. "I suppose nowhere," is the optimist's reply. It is a pity that words of such eloquent orthodoxy cannot be considered to furnish a key to a really perverse romance, in which much excellent observation and an often distinguished style are set at naught by the imported falsehoods of cheap melodrama. The author's villains amuse by their fictional self-consciousness. They are absurdly perfect in their parts. A sketch of madness on pp. 98, 99, true to the stealthy logicity, the brutal inconsequence which maniacs display, is, in its excellence, the best rebuke to Mr. Dothie's gaudier sensations. It is a

pity that a writer's good things are often only his side-shows.

To sum up, we have taken a few heroes from contemporary fiction, and find them not unheroic, but, on the whole, too showy, too well abetted by circumstance, too little realised from within. We do not want imitations; but would it not be a good thing if some of our hero-makers would ponder the character of a certain Beauchamp of story who died in saving a guttersnipe? For there in all fulness is the futility and fineness of the hero—there is the churning process exhibited; there is the waste and anguish felt; and at last, after countless irritations, the beauty seen. After him, fiction seems to deal in toy heroes.

The Father Confessor: Stories of Death and Danger. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock & Co. 6s.)

MRS. SHORTER is a poet, and her imagination concerns itself more with ideas than with environments. In the picturesque ballads for which she is best known, it is the idea which reigns over all; everything else is reduced to the simplest, austere convention—lowered to a mere illustrative function. So with these stories: the basis of the story is an idea, and the story exists merely to illustrate and demonstrate the idea. Thus, in "The Three Travellers," the idea is that a woman always demands physical courage from a man, and Mrs. Shorter has devised rather a clever plot in which a woman loses her life in order to conceal from others the fact that her man is lacking in this attribute of physical courage. "The Three Travellers" is one of the best tales in the book, boldly conceived, and narrated with vigour. But it fails in conviction, like nearly all the other tales, because, though idealistically true, it is deficient in symmetry of convention. It begins with the meeting of three travellers at an inn:

Two of them were young, the third was grey-haired and wrinkle-faced. They were discussing women's love. The youngest argued lightly, because he delighted in debate.

The second bitterly, because he had been jilted and fancied himself still in love.

The grey third without emotion, because he had known sorrow.

"For fairy gifts to win the heart of my fair lady," said the youngest, "were we in the magic days of old, I would ask nothing save a light heart and a handsome face with few harsh years stamped upon it."

And so on. Now there is no reason why a tale should not be cast in this convention, remote from the vulgar realism of outward fact, on a fairy plane. The reader well knows that men never actually did talk as these three travellers are made to talk; but the apparent untruthfulness does not distress him, because he feels at once that the author is aiming at a different, a more intimate and subtle, kind of truth. But later on in the story Mrs. Shorter declines into a hackneyed realism of flooded rivers, shattered bridges, and imperilled railway trains. This will not do. A story cannot be told in two absolutely different conventions. As it begins, so it must continue and end. In another story, "Transmigration," the same thing is to be observed:

"I heard you call," he said; "and, fearing you were ill, I entered. I am your neighbour, my latch-key fits your door. You must pardon my coming, but, thinking you were ill—and alone—"

"I am alone," I said—"alone, alone, deserted alike by God and man. Body and soul I am alone, and sick unto death."

Caught up by the spiritual idea governing this story, the reader would properly forget that sick people do not talk like a Hebrew psalm—"Body and soul I am alone and sick unto death"; but Mrs. Shorter, by the inopport-

tune introduction of a latch-key, recalls him to trivial actualities, and the result is a disastrous confusion. With the possible exception of "The Fourth Generation," which is fairly naturalistic throughout, all the tales are more or less marred by this mixture of idealism and realism. Mrs. Shorter has tried to achieve the impossible. It is a pity, for there is fine emotion and nobility in the volume.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE DESCENT OF THE DUCHESS. BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

Smart holiday reading. "Twelve months after the Duke died the Duchess of Teviotdale declared she was tired of being good and respectable. . . . 'I shall travel. I shall go where nothing matters. . . . I'll go to America. I once met an American—' 'Yes?' said Minnie. 'Who was perfectly shameless. . . . He made love to me in the most original, unregulation way you ever heard of, Minnie. He never pulled the end of his moustache, or said *Haw!* And I remember he said that he was as independent as a hog on ice.'" The Duchess went to America. The first chapter is called "The Frying Pan"; the second, "The Fire." (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

A PRINCE OF SWINDLERS. BY GUY BOOTHBY.

There are novelists who dare to inflict prologues on their readers. Mr. Boothby, with an easy courage, here gives us a preface and an introduction occupying fifty pages. It is on page 51 that he cuts the cackle and comes to the diamonds—the Duchess of Wiltshire's diamonds. The detective's name was Klimo, and "princes became familiar with it as their train bore them to Windsor to luncheon with the Queen; the nobility noticed and commented on it as they drove about town; merchants . . . street-boys . . . music-hall artistes . . ." they all had Klimo's name on their lips. (Ward, Lock. 5s.)

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS. BY E. BERTHET. TRANS. BY M. C. HELMORE.

This is a stirring story of the period preceding the French Revolution, with the special interest which attaches to subterranean doings. "Chavigny!" said Philippe enthusiastically, "the early Christians took refuge in the catacombs of Rome, waiting until God permitted them to change the whole aspect of the world. We are other new religionists . . . we must wait as they did, hidden in the depths of the earth till the hour of our triumph—our martyrdom—arrives!" (Constable. 6s.)

THE MYSTIC NUMBER SEVEN. BY ANNABEL GRAY.

Gorgeous melodrama. The heroine had been born over a muffin shop in Bow, but comes into our ken possessed of "hats, gowns, jewels, horses, carriages, and corsets at extravagant prices . . . a cellar of costly vintages, a refined maid who knew her business. . . . Her gold-stoppered scent-bottles were inlaid with diamonds. . . . Her sables were valued at five thousand pounds . . . She looked lovely on the stage. . . . Twisting her costly diamond rings or arranging roses with diamonds in them to represent dewdrops in her hair, Glen shuddered as she thought of ordinary life." (Simpkin, Marshall.)

AGATHA WEBB. BY ANNA K. GREEN.

A rousing, full-blooded, melodramatic novel, good for pier-head reading, by the author of *The Leavenworth Case*. Dancing and murder begin in the first chapter, and the game is well kept up. (Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY.

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FitzGerald Sans Omar.

LAST week we dealt on this page with that eccentric movement, the Omar Cult. We do not know how we can offer our readers a more drastic change of fare than by simply drawing attention to Edward FitzGerald's quiet life of books, and walks, and letter-writing at Woodbridge, in which Omar Khayyám and all his works were but an incident. To some FitzGerald without Omar may seem like "Hamlet" without the Prince, but that is a ludicrous misconception impossible to anyone who knows FitzGerald's Letters. We firmly believe that these Letters have been overshadowed by the *Rubáiyat*, and are by no means so widely read and loved as they would be if their claims had not been thus obscured. They are among the best in their world, and one might make all sorts of comparisons between them and the letters of Byron, Cowper, Lamb, and the rest—from which they would emerge wearing still their own peculiar charm. They are, perhaps, the most natural letters in the language. They are packed with matter, yet are perfectly easy, almost lazy, in their movement. Their peculiar quality is, perhaps, to be expressed by transferring to them a thought contained in Bacon's essay on Friendship, and discussed by FitzGerald himself in an early letter to his friend Allen. He says:

Lord Bacon's Essay on Friendship is wonderful for its truth: and I often feel its truth. He says that with a Friend "a man *tosseth* his thoughts," an admirable saying, which one can understand, but not express otherwise. But I feel, that being alone, one's thoughts and feelings, from want of communication, become heaped up and clotted together, as it were: and so lie like undigested food heavy upon the mind: but with a friend one *tosseth* them about, so that the air gets between them, and keeps them fresh and sweet. I know not from what metaphor Bacon took his "*tosseth*," but it seems to me as if it was from the way hay-makers toss hay, so that it does not press into a heavy lump, but is tossed about in the air, and separated, and thus kept sweet.

FitzGerald *tosseth* his thoughts continually through his Letters. He had time to think, and time to toss. At thirty-two he had already got well into the Quiet Life. To Frederic Tennyson he wrote in 1841:

Day follows day with unvaried movement: there is the same level meadow with geese upon it always lying before my eyes: the same pollard oaks: with now and then the butcher or the washerwoman trundling by in their carts.

And again, to the same friend:

I read of mornings; the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones: walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open window, up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself. We have had such a spring (baking the last two days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! white clouds

moving over the new fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see!

Books are the theme of FitzGerald's Letters. He digresses to pictures, to boats, and to village lore, but the principal events in his life are the opening of new books or old ones. His Letters are an inspiring record of quiet, thorough, personal, unpretentious reading, such as, one fancies, is scarce enough nowadays. Whatever FitzGerald's achievements as a writer may be, they are not more valuable than the example of his wise reading. Ever ready to laugh at the "mob" of writers, FitzGerald found that word entirely to his taste when he discussed reading. He was of the mob of readers, and believed in the taste of the mob—not, perhaps, of the mob we name nowadays, but of the quiet, armchair, reading people, who read and have read for their pleasure since printing began. He preferred the judgments of this mob to those of Higher Critics. He thought that the truth was with the People. When some scholar said he would prove that Richard III. had no hump to his back, FitzGerald wrote:

I am strongly in favour of the hump; I do not think the common sense of two centuries is apt to be deceived in such a matter.

And in a letter to Donne, written when he was nearing sixty, FitzGerald used the same point in a passage which is an admirable statement of the position and critical power of the ordinary cultivated reader of books as compared with the scholar. He wrote, with many capitals:

When your letter was put into my hands, I happened to be reading Montaigne L. iii. ch. 8, De L'Art de Conferer, where at the end he refers to Tacitus; the only Book, he says, he had read consecutively for an hour together for ten years. He does not say very much; but the Remarks of such a Man are worth many Cartloads of German Theory of Character, I think; their Philology I don't meddle with. I know that Cowell has discovered that they are all wrong in their Sanskrit. Montaigne never doubts Tacitus' facts: but doubts his Inferences; well, if I were sure of his Facts I would leave others to draw their Inferences. I mean, if I were Commentator, certainly: and I think if I were Historian too. Nothing is more wonderful to me than seeing such Men as Spedding, Carlyle, and I suppose Froude, straining Fact to Theory as they do, while a scatter-headed Paddy like myself can keep clear. But then so does the Mob of Readers. Well, but I believe in the Vox Populi of two hundred years—still more, of two thousand. And, whether we be right or wrong, we prevail: so, however much wiser are the Builders of Theory, their Labour is but lost who build: they can't reason away Richard's Hump, nor Cromwell's Ambition, nor Henry's Love of a new Wife, nor Tiberius' beastliness. Of course, they had all their Gleams of Goodness: but we of the Mob, if we have any Theory at all, have that which all Mankind have seen and felt, and know as surely as Daylight; that Power will tempt the Best.

It was in this spirit of freedom and self-choosing that FitzGerald read his books and rapped out his little judgments. His Letters are an education in personal enjoyment of books. He is not unconscious nor un-proud of this freedom, which he evidently traced partly to his isolation at Woodbridge, and his immunity there from the invasions of the general cackle of criticism. Thus to Prof. Cowell he writes, in 1868:

"Locksley Hall" is far more like Lucretius than the last verses put into his mouth by A. T. But once get a Name in England, you may do anything. But I dare say that wise men too, like Spedding, will be of the same mind as the Times Critic. (I have not seen him.) What does Thompson say? You, I, and John Allen, are among the few, I do say, who, having a good natural Insight, maintain it undimmed by public, or private, Regards.

But if Woodbridge gave a free sway to his literary affections, it may have narrowed the range of the books on which his affections could alight and linger. "I

* Letters of Edward FitzGerald. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 5s. each.)

Letters to Fanny Kemble. (Macmillan. 5s.)

cannot," he writes, "get on with Books about the Daily Life, which I find rather insufferable in practice about me. I never could read Mrs. Austen, nor (later) the famous George Eliot. Give me People, Places, and Things which I don't and can't see; Antiquaries, Jeanie Deans, Dalgettys, &c. . . . As to Thackeray's, they are horrible . . . wonderful he is, but not Delightful, which one thirsts for as one gets old and dry." This distaste for Thackeray was new, had developed; but to Jane Austen FitzGerald never did take kindly. To W. F. Pollock, who often wrote on Fiction, he says: "I laid out half-a-crown on your Fraser, and like much of it very much. . . . A little too much always about Miss Austen, whom I think quite capital in a Circle I have found quite unendurable to walk in." And to the same friend he wrote on a like occasion:

Can't you send me your Paper about the Novelists. As to which is the best of all I can't say. . . . I am . . . sure that Miss Austen cannot be third, any more than first or second: I think you were rather drawn away by a fashion when you put her there: and really old Spedding seems to me to have been the Stag whom so many followed in that fashion. She is capital as far as she goes: but she never goes out of the Parlour; if but Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of Fielding's Brutes, would but dash in upon the Gentility and swear a round Oath or two! I must think the "Woman in White," with her Count Fosco, far beyond all that. Cowell constantly reads Miss Austen at night after his Sanskrit Philology is done: it composes him like Gruel: or like Paisiello's Music, which Napoleon liked above all others, because he said it didn't interrupt his Thoughts.

It is odd that, rejecting Miss Austen, FitzGerald should have warned to Trollope. Of all English novelists he, perhaps, gave most allegiance to Richardson. But he desired to abridge him. To John Allen he writes:

The piece of Literature I really could benefit Posterity with, I do believe, is an edition of that wonderful and aggravating Clarissa Harlowe; and this I would effect with a pair of Scissors only. It would not be a bit too long as it is, if it were all equally good; but pedantry comes in, and might, I think, be cleared away, leaving the remainder one of the *great original Works of the World*, in this Line. Lovelace is the wonderful character, for Wit: and there is some grand Tragedy, too. And nobody reads it!

The idea of a rape of Clarissa's locks dwelt with him, and Pollock was the next to hear of it:

I saw advertised in my old Athenæum a Review of Richardson's Novels in the January Cornhill. So I bought it. . . . Whether you wrote the article or not, I know you are one of the few who have read the Book. [FitzGerald refers to *Clarissa Harlowe*.] The Reviewer admits that it might be abridged; I am convinced of that, and have done it for my own satisfaction: but you this was not to be done. So here is internal proof that you didn't write what Thackeray used to call the *Hurticle*, or that you have changed your mind on that score. But you haven't. But I know better, Lord bless you: and am sure I could (with a pair of Scissors) launch old Richardson again: we shouldn't go off the stocks easy (pardon nautical metaphors), but stick by the way, amid the jeers of Reviewers who had never read the original: but we should float at last. Only I don't want to spend a lot of money to be hooted at, without having time to wait for the floating.

One of the excellent things about FitzGerald's Letters, considered as a record of his reading, is that he is never too bookish. Anon he looks out of his window at the green fields of Woodbridge, or the wandering fields of foam. How the joys of Books and of Nature are married in this bit about an essay of Carlyle's; it was a *Fraser* article on the old kings of Norway:

There was a Paper by "Mr. Carlyle" in this month's Magazine; and never did I lay out half-a-crown better. . . . Why Carlyle's Wine, so far from weak evaporation, is only

grown better by Age. . . . It seems to me that a Child might read and relish this Paper, while it would puzzle any other Man to write such a one. I think I must write to T. C. to felicitate him on his truly Green Old Age. Oh, it was good to read it here, with the old Sea (which also has not sunk into Decrepitude) rolling in from that North: and as I looked up from the Book, there was a Norwegian Barque beating Southward, close to the Shore, and nearly all Sail set.

How FitzGerald recommends his seclusion in such passages! But anon he looked beyond Woodbridge, and with troubled eyes peered into a world which he understood quite as well as many who were more conversant with its daily turmoil. Here is a passage, from a letter to Prof. Cowell, which may come home to some in 1900:

I am sure there is no longer any great pleasure living in this Country, so tost with perpetual Alarms as it is. One Day we are all in Arms about France. To-day we are doubting if To-morrow we may not be at War to the Knife with America! I say still, as I used, we have too much Property, Honour, etc., on our Hands: our outward Limbs go on lengthening while our central Heart beats weaklier: I say, as I used, we should give up something before it is forced from us. The World, I think, may justly resent our being and interfering all over the Globe. Once more I say, would we were a little, peaceful, unambitious, trading Nation, like—the Dutch!

We have but dipped a swallow's wing into the two volumes of Mr. Aldis Wright's editions of the *Letters*, but that is a recommendation. Those who are tired of FitzGerald's "Omar" may fly to FitzGerald.

Things Seen.

The Candle.

THE church was very dark and cold, and a sense of forlornness brooded over the vast empty spaces of the mosaic floor. But in a distant chapel a forest of gleaming candles shed their light on a marble altar and the bowed figures grouped before it.

Suddenly two quiet English tourists came in behind me, borne as it were on a shaft of light, from the brilliant sunshine of the outer world. I knew them by sight—a blameless couple, well advanced in years, and belonging to the old school of pious Evangelicals. To them Rome was anathema, but their gentle, artistic souls were vaguely conscious of the beauty of her ritual. The wife lingered seated near the doorway, while the white-haired gentleman hastened furtively towards the brightness of the chapel.

In a moment a vergier had pressed a candle between his reluctant fingers, and signed him with officious whispers into a seat. Words were of no avail; the old gentleman could speak no tongue but his own, so he silently grasped his candle and waited. All those gathered in the chapel were doing the same.

Then the priest entered, and as the bell tinkled, and the sonorous Latin began rolling up into the vaulted roof, the vergier touched candle after candle, and the Englishman, too, became illuminated. He stood silent, expectant, and no doubt agitated by fears of the Divine wrath.

Then upon the lady, who had slowly followed her husband, there flashed this vision of him with the accursed thing in his hand. He stood near the back of the chapel. She approached, and implored him in anxious whispers to come away.

"But the candle?"—and he held it delicately to shelter it from draught.

"Under the seat," was the stern reply.

"Impossible," he urged, as he bent to obey.

"Blow it out!"

He looked at those beside him and before him, all gazing towards the altar, and shaping their lips to prayer. He must have guessed that to them a darkened candle might mean much. He turned his face once more towards the altar, held his candle resolutely, and remained steadfast to the end.

Ending.

Two hundred white caps bobbed and twisted and turned as their wearers peered and whispered together. The wintry twilight struggled into the hall; firelight at both ends played redly on the nearer faces, as it had played long ago from the fires on other hearths, where the children were beside them and the husband tramped in from work. Some were very old, with patient faces, and white hair smoothed under pleated frills. These held their hands under their aprons—perhaps to hide the quivering muscles, for which work, the touch of children, and the clasp of friends were past.

"Are you happy here—comfortable?" an onlooker asked hesitatingly.

The woman looked up, glanced round, and slowly rallied her senses. A look of recollection came into the pale old eyes. The hands sought each other, and twisted nervously.

"Thank you, nothin' to complain on—except—" [she turned a furtive glance at her neighbour on the bench, just now whispering busily into her other neighbour's ear] "'cept for the comp'ny."

An expressive movement of the thumb, a faint shrugging sigh, indicated the oppressive presences.

"Must you sit near them?"

The old eyes quavered slowly round. Every bench was full.

"Stoop, dear," she whispered. "It's the talk"—the voice shook—"so bad!"

"If my old man had a bin 'ere, we might ha' bin to ourselves; but for the widders they must share with"—another look round—"such as her!"

A leering face suddenly turned; a husky voice mocked.

"What's she bin tellin' yer, lady dear? About 'er ole man an' 'er 'ome? Stoop yer 'ed, I can tell yer—a deal more—about my 'ome! Lawks sakes—yes! All together 'ere, same as in 'evin. 'Ere same as 'evin—thanks be!"

The old eyes dropped pathetically; endurance hardened the trembling mouth; the worn-out body shrank together.

Correspondence.

The Omar Cult.

SIR,—I am not a member of the Omar Khayyam Club—perhaps for the reason that, according to FitzGerald, Mrs. Kemble gave for declining to join the Browning Society, "because of her somewhat admiring him"—and I can, therefore, appreciate at their full value the views that you have forcibly and wittily expressed under this heading. But on a question of chronology I think you are wrong: I mean in placing the "slow discovery" after FitzGerald's death. My old friend Bernard Quaritch, whose commercial instincts were as keen as those of any man I ever knew, published a third edition of the *Rubāiyāt* in 1872, and a fourth in 1879, and these facts presuppose a sale. The cult, like other emotional growths, did not spring into existence in a single day. Its beginnings date from several years before FitzGerald's death. Its first apostle of any note was perhaps Mr. Schütz Wilson, who, in the *Contemporary Review* for March, 1876, propounded an Omarian theory that has been the groundwork of nearly everything that has since been written about the philosopher-poet.

Mr. Wilson, like Prof. Cowell before him and Mr. Mallock after him, compared Omar with Lucretius, but thought the Roman poet "inferior in depth, in force, in beauty and glory of rhythm." The English translator, and not the Persian poet, is clearly indicated by the last comparison, and on this point Mr. Wilson fell into a confusion which no later exponent of the *Rubāiyāt* seems able to escape. Closely on Mr. Wilson's footsteps followed a critic in the *Spectator* (March 11, 1876), who naturally viewed the subject from a moral standpoint. This writer differed from Mr. Wilson on a most material issue. Instead of regarding Omar as "full of that unconscious faith which complains to the Deity of its inability to comprehend the divine," he considered that his poem should "take rank as the poem of Revolt and Denial, the song of speculative Nihilism and cynical sensualism. . . . As for nobleness in any moral sense, it seems to us utterly absent from this fine poem, which, of course, should be judged by a Mohammedan and not by a Christian standard."

The writer sums up by bidding us "turn to this far from pious poetry, the very poetry of revolt and despair, and observe with what majesty the mere infinitude of the panorama is depicted, even on the author's assumption that the whole panorama is an illusion and a snare." These quotations will show that more than seven years before FitzGerald's death the cult and anti-cult of Omar had each its prophet, and that preliminary rumblings of "the sumptuous talk in Vigo-street" caused some commotion long before the Bodley Head was heard of. It would be a great advantage if those who are moved to write about Omar would first of all carefully read FitzGerald's introduction to the poem. FitzGerald takes a perfectly sane view of the comparison which had been made between Omar and Lucretius. As for the Persian, he credits him with perfect honesty both of heart and head. "Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This, he set about making the most of it, preferring rather to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they might be." In these words, which could not have been better expressed by Burton or Montaigne, we find the whole philosophy of the *Rubāiyāt*; and how far they are consistent with charges of "ruffian heterodoxy" or "heathen, hopeless, impotent despair" we must leave to the verdict of posterity. But posterity must remember that FitzGerald did not sit down to write pious poetry, even to please the *Spectator*; and that nothing was further from his thoughts than to formulate a creed, whether of mournful pessimism or of sensual conviviality. He knew nothing of Omarism, or of the "functions" that are said to belong to it. Begun originally as an exercise in Persian, the translation developed through the medium of a sympathetic mind, until it became a work of art; and as a work of art it stands upon its pedestal in that great hall of unmoral beauty which contains *The Ancient Mariner* and *The Eve of Saint Agnes*.—I am, &c., W. F. P.

SIR,—Unless there has been quite too much of the Omar controversy in your columns, you may spare me a little space. It is very clear that the writer of the eminently reasonable article in to-day's *ACADEMY* on "The Omar Cult" understands the present position of the argument. He is not prepared, nor even inclined, to question my theory that the verses ascribed to Omar belong to the fifteenth century. He admires FitzGerald's poem as a literary work, though he does not accept it as a moral guide. This is a quite intelligible attitude. The writer gives what might be called an academical reception to the *Rubāiyāt*, just as he probably does to Shelley's "Queen Mab" or "Laon and Cythna," without meaning to put in practice the theories propounded in these poems. But suppose some enthusiasts were to found a "Jerem;

Taylor Club," under the delusion that the saintly Jeremy wrote "Queen Mab"; your contributor would naturally object. Such a proposal would provoke inextinguishable laughter; yet it would not be one whit more ludicrous than is the position of the Omar Kháyyám Club, whose members, as I have said, "worship they know not what." Mr. Clement Shorter's main argument in defence of Omarism is positively comical. Because certain good-natured literary men have dined at the Club, it must, therefore, be a superlative institution! Is it the case that every innocent *littérateur* who has been seduced into wearing the guest's white rose, and drinking the magic wine of Omar, is, therefore, committed to steadfast belief in all the follies and banalities that members of the Club have written, spoken, and even thought? That is a very large order. I agree with you that the Omarite fad has reached the ridiculous stage, and it is time for a new Gibbon to begin the writing of its decline and fall.—I am, &c., A. H. MILLAR.

Dundee: July 21, 1900.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following verses on Omar Khayyám, "witnessing to the surprising fact that in 1875, or thereabouts, Omar served as an inspiration to an obscure young person. The lines were written in 1898 at the beginning of the present inexplicable craze":

TO OMAR KHAYYÁM.

When first I met you, Omar, years ago—
Full twenty years, how little did I know
The strange, delicious daring of your verse
Would win the modern world to praise you so.

Alone we met in those sad distant days
When Fate decreed the solitary ways
My youthful feet should tread; apportioning
A lonely life uncheered by love or praise.

You spoke the secret rancour of my heart,
Your bitter words relieved its angry smart;
You taught how vain the writhing or the tears
Of helpless pawns ordained to play their part.

Not for the roses or the hulling wine
I loved you, Omar, bending at your shrine:
Shallow the wounds, the disenchantment brief
That find in these a lasting anodyne.

But for the bold defiance which you fling
High at the throne of Heaven's almighty King;
Claiming, Prometheus-like, the kindling fire
Of Love's assurance in our hearts to bring.

Not to the coward doth the great God speak,
Not to the mute, the supine, and the weak:
Better defy, like Heine, to the end,
Than feign submission with the so-called meek.

You taught me, Omar, by your mocking cry,
Rather to doubt than to believe a lie;
You stung the dreamer strenuously to seek
Of life's bewilderments the hidden why.

Not all in vain the bitterness for you,
Blindly providing others with the clue
(Yours now as surely) "to the Treasure-House,
Aye, and moreover to the Master too."

Race Genius.

SIR,—One is compelled to ask Mr. Kettle if he really understands his author.

He says Mr. Robertson's main thesis is that "race genius is a consequence of geographical position, socio-economic conditions, religious and culture contacts."

Obviously the assumption is that race genius exists, there is such a thing be it the consequence of what it may. But Mr. Robertson, p. 251, says: "The nullity of the conception of race genius has been forced on us at every meeting with it." Again, p. 15: "The theory of national

genius will suffice to wreck any exposition however judicious otherwise."

Pages might be filled with extracts having the same bearing. That is to say, Mr. Robertson aims at destroying a theory, and his commentator vows he only means to explain it "as a consequence." This race theory seems to me to have operated as a red rag on the author, and led him into erroneous, or at least exaggerated, conclusions in regard to nearly every country mentioned in the book, but particularly in regard to England. It leads him to the assertion that "nearly every one of the nations"—to wit, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Spain, Turkey—"has a fairer chance of continuance without decline of wealth and power than England."

This is in the nature of prophecy, and prophecy in an introduction to politics is itself a "specific error."

I do not believe that any unbiassed student of history is likely to arrive at any such pessimistic conclusion.—I am, &c., YOUR REVIEWER.

Style in Literature.

SIR,—The discussion which has been lately going on in the ACADEMY about style in literature is interesting, because it is contradictory, some of your correspondents maintaining that style is everything, others that it is nothing, or nearly nothing. May it not be said that when an author's mind is thoroughly penetrated by a certain subject, or when he is engrossed in the story he has to tell, style is almost forgotten, and takes an altogether subsidiary place? In illustration of this, the following remarks of Beaumarchais (quoted in Mendelssohn's Letters) are much to the point. Beaumarchais was censured because he made his personages utter too few fine thoughts, and put too few poetical phrases into their mouths. He answered that this was not his fault. He must confess that, during the whole time he was writing, he was engaged in the most lively conversation with his *dramatis personæ*; that while seated at his writing-table, he was exclaiming: "Figaro, prends garde, le Comte sait tout"; "Ah, Comtesse, quelle imprudence, vite! sauve toi, petit page!" And then he wrote down the answers—nothing more.

When any writer has dramatic instincts, the style in which he conveys his own thoughts becomes to him much less important than the embodiment of the emotions of the characters that live and move and have their being in his imagination. At least, so it appears to one who is not a stylist.—I am, &c., C. J. HAMILTON.

Gray's Inn-road: July 24, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

FULHAM, OLD AND NEW.

BY CHARLES JAMES FÈRET.

This work has been expected with much interest by students of London history and topography. It arrives in three massive quarto volumes. Mr. Fèret has overhauled every source of information, old and new. His book is the book of Fulham. It bristles with points, notes, extracts, epitaphs, statistics, photographs. It is immense. (Leadenhall Press. 3 vols. £4 4s.)

FAMINES IN INDIA.

BY ROMESH C. DUTT.

The full title of this timely work is *Open Letters to Lord Curzon on Famines and Land Assessments in India*. Mr. Dutt is an expert, and Lecturer on Indian History at University College, London. His treatment of his subject is, therefore, highly technical and exhaustive. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.	
Robertson (John M.), Christianity and Mythology	(Watts) net 8 6
POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.	
Cornwaile (John), Yvonne	(Burleigh) net 1 6
M.O.W. Rhymes from the Book of Life	(Simpkin, Marshall)
TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.	
Dewar (George A. B.), Hampshire, with the Isle of Wight	(Dent) 4 6
Baring-Gould (S.), A Book of Dartmoor	(Methuen) 6 0
Jones (Mary C.), European Travel for Women	(Macmillan) 4 6
Tourist Guide to the Continent	(Great Eastern Railway) 0 6
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Hirst (Francis W.), Murray (Gilbert), and Hammond (J. L.), Liberalism and the Empire	(Johnson)
Mason (James), The Principles of Chess	(Horace Cox)
Bayly (A. Eric) and Briscoe (Walt), Chronicles of a Country Cricket Club	(Sands) 2 6
An Active Army Alphabet	(Sands)
NEW EDITION.	
Heine (H.), Buch der Lieder	(Dent) net 3 6

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 44 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best sonnet on China. We anticipated (but did not wish it) that many competitors would concentrate their gaze on the horrors of the last few weeks. The higher poetic method was to treat these allusively. In the immense vision which China affords these incidents occupy a small place, and it may be that they will soon be dwarfed by greater events. Therefore, other things being the same, we prefer those sonnets which contemplate China and its destiny as a whole. The following sonnet, contributed by Miss Mary A. Woods, 17, Gower-street, W.C., takes the prize :

CHINA.

Type of the changeless, thou ; yet not of Good,
Whose high immutable is but the chime
Of waves that ceaseless throng the shores of Time,
Conquerors of fate and all vicissitude.
For thee, thy calm is of the enchanted wood
And wizard spell : a trance that—countless years—
Has sealed thy heart to love, thine eyes to tears,
And blasted so thy flower of maidenhood.
Is there no charm to rouse thee save the word
Of impotent hate, whereby thy sleep is stirred
To fevered dreams, not life ? Across that sea
Whose waters, circling all, encircle thee—
The eternal Good—shall not a voice be heard—
“Ephphatha ! break thy bonds ! be strong and free !”

Among the best sonnets sent in are the following :

The eyes of many nations turn on thee,
Dark land of sleep ! gauge-point of coursing Time !
For thou art dormant while towards their prime
The younger peoples, better-nursed and free,
With swift steps move. They shape thy destiny,
Assail thy borders, bid thee wake and climb ;
Or ring thy knell with loud, world-echo'd chime—
Either to be renew'd or cease to be.
But in the womb of chance what mischance lies,
For thou art cruel in thy strength of sleep
Inert as death ; yet in this seeming death
Mayhap are hidden menace and surprise,
To those who venture on an unknown deep
And call up storms with one united breath.

[A. E. W., Inverness.]

China ! the land of mild-eyed mandarins,
Of fearsome dragon-fans and colours gay ;
A land where nature riotous deth play
With blaze of colour and with changeful scenes ;
A land that seemed to throng with kindly folk,
Too simple for their Western brothers' guile
To find a hold—and yet a folk as vile
As ere broke out when age long pride awoke :
Awoke, to drive to torture and to slay
Their kindly teachers—helpless children—all
Who came to help them from their helpless way.
Cowards and treacherous—many a man shall fall
Ere yet atonement hath been made for sin,
The awful deed of slaughter on our kin.

[D. G.-W., Yorks.]

Rooted in unrevealed antiquity.

How passing strange her history doth seem,
Strange with the disproportions of a dream
That wanders in unfettered fantasy.
Yet ever through the vast monotony,
Its source unknown, floweth a silent stream,
Bright with art's subtle, yet abiding gleam,
And fraught with fair industrial prophecy.

Her will was ever this, “Let me alone,”

As through the ages, in unvarying way,
She moved and circled—“Leave me to my own,”

Scornful of any other lore or sway,
Worship of old her thralldom and her throne,
Self-schooled, self-centred ; as of old—Cathay.

[I. S., Brighton.]

The East is cruel, and the East is old—

She lives on memory—the aëgeal Hope,
Inspirer of the world, has there no scope
To breathe. In far Cathay men's hearts are cold :
Like soulless ants they labour, but the end

Of work is nought but endless ants to feed
That these in turn fresh myriad swarms may breed :

Toil in the dark doth aye to madness tend.
Build boats, oh, Baltic—scourge that Yellow Sea !

Blow, western wind of hope—sweep off this pall !
Let every freeman set a captive free !

Crusaders, Eastward Ho ! from God the call,
And ever in the van shall England be :

The house is raised on sand—the house shall fall !

[T. C., Buxted.]

First-born of Time ! what old barbaric lust

Glitters in those slant eyes, age-deep and blind ?
What dotard dreams infect thine ancient mind,

Purpling with sudden red the hoary dust ?

Thy wildered traitor limbs abjure their trust ;

Vain grope for realms celestial—realms re-ign'd
And forfeit for fell deed against mankind !

More strict than Roman father, Time is just.

What shall avail, though guilt be unconfessed ?

An outraged world is panting at thy gates :

Hark to the war-god in the wrathful West !

List to the muttering voice of vengeful Fates !

Ancestral bones lie in dishonoured rest,

And, at the Tribune, stern Confucius waits.

[E. E., Hornsey.]

What ! when across the affrighted Eastern sea

Drive sounds of rapine, and far cries forlorn

Of English maidens doomed, of infants torn

From mothers dragged to nameless butchery—

Shall *China* be the theme for you and me ?

Shall each competitor his futile horn

Blow emulous, nor turn in sickened scorn

From blood-stained pretexts for that guinea fee ?

Yet Virgil wrote : “Sunt rerum lacrymæ ;

Mentem mortalia tangunt.” Even we

Can weep, if not with those heroic tears

The poets use, the articulate tears which teach

The avenging host to swarm the shot-swept breach

Exacting vengeance for all Europe's fears.

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

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UNDETERRED by the lack of public interest in war books, Mr. Winston Churchill is preparing another for the autumn. It will be called *Ian Hamilton's March: being Letters Reprinted from the "Morning Post," with Some Unpublished Letters*.

WE cannot bring ourselves to admire the flamboyant style of the war correspondence with which Mr. A. G. Hales is startling the readers of the *Daily News*, and of other papers too; for Mr. Hales's articles are being widely quoted. He has quick eyes, a picturesque pen, a reach-me-down command of sentiment, brimming enthusiasm, and a lack of reserve that is not without its charm. Mr. Hales is certainly readable, but we cannot commend his style. He can write a sentence like this, and then not erase it: "He is as full of anecdote as heaven is full of angels, and I mean to use him in the sweet days of peace."

BEFORE the first number of the *Badminton Magazine* was published, in August, 1895, the editor, Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson, received from Major R. S. S. Baden-Powell the offer of an article on "Pig-Sticking." The offer was accepted, other contributions followed, and when the defence of Mafeking made the author's name the most popular in the country, Mr. Watson cabled to Mafeking for permission to collect the articles and publish them in a book. After a long wait, assent came from Major-General Baden-Powell, from Rustenburg, in the single word—"Yes"! That is well; but what is not well is the way the book is ornamented. Every page is enclosed by a hideous and meaningless green frame that dazzles the eye, and makes reading an effort. So pleased is the publisher with the border that he dumps it down on the advertisement pages, and even on those that are blank. We sincerely hope this is not a new fashion in book-making.

THE late Lord Tennyson would have been surprised to learn that, in the autumn of the year 1900, his life would form one of the "Saintly Lives Series." The task is Dr. Horton's.

THOSE who know the inner history of Mr. Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim* will be amused at the announcement in the *Westminster Gazette* that the first instalment appears in *Blackwood's* for August. We understand that this story was originally intended to be a short one; but Mr. Conrad became so interested in his own creation that he asked to be allowed to develop it. Hence, month after month, Lord Jim's fortunes have gone on expanding, and they are still "To be continued."

MRS. CRAIGIE is under contract to write a long serial for *Harper's Magazine*. Of the first edition of *Robert Orange* 10,000 copies were printed, of the first sixpenny edition of *The School for Saints* 30,000 were printed. New editions of both books are in preparation.

THE result of the *Daily News* plebiscite as to which are the best pictures of the year at the Royal Academy shows that the shilling picture public is still faithful to Mr. Dicksee and Mr. Leader. The popular taste improves slowly—very slowly. "The Two Crowns" is "the best picture of all," and the "best landscape" is still by Mr. Leader. Among the prize-winners we notice the names of Mr. Harry Quilter, the daughter of an Academician, and the son and daughter of a distinguished caricaturist. 1,094 replies were sent in.

	NAME OF PICTURE.	NAMES OF ARTIST.
The Best Picture of All	The Two Crowns ...	Frank Dicksee, R.A.
The Best Subject Picture	Trial of Queen Katherine	E. A. Abbey, R.A.
The Best Portrait ..	Lord Russell of Killowen	J. S. Sargent, R.A.
The Best Landscape	Hill, Vale, and Stream	B. W. Leader, R.A.
The Best Sea Picture	Ocean's Surge	Peter Graham, R.A.
The Best Animal Picture	Horses Bathing in the Sea	Miss F. Kemp-Welch.
The Best Water Colour	Isola San Giuliano	Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.
The Best Piece of Sculpture	Tomb of Lord Leighton	Thomas Brock, R.A.
The Picture You would Like Best to Live With	Gold Fish	Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.
The Picture with Most Heart in it	The Sale of Old Dobbin	J. R. Reid.
The Prettiest Face...	Miss Evelyn Oules	H. T. Wells, R.A.
The Best-Looking Man	Lord Kitchener ...	A. S. Cope, A.R.A.
The Nicest Baby ..	La Vierge Aux Lys	W. A. Bouguereau.
The Prettiest Dress	Mrs. Murray Guthrie	Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

WE take the following from the *British Weekly*: "Mr. Alfred Harmsworth tells his friends that he has another big journalistic venture on the tapis. Without being too rash, I may venture to guess that Mr. Harmsworth thinks of a great illustrated weekly newspaper on fresh lines."

IT is said that Mr. Henry Newbolt will edit a new monthly, to be published by Mr. John Murray, under the title of the *Review of the Month*.

IN the next number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* Mr. Andrew Lang will write on "Secresses."

WHAT were the books that most influenced Robert Louis Stevenson in his most impressionable years? Stevenson has left us in no doubt on the point, and the early article in which he made his literary confession now reaches us as a comely little paper booklet, issued by Messrs. Mansfield, of New York. In it Stevenson begins by saying that "the course of our education is answered best by those poems and romances where we breathe a magnanimous atmosphere of thought and meet generous and pious characters. Among these Shakespeare has served me best." After Shakespeare comes Dumas, as his genius was embodied in the character of D'Artagnan—"the elderly D'Artagnan of the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*." I know not a more human soul, nor, in his way, a finer." Thirdly, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Among didactic books, the Essays of Montaigne and the New Testament came next in order of time, particularly the Gospel of Matthew. Walt Whitman followed, and Goethe's Life, by Lewes.

I know no one whom I less admire than Goethe; he seems a very epitome of the sins of genius, breaking open the doors of private life, and wantonly wounding friends, in that crowning offence of "Werther," and in his own character a mere pen-and-ink Napoleon, conscious of the rights and duties of superior talents as a Spanish inquisitor was conscious of the rights and duties of his office. And yet in his fine devotion to his art, in his honest and serviceable friendship for Schiller, what lessons are contained!

Marcus Aurelius and Wordsworth come next. Then—

I should never forgive myself if I forgot *The Egoist*. It is art, if you like, but it belongs purely to didactic art, and from all the novels I have read (and I have read thousands) stands in a place by itself. Here is a Nathan for the modern David. . . . *The Egoist* is a satire; so much must be allowed; but it is a satire of a singular quality, which tells you nothing of that obvious mote which is engaged from first to last with that invisible beam. It is yourself that is hunted down; these are your own faults that are dragged into the day and numbered, with lingering relish, with cruel cunning and precision.

Lastly, gathering up less remembered masters, Stevenson remarks that Hazlitt's paper "On the Spirit of Obligations" was a turning-point in his life, and that in Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan* he learned, "for the first time, the proper attitude of any rational man to his country's laws—a secret found, and kept, in the Asiatic islands." We must not omit to mention Stevenson's warm tribute to Herbert Spencer as a wholesome and bracing writer, whose works are informed with a certain "highly abstract joy." "I should be much of a hound if I lost my gratitude to Herbert Spencer."

In the summer number of the *Argosy* Mr. Andrew Lang writes characteristically about the late Mr. Grant Allen. "Mr. Allen," he says, "was not a novel-reader; I doubt if most novelists do read novels. Scott, Thackeray, Mr. Stevenson were greedy and multifarious readers of romance, so are most judges; but the mass of novelists do not read their contemporaries or predecessors. In this indifference, then, Mr. Allen was not a paradoxical exception." Mr. Lang puts his criticism of *The Woman Who Did* thus:

The gospel is one-sided. . . . Mr. Allen never wrote a novel on the following lines. A (male) marries B, a pretty, stupid lass. In a year or two A finds B out; tires of her, meets C. A high sense of morality urges A to desert B (who has grown stout, or is in bad health), and to elope with C. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The higher morality ought to be applied all round. But Mr. Allen never, for some reason, wrote a novel to preach this part of the new creed. The fact is, that, even if custom sanctioned the system of non-mariage, a gentleman would not take advantage of custom; would not break the heart of a woman who had given to

him her love and her youth. Of course the thing is done, but he who does it is—

"What you call a sinner; what I call a sweep,"
as Mr. Stevenson's hero says to the missionary.

NEWCASTLE HOUSE, the fine old mansion in the north-west corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, which has just been sold, is not altogether without literary associations. Doubtless it was from his library in this house that the Duke of Newcastle lent the MS. of the Spence anecdotes to Dr. Johnson to aid him in compiling his *Lives of the Poets*. A good story of the house, non-literary in itself, is told by Hawkins in his Life of Johnson which someone has recently suggested should be reprinted. It set forth that Sir Thomas Robinson, a great tuft-hunter, used to annoy the household by his frequent calls. When told that the Duke was out he would ask to be allowed to look at the clock, or to play with a monkey that was kept in the hall, in the hope of snatching an interview with his Grace. At last he wore out the patience of the Duke and his servants to such an extent that a rebuff was arranged. When Sir Thomas next called the servant, without giving him time to open his lips, shut the door, saying: "Sir, his Grace is gone out, the clock stands, and the monkey is dead." Newcastle House became at a later date the home of the S.P.C.K. before the removal of that body to Northumberland-avenue.

It was not to be expected that the amateur statician would wait for the completion of the *Oxford English Dictionary* before dealing with its noble dimensions. One student has already produced a mass of figures which leave on the mind a generally useful impression of the vastness of Dr. Murray's work. Taking the volumes from the first down to the word Infer, but excluding those from Graded to the end G (all of which are not published), the statician finds that there have already appeared 16,516 columns, 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches long. If these columns, each 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, were set on end the type would extend for upwards of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles—4,645 yards, or say

Nearly four times as high as Snowdon.

Only 602 yards short of the height of Mont Blanc.

Over 38 times as high as to the top of the Cross on St. Paul's Cathedral.

Nearly 69 times the height of the Monument.

More than 14 times as high as the Eiffel Tower.

Upwards of 15 times the length of London Bridge.

Almost 100 times round the dome of the reading-room of the British Museum.

It is also calculated that the Dictionary already contains more than seventy million letters, and more than twelve million words; while for a penny the purchaser receives 1 yard, 1 foot, and 8 inches of erudition 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. We take these facts from Mr. Henry Frowde's excellent little publication, *The Periodical*. Do we confess a damaging ignorance when we ask for the source of the *Periodical's* motto?

A jollie good book, whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde.

A WRITER in the July *Edinburgh Review* weighs with considerable judgment the merits of the three women writers whose works are just now the delight of the normal British reader—Miss Corelli, Miss Fowler, and Miss Cholmondeley. His judgment on Miss Corelli is as severe as it is casual:

It is impossible in an essay of this kind to omit at least so much reference to her as is contained in saying that her work is entirely undeserving of any consideration.

On Miss Fowler the vials of criticism are emptied with a more reluctant hand:

We cannot take her picture of society seriously; she knows not enough of life or of the world. But she is

witty, she is shrewd, and she may live to be more discriminating in her selection of epigrams; and if she is wise she will return to the genuine sources of her talent. By far the best thing in her books is the study of Martha, the old servant in the Seaton household—a character who gives her creator fair claim to rank not merely as a wit, but as a humorist. It is a depressing circumstance that Miss Fowler's books have certainly not improved as they went on—in this respect or in any other.

Miss Cholmondeley receives a cold blessing:

Her work has a fine intellectual distinction, and, as we have shown, unusual constructive power, yet somehow one cannot look forward confidently to any such advance as would give her a permanent place in literature. Still we recognise gratefully that her books are not only pleasant to read, but are likely to exercise a salutary influence on morals and manners, for they are written by a woman who is evidently in touch, socially and intellectually, with the best culture of the day. Her philosophy of conduct and opinion is not paraded in detached passages, but it underlies the whole texture of her work, and there is nothing cheap or secondhand about it; such as it is, it is genuinely assimilated.

THE readers of *Moonshine* have decided between them that the ideal ten books for reading during a five years' sojourn on a desert island are these:

Shakespeare.
The Bible.
Pickwick Papers.
Tennyson.
Vanity Fair.
Robinson Crusoe.
Pilgrim's Progress.
David Copperfield.
Lamb's Essays.
Milton.

We confess that the list does not appeal to us. The books named would be equally ideal, or un-ideal, for a five years' sojourn in Bloomsbury apartments.

In the *National Review* Mr. Leslie Stephen suggests that Walter Bagehot has not yet received his due of fame. The interest of the article is, however, not so literary as it might have been. Mr. Stephen, confessedly, hardly deals with Bagehot as a critic; but from a page or so on this subject we cull a few general remarks:

Bagehot's criticisms [says Mr. Stephen] have, above all things, the essential merits of freshness and sincerity. If he has not the special knowledge, he is absolutely free from the pedantry, of the literary expert. He has none of the cant of criticism, and never bores us with "romantic and classical" or "objective and subjective." When he wants a general theory—as he always does—he strikes one out in the heat of the moment. He has almost a trick—as I have hinted—of dividing all writers into two classes: philosophers are either "seers" or "gropers"; novelists are "miscellaneous" or "sentimental"; genius is symmetrical or irregular, and so forth. Such classifications will not always bear reflection: they only give emphasis to a particular aspect; but they show how his mind is always swarming with theories, and how he looks upon literature as a man primarily interested in the wider problems of life and character which literature reflects.

In the same review, a writer signing himself "An Englishman" writes very disturbing things about our readiness to meet an invasion. His article is suggestively entitled "Having Eyes They See Not." The whole article is one of bitter protest; and we are interested to see that the writer, whose own powers of expression are not meagre, calls in the aid of Matthew Arnold, making words which he wrote many years ago live and quiver in the light of a present crisis. Arnold's warning was as follows:

You may get involved in war, and you imagine that you cannot but make war well by dint of being so very rich; that you will just add a penny or two to your income-tax,

change none of your ways, have clap-trap everywhere, as at present, unrestricted independence, legions of newspaper correspondents, boundless publicity; and thus, at a grand high pressure of expenditure, bustle, and excitement, arrive at a happy and triumphant result. But authority and victory over people who are in earnest means being in earnest oneself, and your Philistines are not in earnest; they have no idea great enough to make them so. They want to be important and authoritative; . . . they want to drive a roaring trade; they want to know and criticise all that is being done; they want no restrictions on their personal liberty, no interference with their usual way of going on; they want all these incompatible things equally and at once, because they have no idea deep and strong enough to subordinate everything else to itself.

It is odd to think how an English boy and girl, who has free access to books, and loves reading, may grow up with the vaguest ideas about the material construction of a book and its literary anatomy. In America this danger is now foreseen, and at least one great public library gives simple instruction such as, one sees at a glance, must produce excellent results. The method is described as follows:

The children are shown a title-page and told the meaning of the imprint, publisher's name, place and date of publication. Turning the page, they are shown the copyright entry, and are told its meaning, how long copyright lasts, why the date of copyright is different from and more important than the date on the title-page; and finally are reminded of the clause of the Constitution authorising Congress to grant copyright. Proceeding, the value of preface or introduction is suggested, the difference between a table of contents and an index is described, and how and when to use each. Finally, the chief steps in the manufacture of a book are detailed. The sheets of paper are exhibited as first printed, and are then folded into signatures; the manner in which signatures are sewn on the bands is indicated, and the way the back is rounded, the covers laced on, sided up, and backed. Each step is illustrated by books in different stages of binding; and as the process is explained it is carefully demonstrated how careless treatment injures the books. We are confident that more careful handling of the books has resulted already from the children's having gained an intelligent comprehension of how the book is made, why shutting a pencil in it starts the bands, or opening it improperly breaks the back.

All this is imparted in one simple lecture. In a second lecture more advanced pupils are taught the use of reference books of all kinds, and a third lecture deals with more advanced reference books, catalogues, &c. The idea seems to be excellent.

In a note on Mr. Charles Fèret's *Fulham, Old and New* last week we gave the price of this work as four guineas. That is the price of specially interleaved copies; the price of the work in its ordinary form is three guineas. We are glad to hear that there is an interleaved edition—an excellent idea.

THOSE who are writing for posterity may like to hear of Higgins's *Eternal Ink*, advertised in American literary papers. We are told that "the seven stomachs of a camel, not to speak of its long and thirsty neck, never wished for the oasis spring more than cultured man has for a true black writing ink." Possibly, but we know some very cultured writers who never use ink at all. They descant on the advantages of a lead pencil.

UNLIKE an American writer to whom we referred last week, Mr. William Archer does not find a Whitmanesque delight in the musical comedies of the day. In the July *New York Critic* he writes concerning these plays:

I have no sympathy with Mr. Sheldon's total boycotting of the theatre. But if he had gone manfully into the temple of art and tried to scourge from it the dealers in

patently noxious wares—rancid vulgarity and leering uncleanness—he would have earned my heartiest applause. . . . Vulgar entertainments there will always be so long as there are people of vulgar tastes to be catered for. But their popularity, in England at any rate, would be much less overwhelming if people of culture and refinement did not affect and even parade in regard to the theatre a vulgarity of taste which they would blush to own in regard to any other department of art or of life.

In conclusion, Mr. Archer says:

We must draw a clearer line between what is reputable and what is disreputable in the work of the stage before we can blame our Puritan assailants for not recognising the distinction. I do not myself think the Puritan ideal of life a practicable one, and am far from desiring that the stage should ever conform to it; but that is no reason why I should stand by unprotesting, and see a beautiful art soiled by brainless prurieny and reckless license. It was a dramatist (and assuredly no Puritan) who wrote—

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit—
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

In His quality as a gentleman, if in no other, the Authority whom Mr. Sheldon invokes would assuredly find much to pain and disgust Him in the theatre of to-day. Why should not we so far follow "In His Steps" as to try, even in the theatre, to think and feel like gentlemen?

MESSRS. SAMSON LOW have just issued a capital two-shilling pocket edition of *Lorna Doone* on very thin paper, similar to India paper. The neat red cover suits the book well. Arrangements for this edition were made with Mr. Blackmore only a week or two before his death.

A SIXPENNY edition of Dean Farrar's school story, *St. Winifred's*, is issued by Messrs. Black. Originally published anonymously in 1861 the story was reprinted with its author's name in 1865. It has since enjoyed more than twenty editions.

WE do not know how many editions have been published of the *Imitatio Christi* in English; but the number must be very great, and the copies of the book sold of course run to hundreds of thousands. It is curious that it is still left for the Clarendon Press to announce an absolutely faithful translation from the Latin, in which no word will be altered in the interests of any party. At last we are to have the *Imitation* as it is.

Bibliographical.

WE are promised for the autumn an illustrated edition of the *Essays of Elia*. This, of course, is no new thing. So long ago as 1884 (to go no further back) an edition with "illuminations" was published in quarto by a Scotch firm. Two years later came an edition, published by Low & Co., for which L. O. Murray did the illustrative drawings. Seven years ago there was an edition by Putnam & Co., for which R. S. Gifford did some etchings. And last year we had Mr. Dent's dainty edition, with drawings by Mr. C. E. Brock. But an illustrated *Elia*! How many Lambites would it satisfy? An original writer can be truly "illustrated" only by his equal in sympathy and insight. A number of draughtsmen may tackle him pretty safely at certain points, but can any one draughtsman tackle him in all? I doubt it. Did any one artist succeed in doing anything like justice to Dante, or Shakespeare, or Milton? I doubt the power of any one artist to do anything like justice to Lamb.

There ought to be room for the "little biography" of Savonarola of which announcement is made by Messrs. Methuen. Of course we have the *Life and Times of*

Savonarola, by Pasquale Villari, published in English so long ago as 1888, and reproduced in a cheap edition so recently as 1896. There is also an American biography of the great monk, circulated in England in 1890, to say nothing of short memoirs published in London in 1881, 1882, and 1895. These last, however, hardly count; and the forthcoming "little biography" will, no doubt, be welcome as coming half way between Villari and the mere trifling booklet. Owing to the place he occupies in *Romola*, the personality and career of Savonarola ought to be well-known to all educated English people.

I read in the *Daily Chronicle* that "*Ned Myers*, a hitherto unpublished book by Fenimore Cooper, is announced by Messrs. Putnam." That Messrs. Putnam are about to issue a new edition of *Ned Myers* is, no doubt, the fact, but the book was originally given to the world so long ago as 1843. It cannot, therefore, be described truthfully as "hitherto unpublished."

Mr. T. E. Pemberton seems to have constituted himself a sort of biographer-royal to the dramatic and histrionic profession. He has already "taken the lives" of T. W. Robertson, E. A. Sothorn, Mr. John Hare, and the Kendals; and he now proposes to "take" that of Mr. Charles Wyndham, though I understand that, so far, he has only been making notes and collecting materials generally. I presume he will first present to us the memoir of Mr. Bret Harte which he is announced to have written for Messrs. Greening. From that firm we are to have a monograph on Mr. Swinburne, and it would be interesting to know if the work has the sanction and approval of the poet. Of printed matter about Mr. Swinburne in his private life there is not much. There are references to him scattered through the literary biographies and autobiographies of our time, and it would be open to anybody to collect these and string them together. The result, however, would not be very imposing. I fancy that the latest bibliography of Mr. Swinburne dates as far back as 1887.

We are promised another edition of Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. Well, I daresay we can do with it. During the past twenty years we have had nothing but selections from the Letters. Three years ago Messrs. Low republished that which Hain Friswell had made long ago for their Bayard series (the one to which Sainte-Beuve's Essay was prefixed). But, in addition to that, a series of Maxims from the Letters was issued in 1884, followed by another selection for the Camelot Classics in 1889. Dr. Hill's *Worldly Wisdom of Lord Chesterfield* (1890) was, I think, derived from the whole of his lordship's Correspondence. It will be remembered that Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson were published, under the editorship of the late Lord Carnarvon, in 1890 also.

Mr. Murray, we are told, is preparing *The Gypsies in Spain* for publication in the revised edition of Borrow's writings. But why is the title of the book thus objectionably truncated? The full name, as bestowed upon it by the author in 1841, is *Zincali: an Account of the Gypsies in Spain*, and it was under that name that it was reprinted by Mr. Murray, in a cheap edition, in 1888. There has not, so far as I know, been any fresh edition since then.

There is a distinct boom in Borrow. Now it is Mr. Hindes Groome, the well-known authority on gypsies, who is to edit *Lavengro*, which he is to present to us in two volumes. Mr. Murray issued a cheap edition of the work in 1888. Then came the Minerva Library reprint in 1893. In 1896 the story was included by Messrs. Macmillan among their "Standard Novels," with an introduction by Mr. Birrell. In the following year Messrs. Newnes reprinted it, in 1898 Messrs. Scott added it to their Oxford Library, and during the present year Messrs. Ward & Lock have reproduced the Minerva Library reprint, with an introduction by Mr. Watts-Dunton, which many forgetful critics have taken as new.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Great Sisters.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. With an Introduction and Notes by Clement K. Shorter. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

NOTHING, in French phrase, "leaps to the eyes" more saliently and vividly, upon any reading of Charlotte Brontë's novels and letters, than her entire sincerity of mind and spirit, of imagination and thought. Her splendours and her absurdities, her loves and her hates, are absolutely her own, unborrowed from the influences of culture, of society, of the *Weltgeist*. She admirably exemplifies Mr. Ruskin's saying, that genius consists, not in originality, but rather in genuineness: in that supreme conviction of the artist that his work must be done in this and in no other way; in the feeling, that faithfully and fearlessly to execute his own conception is to obey a divine command, the will of eternal beauty and truth. Charlotte Brontë knew to the full how the artist both masters and is mastered by his art, and that in the very act of creation there seems to be, and is, a "something not himself making for righteousness," for artistic rightness and justice. So she writes to Lewes:

When authors write best, or, at least, when they write most fluently, an influence seems to waken in them, which becomes their master—which will have its own way—putting out of view all behests but its own, dictating certain words, and insisting on their being used, whether vehement or measured in their nature; new-moulding characters, giving unthought-of turns to incidents, rejecting carefully elaborated old ideas, and suddenly creating and adopting new ones. Is it not so? And should we try to counteract this influence? Can we, indeed, counteract it?

When a sovereign of men objected to a sovereign of music, that there were too many notes in a certain passage, the answer was: "Sire, there are just the right number." That was the kind of reply that Charlotte Brontë made to her critics: "It happened so, and not otherwise. I saw it, heard it, and refuse to lie about it." The world of her imagination was *terra firma*, not any Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, wherein anything may happen anyhow. She was capable of writing to her friends, as Balzac wrote to his, news of her imagined characters and creatures: "Do you know that So-and-So is dead; Such-an-One married? Is it not wonderful?" At the date of *Villette* she had not read the mighty Frenchman; but Harriet Martineau discerned in that glorious masterpiece an affinity with his genius. It lies in a common passion of reality, conviction, belief in their creations: both writers make an "act of faith" in their imaginations. The shy, strong woman whom, in her circumstances and in her character, we might almost call the nun of English literature—if the title did not belong of right to Miss Rossetti—vowed obedience to the precepts of her art, faithful in the letter and in the spirit, resigned to her own inspiration. She could not have written what Walt Whitman calls "books distilled from books." She wrote books distilled from life, from personal intuition, from the intimations of the spirit, from the voices and the silences of nature, from acquaintance with grief, from an impassioned pondering. Her writings—we do not say it wholly for praise—have little savour of libraries, little air of moral purpose, little suggestion of "the literary life." But in all that she wrote, whether novels or letters, there is a wealth of words which, "if you cut them, would bleed": words vital, sensitive—not dead, but "quick."

Mrs. Gaskell's noble Life of her great fellow-artist and friend stands in no need of elaborated praise; but it has for some time stood in need of precisely that reverent

treatment wherewith Mr. Clement Shorter has treated it. His introduction, chronology, notes, are entirely helpful and welcome. Here is no re-writing of Mrs. Gaskell, no tampering with her text, but just those elucidations, comments, that additional or complementary matter, which the lapse of time necessitates. It is probably an edition of a classic as final as is Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell. We could not say more. Obviously, Mrs. Gaskell and Mr. Shorter had no call nor occasion to emulate the minuteness of Boswell and Dr. Hill. There could hardly be a more pronounced contrast than that between the immortal Londoner, burly, magniloquent, "clubbable," the idol and the terror of The Town, and the reticent, fragile, secluded woman among the lonely moors, the *vasta silentia* surrounding little Haworth. She was none of Dr. Johnson's ladies: no Mrs. Thrale, Miss Burney, Mrs. Montague, Charlotte Lennox, Hannah More; no brilliant blue-stocking, no queen of *salons*, no intimate of wits and statesmen; no elegant candidate for the honours of Sir Joshua's canvas, the whispered compliments of Burke, the rounded nothings of snuff-box-tapping Gibbon, the dear impertinences of Boswell. Yet she lived a full life in her brief allotted period. Not a peopled, thronged, frequented life, but one passed in the almost visible society of a few profound emotions, a few deep joys and sorrows, a few ardent aspirations and desires. A year or two in Brussels, a week or two in London, were the practical extent of her experience of all that portion of the world which is not comprised in Haworth. A word or two with Thackeray, Brewster, Monckton Milnes, "young Mr. Arnold"; a correspondence of no great length with Lewes and Sydney Dobell; a fair degree of intimacy with Miss Martineau and Mrs. Gaskell; that is the practical extent of her acquaintance with the contemporary living world of literature. Three tragic deaths of two adored sisters and a deplored, but deplorable, brother; her own death from the dangers of maternity, at the moment when through happy marriage she might anticipate a life of long happiness amid the calmed memories of old sorrow; those are the most arresting incidents in this volume of more than six hundred pages. Yet they abound in adventures adventured in that supremely existent world, the world of the created spirit, itself creative. We watch two young sisters busied with homely household cares in a small Yorkshire parsonage, and we learn that these are spirits of puissance and fire, indomitable, vigilant, proud. We see the elder of them turn from some dutiful loving service to her half-blind, brooding father, to deliver fearless judgment upon the great things of life and art, and that with a superb unconscious daring, an intense freshness of "large utterance." What need was theirs of crowds and libraries who communed with the ancient moors and conversed with the winds and stars?

Mrs. Gaskell felt the spell of lives so lived: she portrayed them artfully. The external scene, rugged Yorkshire, primitive, stubborn, warm-hearted, wild; the strange family, which in fiction would scarce gain credence; their varieties of the one same vehement nature, Celtic and Northern; their ways of facing life, as something to be wrestled with and conquered—even though ambition be fixed upon no more than setting up a girls' school—their zest of intellectual culture, their unremitting energy of mind: all this is portrayed with a quiet, cunning strength of hand and insight; the picture lives, breathes, pulsates. Our attitude towards the Brontës is one of slightly alarmed, somewhat amazed, wholly worshipful intimacy. We would fall in love with them, if we dared and if they would let us. These home-keeping sisters are partly Amazonian, Artemisian. Their writings contain challenges, and ring with clarion notes of war upon the world's conventions, sham smoothnesses, smug hypocrisies. It would be wounding to incur their ridicule, to detect the smile of a silent contempt upon their lips and eyes, to be made "feel small." To a Rochester, a Robert or Louis Moore,

a Paul Emanuel—oh, best-beloved of the men who never were!—they will capitulate: but they seem to expect to meet more often with Peter Augustus Malones, David Sweetings, and Mr. Donnes (*en passant*, we have a curiosity to know that egregious gentleman's Christian name). The four deathless stories keep us sensitively on the alert; we make examination of conscience; that trenchant and almost pure English has a certain haughtiness. Reading page after page, we are reminded of the Charlotte Brontë who, upon first encountering her "Lion come up out of Judah," forthwith opened an assault upon Mr. Thackeray for his "shortcomings (literary, of course)." Charlotte Brontë was amusingly sceptical as to the high genius of Jane Austen. But they resemble one another in the impress of their personalities upon their pages. Guilty conscience tells most of us that it would be a terrible thing to furnish forth material for a portrait by either immortal lady. Reading Boswell, we are moved to debate within ourselves whether the Great Man would have esteemed us worthy of the Mitre and Bolt-court, of a "dish of tea" with Miss Williams; and we wonder, whether Elia would have voted us good fellows, or uncongenial sharers in his tobacco and punch. The Brontë novels are the Brontës, and we read them with admiring apprehensions, with a wary delight. For to read them is not to turn from the turmoil of life to the inanimate repose of literature; it is to be in the visible, tangible, audible presence of two subtle, reticent, outspoken, and all-noticing ladies.

Perhaps the paramount interest of those lives, which Mrs. Gaskell's patient skill was the first instrument in revealing to the world, lies in the fact that, though they reveal a tragedy, a story of sorrows, there is nothing of that pitifulness so often attaching to the literature of literary mourners. The case of the disastrous Branwell excepted, here are noble griefs nobly borne; fears stoically confronted; disappointments met with redoubled endeavour; nowhere a touch of Wertherism, an hint of Byronism. We have nothing to forgive, palliate, condone, excuse, explain away in Charlotte Brontë. We have never cause to say "Here is weakness, and here is vanity, and here is malice, but they are natural and pardonable." These writers of books, quivering and aching with passion, lived lives of unshakable fortitude, and of integrity not less mental than moral. To use a somewhat undignified word, there was no flabbiness, no pettiness in their temperaments; and even Branwell, who lived like a hysterical and besottedly vicious woman, died like a man, upright upon his feet, as the death agony seized him. A brave book this of Mrs. Gaskell's; the record of courageous women true, like Jane Eyre, "to the finest fibre" of their natures. We close it with renewed homage to the memories of its writer and of them; close it also with Arnold's lines in memory:

Sleep, O cluster of friends,
Sleep—or only when May,
Brought by the west wind, returns
Back to your native heaths,
And the plover is heard on the moors,
Yearly awake to behold
The opening summer, the sky,
The shining moorland—to hear
The drowsy bee, as of old,
Hum o'er the thyme, the grouse
Call from the heather in bloom!
Sleep, or only for this
Break your united repose!

Of a truth, in the last words of *Wuthering Heights*, we cannot "imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth"; and they had earned their slumbers.

Hardly!

Two Stage-Plays: Denzill Herbert's Atonement; Bondage.
By Lucy Snowe. (R. Brimley Johnson. 3s. net.)

It often happens that a book is condemned by its own title-page, and here is an instance. Why *stage-plays*? Is the reader to understand that, despite their seriousness, these dramas do not disdain the stage? or that they have a special suitability and appositeness for the stage not possessed by any common play? or merely that in the eyes of the author there is some subtle difference between a play and a stage-play? And why *Denzill Herbert's Atonement*? We do not think we stretch the point in asserting positively that an author capable of a title like *Denzill Herbert's Atonement* cannot yet have arrived at that literary tact and taste without which passable literature is never produced. By all the rules of the game *Denzill Herbert's Atonement* should rest daintily on the same shelf as *The Awakening of Mary Fenwick*, *The Probation of Dorothy Travers*, *Not like other Girls*, *Wee Wifie*, and *Ought We to Visit Her?* Indeed, it does belong to that same shelf, despite the fact that when you first examine it Miss Snowe's work has an air of emancipation and modernness. Denzill Herbert was a fashionable and handsome young clergyman, well married, and the first act of the atonement passes in front of his church. Harry Field and Ralph Champneys are discovered talking. "Que diable? You, Harry, 'dans cette galère?' begins Ralph." But it is really Harry who should have put the question to Ralph; for, while Harry (an "agitator" with a special *animus* against parsons) loves the parson's wife, Ralph is quite outside the action, and fulfils no useful function whatever. His presence among the *dramatis persone*, not to mention the prominence accorded to him, is one proof among many of the author's lack of technique. When Ralph and Harry have finished the preliminary explanations, in the manner of Sardou's domestic servants, the congregation comes out of church:

FIRST MAN.

Rattling sood sermon that!

SECOND MAN.

Ripping! Guess he's knocked about a bit himself, don't you?

FIRST MAN.

Rather!

(*They go out. Another group of ladies come from the church.*)

FIRST LADY.

Isn't he wonderful? I have not heard anything that moved me so since—since Paderewski.

SECOND LADY.

Don't speak of it! I shall never forget—never—the way he said— Oh, look! Isn't that the Duchess?

THIRD LADY.

Sh! You know he said we were not to talk about "notorious sinners."

Needless to say the Reverend Denzill has had a past. That past was a girl named Susan Archer—and a child. In the second act Denzill confesses his sin to Harry Field; and then a certain Lady Deloraine, one of Denzill's flock, enters the intrigue. She has not been in the minister's study five minutes before she is talking thus:

LADY DELORAINE (*seizing and kissing his hand passionately*).

Kind, kind man! (*looking up at him*). You—you know—who is it?

DENZILL (*surprised and cold*).

No!

LADY DELORAINE.

You must—you must have seen, and known. I thought you did (*holds his hand and looks at him*). Who else could it be but—oh, Mr. Herbert—let me say it this once—I

know it's horribly, hideously wicked—but she—I know your married life is not as happy as it ought to be. (*He starts.*) Don't you see—can't you believe—it's God's sacred truth, and I'm not ashamed of it. He made us for each other, you and me, and only I have found it out—*yet!* Denzill, my darling, let me kiss you once.

(*She throws her arms round his neck, but he sternly repels her and rises.*)

DENZILL (*with his back to LADY DELORAINE*).

Get up, Lady Deloraine. (*She slowly rises and stands, turning away from him.*) I must apologise for allowing this to go on. I was taken by surprise, and so, I think, were you. We will both agree to *forget*—

LADY DELORAINE (*after a pause*).

I will only ask you to remember *one* thing—that if ever, as might happen, you are in need of anything that I could help in, I will not fail you.

Next comes Rachel, Denzill's wife:

RACHEL (*repelling him*).

Don't touch me, Denzill, *yet*.

The truth is that Susan Archer has had a word with Rachel, and Denzill's atonement now actually starts. We are not quite sure what occurs next, but it would appear that Denzill went off and lived at a great pace with Susan—presumably by way of penance. In the third act Harry Field is sailing smooth with Rachel, when the errant pastor returns like a ghost to his study, and Lady Deloraine, who had promised not to fail him, administered poison to what was once an idol of the West End.

LADY DELORAINE.

. . . He asked me to give it him, and I thought it was best. I did it for his sake. But it was you who killed him. (*To Rachel*) You are a murderess. (*With quiet enjoyment*) I loved him.

RACHEL (*to Harry*).

Help me.

CURTAIN.

We like that "*with quiet enjoyment*." It is an achievement of true humour. So ends this modern stage-play. Somewhat affected and bombastical, it yet represents, we think, an earnest effort to portray the times in which the author lives. Unhappily, Miss Snowe shows neither force nor skill, nor any aptitude for drama; she is an amateur, having nothing but her earnestness. Earnestness is not enough; unassisted, it merely invites the scoffer to scoff. Poor little *Atonement*. Time, "which hath an art to make dust of all things," will make dust of you too! And in future years that will, perhaps, be Miss Snowe's consolation.

Bondage, with drunkenness for subject, is rather more incoherent and improbable than its companion.

A Tyrtæan Muse.

For England's Sake. Verses and Songs in Time of War.
By W. E. Henley. (David Nutt. 1s.)

LET it be said at once that Mr. Henley's booklet is the best thing in verse that the Transvaal War has brought us, or probably that it will bring us. The description does not, indeed, entirely fit the book; for some of the pieces were written before the War—so far back as 1891 and 1892, during Mr. Henley's editorship of the *National Observer*. But the majority are not only songs of war, but the product of war-time. Good though the book is, nevertheless, not all of it represents Mr. Henley at his best. It opens seductively, with a prologue that is very Henley—one says, "Ha! ha! among the

trumpets," to hear the old masterful notes struck out again. Listen:

When the wind storms by with a shout, and the stern sea-caves

Rejoice in the tramp and the roar of onsetting waves,
Then, then it comes home to the heart that the top of life
Is the passion that burns the blood in the act of strife—
Till you pity the dead down there in their quiet graves.

But to drowse with the fen behind and the fog before,
When the rain-rot spreads, and a tame sea mumbles the shore,

Not to adventure, none to fight, no right and no wrong,
Sons of the Sword heart-sick for a stave of your sire's old song—

O, you envy the blessed dead that can live no more!

That "lifts the blood" in well-remembered fashion. It strikes the note of delight in action and energy which is of Mr. Henley's inmost character; for he "was ever a fighter," like his pet aversion, Browning (if we may venture to give pre-eminence to one among Mr. Henley's veritable seraglio of cherished aversions). And it strikes it without overstepping the modesty of art. It sounds a rousing onset to the poems which follow. Note that "tame sea mumbles the shore." The first poem is a stimulant reclamation against the early blunders of the war; not without the defect we shall have to observe further:

REMONSTRANCE.

Hitch, blunder, check—

Each is a *new disaster*,
And it is who shall bleat and scrawl
The feebler and the faster.

Where is our ancient pride of heart?

Our faith in blood and star?

Who but would marvel how we came

If this were all we are?

Ours is the race

That tore the Spaniard's ruff,
That flung the Dutchman by the breech,

The Frenchman by the scruff;

Through his diurnal round of dawns

Our drum-tap squires the sun;

And yet an old mad burgher-man

Can put us on the run!

Rise, England rise!

But in that calm of pride,

That hardy and high serenity,

That none may dare abide;

So front the realms, your point abashed;

So mark them chafe and foam;

And if they challenge, so, by God,

Strike, England, and strike home!

One might ask whether "our faith in blood and star" were not but too conspicuous, as the cause (in large measure) of those disasters which stirred Mr. Henley to song. But this is by the way. More important is it to note here a touch of the over-emphasis which seriously mars some of the other poems. Mr. Henley, who can be so strong without effort, in his restless lust of energy sometimes overleaps himself, and becomes violent. The kingdom of poetry differs from the kingdom of heaven, in that the violent do not bear it away. There are parts where some of these poems fairly shout in one's ear. The worst offender is "The Man in the Street," where substance and expression alike exceed. It is Mr. Henley out with a shillelagh, trailing his coat, and spoiling for a ruction: it might, indeed, have been called "In Praise of Rowdiness." Unfortunately it is lengthy, and no mere quotation would convey its total effect. Moreover, it would be unfair, for the poem is an extreme example. But of violence in expression there are examples in "The Choice of the Will." Here and elsewhere he shows a fondness for "the Pit" and "Hell" as means of forcing an emphasis,

which he might well have left to another fine poet, who surely deserves the thanks of timorous souls for having *cliché'd* the terrors out of the place mentioned.

Till now the Name of Names, England, the name of might.

That will surely stand as sufficient specimen of the excess we deprecate. Yet in the same poem we have so truly virile a couplet as this :

We tracked the winds of the world to the steps of their very thrones;
The secret parts of the world were salted with our bones.

The "Envoy" which closes the book, were there nothing else, would win oblivion for that defect of Mr. Henley's quality (though the Pit does again open under our annoyed feet).

Toese to the glory and praise of the green land
That bred my women and that holds my dead,
England, and with her the strong broods that stand
Wherever her fighting lines are pushed or spread !
They call us proud ? Look at our English Rose !
Shedders of blood ?—Where hath our own been spared ?
Shopkeepers ?—Our accopt the high God knows.
Close ?—In our bounty half the world hath shared.
They hate us and they envy ?—Envy and hate
Should drive them to the Pit's edge ?—Be it so !
That race is damned which misesteems its fate,
And this, in God's good time, they all shall know,
And know you too, you good green England, then—
Mother of mothering girls and governing men !

This is, by the way, an example of that avoidance of the epigrammatic close in the quaterzain which Mr. Henley has made it a special study to achieve. But there is something else than this—a poem on Lord Roberts, of such splendid swing and vigour that we would its length did not forbid us to quote it whole. Here is a handful of it—though we do it wrong by such mutilation :

"They have given us war, good war so far as their burgher souls knew how :
In a dead boy's name, and for England's sake, I'll set my hand to the plow,"

Did he promise thus in the thought of his dead ? We must do as we must—not will !
If he did, by the Lord, he has kept his word, for they've had of him thrice their fill.

By the dismal fords, the thankless hills, the desolate, half-dead flats,
He has shepherded them like silly sheep, and cornered them like rats.

They have seen themselves out-marched, out-fought, out-captured early and late.
They've scarce a decent town to their name but he's ridden in at the gate.

Desert and distance, treason and drought, he has mopped them up as he went,
And only those he must shed in the rush of his swoops were discontent.

Patient hardy, masterful, merciful, high, irresistible, just,
For a dead man's sake, and in England's name, he has done as he would and must.

So three times three, and nine times nine, and a hundred times and ten,
England, you, and you junior Englands, all, hats off to our Chief of Men !

With that salutation to "Our Chief of Men" ringing in our ears, let us close the book, and thank Mr. Henley for it. His hand, that poem shows, has not lost its cunning, nor his mind its energy.

The Romance of Soot.

The Last of the Climbing Boys: an Autobiography. By George Elson. (John Long. 6s.)

THIS is a book of no literary pretensions, but of considerable human interest. Sixty years ago Mr. Elson was one of those "dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses," to whom Elia loved to give a tester, and Jim White a meal. If he does not figure as the very chimney-sweep of Elia's portraiture, the differences are inessential. Mr. Elson began sweeping chimneys after the humane Act of 1842 had forbidden chimney-climbing. That he climbed them just the same was due to the fact that in country districts the Act soon became a dead letter. The new sweeping machines produced little effect on chimneys in which soot had gathered from a mixture of wood and coal fuel, and housekeepers quickly perceived that the climbing boy with his steel scraper was better worth their money. Hence the law was cheerfully and consistently broken all over England. Young Elson and his brother became chimney sweeps by running away from home. Their father and step-father were hawkers, and occasionally the boys returned from chimney-sweeping to less grimy occupations. It is curious to see how a half-starved but well-meaning and courageous boy could make his way about England on foot fifty years ago, from town to town, and master to master, toiling and running away, sleeping in barns, and upheld by chance meals and pathetic slices of good luck. Elson was not quite friendless. His mother was always glad to see his sooty face again for a few days, and the lad had kind-hearted aunts, who seem to have dotted themselves about the shires in a certain strategy of helpfulness to their grimy little nephews.

The boys had been trapped into their calling by a sweep who offered them a night's rest, but took care that they should awake so black in skin and clothing that sweeping chimneys was their only resource. Thus it was as an unwilling convert, baptized with soot by an alien hand, that Elson tackled his first cottage chimney. The plan of climbing a chimney was this :

With the feet standing upon the grate, the body would nearly fill up the width of the chimney, thus to rise was a matter of outward expansion or outward pressure. The right arm lifted above the head, the left down by the side ; the elbows were pressed hard against the brickwork so as to hold the body suspended until the knees were drawn up. Then the knees on one side, and the bare heels on the other, held the body secure, while the right hand plied the scraper to bring down the soot. The elbows again reached higher up, and the knees and heels repeated their action ; thus the ascent was made.

The smarting eyes and skin of the climbing boy were Elson's immediate reward, and these were quickly followed by peeled knees and festering sores. Nor was the climbing without its own technical disagreeables, such as would now be thought of as intolerable cruelties. A narrow chimney with a poor draught might almost stop a boy's breathing. Sometimes Elson forced his way up a chimney which had been the grave of a less attenuated climber, who had stuck there and died before he could be unbricked. Fumes from boiler fires only just extinguished were another danger, and more than once the lad fell from top to bottom of a chimney, overpowered. Loose brick and mortar gave him many a hard knock. It is astonishing to read that he climbed scores of chimneys exactly nine inches square. A chimney nine inches by fourteen was a regular thing, but chimneys fourteen inches square "we could, as it were, run up and down" :

There were even occasions of hilarity in climbing. Many a time, when in good spirits, I have sung at my work ; I and another boy in an empty house have raced each other up and down a pair of chimneys out of fun, and I have dared to ascend when even the chimney-stack

has rocked with my weight and movements, showing how use may become second nature. I remember once at Mount Sorrell, four miles from Loughborough, coming across the chimney of a house that had been pulled down, and of which this was the only remaining relic. Out of pure mischief I climbed this chimney, though it rocked from side to side with my weight.

Among chimneys which Elson did not love were those which had only one shaft for two or three fireplaces. In these it was possible to be smothered by smoke from the fire of the next-door house. It was also possible to make a mistake when descending, and come down into someone's porridge pot, or, as happened with one of Elson's comrades, to appear without warning in front of a gouty old gentleman whose fright equalled his own.

Travelling sweeps had the camping-out privileges allowed them that were enjoyed by roving tinkers. But they were regarded with more suspicion within doors, and hence, in self-protection, they developed a cant of their own. Mr. Elson says: "If one sweep met another strange member of the trade, to detect whether he was a greenhorn . . . the first would say: 'Can you patter cant (speak slang)?' and, if a veteran, the stranger would reply: 'Oh, yes, I know; nix is nothing, and a penny roll is a win' buster,' and directly they were hail friends well met." This cant was often used by a sweep to his boy in the presence of a housekeeper, whom it was not desirable to enlighten as to his thoughts. If a mistress had refused a good price, "he would put his head under the cloth before the grate, and call out: 'Now, boy, are you near the top?' when an indistinct reply descended, which indicated he was not getting on very well. 'That's right, my lad, pike the low,' meaning burk the top; then the lad would cry 'All up,' and come gently down, leaving the top part of the chimney full of soot for some other better-paid sweep to clear away." Other curious cant words are explained by the author:

A chimney-sweep was a feiker, and, strange to say, the words feik and feikment stood for those things which had no cant name. The sooty cloth was a tuggy, the scraper a deacon, the brush a switch, the soot was called queer, the horse was a prod, the cart a drag, rain was parney, a field a puv, a fire a ghim, a door a gigar; water, lag; potatoes, spuds; a servant a dolly, and deiking for looking. A stick was a cosh, a knife a chif, eyes were ogles, and the face a mug, a house a ken, a barn or hovel to sleep in a crib, a cap a cadie.

Mr. Elson's story is lightened by the gleams of a happy nature. It is clear that he worked with a will, and bore cold and an empty stomach as well as they can be borne. There were gentlemen's houses where chimney-sweeping was a joy, so nobly was it rewarded with hot food and drink, and kind words from the maids. Even in farmhouses kindness and liberality were the rule, and Elson won them in larger measure by his ability to sing love songs and sing them well.

At last our author came to town and swept chimneys with the jointed brush of civilisation. The great event of his London career was the part he took in chasing and, instrumentally, bringing to justice three burglars whose attentions to a West End mansion, unfortunately for themselves, synchronised with his own. This exploit brought Elson fame and money, and the last pages of his book recount his emergence from soot to affluence. But the cream of the book is its stories of travelling chimney-sweepers, and of village life fifty years ago. Once, standing on a hill overlooking Leicester, the author was able to indulge these proud reflections: "Among my first thoughts was one of pride that I had climbed fully three parts of the myriad chimneys I then beheld; that, too, I had swept them better than any other lad." Mr. Elson has done well to give his life-story, to which the Dean of Hereford writes a suitable preface.

The School and the Man.

A History of Bradfield College. By Old Bradfield Boys. Edited by Arthur F. Leach. (Henry Frowde.)

IN some respects those who write the history of a school of to-day are happy in their lot. The whole life of the school has passed within the memory of man; the first boy who entered the school may be still alive; dubious points may be cleared up authoritatively, and the space at the author's disposal is sufficiently great to allow of his dealing with subjects of interest at greater length than is possible in the case of a foundation over three hundred years old. Bradfield College, Berkshire, is quite a modern public school, for this year it celebrates the fiftieth year of its existence, but into these fifty years it has crowded as many incidents and as many hairbreadth escapes as many a school of five or six times its age. Its founder was the Rev. Thomas Stevens, the "squarson," as Sydney Smith put it, of Bradfield, where his family had lived for several generations. Dr. Jowett summed him up more or less epigrammatically as "a funny old gentleman who had tied a school up to a church"; and, in fact, the foundation of the school was almost an accident. Mr. Stevens succeeded his father as rector and "lord" of Bradfield in 1842, and set to work to restore the church as a memorial to his father. Then it struck him that a choir was wanted, so he decided to found a school to train choir boys after the model of Magdalen College School. The school began with six boys in August 1850, and from this it grew up round the Old Manor House with an irregular regularity, till after a struggle of about thirty years it ended in the bankruptcy of Mr. Stevens and in all but the total wreck of the school. Dr. Gray, the present headmaster, was the man who pulled it out of its difficulties, and now in its fiftieth year Bradfield can boast a roll of over 300 boys, and a growing reputation.

The two things for which Bradfield is remarkable are its Founder and its Greek Play. Of the Founder as he was in 1850 Dr. Gray gives the following description:

Imagine a short, burly figure, clothes anyhow, thick-soled boots, a mere patch of shirt showing, with a wisp of white tie with dangling ends, and on the top of this there was set a colossal head, a massive, formidable forehead, eyes penetrating, and at times almost fierce, with a peculiar way of watering when roused. But it was the beard that was the feature of the man—patriarchal, sweeping, flowing—something you could not get away from, which seemed to move and sway with every emotion. A man of masterful power, was my feeling when he began to speak his words of dignified welcome. . . . The next morning I walked with the Warden down to "morning chapel" in the Parish Church. His outdoor costume was even more original than his evening attire. A black cut-away coat, which hung like a sack round his figure (he told me afterwards he had bought such things sometimes from a travelling tailor); a real beaver hat, such as is rarely seen in the England of to-day; and a very crooked stick slung with a little black bag on end over his shoulder, in which he carried his letters for the day to his "den" over the College gateway.

Such was the man who spent all his patrimony in founding a public school; and went bankrupt, in 1881, with debts of £160,000, of which about half were secured. Just before the crash came, and towards the end of the term, the Warden announced that he could not yet pay his staff, and that they must be content to wait. One of the assistant masters (then reduced to five) went boldly to the Warden's "den" and said: "Mr. Warden, I have no money to go home with." To which he replied: "Well, my dear, then you must stay here. I can feed you, but I cannot pay you." Stay he did, but the incident marked the beginning of the end.

The book is full of school stories of the familiar type, which hardly bear transplanting from their surroundings; but there is one perfect translation from English verse

into Latin verse, which was shown up to Mr. A. D. Godley, of all persons, who was then a master at Bradfield. It is, as the author says, worthy of a place in *Lyra Fivola*.

And thou hast joined her gentle train!

was Latinised as:

Et placidam caudam duxisti rursus in unum!

For unconscious humour of the Dog Latin order this will be hard to beat.

The recent performances of the "Agamemnon" in the Greek theatre in the school grounds have acquainted the civilised world with the fact that Greek plays are performed at Bradfield. Of the theatre it will now suffice to say that the present Warden built it in 1888 in an old disused chalk-pit just outside the school grounds, and that the orchestra is shaped on the model of that at Epidaurus in the Peloponnesus, that theatre being chosen as the type because it is the only one in the mainland of Greece which escaped the alterations introduced by the Romans. In 1881 the *Alceste* had been played in the buildings under the management of Mr. F. R. Benson, who was an old schoolfellow of Dr. Gray at Winchester. Some of the Bradfield boys took part in the performance, and found special jests of their own in it.

Among them was an unrehearsed effect behind the curtain, when F. R. Benson, having barked his shin over a plank behind the scenes, used some very vigorous expressions not in the original Greek. Happening to see one or two youngsters who had been in hearing, he, with great presence of mind, gave them a short but impressive lecture on the evils of strong language, but did not explain his own *lapsus linguae*.

Bradfield is now in a flourishing condition, and, we say it with all respect, could not have a better advertisement than its Greek theatre and Greek play.

Other New Books.

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF THE
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

BY GEORGE BRYCE

The Hudson's Bay Company seems suddenly to have attracted the attention of writers on the British Empire. Not long ago we reviewed Mr. Beckles Willson's two sturdy volumes on this subject, and now Mr. George Bryce comes with his book dealing with the great Company, the French traders of North-Western Canada, and of the North-West, X.Y., and Astor Fur Companies. Naturally, the later book covers much the same ground as the earlier, and, indeed, differs from it only in detail and in treatment. Those who are interested in Canada will read it eagerly, but those of the general public who have already tackled Mr. Willson will not venture on a second work on the same subject. Mr. Bryce is a professor in Manitoba College, Winnipeg, and has already written much on Canadian history. He is a practised writer, and his book is more attractive in style than that of his predecessor. The history of the North-West is a chapter of fine romance, and many passages in Mr. Bryce's work are as fascinating as any work of fiction. At the present moment it is worth noticing that old John Jacob Astor, a German merchant of New York, and the ancestor of the family of Astors, went to Montreal about a hundred years ago to trade in furs, and used to export skins to China, where high prices are the rule. Washington Irving's *Astoria* is based on the travels of Astor's traders, but he never tells us where these people went, as Dr. Coues remarks, for the simple reason that he never knew. The book is well illustrated with reproductions of portraits and of pictures, and with photographs. The appendices are useful, and that containing the Cree syllabic characters is most interesting as a specimen of what may be termed Indian shorthand. The index is fair, but might be fuller with advantage. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

BRITISH AMERICA.

"BRITISH EMPIRE" SERIES III.

This is the third volume of the series dealing with the various parts of the British Empire, which is founded on the lectures delivered at the South Place Institute, Finsbury, on Sunday afternoons, from 1895 to 1898. Like the other volumes, it is of a patchwork description, being the work of many hands. It is an admirable book of reference, but hardly lends itself to quotation. Canada as a whole is dealt with by J. G. Colmer, C.M.G., and by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, High Commissioner. Ontario is written about by Mr. Byrne, its Agent; New Brunswick, by Mr. C. A. Duff-Miller, its Agent-General; and so on, all the different provinces of the Dominion being handled by thoroughly competent writers. Messrs. Williams and Coryn treat of the Canadian Aborigines, and Sir J. G. Bourinot writes a short review of Canadian Literature, a literature which has the advantage of possessing the two languages English and French. Sir Augustus Adderley introduces us to the West Indies, Sir William Robinson writes on the Bahamas, Sydney Olivier, C.M.G., on British Honduras, and Dr. Emil Reich on British Guiana, so that the student may feel sure that those who instruct him have more than a bowing acquaintance with their subject. The book is full of information, and if it is brought up to date now and then will always be an invaluable book of reference. There are two well-drawn maps of Canada and the West Indies, but we would suggest that maps on a larger scale of each separate province and island would add largely to the value of the book. The concluding volumes of the series will be "Australasia," and "General," which will include the small outlying portions of the Empire. (Kegan Paul.)

THE GENEALOGICAL MAGAZINE. Vol. III.

The third volume of the *Genealogical Magazine* does not yield in interest and importance to its predecessors. Among many noteworthy items, there is a series of somewhat startling articles that expose the extraordinary "nobility epidemic" now raging in the French Republic. Not merely are titles assumed wholesale by the *bourgeoisie*, but a special state department exists, the Chancery of Titles, which on receipt of a fee registers, and confers official sanction upon, these ludicrous personal adornments. Titles are bought and sold in this country shamelessly enough in the political market, and both the baronage and the baronetage have been thereby irremediably degraded, but the logical genius that characterises the Gallic intellect has gone so far as to establish an absolutely open door for titular free-trade, whereas we have hitherto not ventured beyond the stage of backstairs jobbery. In point, however, of unaffected and barefaced honesty, the advantage appears to lie with the French system.

The vexed question is once more raised as to the occurrence and the meaning of the word "baronet" prior to the creation of the degree of baronets by James I. in 1611. Undoubtedly the term is used frequently before that date; but even if those antiquaries are wrong who maintain that in all such cases it is merely a scribal error for "banneret," it is certain that there can be no connexion whatever between the baronet of the Middle Ages and his namesake of the seventeenth century. The baronetage of James I. was an entirely new class of nobility, created under specific and unprecedented regulations and for a particular purpose.

The almost forgotten story of the burying of Cromwell's body on the field of Naseby is revived in a letter, and meets with an astonished and indignant protest from Mr. Algernon Ashton. Neither writer seems to know that the tale comes from the Harleian Miscellany.

One of the most useful papers is that explaining the origin of the insensate law which since 1835 has prohibited marriage with a deceased wife's sister. As the author says, ignorance concerning that iniquitous transaction is widespread and profound.

We do not know whether Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. John Morley are subscribers to the *Genealogical Magazine*. If so, the former will doubtless have rectified the heraldic anomalies that deface his presentment of "King John," and the latter will have learnt not to "debruisse" his speeches with a "bar sinister," an armorial charge that never did and never could exist. (Elliot Stock.)

THE EARLY POEMS OF ALFRED,
LORD TENNYSON.

EDITED BY
J. CHURTON COLLINS.

By the "early" poems Mr. Churton Collins intends, in accordance with the laws of copyright, all Tennyson's writings up to and comprising the two volumes of 1842. His edition of these is a "critical" edition. That is to say, in the first place, it is complete, the pieces discarded by Tennyson, together with his Cambridge prize poem on "Timbuctoo," being put in an appendix; and, secondly, Mr. Collins has been at the pains to hunt out and record all the innumerable variants and corrections which the poet's restless itch for technical perfection led him from time to time to introduce into his work. The result is exceedingly interesting to the student of poetic style who is not afraid to be let into the secrets of the workshop; to the general reader it will perhaps be rather bewildering. Then Mr. Collins has supplied a critical introduction, and a comment after the fashion of his earlier book, *Illustrations of Tennyson*, abounding in parallel passages and the citation of "sources." The value of this sort of criticism is an old subject of controversy, and Tennyson's own views upon it were not obscure. Nevertheless, although some of Mr. Collins's quotations are farfetched, the majority of them seem to us to be really helpful and to throw a flood of light on Tennyson's temperament and artistic methods. For a precise scholar Mr. Collins is uncommonly lax in his own licence of quotation. Browning would hardly thank him for assigning to him the "couplet":

The little more, and how much it is;
The little less, and what worlds away.

The familiar lines are truncated, and they are not a "couplet." (Methuen.)

ORDINALE CONVENTUS VALLIS
CAULIUM.

BY W. DE GRAY BIRCH,
LL.D., F.S.A.

The document, carefully edited from a Paris MS. by Mr. Birch, is a useful addition to our knowledge of the daily life of a mediæval monastery, a subject which has received growing attention in England since the publication, half a century ago, of S. R. Maitland's stimulating work on *The Dark Ages*. It is the "Rule" of a small monastic order, known as the Order of the Val-des-Choux. The history of these communities has been written by J. A. P. Mignard, to whose work that of Mr. Birch is supplementary. The original Priory of Val-des-Choux, or Val-des-Choues ("Valley of Cabbages," or "Valley of Owls"), stood in a deep forest on the bank of the Ource. It was founded just at the end of the fourteenth century, and its Rule is adopted from that of the Carthusians, by the addition of elements taken from Benedictine and Cistercian sources. "Silence and peace," says Mr. Birch, "simplicity of life, the greater part spent in prayer and religious exercises, appointed hours and methods of work, rest, worship, and relaxation, seem to have made up the daily routine in this sequestered spot hidden in the forest of Villiers-le-Duc." Some twenty dependent houses of the order are known, of which three were planted in Scotland. Those were the Priors of Ardhattan, Beaulieu, and Pluscardine. Into England the Order does not appear to have made its way. The text of the Rule is edited by Mr. Birch with extreme care, and he adds a full historical and bibliographical preface, a calendar of documents concerning the Priory of Val-des-Choux in the departmental archives at Moulins-sur-Allier, and two very full and useful indices. (Longmans.)

Fiction.

A Son of the State. By W. Pett Ridge.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. PETT RIDGE is moving surely, and not slowly, in the right direction. As a student of humanity—and we do not think the phrase is too big for him—he has worked his way from the surface inwards. In his earlier sketches, amusing as they were, he was merely flicking the froth of experience at his readers. Then, after feeling his way hither and thither with a novel or two, he gave us *Mord Em'ly*, and proved that he could search beneath the surface-humours of the street, the tramcar, and the third-class railway carriage and discover character. Now, finally, with *A Son of the State*, in which we have, as it were, a Mord Em'ly who happens to be a boy, we find even more proof that Mr. Ridge can turn the searchlight of humour upon the serious problems of life. It is evidence of Mr. Ridge's firmer hold upon character—and deepening sympathy with it—that he has made Bobbie so interesting. We have spoken of the book as serious, and the redemption of the slum-boy by way of the industrial school and Her Majesty's navy is a serious matter enough; but one may be serious with a smiling face, and Mr. Ridge's humour is unfailing, even at the funeral of Bobbie's mother. The curate speaks:

"So you're all alone in the world, my boy? (Bother the wind!) Now you must make up your mind to be a good lad, because there are plenty of people ready to help good lads, and very few who will waste their time over bad ones."

"That's what I tell him, sir," remarked Mrs. Rastin ingratiatingly.

"And don't forget—" the curate stopped and sneezed. "I mustn't stay here in this wind," says he.

"Good-bye, my lad."

"Say good-bye to the kind gentleman," Bobbie.

"So long," said Bobbie, resenting the interference of Mrs. Rastin. "Look after that cold of yours."

Bobbie's life up to date is concentrated in his courtesy to the curate—"so long!" But therein lies Mr. Ridge's strength, the swift delineation of characters which he has watched by phrases and repartees to which he has listened. Thereafter Bobbie lived on the edge of crime with Mr. and Mrs. Bat Miller, Mr. Leigh and the Duchess, so-called from her reminiscences of a higher life, who ran what the detective called "a raro old little snide factory." But the State snatched Bobbie as a brand from the burning and sent him to an industrial school. The rest of the book is an account, written with delightful insight, as well as with appreciation of the personal imperfections which combine into success, of what the State can do when it takes a slum-boy in hand and insists that he shall run straight and not crooked. Bobbie's talks with the coastguard by the convalescent home turned him finally into the straight.

"Old Lady," declared Coastguard, blowing at his tea, "will have the best. She don't mind what she pays for her Navy, but she will 'ave it good."

"I see what you mean," said Bobbie.

"Do you like the outside or the inside?" asked the angel at the cake.

"Both, miss," said Bobbie.

"None of your ne'er-do-wells for her," went on Coastguard. "None of your thieving—"

"You've dropped your knife on the floor, little boy," said the angel. "That's a sign you're not careful."

"None of your bad characters, none of your criminals, for my Navy," she ses, "'if you please.' And, jigger me," said Coastguard explosively, "jigger me if the Old Lady ain't right."

"You ought to call her 'Her Majesty,' uncle. You'd look silly if she happened to be listening."

One fault we must point out in the framework rather than the filling in of the story. Mr. Ridge, always optimistic, and seeing, as he should see, possibilities of good in the

worst, is unduly optimistic in his belief in coincidence. Myddleton West and Sister Margaret coincide with Bobbie too inexplicably for our credulity. And the characters are so real when they do meet us that their creator could afford to take a little more trouble in bringing us together. Finally, as regards the difficult question of conveying the pronunciation of the uneducated by misspelling, we would suggest that "ses" might as well be "says," and "bis'ness" represents nothing more than the ordinary pronunciation of "business."

Mis'ess Joy. By John Le Breton.
(Macquenn. 6s.)

AN English farm in the days of the Regency is the scene of Mr. Le Breton's new story, and a charming silhouette of *Mis'ess Joy* preludes a pleasant note. The "peccadillo" is the name given to the farmer's love-child by the provincial wit and beau, Mr. Pierrepont, whose association with the farmer and his parochial sisters leaves something to be explained. And his witticisms, addressed to simple people who cannot be expected to understand them, smack somewhat of priggishness. Richard, the hero, who is introduced to us while still a child, deals most effectually with him:

"And what saith the King? Come my Lord Richard, tell us, have you analysed the sorrows yet, and found them so highly spiced that they give insipid life a subtle joy?"

"I'm going to be a pirate," said Richard, fingering his guinea. He seldom understood Mr. Pierrepont, but he did not care to own this; and so, long ago, he had hit upon the ingenious idea of abruptly introducing a new subject when the conversation grew too difficult for him.

To Richard Mr. Pierrepont is constituted mentor in ordinary; but he does not save him from a dull marriage with his plain cousin Susannah, nor Joy from a miserable fate. For all that it ends unhappily, the book is sufficiently exhilarating to read. The two maiden aunts in love with Mr. Pierrepont and tenderly attached to each other are generously imagined.

The Minister's Guest. By Isabel Smith.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

FROM a country rectory owned by a squire-parson—a type now almost extinct—to the demure villa of an Independent minister in a manufacturing town, was a terrible transition for Nannie. The minister was an excellent man, but, to her face, he spoke of her as "our young friend"; and his maiden sister dragged her to Dorcas meetings, where her wretched inefficiency with the needle made her horribly conspicuous, and a mark of scorn to the blameless Mary Leek. Upon her, however, she had her revenge; for Mary's betrothed, the stalwart son of a distinguished deacon, much preferred her defects to the perfections of his Mary. So, when sharp shears cut the thread of the registrar of marriages at the moment when the company was assembled at the chapel to witness the nuptial rites, so pointed a hint was not lost upon James, who openly turned his attention to Nannie—with the happiest results. The story is told at immense length in such unstudied English as: "It had not seemed then as if he cared for Mary other than a friend," and is adorned with quotations both German and Greek. A mind steadily concentrated upon a story of this class should as nearly realise a condition of complete repose as during the inevitable working hours of this troubled life it might reasonably hope to do.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE BELLE OF TOORAK.

BY E. W. HORNUNG.

Mr. Hornung is one of our best Bush novelists, and the crisp opening pages of this story promise good things. "She had fallen a happy victim to the law of contrasts. Society favourite and belle, satiated with the attractions of the town, and deadly sick of the same sort of young man, she had struck her flag to one who might have swum into her ken from another planet; for the real bush is as far from Toorak and Hawthorn, and the Block in Collins-street, as it is from Hyde Park Corner." Such is Moya Bethune, when she and her *fiancé* are looking over their future home in the bush. While they are doing this it becomes necessary for Rigden to lie to a police sergeant in his *fiancé's* presence, and several vivid interests are at once created. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

THE MESMERISTS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

A characteristic melodrama, in which the complications arising out of love and murder are dealt with by an unscrupulous mesmerist. Between the same covers the author publishes a play on the same subject with the remark: "Readers may feel some interest in comparing the Novel, which is intended for the closet, with the Play, which is intended for the stage, and in observing the points of difference between the two." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

FITZJAMES.

BY LILIAN STREET.

"No, it isn't heart. It's the Juan in a man that appeals to women; and he has it strongly. But what is the Juan? Nobody has discovered. And—it certainly cannot be bought." Thus was Galt FitzJames, a typical strong Englishman, poet, artist, critic, and squire, described by the woman who had bewitched him years ago, but whom he now found to be married to a money-bag. A sweeter woman trips on the scene, and from the two motives there rises an interesting and ingratiating love-story. A good character is Galt's old valet, Johnson, who is seventy, and quotes Shakespeare with great aptness. He believed in "the Bible and Shakespeare and the other poet—his master." (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

OUR COVE.

BY J. HENRY HARRIS.

Thirteen short stories of fishing-cove life in Cornwall, touching on simple themes with quiet humour. "The market with us for widows is dull; but they look comely in chapel, and are much given to the sucking of peppermint lozenges on Sunday evening. There is some consolation in peppermints—the girls take to them in the winter, or after they have been jilted. A widow with a little money need not, however, suck peppermints longer than she likes, for usually there is a 'staid' man somewhere about with a 'gift in prayer,' or some other excellence, open to an investment." (Simpkin, Marshall.)

AN AMERICAN VENUS.

BY ELLIOTT PRESTON.

This is described as an "emotional romance." It may be that, but it is also a tissue of bombastic reflections and impossible incidents. The author, in pronounced Byronic costume, forms the frontispiece. The title-page is adorned with a quotation from Miss Corelli's *Ziska*. This is the sort of thing: "Let me hasten to say (lest I lose caste) that I *love* the ladies—nay, I adore the very dust on which they tread. . . . Forgive me, gentle reader, that I stray thus from my theme. . . . But to return!—Ah! I was describing Eleanora's bathing-costume, was I not?" (Deane. 6s.)

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Literary Tall-Talk.

BETWEEN literary small-talk and literary tall-talk the sober lover of books has little peace nowadays. A reasonable quantity of each would not offend. It is interesting to know a fact or two about writers whose books compel discussion; it is interesting, also, to speculate on tendencies, and cast the horoscope of talent. But each of these pleasures is somewhat beside the mark of present and practical enjoyment of literature, and their too eager purveyors have to answer for much mental indigestion. Chatter about this author's *message*, and that author's *message*, fills the ear to an extent which almost forbids mere private reading. The mind wearies of facts which time shows it does not need to store, and of theories which time shows it need not examine. Again we say, in moderation both chatters are acceptable; and to see them in this degree, and in combination, you have only to read Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*. To see them in excess—*vide* Press. However, it is always easier to ignore petty facts than promising theories. The gossip will be recoverable within twenty-four hours, and will fill the half-hour of a railway ride. But the theory, the classification, engages the mind at once, and from the first offers a discovery. The small-talk may distract, but it is the tall-talk that lures and tires.

These discontented and disconnected ejaculations—they are no more—are prompted by a perusal of a magazine "wholly composed" of new and would-be-important interpretations of modern literature. It is with the quarterly arrival of *Poet-Lore* from Boston that we feel how many rungs of the ladder of Culture we have yet to climb. Our only doubt is whether anyone can be so cultured as the readers of *Poet-Lore* seem to be. There is here no mingling of the cup. The April-May-June number begins with a translation of Sudermann's symbolical drama "The Three Heron's Feathers," which opens with a dialogue between a grave-digger and the Burial-wife. After some forty pages of symbolism the reader is regaled with an original poem, called "Marah of Shadowtown," grey and tepid:

The days go by so wearily
Like crooked goblins, eerily,
Like silly shadows, fast and still,
Wind-driven and drearily.

Like the gray clouds are my eyes gray, mother,
Like them, heavy as things grown old
Only the clouds' tears are but dream-tears—
Lifeless, cold.

From this we proceed to an essay entitled "George Meredith on the Source of Destiny," which to our unappointed eyes appears to be a typical young-womanish screed illustrating the tall-talkativeness of what the writer calls "this latter nineteenth-century of ours." Lest we are mistaken, we will give the writer's summary:

This, then, is George Meredith's message. We have eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the power to choose between the two has entered into our souls. We are under the rule of a great overhanging law. Destiny's wheels we cannot stop, but through our capacity for moral choice, our hands lie on the button that moves the whole machine in its relation to our own individual lives.

We had innocently thought that all this might be picked up elsewhere; and that Mr. Meredith's novels were only a commentary on some such truths. But it is the way of tall-talk criticism to make the document under discussion yield up every elementary truth. You are to rout up and glorify an author's common philosophy as if the fundamentals were not much the same in all men. There are rules of life, too, which are accepted; why proclaim them like an auctioneer's clerk shouting "Correct" as he counts a set of spoons? Of Mr. Meredith we are told with *empressement*: "This novelist-philosopher has taught us, then, that folly tends to bring failure, but that righteousness is stronger than folly. He is not content to stop in his teachings even here. [We should think not!] In *The Tragic Comedians* he goes still further, and deals with the interrelations of the moral and intellectual. For character rules intellect, as intellect reacts upon character." Of what novelist—of what writer—might not this be said? In the same spirit of false importance Mr. Meredith's views on fate and free-will are irresponsibly collected and compared with those of—Beowulf, Shakespeare, and Browning!

It is in his scientific insight into moral life that Meredith's growth beyond Beowulf, Shakespeare, and even Browning appears. We of the nineteenth century would be sorry to think that we had not one master who goes even deeper into our modern life than these. We believe that, as men of the later twentieth century look back upon our day, they will call George Meredith our greatest literary exponent.

We do not discuss this comparison between a living writer and three poets in three distant ages born. We only ask: Has it any value or charm whatever? and does it amount to anything more than an assertion that of four lamp-posts in the Strand the most westerly is nearest to the Nelson Column? It is fit that a paragraph which tumbles Mr. Meredith among a mixed crowd of immortals, and brings him out on top, should end on such cobble-stone English as "They will call George Meredith our greatest literary exponent."

We might still have escaped headache but for the next paper, on "Clews to Emerson's Mystic Verse." Here we have portentous interpretations of verse which is alleged to be occult, but is, in fact, nearly as plain as verse can be. Emerson says that the Universe

Sole and self-commanded works,
Fears not undermining days,
Grows by decays,
And, by the famous might that lurks
In reaction and recoil,
Makes flame to freeze and ice to boil;
Forging, through swart arms of Offence,
The silver seat of Innocence.

On this we have a page of high falutin explanation:

When the Living Universe builds a house, it builds it out of its own soul substance; while man sleeps and loiters, the Unconscious ceaselessly toils. In the phrase "grows by decays," Emerson embodies, I believe, the law of the conservation of energy. The magazine of divine power is exhaustless; does energy sink out of sight here, it is only to reappear yonder; the tree decays, but out of its fertilising substance new plants may spring up; the coal under the steam boiler of the locomotive is consumed, but the swart goblin has lost no whit of his might: he just slips darkling up into the stream, makes the driving-rods his swift shuttling arms, and, grasping with his steel fingers the fellows of the wheel, whirls you half a thousand miles over the green bulge of the earth ere set of sun. The mystic Power grows by decays; and also, by "the famous might that lurks in reaction and recoil," reconciles apparent antinomies and opposites. . . . If a heavy body be rolled up an inclined plane. . . . If you lift the big pendulum of the clock in the corner. . . . &c.

The writer is great on minutiae. "Even in so slight a matter as choosing a name for his verses 'To Rhea

Emerson's philosophical belief is glimpsed." It is rather a relief to know, however, that "the title of the poem 'Hamatreya' has baffled a perfect and indubitable explanation." The writer says that, after searching "through all the Hindoo scriptures," he has "reached a conviction which approaches absolute certainty that 'Hamatreya' [the title of one of Emerson's poems] is Emerson's imperfect recollection of Maitreya, or—that he purposely coined the word." The next paper is "A Defence of Browning's Later Work," which informs us that a poetical slough of despond may be transfigured by hard thinking. We believe it may be created by the same means. In all these papers we find that jerkiness of thought and aridity of phrase which one associates with notes taken at a lecture or extracted with enthusiasm from a newish book. There is also an inveterate tendency to fine writing. The defender of Browning's *Perishtah's Fancies* and *The Parleyings of Certain People* cannot lay out her subject without declaring that these poems have been obscured by "mists of non-appreciation" in which she proposes to open a "rift" in the hope "that some glimpses of the splendour of the giant form behind them can be gained." Similarly the eulogist of Mr. Meredith seems to think she will gain the ear of the reader by saying that genius, "in its formed philosophical theories may err, but not in its perceptions of life"—and that therefore "in his inspired representations of life and character, coming not from thought alone, but from his whole nature, *Meredith cannot err*." The italics are ours. Like the cuckoo, the Bostonian critic selects an author in which to find, or deposit, a gospel; and once the selection is made the poor man has no peace. He is not even allowed to err.

The last item in our *Folk-Lore* is a veritable tit-bit. It is a kind of examination paper in "Present-Day Poets," in which some very solemn questions are propounded by the editors. We give below a few of these questions, and the answers which we have framed from the residue of our intellect:

Is Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton too narrowly restricted to emotional themes and emotional means of expression for bounteous poetic cheer, or is the perfect alliance of her emotional range and workmanship the very source of her lyric excellence?

We give it up.

Does Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich escape the usual penalty for laying emphasis on delicacy of finish so that the result is satisfying in its happy precision? Or does he seem cold and elaborately superficial? Does he, so to speak, carve cherry-stones oftener than he engraves cameos?

We don't know. Does it, "so to speak," matter twopence?

Is Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's scholasticism too dominant in her work? Does she lack human warmth? Or are her restraint and good taste the index of deeper feeling? Does her cultured thought and chaste concentrated power of expression lift her above the ranks of the minor poets?

Perhaps they "does." We will leave it open.

Does Miss Hannah Parker Kimball's portraiture of Judas Iscariot reveal a capacity for dramatically creating development in character? Are her lyrics too grave, or is it their especial blend of high seriousness and intellectual insight with unforced expression which gives them unusual richness?

We should say that the blend named would give unusual richness to any human composition; but, there, we are tired. We have seen the message of Mr. Meredith calmly defined in half-a-dozen lines, and we have been told that Browning's *Perishtah's Fancies* and *Parleyings* "give complete expression to the thought of the age." What is left for us to do but learn the message by heart, and buy a pocket edition of the poems? Oddly enough, we have no inclination to do either.

The Future of the Six-Shilling Novel.

THE six-shilling novel has now existed riotously for some ten years, and, to the casual observer, its position would seem to be assured, impregnable. Yet the real fact is that those most concerned are profoundly dissatisfied with it. A publisher whose reputation for successful fiction is second to none in London said the other day that he was ready to try any experiment for a change, even to the length of issuing novels at thirty-one-and-six; and he was not talking facetiously. A famous authors' agent, commenting on this despairing remark, said that novels might be issued at thirty-one-and-six or at half-a-crown, but that, in any event, the six-shilling price was bound to be altered. A leading West End publisher, to whom we mentioned the matter, said, with the utmost calmness "I think it would be a good thing, as regards many novels, to return to the thirty-one-and-six figure." "But surely," we urged, "such a change would destroy your business in novels so issued." "It would," he said; "and I should be delighted to have my business in certain novels destroyed absolutely. You must understand," he added, "that no one has any fault to find with the present price of novels which sell well. It is the work of the new author, and of the author with a reputation but no circulation, that causes the trouble and the dissatisfaction. Such work, take it all round, results in a loss to the seller.

Here undoubtedly was truth. A successful novel is satisfactory, whatever its price; and, therefore, it is satisfactory at six shillings. The bookseller makes his fourpence out of it, and it does not stick on his shelves. What the publisher makes out of it is known only to the publisher: but that he makes something considerable is proved by the extraordinary competition among publishers for successful and partially successful authors. Any one acquainted with the *arcana* of a publisher's office, and especially any publisher's literary adviser, knows the ravenous appetite of publishers for successful authors. Let a man write a novel which sells only two thousand copies, and he will find half-a-dozen firms anxious to accept all risks and pay him from £75 to £100 on account of royalties upon delivery of the MS. of his next novel. Even if a novel sells but a thousand copies, thus clearing its first edition, the author may in future choose his publisher from several, and obtain from £30 to £50 in advance on his next MS.

It is the new author who fails to make a hit that is the cause of tears. In nine cases out of ten the publisher expects to lose on a first book, and he is not disappointed. He prints, say, seven hundred and fifty copies, and sells from two hundred to five hundred. If he sells five hundred he considers himself well out of the affair. As for the author, his receipts vary from *nil* up to £10—and this for something upon which he has probably lavished a year's labour. The worst is that the sales of first books are steadily decreasing; they are from thirty to forty per cent. less to-day than they were six years ago. And so there is naturally disgust. The author is disgusted because his reward is so absurdly trifling; the publisher is disgusted because he is often at an actual monetary loss; and the bookseller is disgusted because he finds his shop encumbered with dead stock. The question may be asked: "Why are mediocre novels produced at all? No one wants them." But someone does want them. The author wants them, and the author will have them. It was assumed ten years ago that the abolition of the three-volume novel would mean the abolition of the mediocre new writer. But how blind an assumption! You cannot change nature by an edict of the libraries. Mediocrity is immortal; nothing can scotch it. Instead of being anni-

hilated the mediocre new writer is more numerous than ever. "But," you say, "why does the publisher publish the fellow's stuff and why does the bookseller buy it?" Simply because hope springs eternal in the human breast, and because the supply of non-mediocre authors is unequal to the demand. The publisher is very human, and the bookseller scarcely less so. Every sparrow that lights on their window-sill may prove to be the Arabian bird; and after the bitterness of a thousand disappointments they hope on, hope on, with a sublime and miraculous fortitude.

In the meantime the condition of affairs has distinctly worsened for author and publisher, and, perhaps, also for the bookseller. Who, then, has profited, since the public certainly reads more than ever? It is the libraries which have profited. They buy for four shillings that for which they formerly paid fifteen, but one does not perceive that they have reduced their subscription-rates. Silently but steadily money has been diverted from the pockets of the publishers and authors to the pockets of the libraries. In the old days nearly every three-volume novel cleared its expenses, and a new author could be fairly sure of a reasonable emolument. A number of blamelessly inane writers existed in comfort upon their modest share of so many thirty-one-and-sixpences. Then the fiat went forth, and without a cry these unfortunate persons sank beneath the waves of reform. That was nothing—at least, it was nothing to literature. But it was not all. The public buy more novels now than they did, but the improvement in this respect has not by any means been sufficient to atone for that tremendous leakage into the pockets of the libraries. Now, as then, the average reader gets his novels from the library, and not from the bookseller. And the libraries pursue their golden path, purchasing as many, or as few, of a novel at six shillings as they did of a novel at thirty-one-and-six. The successful, the meritorious writers have suffered to some extent, and, as for the rest, they have suffered enormously.

It is useless to blame the libraries. The libraries occupy an empyrean in which remonstrances cannot be heard. There are two remedies, and it is these remedies which the publishing world is now thoughtfully pondering. The first is to increase the price of speculative novels, and to rely for support wholly on the libraries instead of partly on the libraries and partly on the booksellers. The objection to such a course is that the libraries would probably decline to sanction it. Why, indeed, as commercial concerns should they sanction it except under compulsion? And who would apply the compulsive force? The second remedy is to decrease the price of speculative novels. Now the three-and-sixpenny novel has been tried and has proved a failure; but the half-crown novel, the shilling novel, have yet to go through an exhaustive test. Decidedly there are signs that the half-crown novel is coming into fashion. Mr. John Murray began a new half-crown series only last week, and it is reported that Mr. Heinemann will shortly renew his activity in this direction. The object of cheapening the speculative novel is twofold—first to popularise it, and second to reduce the pecuniary risks attached to it. If you print on thinner paper, and use a flimsier binding, spending £60 instead of £100 on an edition at a smaller price per copy, you will naturally stand to lose proportionately less on dead stock. And it is the risk of loss, not the hope of gain, which chiefly affects the publisher of a first book. As for the new author, the new author must openly reconcile himself to writing his first book for naught. He must not even pretend that the thing will be remunerative. It should be distinctly understood on all hands that a first book can only pay when a miracle happens. On such an understanding the new author may start fair—without illusions. After all, a first book is a mercantile experiment, and it is only proper that the experiment should involve the least possible risk.

The Travels of "Ivanhoe."

By way of practical joke a type-written copy of Scott's *Ivanhoe* was recently sent round to the publishers under the title *When John was England's King*. It was returned in every case, among the letters of rejection being the following:—

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. regret to have to return *When John was England's King*; but they fear that interest in historical fiction is diminishing. Their reader's report of the story is in the main favourable, but he points out that the charge of imitating *The Forest Lovers*, one of Messrs. Macmillan's recent publications, might perhaps be difficult to rebut. In his opinion, the author of *When John was England's King* would perhaps have made a better and more readable book had he studied Mr. Hewlett more carefully.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton must decline *When John was England's King* in its present form, but if a few modifications were made they feel that the story might be very popular and profitable. The author, they would suggest, might advantageously substitute a Christian girl for the Jewess Rebecca, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton having noticed, in their long experience, that there is more money in Christianity than in Hebraism, at any rate in books. They would also recommend an infusion of Scotch dialect; and a pathetic scene between Ivanhoe and his mother—if it could be arranged—would, they feel convinced, add to the story's vogue.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. would willingly publish *When John was England's King* if the author would make a few alterations. They beg to bring to his notice the accompanying works by Mr. Guy Boothby, an acceptable writer in their employ, and to suggest that he should adapt the story to the minds of Mr. Boothby's numerous readers. By giving Ivanhoe more dash and address, by modernising and accelerating the style, and removing much of the antiquarian padding, this effect would, they feel sure, be attained.

Mr. John Murray begs to return the MS. of *When John was England's King*, and to quote a passage from his Reader's report thereon: "I do not recommend this novel, although it is painstaking and thorough. The author would, I think, have been wiser had he chosen another name for his hero. Ivanhoe has already been used by Sir Walter Scott."

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. thank the author of *When John was England's King* for the offer of his story as a serial for the *Cornhill Magazine*, but are obliged reluctantly to return it, having made arrangements for a number of serials by Mr. S. R. Crockett.

P.S.—The foregoing correspondence is, of course, absolutely fictitious.

Things Seen.

The Ambulance Corps.

BEHIND the parched Parade Ground stretched the barracks, and from the windows leaned the regulars. Coatless, hatless, arms akimbo on the window-sill, flannel shirts open at the neck, their jolly sun-burnt faces smiled at the little army of boys who had possession of their Parade Ground. The annual inspection of a flourishing Cadet Corps was proceeding, and it amused the regulars to see the red-coated children with carbines, bayonets, and a band, busy at the business of war.

In the corner of the Parade Ground stood the Colonel's

dog-cart—the Colonel of an historic regiment, who, in full uniform, with a languid aide-de-camp at his heels, had come to inspect the battalion. And near the dog-cart stood the tragedy of the inspection. It was a small tragedy, a matter of four little boys in red with a military stretcher—the Ambulance Corps. They were perfect in their drill; they had mastered First Aid; they were young, strong, brimming over with energy, but nobody had needed them, and the inspection was drawing to a close—that was the tragedy. None had fallen, none had fainted, all had gone through the most surprising evolutions without the slightest distress. The Ambulance Corps alone had waited and watched, and nothing had happened. The Colonel glanced at the clock, made a speech to the boys, mumbled a word to the commanding officer and walked towards the dog-cart followed by his languid aide-de-camp. The Ambulance Corps watched despairingly. Each small figure was taut, each face was flushed, each pair of hands clutched nervously at the Ambulance poles. The battalion stood at attention as the Colonel (he was a trifle stiff in the joints) raised his foot to place it on the high step of the dog-cart. As he did so the horse started, the Colonel was thrown off his balance, and fell sideways to the ground. In the twinkling of an eye a cloud of dust rose about the place where the Ambulance Corps had stood, there was a gleam of red and four pair of legs scampering across the ground, then the startled battalion saw the prostrate Colonel pounced upon; they saw him hustled into the stretcher, his arms gesticulating, with more vigour that is usual with a disabled man; they saw the commanding officer race towards the spot; they saw the Ambulance Corps retire, but with heads erect, and a proud air. But the Colonel, as he drove away from the Parade Ground, looked ill-pleased.

A London Night.

Too hot to sleep indoors, I drag a chair on to my balcony, meaning to dose there. But the freshness of the night rouses me, and I am held in a waking dream.

There is hardly any air. The dark silhouettes of the trees in the square stand out, statuesquely graceful against the grey blue sky—through the black masses of shade beneath them, one or two lights glitter from the farther side.

A mysterious cat creeps across the street and glides through the railings into the dark garden. And just above the roofs, the misty yellow moon hangs low in the sky, and plays hide-and-seek among the chimney-pots.

I close my eyes, and my thoughts wander off to a low Sussex shore, where the light shines over the water, and the tide is creeping up round the wall of an old sea-wall. The waves ripple in gently. I hear their whispers as they hasten to overtake each other on the beach. Or is it the longed-for rain upon the plane-trees in the Square? I look up to find the dusty wood pavement transformed into a shining waterway by a water-cart. The wet street stretches its glittering length far away up to Regent-street—long lines of gas-lamps throw trails of light across it—a lumbering Post-office van shows flashes of scarlet as it rattles past on its way to Paddington with the early mails. Now and then a belated hansom—the cat of London traffic—slips past; a couple of tired waiters stand for a moment beneath my window, and separate with a friendly “Gute nacht.”

There is silence for a space—the town sleeps—then a brilliant meteor flashes across the heavens, and loses itself in the soft shades of green and saffron which have begun to tinge the east—a delicate rose colour creeps up into the sky—the caress of a new-born breeze wakes the trees, and another hot day has dawned.

Correspondence.

A Dream Sentence.

SIR,—This morning I awoke with the following sentence on the tip of my tongue: “No private duty is so paramount but that a man may neglect it in the service of the State.”

Now, although I cannot defend the use of the word “paramount,” it seems to me that the idea set forth is sufficiently striking. How it came into my head I am wholly at a loss to discover. The thought is perfectly new to me so far as I am aware. I may, of course, have read it somewhere, but I feel convinced that, if I have, I have never before appreciated its meaning. Perhaps some of your readers, well versed in ethics, may be able to provide the reference.

All I can say is, that I went to bed after reading several chapters of Mr. Edward Spencer's *The Great Game*, and I do not think that the idea could have been suggested by his entertaining account of “Horses of the Century,” jockeys and owners. Or can it be that in Dreamland I earn a precarious livelihood by writing (or speaking) on the ideas of “Rightness and Oughtness”?—I am, &c.,

G. S. LAYARD.

Lorraine Cottage, Malvern: July 26, 1900.

Style.

SIR,—In John Stewart Mill's essay on Nature occurs the following remark: “The first thing to be done with a vague term is to ascertain precisely what it means.” It is therefore necessary to define style before commenting about it, and this is just what the correspondents of the ACADEMY fail to do. “It is synonymous with literary intellect, brain, thought”; “or subtle thing that grows”; “the natural expression of the literary individuality”; are some of the meanings presented in the ACADEMY, all of which, to my mind, are absolutely wrong and misleading.

Style is just a *mode or manner of expression and nothing more*, and it is generally qualified by adjectives, such as pure, good, bad, picturesque, turgid, pleasing, perfect, easy, simple, diffuse, classical and many more. Style, then, without the adjunct of an expletive, is only a verbal garb of thought, beautiful or ill-fitting as the case may be.

Of course, it is the aim of the literary aspirant to acquire a good and, if possible, a charming style, a con summation only to be reached by a thorough acquaintance with authors whose mode of expression delight and charm. Afterwards, continuous practice may help the literary mind to develop its own style. The grub of patience may burst into the full-blown performance. Every author whose name is stamped upon the literature of the period has a style *sui generis*, which may not always be a pure or even a correct one. But the impress of individuality is often the golden hall mark of popularity. An author of distinction has generally a distinctive style.

Constant converse with good verse, and its practice, successful or otherwise, ensures a limpid, delightful style. The rhythm, melody, and choice of words necessary for the art impart a musical flow and a gracious elegance to composition. For instance, the pure style of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or the vivid word-painting of *Jane Eyre*, are doubtless due to the fact of their authors being poets.

“From grave to gay, from lively to severe,” mark the attributes of an enchanting style. And, for my own part, I can endure the matter of any book or article, even if threadbare or commonplace, as long as the manner, the style, can arrest and delight.—I am, &c.,

ISIDORE ASCHER.

July 31, 1900.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 45 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for an *invented* poetic quotation which if introduced into print would be likely to gain currency. We award the prize to Mr. Alfred Edward Wright, Inverinate Villa, Attadale-road, Inverness, for the following :

SELF-PRIDE.

Lost to all sense but that of inward pride,
Wrapt in himself, he needs no other guide;
No magnet points him to a distant pole—
Himself the chart, the compass, and the goal.

Other invented quotations sent in are as follows :

Be not a coward, fearing to face
Life, when disrobed of pleasant grace,
But with soul-eyes find thou the key
Of grace, in Life's adversity.

[A. V., London.]

Dead leaves aglow with autumn's sun,
Loves long dead alive in memory.

[H. R., Gt. Grimsby.]

To work is good, yet let him rest who can;
Life without leisure makes a soul-less man.

[M. F., London.]

When first the Angels bore thee to the House of Hopes and Fears
The World beside thy cradle laughed for joy—thou wert in tears!
So live, that on the eve of thy Great Sleep
Thou laugh for joy and all the world shall weep!

[M. N., London.]

Blindly squandering powers of Infinity o'er trifles of time.

[H. L. G., Edinburgh.]

A night for goblins to hestride foul air.

[W. M. R., Manchester.]

Strong in consistent inconsistency.

[A. M. P., London.]

Yes! I will own that subtlety I lack,
Which proves twice two are five and white is black;
Substance, not shadows, ever I pursue,
And seek not for the glittering, but the true.

[B. D., London.]

Let Love train eagles and discard her doves.

[W. A. S., Sale.]

O friend of mine, thou led'st me safe,
Thro' the valley that I went—
Past the swamps of Might-have-been
To the hills of Pure Content!

[Z. McC., Whitby.]

The soaring lark above
Takes up the tale of love,

There pois'd on pinion spent,
And on its song intent,

[A. F., Exmouth.]

What a long list at close of day,
If duly writ in pen and ink,
The things we *thought* but did not *say*,
The things we *said* but did not *think*.

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

O Pilot strong unfurl my sail,
Our barque must skip the sea,
And while the sullen billows wail
Come display thy skill to me.

[L. M. S., London.]

To hide a charm is to display a better.

[H. M. C., Glasgow.]

Serene in boredom's dull tranquillity.

[E. W. H., Manchester.]

Afraid to starve, denied his fill to stuff,
He never knows when he has had enough.
Alike dyspeptic (his digestion such)
Whether he eats too little—or too much.

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

The ceaseless tongue that speaks the senseless mind.

[E. R. W., Farnborough.]

Pardon wouldst have, and yet wouldst hug thy sin;
Wouldst cling to hell, and yet the heavens wouldst win.

[F. W. S., London.]

..... Things that become
As weary-worn as loves that mate too soon.

[E. H. H., London.]

He is the noblest victor in life's fight
Who knows what's wrong and ever does what's right.

[H. G. H., Ruswarp.]

The tortuous pathway to the Peak of Fame.

[E. C. P., London.]

Fame stole his clothes and left him stranded on the sands of Time.

[B. B., Birmingham.]

For God is God, all others are but selves.

[E. A. M., Eltham.]

Gold is the magic wand to which all doors respond:
Save the Divine ones—pure love, good health, and life.

[G. S. A., Ilford.]

Solitude, slum, crowds, parks, and ceaseless sound.
London! In thee the best and worst are found.

[S., Manchester.]

'Tis better to have lived and died
Than never to have lived at all.

[A. M. C., Leicester.]

Too close the vivid present weaves her spell,
And we are blinded by the visible.

[I. S., Brighton.]

The wayside rose soon drops
Its withered bloom which aids the parent stem,
And with its fading beauty scents the tomb
With sweetest odour of a sainted life.

[W. A., Edinburgh.]

Each failure but a stepping-stone,
To lead to something higher.

[L. M. L., Stafford]

Other replies received from: W. G., Hexham; E. G., Bradford;
A. F., Exmouth; R. F. McC., Whitby; E. S. C., Kidderminster;
A. W., London; J. S. M., Dundee; C. R. B., Derby; F. von S.,
London; H. M., London; E. J. L., London; W. A., Edinburgh;
T. C., Buxted; M. J., London.

Competition No. 46 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for a sketch of "The Street I Know Best," not exceeding 200 words.

We again very respectfully ask each competitor to write his name and address on the same sheet as his answer, even when it is thought necessary to send an accompanying letter. We prefer that *no* letter should be sent.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, August 7. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

The Acts of the Apostles in the Language of the Ojibbeway Indians
(S.P.C.K.)
Portions of the Common Prayer in Eskimo (S.P.C.K.)
Whitman (G. H.), The Christ of Cynewulf (Ginn & Co.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Fishwick (Henry), The History of the Parish of Prestin (Stock 346)

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Ames (Percy W.), Chaucer Memorial Lectures, 1900 (Ashe)

EDUCATIONAL.

Green (G. E.), A Short History of the British Empire (Dent)

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Green (J. R.), An Introduction to Vegetable Physiology (Churchill) 10 3

MISCELLANEOUS.

Paget (J. Otto), Hunting (Dent)

NEW EDITIONS.

Linn (Thomas), The Health Resorts of Europe (Kempson)
Mandeville (Sir John), Travels (Macmillan) net 3 6

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

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The Literary Week.

THE publishing of books has practically ceased, and we must wait till the end of September for the steady flow to begin again. Not that the issue of books ever stops altogether—for no week in the year is without its stray volumes of theology and fiction—but important books must wait for what publishers believe to be more favourable (though more crowded) times. War books continue to be issued, but the response is not keen. We fear that even the *Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed*, by C. H. Thomas, formerly Orange Free State burgher, will not fire the reading public, or even Miss Marie Corelli's *A Social Note on the War*. Perhaps General Baden-Powell's book on Mafeking will rouse them.

THE sub-title of Miss Marie Corelli's pamphlet on the war is *Patriotism or Self-Advertisement*. The distinguished authoress must have blushed when she read the advertisement that is heralding her new book throughout the country. It is called *The Master-Christian*, and it is dedicated "to all those churches who quarrel in the name of Christ." Here are a few gems from the advertisement:

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We shall see.

THE decision of the House of Lords, by a majority of four Law Lords to one, that a reporter is entitled to copy-right in the speeches he reports may be good law, but, to the lay, literary mind, it is certainly not common sense. The effect of the decision is admirably put in the following letter which, the *Echo* says, Mr. Lane received soon after the result of the case:

DEAR SIR,—Since the reporter has been adjudged the owner of copyright in a speech, may I draw your attention to the fact that there are many speeches made annually by various speakers which would have considerable value as literary productions.

As a verbatim author I beg to offer you the next half-dozen speeches to be made by the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Burrell, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. John Morley. They could be brought out as a volume of copyright literary essays, and as there appears to be no necessity for stating by whom the speeches were made, I, as the author, would of course stipulate that my name should appear on the title-page.

We hope this letter will follow the four Law Lords to their moors.

IN spite of Mr. Andrew Lang's protests, the method of inducing distinguished readers to supply "cheap copy" persists. Mr. Frederic Dolman visited the studios of St. John's Wood and Kensington, and persuaded certain painters to tell him which they thought were the greatest pictures in the world. The result, with reproductions of the pictures, is given in the *Strand Magazine*. Thus:

Sir L. Alma Tadema...	Raphael's "Disputation as to the Sacrament."
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Mr. G. H. Boughton...	Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne."
Mr. Marcus Stone	Millais's "Vale of Rest."
Mr. J. M. Swan.....	Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy."

THE Netherlands South African Railway Company have commenced an action for libel against Mr. FitzPatrick, on account of certain statements contained in his volume, *The Transvaal from Within*, and also against Mr. William Heinemann, the publisher. Mr. Hawksley will conduct the case of the defendants.

ONE of the new autumn papers is to be called *The Leader*. It will aim "to make Ireland Irish." Here are a few extracts from the prospectus:

The ideal Ireland which the Review will strive to help to bring about is one which will eventually express itself in its native language, which will not only be a self-governing but a self-contained nation, drawing its inspirations from native sources, possessing its own native outlook on all phases of life, and, while willing to assimilate from outside, determined to slavishly imitate no other nation.

Its methods for helping on the attempt to realise this ideal will be practical. It will face facts as they are, however humiliating; and the actual Ireland, and not the Ireland of dreamers and romancers, will be always kept in view. Though convinced that no real Ireland can exist until Irish is reinstated as the national language, this Review, being practical, will be almost wholly written in English, for the promoters recognise the fact that Ireland has allowed herself to become almost completely English, and we must proceed from what is to what ought to be.

This Review will face everything. Its contributors will include very many of the ablest Irishmen of the day. Shams will be mercilessly ridiculed. Those responsible for "superior English education" will get no peace until they give an Irish education.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has been staying at Marienbad, where he has been in consultation with Mr. Tree on the subject of his new play "Herod." It will be called "Herod the King," not "The King of the Jews," and will follow "Julius Caesar" at Her Majesty's Theatre.

NEXT Saturday (the 18th) the copyright of Balzac's novels will expire. The present holders, Messrs. Lévy, paid 80,000 francs to Balzac's widow for this copyright in 1865 (thirty years after Balzac's death) and for thirty-five years they have enjoyed the monopoly.

BALZAC's dealings with his publishers were not of a brilliant business order. Under the description, "A Cruel Contract," the *Author* gives the terms of a specimen bargain entered into by Balzac. This is the Hubert contract, the document of which is in the possession of the Vicomte de Lovenjoul.

In this contract "M. Honoré Balzac" engages to supply (under the pseudonym of Lord R'Noone) a certain sieur Grégoire Hubert, libraire au Palais Royal, with four volumes for publication, entitled *Clotilde de Lusignan*, for the sum of 2,000 francs. This liberal remuneration is to be received as follows: 500 francs in notes payable at a year's date; 500 francs in notes (payable six months later) at the moment when twelve hundred copies of the work in question shall have been sold. The remaining 1,000 francs are to be paid in notes, likewise dated six months hence—*whenever sieur Grégoire Hubert shall be unable to produce on the author's demand more than a hundred copies of this first edition!*

But the fial article in this iniquitous treaty carries off the palm for munificence. It expressly states that:

"In this sum (of 2,000 francs) is included the cost of the advertisement of the said work, which M. Balzac binds and engages himself to have inserted in the journals below mentioned (or in those which may replace them should they be suppressed), viz., the *Constitutionnel*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Courrier*, the *Miroir*, the *Quotidienne*, and the theatrical papers. The advertisement shall each occupy at least half a column in the body of the journal; and shall be placed either beside the article 'Paris,' or immediately after." To reimburse him for this outlay, the author is entitled to six copies gratis of his own work.

Comment, adds the *Author*, is superfluous, and it suggests that it was under the financial strain produced by this barbarous treatment that Balzac wrote: "Creditors know how to find us much better and more promptly than our friends. For the sake of a little sum they often come to a place where others do not come for the sake of a great affection."

IN writing on the new American historical novelists a little while ago, we remarked on their mechanical patience in "getting up" their topography and local colour. Mr. Charles Major, the author of *When Knighthood was in Flower*, doubtless shares these industrious qualities, and a "proof" of it is given with much circumstance by an American contemporary as follows:

When Mr. Charles Major was in London recently, for the first time, he wagered a whitebait dinner with an English friend that he could walk from St. Paul's to the Tower unguided, taking the most direct route, and naming the streets travelled. After they had eaten the whitebait, and the Englishman had paid the bill, Mr. Major confessed to his marvelling host that while writing *When Knighthood was in Flower* he had been compelled to make a map of that part of old London, and in doing so he studied Stow's *Survey* with great diligence, working out from the text, block by block, the journey through Cheapside and Billingsgate to the Tower.

But this is an occasion for smiles. The idea of working out the most direct modern route, "block by block," from St. Paul's to the Tower in Stow's *Survey* is worthy of an American enthusiast; but they do not so learn the way about New York. Stow seems to have served Mr. Major uncommonly badly; for the most direct route from St. Paul's to the Tower is the straight line formed of Cannon-street, Eastcheap, and Great Tower-street. We can understand the route including Billingsgate, because the whitebait had to be bought; but it was the American who should have paid for it!

WHAT is the psychology of a reading craze? What causes scores of thousands of readers to rush for the novels of Miss Fowler, Miss Cholmondeley, Miss Corelli, and Mr. Hall Caine, and then fling them aside, and forget them? What explains the boom of *Trilby* and the doom of *Trilby*? An American writer seeks the aid of scientific phraseology to explain these mysteries. He says: "Such phenomena indicate an interruption of the action of the higher brain centres and, in consequence, an undue activity of the lower brain centres"; and he thinks that a diffused hypnotic suggestion is at the bottom of the big sales enjoyed by novels of no lasting merit.

How else are we to account for the fact that tens of thousands of intelligent readers are found absorbed in books which are destined in a few months to permanent oblivion; that large editions of certain books are delivered to booksellers in advance of any legitimate demand; that a multitude of people accept without hesitation the judgment of newspapers as to the literary or artistic merit of books, whose opinions on other subjects would have no weight with them at all?

Admitting that fiction has its place as a means of literary culture, it would seem that most readers have ceased to exercise any rational choice and allow themselves to be controlled by their lower brain centres. . . . These crazes of the reading public are incident to an imperfect stage of development. As the higher centres become more highly developed, a rational choice will more effectively control the selection of reading. The literature which has established its claim to permanence will take its true place.

THERE is a characteristic article in *The Contemporary* on Eleonora Duse, by Mr. Arthur Symons, which is an amusing as well as interesting contribution to its subject.

Her eyes [says Mr. Symons] are like a drowsy flame. Her stillness is the stillness of one in act to spring. There is no transition from the energy of speech to the energy of silence. When she speaks, the words leap from her lips one after another, hurrying, but always in coloured clothes, and with beautiful movements. As she listens silently to music, she seems to remember, and to drink in nourishment for her soul, as she drinks in perfume, greedily, from flowers, as she possesses a book or a picture, almost with violence. I have never seen a woman so passionate after beauty. I have never seen a woman so devoured by the life of the soul, by the life of the mind, by the life of the body.

When she talks intently with someone whose ideas interest her, she leaves her chair, comes and sits down quite close, leans over till her face almost touches one's face, the eyes opening wider and wider, until one sees an entire rim of white about the great brown pupils; but, though she occasionally makes a gesture, she never touches one, never lays her hand on one's sleeve; remains impersonal, though so close.

Here are a few of Duse's words written down by Mr. Symons from memory:

"Do you remember what Flaubert, that little priest, said of Shakespeare? 'If I had met Shakespeare on the stairs, I should have fainted.' The people I would like to have met are Shakespeare and Velasquez.

"Could I live without the stage? You should not have said that. I have passed three years without acting. I act because I would rather do other things. If I had my will I would live in a ship on the sea, and never come nearer to humanity than that."

IN reference to the forthcoming Clarendon Press edition of the *Imitatio Christi*, Messrs. Methuen point out to us that the edition they publish is in all respects a "faithful" translation, and can therefore challenge comparison in this respect with future versions.

To the *Library World* Mr. Thomas Aldred, Librarian of St. George-the-Martyr Public Library, is contributing a useful list of Sequel Stories. The instalment in the August number ranges from H to S, and includes the following interesting entries:

HOWELLS, W. D.
Chance Acquaintance.
Their Wedding Journey.

HUGHES, T.
Tom Brown's School-days.
Tom Brown at Oxford.

HUO, V.
Les Misérables.
Fantine.
Cosette and Marius.
Jean Valjean.

HUYSMANS, J. K.
En Route.
The Cathedral.

JAMES, H.
Roderick Hudson.
Princess Casamassima.

LYTTON, LORD.
Ernest Maltravers.
Alice.

The Caxtons.
My Novel.
What Will He Do With It.

"Zicci" was Completed as "Zanoni."

MACDONALD, G.
Annals of a Quite Neighbourhood.
Seaboard Parish.
Vicar's Daughter.

Malcolm.
Marquis of Lossie.

Sir Gibbie.
Donal Grant.

Thomas Wingfold, Curate.
Paul Faber, Surgeon.

MACLAREN, IAN (J. M. Watson).
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.
Days of Auld Lang Syne.
Kate Carnegie.

MELVILLE, H.
Typee.
Omoo.

MEREDITH, G.
Sandra Belloni (same as Emilia in England).
Vittoria.

MOORE, GEORGE.
Evelyn Innes.
Sister Teresa.

OLIPHANT, Mrs.
Chronicles of Carlingford.
The Rector.
The Doctor's Family.
Salem Chapel.
The Perpetual Curate.
Miss Marjoribanks.
Phoebe, Junior.

"OUIDA" (Louise De La Ramée).
Princess Napraxine.
Othmar.

READE, C.
It is Never Too Late to Mend.
Autobiography of a Thief.
Love Me Little Love Me Long.
Hard Cash.

THE art of advertising a problem-novel appears to be thoroughly understood by the publishers of an American novel called *The Redemption of David Corson*. Being a purpose-novel, it is "destined to produce an aftermath of critical conflict." The advertisement proceeds with delightful naïveté: "One can give some idea of the cause of this inevitable storm from a brief outline of the story." But the tit-bit is the quotation of two opinions already given on the book:

Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, writing in the *Bookman*, classes it with *David Grieve*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, and finds in it "a strong, healthy, buoyant note." He says: "David Corson enters the scene clothed with the fascination that only the strong possess. He dreams, he sings, he sees visions of the future, he is tempted, he loves, he hesitates, he sins, he falls, he wakes with a shock of horror, he climbs slowly upward upon the rounds down which he descended, he conquers our admiration and our love."

Maurice Thompson, in an extended discussion of the book in another literary magazine, differs radically from the *Bookman's* review. He points out that the love between David Corson and Peepeta "is worked up to the highest pitch of passion," and that there has never been a novel in which it "is more vehemently described or more persistently kept before the reader. It does not follow," he adds, "that because God has made possible the redemption of a profligate, it is right to describe him in a dramatic story for fireside reading."

Do you not feel the storm, the aftermath, the conflict, and the rest coming? But why do they travel so slowly?

THE *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science for July contains an interesting and apparently exhaustive paper on "The American Newspaper." Facts and statistics are accumulated and arranged with great care, mainly with the object of showing what is the general moral tone of American newspapers. The space devoted to "vice and crime," to sport, society news, literature, &c., &c., is calculated and reduced to a percentage. But we do not think that we can quote the author's figures with any effect; the article must be studied as a whole. It conveys to the English reader a useful idea of the conditions of journalism in America. St. Louis and Cincinnati are now "the most notable centres of yellow journalism." These two centres keep remarkably close together in the table of percentages. Both stand high in illustrations, medical advertisements, and news of crime and vice; while they stand very low in letters and exchanges, editorials, literature, and retail advertisements. It is significant that Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the *New York World*, got his training in yellow journalism as manager of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. The force of the expression, "training in yellow journalism," may be understood by a statement concerning a former editor of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, whose influence was felt far and wide. This editor defined the most successful newspaper manager as the man who best knew where hell was going to break out next, and had a reporter on the spot.

THAT "yellow" journalism is still largely in the hands of its few pioneers seems clear from the following statement:

If we were to count as yellow journals of the deepest dye those which give more than one-third of their space to yellow matter, we should find seven—four owned by W. R. Hearst, and two owned and one founded by Joseph Pulitzer. This fact, that the seven yellowest great dailies in the United States have been or are now under the control of one of two men, is an indication of the immense opportunity for the expression of individuality in journalism. The *New York World* and the *New York Journal* have an incalculable influence in the United States. During the late war they claimed a daily circulation of more than a million copies each, and they were hawked upon the streets of

distant cities. Their influence does not arise from popular confidence in them, but is rather the influence of association and success. Everywhere, like omnipresent rowdies, these papers make themselves felt.

A *Scribner's Magazine* poetess, Miss Mary Young, has found a way of presenting the "teaching" of Omar in terms to which even Mr. A. H. Millar can take no exception. "How Granny Reads Her Omar" is the title of a set of quatrains, which are a charmingly witty variant of the *Rubáiydt*. Out of six stanzas we take the liberty of quoting four:

VII.

Come, now! cheer up an' have a cup o' tea!
Things ain't so hard's you make 'em out to be
Be happy while you can; time ain't so long
But what it soon must end fer you an' me.

XIII.

Some wants the earth. Yes; an' there do be some
That's everlastin' wantin' Kingdom Come—
You hang to what you've got, an' leave the rest
To them as ain't contented here at hum.

CI.

'Twon't pleasure me ter have you mourn fer me—
I'd rather you'd be happy, as I be,
So when you pass my empty place, jest stop
An' laugh a little laugh fer me to see.

By the way, it is storied that the Shah, being spoken to recently about the Omar Khayyám Club, asked: "Who is Omar Khayyám?"

Bibliographical.

"I FANCY," I said last week, "that the latest bibliography of Mr. Swinburne dates as far back as 1887." I was thinking of separate publications, and now an esteemed correspondent informs me that some copies of the Swinburne bibliography (by Mr. Wise) contained in the second volume of *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century* (1896) were struck off and issued separately, being now priced by booksellers at a guinea or more. My correspondent says of Mr. Wise's work that "though it contains one or two trifling errors in *minutiae*, and is not quite complete, it is a most valuable production, and a thousand times superior to that of Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, to which 'The Bookworm' alludes." All the more reason that it should be published in the ordinary way, and at a price which would put it within the reach of persons with moderate incomes. The *Sunday Times*, by the way, has been making an amusing blunder in connexion with the recent sale at Sotheby's of certain first editions and autograph copies of Mr. Swinburne's works. "The books," says our contemporary, "included some of the poet's lesser known dramatic poems, such as 'Joseph and His Brethren'!" No doubt the allusion is to the edition of "Joseph" published in 1876 with a critical introduction by Mr. Swinburne.

Sir Henry Irving is responsible for a good deal of recent "chatter" about "Manfred." His hint to the effect that he might perhaps put that work upon the Lyceum stage has brought down upon him a small avalanche of pathetic entreaty. "For heaven's sake," the cry has been, for the most part, "don't produce 'Manfred'!" Mr. Clement Scott has declared that the revival at Drury-lane in 1863 bored him tremendously; but we know, from his *Journal of a Playgoer*, that Henry Morley was not bored by it. Moreover, in 1863 as in 1831, when first produced, the work was a success with the public. Roden Noel, one of the latest and most sympathetic of Byron's critics, admits that "the poem is virtually a monologue, though a hunter appears, and an old abbot"; but even more to the purpose is the judgment Byron himself pronounced upon his per-

formance in a letter to Murray in 1817. Therein he described "Manfred" as "a kind of poem in dialogue in three acts, but of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind; . . . the hero, a kind of magician who is tormented by a species of remorse, the cause of which is left unexplained. The first two acts," continued the poet, characteristically, "are the best; the third so-so; but I was blown with the first and second heats."

Mr. Newbolt, who is to edit the new monthly review, first came to the front, as we all know, as the author of the booklet of verse called *Admirals All*. That was in the autumn of 1897; but, rather more than two years previously, Mr. Newbolt had published a tragedy called *Mordred*, which, I am obliged to confess, I have not read (making, indeed, a point of not reading new tragedies—if I can help it!). *Mordred*, again, had been preceded by a little story from Mr. Newbolt's pen, entitled *Taken from the Enemy* (1892), one of Messrs. Chatto's series of "Handy Novels." In 1898, it will be remembered, came *The Island Race*, a volume of verse which included *Admirals All*; and it is to Mr. Newbolt, I believe, that we owe the *Stories from Froissart*, published by Wells Gardner last year. These, I think, embody all Mr. Newbolt's acknowledged contributions to literature, up to now.

WE are to have, it seems, a volume of reminiscences from Mr. Herman Merivale, who has just been discoursing in *M.A.P.* of "the days of his youth." The book should prove eminently readable, for Mr. Merivale has met many interesting people and seen many interesting things. As I pointed out some time ago in this column, Mr. Merivale has done little in the purely literary sphere, in which he was so well qualified to shine. It is as a dramatist, and especially as one of the authors of "All for Her" and "Forget-me-Not," that he will be remembered. His powers as a wit and humorist are best seen in "The Lady of Lyons Married and Settled," an extravaganza which, besides being full of admirable dialogue, contains lyrics which Mr. Gilbert might have fathered. Note, particularly, Claude's song in praise of the Darwinian theory, and the parody of "Sally in Our Alley." The former reminds one agreeably of Mortimer Collins's lines on the Positivists, which, by the way, came first.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins is to give us a volume of stories entitled *The Silent Gate: a Voyage into Prison*, and dealing with English prison-life to-day. It will be remembered that Mr. Hopkins is already the author of *Kilmainham Memories: the Story of the Greatest Political Crime of the Century*, and also of *Dungeons of Old Paris: Story and Romance of Celebrated Prisons of the Monarchy and the Revolution*. He bids fair to be recognised as a specialist in the history of famous "places of detention."

The appearance of the *Areopagitica*, and other prose by Milton, in the Temple Library, reminds one that the former work was reprinted so recently as 1898 under the editorship of Mr. J. W. Hales. Prior to that came the collection of Milton's prose which Henry Morley edited in 1889 for the Carisbrooke Library, which in its turn had been preceded by a cheap reprint in Cassell's National Library. Mr. Ernest Myers's selection from Milton's prose dates as far back as 1884.

THE ACADEMY has already announced the arrival in England of Mr. Henry Lawson, the Australian writer, author of *While the Billy Boils* and *In the Days when the World was Wide*. The first of these works was published in England, I find, three years ago; the other, apparently, has not been reprinted here, or, if reprinted, only recently. I fear that a good many of us have yet to make acquaintance with them.

Mr. Murray is going to issue in the autumn a half-crown edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. That will be a boon to many. The current (sixth) edition, originally published in 1891, is a post 8vo at six shillings (less discount).

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Tombs of the Writers.

Westminster Abbey. By G. E. Troutbeck. (Methuen. 3s.)

IN comeliness, and perhaps in completeness, Mr. Troutbeck's work must take the first place among small handbooks to the Abbey. We are convinced, too, of its accuracy. On page 210 the date of the death of Gay is given as 1782, an obvious misprint for 1732: no other error has caught our eye. Mr. Troutbeck gives more space to the history and architecture of the building than Mr. Hare in his well-known guide. But Mr. Hare has more anecdote and quotation. The Abbey lover will naturally possess himself of both books, and if he stow the twain in his pockets to assist his meditations among the tombs he will not be over-weighted. Our own regret, which is perhaps unreasonable, is that Mr. Troutbeck has not given us a bigger book, which would yet come within the description of pocket literature. A guide which should intervene between the ordinary small handbook and Dean Stanley's exhaustive but unpocketable work would surely have found a peculiarly warm welcome. With all his efforts and manifest ability to make his subject glow, Mr. Troutbeck's limitations of space are felt by the reader as heavy and thwarting barriers, and the more so because the book is written and printed in a manner which suggests a more literary and discursive treatment than is found in existing handbooks. We feel this in the pages devoted to Poets' Corner. We have not Dean Stanley's work by us at the moment, but we recollect the charm of the passages in which he shows us how the poets came to lay their bones in the Abbey, as members of a poetic family desiring to take their rest side by side. Chaucer was the first of our singers to lay his bones in Poets' Corner. His grey marble tomb, erected a century and a half after his death, is still the most beautiful and venerable object in this part of the Abbey. He had but a short journey to take from his bed to his grave, for his last days were spent in a tenement in the Abbey garden, on ground now covered by the Chapel of Henry VII. His last words, said to have been dictated on his death-bed, are quoted by Mr. Troutbeck, and should always be given in connexion with Chaucer's passing:

Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim! forth, O beast, out of thy stall!
Leek up on high, and thank thy God of all.
Control thy lust; and let thy spirit thee lead;
And Truth shall thee deliver; 'tis no dread.

Chaucer's grave was a magnet. Spenser, Drayton, Tennyson, and Browning lie near him. Spenser's first Latium epitaph, long superseded, contained the words:

Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius illi
Proximus ingenio, proximus et tumulo.

This inscription, set up by Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, was replaced in 1778 by an epitaph which, with all its beauty, lacks that suggestion of fellowship with the author of the *Canterbury Tales*. It runs: "Here lyes (expecting the second coming of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmond Spencer, the prince of poets in his tyme, whose divine spirit needs noe othir wnesse than the workes which he left behind him." Francis Beaumont was the next poet to join his brothers. He had walked often in the Abbey, tasted its dust, and become enamoured of its riches:

Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royallest seed;

Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.

Drayton followed, and again an Anne Clifford was the

giver of a poet's monument. Ben Jonson usually receives the credit of the epitaph, but Quarles may deserve it. It is the earliest poet's epitaph on a poet which remains in the Abbey. Mr. Troutbeck gives it thus:

Doe, pious marble, let thy readers knowe
What they and what their children owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his mem'ry and preserve his storye,
Remaine a lastinge monument of his glorye;
And when thy ruins shall disclame
To be the tresser of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee

How this fellowship of the dead poets was felt in Elizabethan times is seen in the lines in which a forgotten poet pleads for a place for the bones of Shakespeare, who died in the same year as Beaumont:

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer: and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold fourfold tomb.

To which—when Shakespeare's remains had been laid at Stratford—Ben Jonson replied:

My Shakespeare, rise, I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off to make thee room.
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

It is delightful to think that Ben Jonson is in the Abbey. He had irradiated love and praise among his fellow poets at the Mermaid, yet his chances of joining them in the long fellowship of the grave were not of the brightest. Poverty and neglect darkened his latter days. Some premonition that he might be shut out of the noble company of the Voiceless seems to have haunted his mind. There is an Abbey legend that points to this. It is said that one day, being rallied by the Dean of Westminster about being buried in Poets' Corner, Jonson remarked: "I am too poor for that, and no one will lay out funeral charges upon me. No, sir, 6 feet long by 2 feet wide is too much for me; 2 feet by 2 will do all I want." "You shall have it," said the Dean. Apocryphal as the story sounds, its essential truth is supported by the fact that in 1849, when Sir Robert Watson's grave was being made, the Clerk of the Works "saw the two leg-bones of Jonson, fixed bolt upright in the sand, as though the body had been buried in the upright position; and the skull came rolling down among the sand, from a position above the leg-bones, to the bottom of the newly made grave. There was still hairs upon it, and it was of a red colour." Unfortunately the grave is not in Poets' Corner at all, as Jonson's bust (on the same wall as the monuments of Spenser and Milton) may lead the innocent pilgrim to believe. Mr. Troutbeck is careful to point out that Jonson's actual resting-place—and the original slab over his remains, with the words, "O Rare Ben Jonson" cut upon it—must be sought in the north aisle of the nave. The stone has been placed against the wall for its better preservation. Gifford says that a nobler monument was intended by Jonson's friends, but

till this was ready nothing more was required than to cover his ashes decently with the stone which had been removed. While this was doing, Aubrey tells us, Sir John Young, of Great Milton, Oxfordshire, whom he familiarly calls Jack Young, chanced to pass through the Abbey, and, not enduring that the remains of so great a man should lie at all without a memorial, gave one of the workmen eightpence to cut the words in question. The subscription was fully successful, but the troubles which were hourly becoming more serious, and which not long after broke out into open rebellion, prevented the execution of the monument, and the money was returned to the subscribers.

The same words, "O Rare Ben Jonson," appear under the Poets' Corner bust, which is Jonson's real monument. Mr. Trounbeck might just have noted the fact that here the poet's name is spelt "Johnson." High up in his corner, near the door, Jonson looks down with a kind of satisfaction—a humble yet festive figure—on the sepulchres of the poets. Many of these cover men whom he knew and loved, and not one, perhaps, holds a heart to which he had given needless pain.

Jonson was succeeded in the poet laureateship to Charles I. by Sir William Davenant, whose grave is inscribed "O rare Sir William Davenant." Davenant's is one of the Abbey funerals that we can picture. Pepys writes on April 9, 1668:

I up and down to the Duke of York's playhouse, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse carried out towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six horses, and many hacknies, that made it look, methought, as if it were the buriall of a poor poet. He seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning-coach, all boys.

Almost in the same year Abraham Cowley came to lie near Chaucer. He was gloriously interred, being "conveyed to Westminster," says Evelyn, "in a hearse with six horses and all funeral decency, near a hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these all the wits of the town, divers bishops, and clergymen." All the wits of the town and divers bishops—what a following! The coming of Dryden in 1700 was a great event in the annals of "Poets' Corner." The stories of a turbulent funeral are unpleasant and unauthenticated enough to be set aside. No poet has a simpler and nobler tomb than Dryden. He was buried so close to Chaucer that Chaucer's tombstone is said to have been sawn asunder in making the grave. At first he suffered the epitaph neglect from which Jonson was saved by a passer-by; and Pope drew attention to the homelessness of "Dryden's awful dust" in his epitaph for Rowe:

Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.

It is said to have been on this hint that Dryden's patron, Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, erected a bust, which was soon replaced by the present one, a masterpiece of Scheemaker's. Dryden is one of those poets whose enmities needed the reconciliations of the Abbey. It is curious, nevertheless, that Shadwell's bust and Dryden's are removed as far from each other as possible, and that their faces are averted from each other's gaze in a way that is rather amusing when noticed on the spot. The grinding scorn of Dryden's lines—

And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee—

can hardly be forgotten in the Abbey. Next to Shadwell rests Dryden's far more dangerous critic, Prior, who ridiculed his reign at Will's Coffee House:

'Tis schism, a damned offence,
To question his, or trust your private sense.

Why is Prior so little remembered as a man? He must have been a delightful fellow, or he could not have spent so many evenings with Swift; the *Diary to Stella* is full of Prior. He was liker Horace than any poet we have bred, though he rather desired Horace's life than lived it. One wish of his needs no better expression than he gave to it:

Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house, and stable,
That I may read, and write, and plant,
Superior to desire or want;
And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down, think, and die in peace.

Addison had preceded Prior to the Abbey by two years.

He was, so to speak, born to be buried in the Abbey. His piety, his learning, his wit, his predilections, and his achievements, fitted and entitled him to such honour. And his is the classic Abbey funeral. "On the north side of that Chapel," says Macaulay, "in the vault of the House of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montague. Yet a few months; and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened; and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison." How one likes to add that a century and a half later, at the foot of Addison's statue in Poets' Corner, was laid the coffin of Macaulay. But it is, of course, in Tickell's grand ode that Addison's obsequies haunt literature:

How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the Dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of Kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that Dust to Dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.

By such glorious burials has Poets' Corner been commended and ratified to the poets of England. Three centuries ago Fuller, seeing how Poetry was making herself a last home here, wrote:

Chaucer lies buried in the south aisle of St. Peter's, Westminster, and now hath got the company of Spenser and Drayton, a pair royal of poets enough almost to make passengers' feet to move metrically, who go over the place where so much poetical dust is interred.

How much more now, when even poets who do not lie here are represented by monuments in the spot which of all others in England is sacred to Poetry. Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Thomson, Goldsmith, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Scott, and many others who lie in English churches, or under the shade of yews, have their monuments here. There are, indeed, many names wholly missing. Neither Shelley's nor Byron's can be found. These exclusions can be understood in a narrow and obvious view; but will public opinion sanction them always? Keats's monument must surely come. Herrick and Sidney among the older poets are nameless, and minor poets so English as Crabbe and so rare as Landor; but to ask for monuments to these were to ask too much.

Romance and Banking.

Coutts & Co., Bankers, Edinburgh and London. By Ralph Richardson. (Stock. 7s. 6d.)

To look only at the back of this book and read *Coutts & Co.* is calculated to awaken a mingled train of reflections. It is a signature one likes to see on a cheque; but the name in a book suggests a tale of financial operations, long rows of figures and percentages that scarcely are calculated to provoke a violent human interest. Yet we are greatly mistaken if even the lazy general reader, lightly skimming the page for amusement, will not conclude before he is done that the title is the only forbidding thing about it. Mr. Richardson has brought much skill to the making of this book: a fine taste in selecting pictures; a style as sound as it is agreeable; and, above all, a keen sympathy with many phases of life and manners. The annals of any great banking house are likely to make good reading; but the family of Coutts has had so much to do with the familiar figures of the past and the present, that there is a special justification for

drawing up this authentic account of it. Two of the most striking episodes are more or less generally known, but they are treated here very fully: one is the story of the pretty housemaid; the other that of the lady in the green mantle.

John Coutts, the founder of the banking house and Lord Provost of Edinburgh, had two sons, one of whom was the celebrated Thomas Coutts. Mr. Richardson skilfully disentangles his character from its contradictory aspects. He was a martinet in business; most precise in his dealings; prudent and yet bold when boldness was needed; a just, but strict, master. He was so punctual that people in the Strand could set their clocks from his habit of entering the bank at the stroke of nine. Yet he did not, in a metaphor, carry his ledgers home with him. When the day's work was done, the wealthiest banker of his age relapsed into a singularly cultured private gentleman, modest to the point of meanness in dress, but a lavish host, and a faithful, generous friend. His brother had in his service, to quote from a contemporary pamphlet, "a blooming young rustic," who was much admired for "the freshness of her complexion and the beauty of her features." She was also, we are told, "clean, industrious, and good-humoured." They always called her Betty as a housemaid, but her right name was Susan. With her Thomas fell in love, and in due time they were married and lived in St. Martin's-lane, where wit and fashion came a-visiting, and found little to censure in the servant-lass transformed to a lady. Her granddaughter is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the youngest of her children, Sophia, having married, in 1793, Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P., the father of the Baroness. But that simple tale does not complete the romance of Thomas Coutts. The poor housemaid, who began by scrubbing the stairs of the bank, did not enjoy her new-found prosperity very long. She was for many years before her death, in 1814, afflicted with deafness and imbecility, the results of an illness. Thus deprived of her company, Coutts, naturally enough, took to his ancient bachelor habit of spending many evenings at the play: that is how he came to meet a theatrical star of the day, "the handsomest Audrey on the stage," Harriott Mellon. Her subsequent career is the best proof of her virtue; but she was what one would call a product of her time and environment. She was forty-five years younger than Mr. Coutts, and had never seen her father, her mother, after her birth, marrying a strolling player and musician, and her early memories being of the day when, at the heels of this Bohemian couple, she rambled through hamlet and village. Some charitable ladies, pitying her condition, sent her to school, whence she duly emerged to wear the buskin in booth and barn, and, finally, establish her fame as an actress. The interest she excited in Mr. Coutts appears to have been paternal; but these were days of scandalous newspapers, and the venomous scribes began to talk of "a certain rich banker's relish for melon," and "the celebrated actress who made a slip near an eminent banking house," and so on. About a month after his wife's death, to end this defamation, he proposed marriage to this actress. He had previously requested her not to act any more, the occasion being when she appeared as Audrey at Drury-lane "in a rather short petticoat revealing yellow silk stockings with black clocks." The public was enthusiastic, but "dear old Tom," as she called him, somewhat scandalised. He died at eighty-seven, leaving her all his money; and, five years later, she went again to the altar, this time as the bride of "William Aubrey de Vere, ninth Duke of St. Albans." She had no children, and at her death, in 1837, restored her fortune to the Coutts family, "her heiress being the Baroness Burdett-Coutts." Strolling vagabond, actress, rich banker's wife, Duchess—what an experience to go through, and leave at the end a really noble reputation!

Sir Walter Scott's "three years of dreaming and two of

wakening" have, as he foresaw, already been chronicled, notably by Adam Scott in his book *Sir Walter Scott's First Love*, but the story of the girl in the green mantle comes in appropriately here since the poet's successful rival (his staunch and life-long friend too) was Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, eldest son of Sir William Forbes, banker at Edinburgh and apprentice and successor to Coutts & Co., of that city. "Down, down a hundred thoughts," wrote Scott when in the cloudy setting of his career Sir William Forbes stood by him in the hour of need. Keats used to maintain that the loss of Willamina Stuart shed the glory of pensive romance over all his subsequent literary work. It is a tempting theme the effect of grief's shock upon character, and many is the strong man who has repeated with a sense of awe the mystical sense of it dawning upon him: "Thou shalt lay the foundations in thy firstborn and in thy youngest son shalt thou set up the gates thereof." At the end of *The Lady of the Lake* Scott explains how he found distraction and consolation under the blow—

That I outlived such woes Enchantress is thine own.

Although we have touched only on those events that have been merely incidental to the history of this banking house, it ought to be said that the author has traced the career of the family with a lucidity beyond praise. The critical moments in its fortunes are vividly and dramatically described. Almost as much is owed to good luck as good guiding. On disastrous Black Monday (June 8, 1772) when "in Edinburgh the fallen banks lay thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," a quidnunc set it abroad that £2,000,000 in specie had arrived at Coutts's Bank from London—the sum being, in point of fact, only £3,000, and distracted shareholders drew what money they could from every other concern and poured it into the only one that seemed safe!

Apart from such exciting episodes the history of the bank leaves a very pleasant impression of men, very independent it is true and bull-necked, yet at the same time cultured, kind, generous, charitable, fit all of them to be kith and kin of the gentle lady whose name is a household word loved and revered almost as much as is that of the Queen herself.

Authorised Confessions.

A Day in the Cloister. Adapted from the German of Don Sebastian von Oer, O.S.B., of St. Martin's Abbey, Beuron, by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., of St. Thomas's Abbey, Erdington. (Sands.)

A BOOK written about monkery by a monk, and bearing an archbishop's *imprimatur*, is suspect. One does not hope to find it in any true sense a human document, or from it to learn aught of the heart that beats beneath the habit and the voiceless tragedies that pulsate in the Great Silence. Benedictine history one divines to be a good deal more picturesque than it shows in these placid pages: the story of souls rent by doubt and terror; of imperious instincts battered down, of energies boxed up; of spirits sunk in sloth, voracious of small pleasures, jealous of inconsiderable dignities; of mere negations with brains of melted butter;—on the other hand, of simple sterling souls, pious and practical, and here and there of a hero of the supernatural life who, through much tribulation, has won his unitive way into the holy of holies, to a peace that is not merely the cessation from strife, but the intelligent, sensitive fruition of God.

True, we could hardly demand to be taken so deeply into confidence; but that does not preclude a certain resentment at the showman's resolute appeal. Aren't we picturesque? he seems at every turn to demand. We feel that there is in this bid for admiration a certain *manque de tact*. The Benedictine Office books and the

Rule are accessible; the great houses offer a generous hospitality to any who may desire to know of the doctrine whether it be of God; men fitted by temperament to be observers and interpreters have found in the monastic life a worthy subject for their art. Yet here must this English monk drag from the proper obscurity of its native German a flagrant *réclame* that, for style and manner, would do credit to the promoters of a provincial "hydro."

The monk's lot is to be a freewill offering, and by the oblation of himself to merit the forgiveness of his God, and to win for himself the grace of a happy death. And the anxiety to ensure this particular favour is so fervent as to have given rise to the tradition that in a certain abbey (not named) "three days before the death of a religious a white rose was found in his place in choir; he who found it took it up silently, and prepared himself for death." The signs of the religious vocation are, says St. Benedict in the 58th chapter of his Holy Rule, to be judged by four tests:

- (1) Whether he who knocks at the door of the cloister truly seeks God; (2) whether he be zealous for the work of God; (3) whether he be desirous of obedience; (4) whether he be prepared for humiliations and contempt.

The novitiate, which lasts a year, is initiated with elaborate ceremonies that conclude with the washing of the novice's feet by the abbot. The solemn profession, its natural sequel, is still more dramatic. The accumulated ingenuity of centuries has left nothing to the imagination. The new religious is put fairly to bed in his coffin while the Mass proceeds, and is roused at the moment of Communion by the voice of one who assumes the rôle of the angel of the resurrection. Henceforth he is bound to the recitation of the Divine Office, in which many hours of the day and night are spent. That function is essentially dramatic.

The whole choir turn, bend, kneel, rise up as one man, with a rhythmic regularity inspired by the most lively devotion.

"Inspired by the most lively devotion!"—inspired by tradition, habit, routine; more or less of devotion may accompany the customary observances. Indeed, the author shambles on:

St. Bernard once saw an angel writing down the prayers of the monks, some with letters of gold, some of silver, others of black ink, or colourless water, according as they differed in value before God. But it is always a consolation for the weak and faltering to know that their prayer, united with and borne up by the strong, will reach the ear of God; just as their voices, chiming in with the rest, are wafted upwards in one common harmony. It is as when the eagle bears its young aloft upon its outstretched wings to accustom them, by degrees, to behold the sun.

It may be; we take the liberty to doubt it. But let us return to our monk. At some time or other he is ordained priest. Then, in addition to the singing of the Office, he celebrates day by day the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Here is a dramatic moment of the day:

The sacristy door opens and a company of priests come forth, vested for Mass, their heads covered with the white amice, to the different altars, which are already lighted up. At twelve different points, on twelve altars of the Abbey Church, the same drama is being enacted. . . . To the eye of faith each altar becomes a Calvary; we hear the blows of the executioner's hammer, and the sighs of the Crucified, the little bell rings, and lo! His holy Body is there, lifted up between earth and heaven.

The monk's most important intercourse with the outside world has the confessional for its channel:

The confessional in the monastery is a place of special grace, and as such is highly valued and greatly sought after by pious souls. Many, too, frequent it who have long resisted the warning call; there many a hardened heart is touched, and many a sacrilegious [*i.e.* incomplete] confession repented of and repaired. Oh! if we could but

see, as with the eyes of his good angel, how that sinner who but now, defiled as a leper, slowly and hesitatingly entered the tribunal of penance, has come forth cleansed in the Blood of the Lamb, and radiant in the white robe of innocence! . . . These are miracles of grace, such as are daily wrought in silence, and are but little known to the outer world.

When he is not in the chapel or the refectory, or taking recreation in the garden, the father is in his cell.

Naturally this "workshop for spiritual exercise," this place of refuge for the monastic priest is strictly guarded and watched over by the customs of the cloister, since it is to it that he returns, as the dove to the Ark, because in the outer world he can find no place for the sole of his foot. No visitor may enter it without special reason, and the express permission of the Superior; even the brethren can only speak together briefly at the half-opened door. If anyone must be admitted, a little slide in the door is pushed back, and the room thus becomes at once an open one. This slide is meant to represent to the inmate of the cell the ever-present eye of God [inasmuch as it may be blinded with a turn of the wrist?] . . . A simple bed befitting a monk, a writing-desk, a washing-stand, a cupboard, a table covered with the necessary books, one or two chairs, and a small prie-dieu, form its furniture; a crucifix, and pictures of the Holy Mother of God, our Holy Father St. Benedict, and the inmate's patron saints, are its ornaments. At the entrance hangs a holy-water stoup, which is replenished every Sunday morning by freshly-blessed water. This is carried all over the house by two acolytes, and with the words "*Ecce aqua benedicta*" they refill each stoup, the inmate replying, "*Sit mihi salus et vita.*"

Father Camm, or Father von Oer, conducts his readers through the house and presents him in spirit to the various officials. Of the Cellarer, upon whom devolves the care of the community larder, he takes leave in such terms of pleasantry as these:

His head may well throb and ache under his grey hair, so we will go away quietly, with a heartfelt petition that St. Joseph, the heavenly Cellarer of all monasteries, may bear him in mind and be ever well-disposed to help him.

"Heartfelt!"

There are customs handed down from a remote antiquity, and conserved in a spirit of veneration for a great past, which, described in the self-satisfied jog-trot of the guide-book, give an impression of senile decay. Take, for example, this:

We may see that young father who, for having made a slight disturbance, has gone to kneel down in the middle of the Frater, until the Abbot gives him the sign to permit him to rise. And we see yonder one of the older fathers, a venerable monk, on his knees; what can he have done amiss? The Abbot gives him a sign, he rises, bows, and another takes his place, and, if we see aright [there is something peculiarly distasteful—and, as it were, early-Victorian—about this mirthful device by which the narrator seeks to be in touch with the tourist], he has in his hand the pieces of a broken plate. Then we remember the accusations in Chapter. Monastic property is God's property, and any damage done to the least thing must be atoned for. Here is, then, the due performance of the penance imposed at Chapter.

The "Chapter of Faults," to which allusion is here made, assembles day by day, and before it the monks are expected to accuse themselves of their exterior faults against monastic discipline. This, of course, is another thing than sacramental confession in which theological sins are, by monks as by all the faithful, secretly confessed to a priest.

His self-accusation [we read], together with the sentence it calls forth, gives both edification and instruction to all the brethren, each of whom smites his breast in secret, and applies the reproof of the Abbot to himself.

Upon his deathbed the monk still treads in the well-worn way of precedent. Note the words in italics :

The last sacraments have been administered to the sick monk, with all their impressive rites ; he has been laid, *by his own desire*, on consecrated ashes spread upon the floor in the form of a cross ; the whole convent is kneeling, inside or just outside the room, in quiet prayer ; he holds the crucifix and the rosary in one failing hand, and they place the blessed candle in the other. With scarcely audible voice, he begs the convent to pardon any annoyance or scandal he may have given. Then the Abbot, *at his earnest entreaty*, gives him leave to die.

It seems a happy point at which to take leave of a book the publication whereof, we think, is to be regretted for the sake of the great Order that, with insincere rhetoric, pious commonplace, and slipshod, unscholarly English, it lays open to ridicule.

The Empire Maker as Orator.—An Impression.

Cecil Rhodes : his Political Life and Speeches, 1881-1900.
By Vindex. (Chapman & Hall.)

OUT of this stout tome each reader can build up for himself Mr. Cecil Rhodes as he speaks to the world, and the portrait at the beginning will help him in the task. Mr. Rhodes seems to be a big man, with square, massive shoulders, on which is set a head that has something leonine about it. The face is inscrutable, the jaw square and inflexible, and the eyes have the look of one who sees things far away, and who is used to gaze across a continent, and not merely across a street. His friends say that Mr. Rhodes is occasionally almost boyish in manner, but there is no trace of it in the portrait.

The empire builder is evidently not an orator in the ordinary acceptance of the term. There are no graces, no "frills" about his speeches, which are straight and to the point, and give one the impression of a man who has no time to waste on mere verbiage. In his spoken words we have no hint of the senior classical scholarship with which he ended his school days, any more than in his person we see a trace of the chill which he caught when rowing at Oriel, Oxford, a chill which settled on his lungs and sent him out to South Africa to die, as his medical attendants thought. His words are conversational, and plainly come on the spur of the moment. "No one ever accused me of preparing a speech, though no doubt it is the proper thing to do," he says in one of his speeches. And yet there are simple, homely phrases in his public utterances which have become familiar quotations, such as "From Cape Town to Cairo," "All that English, that's my dream," "Unctuous rectitude." In 1883, when speaking of the country to the north, he described Bechuanaland as the "Suez Canal of the trade" of Cape Colony, and in the same speech he defined the policy to which he has held for twenty years through evil report and good report: "I believe in a United States of South Africa, but as a portion of the British Empire." That phrase was uttered in 1883, and it is the keynote to the book. It runs through all the speeches in thought if not in word, and it is the aim and object of his whole life.

Five years later he amplifies the idea in the words: "We must endeavour to make those who live with us feel that there is no race distinction between us; whether Dutch or English, we are combined in one object, and that is the union of the states of South Africa, without abandoning the Imperial tie." Here we have the cause of the antagonism between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Kruger in the words "the Imperial tie." Little touches in these speeches suddenly reveal the speaker and throw a light on his character. For example, when Mr. Hofmeyr, the most deadly opponent of England in Cape Colony, proposed that members of the Cape Legislature should be obliged to wear black, in imitation of the Pretoria Volksraad, Mr.

Rhodes remarked: "I am still in Oxford tweeds, and I think I can legislate as well in them as in sable clothing,"

an answer which shows his plain common sense. Again, when a peddling retrenchment was proposed, he said, "Mere retrenchment of salaries will not meet the case. You may cut off the salaries of a few poor clerks here and there, but you are not going to meet an enormous deficiency in that way"—a remark which might frequently be addressed to the House of Commons with equal force.

Reading through these speeches the prescience, or, as he himself would probably say, the power of looking ahead, which Mr. Rhodes possesses is vividly brought home by a sentence in his speech on the Bechuanaland Settlement in 1885: "Do you think that if the Transvaal had Bechuanaland it would be allowed to keep it? Would not Bismarck have some quarrel with the Transvaal, and without resources and without men what could they do? Germany would come across from her settlement at Angra Pequena. That would be some excuse to pick a quarrel—some question of brandy or guns or something—and then Germany would stretch from Angra Pequena to Delagoa Bay." The book is a big one, but it is worth reading if only for the discovery of the keynote to the statesman's public life: "I believe in a United States of South Africa, but as a portion of the British Empire."

Fiction.

Some American Heroines.

Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

Blix, a Love Idyll. By Frank Norris. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

As the Light Led. By James Newton Baskett. (Macmillan. 6s.)

WHEN a man seeks to define the charm of woman he finds that his task is synthesis rather than analysis. Clothes become her in a literal as well as a colloquial sense, the grace of nature is inwoven with the grace of artifice so cunningly that he cannot separate them. She is concealed by that which expresses her and expressed by that which conceals her. Her many moods (though some be doubtless products of calculation and design) by their very variety hint at a spontaneity in which her beauty persuades him to believe. In the end it is easier to abandon the attempt to define her and to take out of Celia's mouth the exclamations which offended Rosalind in "As You Like It": "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!"

But in this indefatigable age even glammers are classified, and women, though never to be wholly explored, can be mentally segregated.

She of America may be profitably studied in the three novels before us, for it is safe to say that, in each case, by dint of the author's knowledge of her environment, she could not be mistaken for a native of any other land than her own. In *Blix* and in *Selma*, the heroine of *Unleavened Bread*, two extremes confront one another, but both are products of the democratic spirit. *Blix* is woman strengthened by liberty to love better, more helpfully; *Selma* is woman hardened and falsified by ambition till she becomes, if the phrase be admissible, a sort of leech or parasite of the democratic spirit. In depicting *Selma* Mr. Grant has produced a work of art so symmetrical and sincere that it deserves also to be called a work of science. She has a secret perception that republicanism consists in the existence of a place for *Selma* at the top of American society whence she can look down on the aspiring friends whose presumption she despises. Thrice was she married; but each time the husband was but a stepping-stone. The offence of her first husband against her, though solitary and contritely regretted, found her inexorable. She had

neglected him for a Congress of Women's Clubs, and he pleaded his loneliness. "Here," she said, slipping off her wedding-ring, "this belongs to you." It was, of course, her "soul" that revolted, but she promptly married, after her divorce, an architect of delicate talent, whom she would have made play Andrea Del Sarto to her Lucrezia. Upon his death she married a third time, the bridegroom being a lawyer—a man of straw, but imposingly stuffed. Him we see mounting the political ladder of the United States as Congressman, Governor, and Senator. It was Selma who made him Senator. It was done at the sacrifice of his honour as a gentleman. "The eternal verities are concerned," she said. That was Selma's way. She canted her way through everything to gain position and notoriety. A social evening was nothing to her unless she could recite "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" She was incapable of the maternal feeling. Her second husband more than once detected her "looking at the babies with a wistful glance. She was really admiring their clothes, yet the thought of how prettily she would have been able to dress a baby of her own was at times so pathetic as to bring tears to her eyes, and cause her to deplore her own lack of children as misfortune." Selma was lovely, but the awful vulgarity of her soul would creep out to defile it despite her cleverness. The varnish of a new American town is smelt in her; it is the spoor-scent by which we track her. She is convinced of her own worthiness and the virtue of the quack-loving energy which is hers. Wherefore the author, while doubtless disliking her extremely, can but leave her seraphically "penetrating the future even into Paradise." For ourselves we may truly say that not "Bel-Ami" himself, whom in feminine, respectable fashion she more than a little resembles, leaves in the wake of his crowning triumph quite so implacable an odour as this same Selma, uncynical and chaste though she be.

Gladly we turn to Blix, who is loved by her author with a Pygmalion-passion, which vivifies without a prayer to the gods. He is never tired of showing the strength of his visualisation of this daughter of San Francisco. She wore instead of a belt "the huge dog-collar of a St. Bernard." In its way that's as good a touch of domestic life as the painting of Amy's boots in *Little Women*. Our eyes rise from the dog-collar to the "high tight band of white satin" which she wore round her throat, and then they see the "honest yellow hair," and the "sloe-brown, glittering little eyes." She induced a tenderness "for all the good things of the world," and she set to work to manufacture a man out of her conceited, fiction-spinning lover. She cured him of gambling and of promise-breaking. To her indirectly he owed his best inspiration, a story too good to be retailed as a sketch. Shop—literary shop—is a dangerous element to introduce into fiction. This, too, was made in a shop, the reader is apt to think. But Blix triumphs. Because she is so tender, so gay, so truthful; because she preferred comradeship to the philanderings of lukewarm love, we forgive the fanfare which announces her final awakening. "The moment that had been in preparation for the last few months, the last few years, the last few centuries, behold! it had arrived." It was a moment that came after innumerable holidayings with her lover. Listen to her as she sits on a log within sight of "the old fort at the entrance of the Golden Gate," "clasping her hand upon her knees, and rocking to and fro":

"Oh, Condyl, and you thought of a lunch—you said it was shoes—and you remembered I loved stuffed olives too; and a book to read. What's it?—*The Seven Seas*. No, I never was so happy. But the mouth-organ—what's that for?"

"To play on. What did you think—think it was a can-opener?"

Neither Blix nor Selma could have fully understood Nannie Dittmer of *As the Light Led*. She was sectarian and stated her grievance against her lover thus: "What'd

he want to go and make a Methodist of himself right in my face for?" She attracts the reader's attention at an early stage by pinching a notch out of the wing of a fly to make it match the other. "I can't stand a one-sided thing," she remarked. She was a very sensitive girl, and when her lover visited her at school, "kind of country-like—pants in his boot-tops and all that," as one of her companions observed, she flouted him dreadfully, not knowing that his mother was dying. But she was clever and recognised the weakness of a showy man. "He heightened the burnish of many things, but he was not part of them. . . . He could not stretch himself and make a dead scene quiver into life." Of these three heroines she is the most surrounded by the properties of romance, though *Blix* ends with a most candid creak of optimistic machinery. Nannie is nearly frozen to death; she has brain-fever; there is a prairie fire, a cattle pest. The author is a poet in his way, yet "where were heroism without catastrophes?" he seems to ask. It would be hard to say if, in the language of a character in *Blix*, Mr. Smith's story is "a snorkin' good" one, but it is certainly interesting and gracious. It contains, by the way, some extraordinary dialect.

Here we must leave our women. None of them is the woman of Charles Dana Gibsons's pencil and Mrs. Burton Harrison's pen. We imagine them to be less hotel-seasoned than theirs. They are Americans, and they are heroines. Cosmopolis knows none such.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE WEB OF LIFE.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Medical students should enjoy this story by the author of *Literary Love Letters*. Other readers must decide whether they can stand the atmosphere of a Chicago hospital, the jargon of operation and diagnosis, and problems of medical ethics. There is, of course, the relief of love interest. (Macmillan.)

A GIFT FROM THE GRAVE.

BY EDITH WHARTON.

We have already related the curious difficulties encountered in giving this novel a title. Mrs. Wharton, whose story, *The Greater Inclination*, attracted much notice, has now written an interesting story on the ethics of publishing private letters. The hero finds that his possession of sacredly intimate letters from his deceased friend, Margaret Aubyn, places money, almost wealth, in his reach. When he has anonymously published the letters, he finds that his action is execrated by his own wife and friends, while each day increases his royalties and—the certainty of his detection. An interesting study of conduct. (Murray.)

THE FLICK OF FORTUNE.

BY THOMAS PARKES.

We confess to a weakness for the novel that feelingly persuades us what it is. Entirely readable in its way, this story opens at the sentence: "For the present there was nothing but joy. All weakness, all shortcomings, all self-reproach was forgotten. When the Vicar and Jack entered the dining-room where Mrs. Hardcastle and Nell sat writing, with the indifference born of perfect confidence, everything else was drowned in a chorus of laughter and sobs. The Vicar felt out of place, and, after a few broken words of perfunctory blessing, fled back to his study." (White & Co. 6s.)

THE GODDESS: A DEMON.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

More red-hot melodrama. "The Woman Who Came Through the Window" is a charming chapter-heading. She doesn't know who she is, or where she has come from, or whether she walks in her sleep, or why she is covered with blood, or why soap and water are offered to her. There seems to be a Hindoo idol ahead. It is all capital reading for Margate. (White & Co.)

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Byron as Self-Critic.

SIR HENRY IRVING's design to produce "Manfred" at the Lyceum is, at any rate, interesting. It stirs up old poetic experiences, and recalls a glamour which refuses to fade in any literary lumber-room to which men, in their pride of new things, may have consigned it. There will be much new talk about Byron, and we should like to know who is better worth talking about in these depressed days. It may be that we shall all think better of Byron's poetry, finding not only that it is "good in parts," but that the good parts are very good indeed—facts which were never in doubt, but which are much obscured. Only the other day we heard a critic speak of Byron's poetry as a dead thing; and there was something in his calm, merciless dismissal of a once powerful force, of a once far-shining name, which touched our loyalty. Are men thus deceived? Can poetry which has once profoundly stirred a people, a continent, sink into the nothingness that deserves a shrug? We trow not. We remember that Macaulay, writing in the Byronic period, peered into the future which is our present, and tried to read our thoughts about Byron. He gave it up; but he said in his fine perorational way, that when all deductions had been made by the next generations of readers there would remain much in Byron's poetry which could perish only with the English language. If that is the truth—and we are much inclined to think it is the truth—then the present state of Byron's reputation is curious. Broadly speaking, his poetry is not read. Well, that is nothing. It was argued with great skill a few months ago that Browning is not read deeply by more than an infinitesimal percentage of cultivated readers. Is Shelley widely read? We think not. But the world calls back its mighty men of song when it has need of them; and we are by no means sure that such a call is not going forth to Byron. If it be so, it will be the sanest and kindest and justest call that he has yet received from his countrymen. It is not for nothing that Mr. Murray is issuing Byron's poems and Byron's letters side by side. Never before has such an opportunity been given to see the man and the poet steady, and see them whole; and unite them in stereoscopic solidity. There must be thousands of readers to whom Byron's letters, as they are now being republished with additions, are as lamps to his works. They suggest the real relations between Byron and his poetry; they light up the sources—the inferior but perfectly intelligible sources of his inspirations—and leaving much clear that has been dark, and separating much that has been confusedly mingled, they permit—perhaps for the first time—a really clean estimate to be made of Byron's executive literary powers. If this at all represents the situation; if Byron is about to be judged again with kinder and clearer eyes, then this project of producing "Manfred" at the Lyceum Theatre may be welcomed as a factor and stimulus in the movement.

As for the chances of "Manfred," in the box-office point of view, we hazard no predictions. There are exclamations and sneers in the air. "Manfred" is no stage-play—a fact on which Byron himself laid enough emphasis to

last for all time; and yet it has twice been staged in London and—has succeeded. In Sir Henry Irving's hands this "dramatic poem" will at least yield fine recitation and splendid scenery; and we have known these two ingredients to make a good dish. To look at the backgrounds of "Manfred" is to foresee Sir Henry Irving's spectacular triumph.

ACT I.: Scene I.—Manfred alone.—Scene, a Gothic Gallery.—Time, Midnight.

ACT II.: Scene I.—A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps. Scene III.—The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

ACT III.: Scene I.—A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

And so on. What of "Manfred" as poetry? We have not set out to weigh its pretensions; our purpose is to show how Byron himself weighed them. It is certainly a very curious coincidence that this improbable revival of "Manfred" is announced at the very time when those who love good reading are fastening on the fourth volume of the new edition of the Letters. For therein is the story of "Manfred," told by Byron, its author, to Murray, its publisher; and that story we purpose to give, as much as possible, in Byron's words. It is curious that Byron's first mention of "Manfred" begins with the statement that he had forgotten it. Writing from Venice on February 15, 1817, he says:

I forgot to mention to you that a kind of Poem or dialogue (in blank verse) or drama, from which "The Incantation" is an extract, begun last summer in Switzerland, is finished; it is in three acts; but of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind. Almost all the persons—but two or three—are spirits of the earth and air, or the waters; the scene is in the Alps . . .

After sketching the plot in a couple of sentences, Byron hastens to damn his play as a play:

You may perceive by this outline that I have no great opinion of this piece of phantasy: but I have at least rendered it *quite impossible* for the stage, for which my intercourse with D[rury] Lane has given me the greatest contempt. I have not even copied it off, and feel too lazy at present to attempt the whole; but when I have, I will send it you, and you may either throw it into the fire or not.

Three weeks later the first act of "Manfred" has gone to Murray, and Byron writes in the wake of his consignment:

I sent you the other day, in two covers, the first act of *Manfred*, a drama as mad as Nat Lee's *Bedlam* tragedy, which was in twenty-five acts and some odd scenes.

The second and third acts were sent within a few days. In the following reference it is interesting to notice Byron's continued inability to give a precise name to "Manfred":

In remitting the third act of the sort of dramatic poem of which you will by this time have received the two first (at least I hope so) . . . I have little to observe, except that you must *not* publish it (if it ever is to be published) without giving me previous notice. I have really and truly no notion whether it is good or bad; and as this was not the case with the principal of my former publications, I am, therefore, inclined to rank it but humbly. You will submit it to Mr. G[ifford], and to whomsoever you please besides.

All this uncertainty did not obscure Byron's vision as a business man:

With regard to question of copyright (if ever it comes to publication), I do not know whether you would think *three hundred guineas* an over-estimate; if you do, you may diminish it: I do not think it worth more; so you may see I make some difference between it and the other.

We shall see presently how Byron comes to grips with Murray about the price of "Manfred"—a subject on which all vagueness disappears. Meanwhile he chatters to Tom Moore about the origin of the poem. His Swiss tour

with Hobhouse had been the nursery of its dark imaginings:

I kept a journal of the whole for my sister Augusta, part of which she copied and let Murray see. I wrote a sort of mad Drama, for the sake of introducing the Alpine scenery in description: and this I sent lately to Murray. . . . I suppose they have arrived.

They *had* arrived. There is correspondence; Byron continues to warn Murray of its doubtfulness:

I repeat that I have not an idea whether it is good or bad. . . . The price will show you I don't pique myself upon it, so speak out. You may put it on the fire if you like; and Gifford *don't* like.

By the second week of April matters have so far progressed that publication is assured; and there is talk of proofs. Byron writes:

As for *Manfred*, it is no use sending *proofs*; nothing of that kind ever comes. I sent the whole at different times. The two first acts are the best; the third so so: but I was blown with the first and second heats. You must call it "a poem," for it is *no drama*, and I do not desire to have it called by so Sotheby-ish a name—"a poem in dialogue," or—Pantomime, if you will; anything but a green-room Synonymine; and this is your motto—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Meanwhile his literary conscience has become remorseful about his third act:

The third act is certainly damned bad, and, like the Archbishop of Grenada's homily (which savoured of the palsy), has the dregs of my fever, during which it was written. . . . I would not have it published as it is on any account. The speech of Manfred to the Sun is the only part of this act I thought good myself; the rest is certainly as bad as bad can be, and I wonder what the devil possessed me.

So the third act is returned to Venice, and re-written. In sending the new version to Murray, Byron remarks that it "will at least prove that I wish to steer very clear of the possibility of being put into scenery." Meanwhile the question of price had revived with the progress of the poem through the press; and we have a grand onslaught on Murray. Of such there are many in this volume—all joys to read. Is there not in the following letter, demanding his price, the very forthrightness, grip of essentials, and mastery of working words, that is the making of all Byron's best stanzas?

Do you mean to say that it [*"Manfred"*] is dearer or shorter than Mr. R.'s *Jaqueline*? or than my *Lara*? or than *The Giaour*? or the *Bride*? Or do you mean to say that it is inferior to these as Poetry? or that its dramatic form renders it less susceptible of profit? I will tell you that to you, from its being the first poem of mine in that form, it must to a certain degree be more advantageous, as far as an object of curiosity. . . . You are to print in what form you please—that is your concern; as far as your connection with myself has gone, you are the best judge how far you have lost or gained—probably sometimes one and sometimes the other, but when you come to me with your "*can*" and talk to me about the copy of *Manfred* as if the "force of purchase would no further go," I say unto you verily, it is not so; or, as the Foreigner said to the Waiter, after asking him to bring a glass of water, to which the man answered, "I will, sir,"—"You *will*!—God damn—I say, you *must*!" . . . So there's for you. There is always some row or other previously to all our publications: it should seem that, on approximating, we can never quite get over the natural antipathy of author and bookseller, and that more particularly the ferine nature of the latter must break forth.

Of course, Byron got his money; Murray was no huckster. The poem was soon out, and the reviewers fell to. Byron—ill-served, as he always was, in the matter of

news—tried to pick up the course of things. He writes to the peccant Murray:

With regard to the critique on *Manfred*, you have been in such a devil of a hurry, that you have only sent me the half: it breaks off at page 294. Send me the rest: and also page 270, where there is an account of "the supposed origin of this dreadful story"—in which, by the way, whatever it may be, the conjecturer is out, and knows nothing of the matter. I had a better origin than he can devise or divine, for the soul of him. You say nothing of Manfred's luck in the world; and I care not—he is one of the best of my misbegotten, say what they will.

Not yet had Byron so much as seen a copy of his poem; and when it did arrive there was fork-lightning for Murray:

The copies of *Manfred* and *Tasso* are arrived. . . . You have destroyed the whole effect and moral of the poem by omitting the last line of Manfred's speaking. ["Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die"]; and why this was done, I know not. Why you persist in saying nothing of the thing itself, I am equally at a loss to conjecture. If it is for fear of telling me something disagreeable, you are wrong, because sooner or later I must know it. . . . I have, however, heard good of *Manfred* from two other quarters, and from men who would not be scrupulous in saying what they thought, or what was said; and so "good-morrow to you Master Lieutenant."

And so a good-morrow to—"Manfred" at the Lyceum.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

FRENCH young men are assuredly in strange contrast with Anglo-Saxon youth. M. Demolins has written an enthusiastic volume to prove the superiority of the latter. This superiority is by no means so emphatic, so general as the excellent M. Demolins believes. Each race might give the other more points than the other is likely to fancy. For instance, here is an intellectual prize many an intelligent English youth would be glad to work for and proud to obtain: a travelling scholarship. A brilliant young Frenchman I know writes me from Paris that he will shortly start on a voyage round the world, having obtained the liberal sum of six hundred pounds (75,000 frs.), for that purpose. An anonymous endowment of one of their universities permits of five young men obtaining this valuable and really splendid scholarship. Now it may be delightful, healthy and moral to train a band of Anglo-Saxon barbarians to play cricket and football, win all sorts of triumphs in the field of sport, but I own myself to a sneaking regard for the studious and intellectual French lad. He is far more interesting to talk to, and his head is freshly filled with a mass of theories and ideas unknown to his athletic brother across the Channel.

On the other hand, alas! there are pitfalls for him which the healthier animal escapes for his salvation. No land on earth can produce a more utterly odious form of young man than France, if we are to judge the product by modern fiction. I never open a new French novel without misgiving. I dread the eternal cad of twenty, with his multiplicity of mistresses, and still greater multiplicity of fugitive loves. I dread the long, wearisome discussions between these youths over absinthe and cigarettes, on sensual philosophy, which seems to be the only philosophy they understand or care about. I dread above all the bestial interviews these misguided authors call "love scenes," relations containing every vile ingredient of life but love. Then there is the revolting perversity that only intellectual youth can tumble into, and which makes you feel that imbecility is a virtue. The world we know gained some admirable verses from Baudelaire's singular and fascinating "*Fleurs de Mal*," and we may not deny that deep down, underlying the bragging vanity of vice, the superficial vulgar perversity of the man, was a chord,

capable when touched of noble response to the sentiment of infinite pity, of charming and gracious tolerance. Think of the ugly and brutal picture the average pen would make of a drunken ragman, and then remember Baudelaire's beautiful, sympathetic, and generous little poem on that gross theme. It is too long for entire quotation. But here is the staggering unfortunate, wandering along an old faubourg, "unbosoming himself in glorious projects":

Il prête des serments, dicte des lois sublimes,
Terrasse les méchants, relève les victimes,
Et sous le firmament, comme un dais suspendu,
S'enivre des splendeurs de sa propre vertu.

These poor creatures—worried with domestic troubles, with poverty, broken by work, tormented with age, a mere mass of ruins—are not destitute of poetry in their degradation. He paints them in two magnificent verses. They, in their imagination,

Reviennent, parfumés d'une odeur de futailles,
Suivis de compagnons, blanchis dans les batailles,
Dont la moustache pend comme de vieux drapeaux,
Les bannières, les fleurs et les arcs triomphaux
Se dressent devant eux, solennelle magie!
Et dans l'étourdissante et lumineuse orgie
Des clairs, du soleil, des cris et du tambour,
Ils apportent la gloire au peuple ivre d'amour.

How rare it is to see perversity paid for with such lines! And yet the account of Baudelaire with his succeeding generation is a long one. To the writer of these superb and noble verses most of the horrors of decadent French literature are due. The odious moral perversity which disfigured his life, his speech, his intellectual production, became a fashion, and many a book, as well as many a life, upon the boulevards would have been different if it had not been for the famous legacy of the Baudelairean spirit. To him do we owe the youth whose ambition it is to make the bourgeois "sit up," or "épater le bourgeois." What else could be the influence of the "master" who dyed his hair blue and went to call on Maxime du Camps to *épater* him? Whose joy lay in offending and shocking, and whose pride was to appear hateful! "Have you ever eaten the brains of a little child?" he once asked an unfortunate bourgeois. "It is excellent," and started on a story which began: "After I assassinated my poor father—"

I am reminded of Baudelaire and his pernicious example and influence by a book lately perused—*La Petite Angoisse*. It is a literary book, not destitute of style nor of intellectual feeling; with, towards the end, a certain distinct sentiment of the latent grandeur of mere unintelligent humanity, that acts and suffers with unconscious heroism, as fishermen and firemen act. The pity is, one must wade through so much vulgar and needless sensualism to reach this finer element.

Two young men meet along the Corniche, and, being *Provençals*, titled and wealthy, become comrades. They go through the usual tall talk of philosophising youth, and, what is infinitely more trying, what the French novelist regards as the indispensable experience of youth. Their loves are hideous, and one is thankful to find that they are unhappy in them. The marchionesses and countesses they encounter are such as we are too sadly familiar with, and it is not until we get to the end of the book, and are heartily sick of all these empty worldlings, that the clown enters on the scene, and brings with him a breath of humanity. The poor beggar teaches the youths what they did not understand—the beauty of sympathy and pity of common life. They become his disciples, and in helping him help themselves to grow into honest men. One says to the other: "I feel that fugitive loves are no longer worthy of us; since I have known the clown I have learnt to respect myself." This is the redeeming feature of M. Gilbert de Voisins' very French novel.

H. L.

Things Seen.

Sport.

BEING a Bank Holiday, the rain began in the morning; it was still falling when, in the early afternoon, I walked across the fields to the Lock, to throw a condoling glance on the boating parties. Bedraggled, top-coated, mackintoshed, they shivered on their way through the Lock. Soon I turned from the damp spectacle and crossed over to the weir pool, where a soaked fisherman sat on the stone wall eyeing his float. By his side sat a companion, a landing-net across his knees. He also peered at the float, to which pieces of weed and straw clung. The rain drizzled, the sky hung low and leaden, the trees dripped, the wind lashed the water into patterns, but the fisherman's eyes never moved from the float. "Much sport?" I asked. "They're biting!" he said in a solemn whisper. I touched his basket with my toe: it was articulately light. The drizzle changed into a strident downpour. I left the fishermen to their sport, returned home, and sat before the fire till close upon sunset. Then I went forth again, for the rain had ceased.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,

I remarked to myself.

The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought—

At this point I broke off, quoting no more that day, for there by the weir pool was the fisherman—still watching his float. Patient, sanguine, admirable man! The basket, I am sure, had not been touched. A feeling of delicacy urged me to refrain from his neighbourhood. I joined a man with a peaked cap who was leaning against the gate-beam. "Has he had any sport?" I asked. But the words had hardly left my mouth when the float ducked. The fisherman shouted, the rod bent, the line quivered, and the man with the landing-net clambered over the parapet. A few seconds later, and the fisherman was holding aloft a little gleaming fish. "Throw it back!" The command came from the official in a peaked cap, who stood by my side. "Throw it back, I say!" he repeated in a louder voice; "it's under size." There was a flash in the air, and the water sucked back the little startled fish. The rain began again. The fisherman looked at the sky. "We've still got twenty minutes of daylight," he said, stamping the water out of his boots. He put a fresh piece of dough on the hook, and once more cast forth his engine of destruction upon the troubled waters.

The Dancers.

WAITING in a little half-deserted harbour of Fife for the evening ferry-boat, I lazily watched a battered old brig unloading timber with an elaborate leisure. Her bald white name was strangely lettered, like writing seen in a mirror; and her black, seamy sides were hoary with barnacles. She made one dream of the Baltic—frozen lands and seas—romance—mystery. It was very still. In the hold near the water level a cavern slowly disgorged immense logs, each pausing to have its chain slipped off by a man who stood on a raft letting them slip quietly into the water and float away. Between times he watched three placid old Scotsmen fishing from the quay, their six legs a-dangle. Near them a young woman in a green petticoat leaned against a post knitting. Presently she began to dance, quite slowly, turning and swaying about; and very soon a man ran down the gang-plank towards her, tossing his arms above his head. When they met, behold, a mad waltz on a pierhead in the sunset, and never a friend to lilt them a tune! Soon, parting again on a sweep and a turn,

they were darting hither and thither like swallows, and setting to each other with arching arms. A full quarter of an hour they danced, and seemed to feel no weariness, till, even stronger in my mind than the delight of watching them, was a fear lest they should stop. No one else paid them the smallest heed. The three old fishermen smoked peacefully, hauling up gleaming "podleys" without a glance behind; nor was the man on the raft less stolid at his work. Lights began to throw wavy paths across the water, and it grew dark as we steamed slowly out into the river. In a few minutes they had mingled with the haze of night, still dancing.

Some Letters of Stephen Crane.

MR. JOHN N. HILLIARD sends to the Literary Supplement of the *New York Times* one or two extracts from some fine letters of the late Stephen Crane, which prove what a conscientious, determined literary artist he was.

The following passage is from a letter written shortly after the publication of *The Red Badge of Courage*, which, of course, came after *George's Mother* and *Maggie* (the two Bowery tales just reissued by Mr. Heinemann):

The one thing that deeply pleases me in my literary life—brief and inglorious as it is—is the fact that men of sense believe me to be sincere. *Maggie*, published in paper covers, made me the friendship of Hamlin Garland and W. D. Howells; and the one thing that makes my life worth living in the midst of all this abuse and ridicule is the consciousness that never for an instant have those friendships at all diminished. Personally, I am aware that my work does not amount to a string of dried beans—I always calmly admit it. But I also know that I do the best that is in me, without regard to cheers or damnation. When I was the mark for every humorist in the country, I went ahead; and now, when I am the mark for only 50 per cent. of the humorists of the country, I go ahead, for I understand that a man is born into the world with his own pair of eyes, and he is not at all responsible for his quality of personal honesty. To keep close to my honesty is my supreme ambition. There is a sublime egotism in talking of honesty. I, however, do not say that I am honest. I merely say that I am as nearly honest as a weak mental machinery will allow. This aim in life struck me as being the only thing worth while. A man is sure to fail at it, but there is something in the failure.

That is a fine ambition for a young writer to cherish. And it is the letter of a man without illusions. Stephen Crane seems to have seen with washen eyes from the very first. Children of a country wherein reverence is discouraged have a better chance to do so than some of us.

On another occasion he wrote:

I did little work at school, but confined my abilities, such as they were, to the diamond. Not that I disliked books, but the cut-and-dried curriculum of the college did not appeal to me. Humanity was a much more interesting study. When I ought to have been at recitations I was studying faces on the streets, and when I ought to have been studying my next day's lessons I was watching the trains roll in and out of the Central Station. So, you see, I had, first of all, to recover from college. I had to build up, so to speak. And my chiefest desire was to write plainly and unmistakably, so that all men (and some women) might read and understand. That, to my mind, is good writing. There is a great deal of labour connected with literature. I think that is the hardest thing about it. There is nothing to respect in art save one's own opinion of it.

And here is a longer passage from a letter written after Stephen Crane had won his place and had retired to England to settle for a while. The letter begins with references to the reviewers of *The Red Badge of Courage*:

They all insist that I am a veteran of the Civil War, whereas the fact is, as you know, I never smelled even the

powder of a sham battle. I know what the psychologists say, that a fellow can't comprehend a condition that he has never experienced, and I argued that many times with the Professor. Of course, I have never been in a battle, but I believe that I got my sense of the rage of conflict on the football field, or else fighting is a hereditary instinct, and I wrote intuitively; for the Cranes were a family of fighters in the old days, and in the Revolution every member did his duty. But, be that as it may, I endeavoured to express myself in the simplest and most concise way. If I failed, the fault is not mine. I have been very careful not to let any theories or pet ideas of my own creep into my work. Preaching is fatal to art in literature. I try to give to readers a slice out of life; and, if there is any moral or lesson in it, I do not try to point it out. I let the reader find it for himself. The result is more satisfactory to both the reader and myself. As Emerson said: "There should be a long logic beneath the story, but it should be kept carefully out of sight." Before the *Red Badge of Courage* was published, I found it difficult to make both ends meet. The book was written during this period. It was an effort born of pain, and I believe that it was beneficial to it as a piece of literature. It seems a pity that this should be so—that art should be a child of suffering; and yet such seems to be the case. Of course there are fine writers who have good incomes and live comfortably and contentedly; but, if the conditions of their lives were harder, I believe that their work would be better. Bret Harte is an example. He has not done any work in recent years to compare with those early California sketches.

Crane concludes with the old, old lament:

Now that I have reached the goal I suppose that I ought to be contented; but I am not. I was happier in the old days when I was always dreaming of the thing I have now attained. I am disappointed with success, and I am tired of abuse. Over here, happily, they don't treat you as if you were a dog, but give everyone an honest measure of praise or blame. There are no disgusting personalities.

When one looks back at Crane's short life, packed as it was with action, his output of work seems curiously large. And when one considers how good in its way everything he published was—how tense, and studied, and complete—this output assumes a very serious air. To die at thirty-one and to have done so much with one's talents is a great achievement. It is possible that his work was done; that as he grew older he would have lost the desire, the zest of writing, would have asked himself: "Is it worth while?"—that paralyzing question. The sardonic in his nature would have had time to develop and might have stifled further energy. This is merely conjecture, of course. Meanwhile his work exists for our admiration and pleasure, and as a noble example to young authors in a hurry.

Stephen Crane's *Whilomville Stories*, those studies of boy and child life which he wrote with such intense interest towards the close of his brief life and believed in so thoroughly—he told Mr. Alden, the Editor of *Harper's Magazine*, that his best was in them—will be issued in book form very shortly. We are also to have his Irish novel, and two collections of short stories—*Wounds in the Rain* and *The Monster*. And there is a series of studies of great battles also to be published.

Correspondence.

Style.

SIR,—Mr. Isidore Ascher, in his interesting letter upon the above subject in this week's *ACADEMY*, contradicts himself, I think, in more places than one. He pillories a statement of mine—"It [*i.e.*, style] is synonymous with literary intellect, brain, thought"—as being "absolutely wrong and misleading"; he then goes on to say that style is "only a verbal garb of thought"! I think he endeavours to separate—as many others do—the literary form of intellect from the literary form of expression: I

hold that they are one and the same thing, and absolutely indivisible. That is what I meant when I said that no man can be a stylist who has no brains. Mr. Ascher apparently seeks to prove that there are two qualities concerned in the matter; and it will be seen that he only bowls himself out when he attempts to do so. He also characterises as "absolutely wrong" the statement that style is the expression of individuality; and then says "an author of distinction has generally a distinctive style"! I cannot see that his argument will hold water.

It is certainly true that style may require development. It is next to impossible for a boy of eighteen to write like a mature Ruskin, for instance. One has to play the "assiduous ape" for a period, no doubt. But all the time he is absorbing the art of others, is he not building for himself a brain, a literary intellect—in short, a literary individuality? All his subsequent writings are the expression of the individuality he has acquired—the *matured* individuality, be it said; for the germ must be existent. ("You cannot thrash a still-born donkey into life," as Mr. Le Gallienne says.) The means whereby the writer matures his latent individuality have no effect or influence upon him beyond that of the watering-can on a rose-bush. Individuality is strength; the individual stylist is essentially himself. He retains his own particular identity throughout the whole course of his development. The "assiduous ape" part of the business is only the waking up, the extra horse up the hill. Once on the brow, the wide, level heath is before him. Henceforth he is himself, both in his life proper, and in the life he lives in his writings.—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR COLES ARMSTRONG.

August 6, 1900.

SIR,—It would seem that the recent correspondence on the above subject must have already exhausted all there is to be said as to its nature, its quality, and its acquirement; yet—to judge from some of the remarks preferred—the main point of discussion appears really to be, not how to cultivate style, but what is style?

Mr. Ascher, in last week's *ACADEMY*, is, perhaps, as near the mark as anyone in defining style to be "just a mode or manner of expression and nothing more." But why "and nothing more"? In my opinion the definition would be more correct if "something" were to be substituted for the "nothing" of Mr. Ascher's concluding phrase. The question of style surely involves wider issues than the mere "mode or manner of expression"; otherwise, I fear that managed mannerisms and inherent insipidities of literary expression would mark the level of a distinctive style of this nature.

I think, therefore, that the "something more" required is, if I may so term it, the literary *afflatus* that breathes into words the spirit of life and produces "style."—I am, &c.,

ERNEST H. HARRISON.

Streatham, S.W.: August 4, 1900.

SIR,—The history of this correspondence cannot be altogether without amusement to those modest readers who never compete for the weekly guinea. "One having literary aspirations" wanted hints for cultivating style; and no less than forty-four persons, out of the goodness of their heart (and perhaps with the tail of their eye on the aforementioned remuneration), attempted to furnish a complete working plant for the manufacture of style on a scale unlimited. I regret, as a literary aspirant myself, that only eleven of the letters were published.

The letter which gained the prize gives but cold comfort after all. It tells us that style, *per se*, does not exist, and that you cannot be a good stylist without brains; but of how to acquire brains there is not a hint. In the next issue of the *ACADEMY* a correspondent takes exception to this pronouncement. Next comes a reply from the prize-winner wherein he compares himself, and all other writers

on style, to a bald-headed gentleman who went to gather honey without his hat; which is a dark saying. He also informs us that he is an authority on what is good for him to eat; which is enviable and interesting, but throws no great light upon the subject.

Then, after the other literary aspirant and I have been puzzling for two weeks over how to get brains, he coolly tells us "if a man has brains it does not necessarily follow that he is or should be a literary man—a statement that cuts both ways." Ay, a right two-edged sword it faith!

Another week passes and then somebody else says that all the other people had been calling style things which it wasn't; and he assures us that, shown up in its true colours, 'tis but "a mode or manner of expression and nothing more." I have no doubt the other literary aspirant also tore his hair at this point. I had always suspected style to be a man's character oozing out at his finger-tips and so getting into his pen; but now I am beginning to think it is a mere trick of composition which might be purchased from a recognised stylist for a reasonable sum.—I am, &c.,

S. W.

SIR,—My innocent little note to you has given some correspondents the opportunity of displaying the rudeness of *their* style. In proof thereof, read the following: "Without having the least wish to infer that you are deficient in general intelligence, will you!" &c. "Your present style resembles your handwriting, which is—pardon me—somewhat immature." I disagree entirely with Mr. Armstrong; and so do you, Mr. Editor, for your postcard to me gave hints about the cultivation of style. Three other letters from professors in our Universities who teach style are also against Mr. Armstrong. Style to me is the coat my thoughts wear. It is, therefore, independent of what Mr. Armstrong says I lack—"literary intelligence." The illiterate farm servant has style, as well as, say, Mr. Armstrong. The coat must fit the thought. Here is the difficulty. How am I to make the cloth into a decent, West End fashionable coat?

The style is the man: let it be so. Suppose the man is vicious, then the style is likewise. How can I change this vice into virtue? By changing the man? How is it done? It is nonsense for one of your correspondents to say, "This is not, alas! a matter for hints"; or worse nonsense to say, "Have you anything to say or to write that the world in the least desires to hear, or would be the better of hearing? If so, you will find yourself able to say it without any manufactured style." I have before me over a dozen statements by well-known literary men who say the reverse. Let me give one. It is found in *The Art of Fiction*. The writer is W. E. Norris:

The beginner, in order to be a successful beginner, has to acquire a style. . . . But why talk about acquiring a style? It seems doubtful whether an equal number cannot—if only they will condescend to take the necessary pains—learn how to write. Rules indeed there are for him—cut and dried rules, relating to accuracy of grammar and punctuation, avoidance of involved sentences, neologisms, catch phrases, and the like; but these will not take him the length he wishes to go. . . . He may be advised to dissect, to analyse, to search patiently for the secrets of proportion, of balance, of rhythmical, harmonious diction. . . . So, having studied, he will be able, like the *débütante*, to be natural, and will have gained possession of a style which will, at any rate, be correct and his own.

Mr. Editor, I hope you will not allow this supreme question of "how to cultivate style" to be shelved by such half-truths as "Le style c'est de l'homme."

As Mr. Armstrong is to keep an open eye for my development, my honest innocence being distinctly interesting and refreshing, I had better add I am the author of several books, and expect, when this question of "style" is rationally thrashed out, to publish a few more.—I am, &c.

July 25, 1900.

THE INQUIRER.

Herbert not Herrick.

SIR,—As you are still on the subject of quotations, may I ask for explanation of a curious misquotation, or perhaps quoted plagiarism, which appeared in one of your "Things Seen" in the ACADEMY of July 21. I did not call attention to it at the time as I felt sure you would have a pile of such calls.

The lines were :

But I was up ere break of day,
And brought my flowers along with me.

In George Herbert's lovely Easter verses you will find :

But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

—I am, &c., A. S.
August 4, 1900.

[The writer of that "Things Seen" spent an hour seeking to verify the quotation in Herrick. He thanks "A. S." and apologises to Herbert.]

"A Dream Satanic."

SIR,—While regretting that the perusal of a few chapters of my *Great Game* should have given Mr. G. S. Layard—your last week's correspondent—nightmare, I fail to see any connexion between his "dream satanic" and my little work.

"No private duty is so paramount but that a man may neglect it in the service of the State."

Sir, I give it up; and intend, in the second edition of *The Great Game*, adding a chapter headed "The Nightmares of the Century."—I am, &c.,

EDWARD SPENCER.

Gresham Cottage, Ewell:
August 4, 1900.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 46 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best sketch of 200 words, or less, under the title "The Street I Know Best." The response has been large, the performance creditable. But many descriptions are marred by some extravagance, some little touch which one feels is needlessly overdone. One might walk often in Whitechapel High-street without seeing "drunken sailors stagger along singing criminal songs." This is the Whitechapel one reads about, but does not see. There is some vague over-writing too: "Grotesques are silhouetted on frowsy blinds" tells us nothing (about Wykeham-road), and the diction is affected. We prefer ease and clearness to more ambitious writing that misses its mark; and, after some hesitation, we award the prize to Mr. Arthur Macdonald Cuttell, 7, Princess-street, Leicester, for the following, though the sketch is marred by its rather cheap satire on afternoon calls:

THE STREET I KNOW BEST.

The street I know best drives a long straight line of macadam and flagstones, and a double line of linden trees, through a suburb that was so recently a village that, at this juncture, one can hardly tell whether it has the air of a stockbroker in Arcadia, or of a rustic in Pall Mall. The old manor house still stands, and the "village church" still points its squat spire at heaven. But all else is suburban villa of the bay-window or garden order, built of red brick and virginia creeper. No children play in the roadway now, but morning and evening there are processions of silk-hatted men—men carried away by the up-train at dawn and returned at night—while in the afternoons women drive up in barouches, paying calls and boring each other fearfully over saving cups of tea. At the bottom of the street a crossing-sweeper daily sits in state upon a throne of brick-wall and railings, and notes our goings and our comings, besides levying tribute on the passer-by. And at night, as I look out across the way, our surgeon's blood-red lamp gleams eerily through a network of green linden leaves.

The three best sketches after the above are perhaps these:

WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET.

Whitechapel High Street is neither narrow nor ill-lit; the buildings are substantial and newly painted; the shops are big and their windows display as great a variety of cash-ticketed articles as any exacting shopping woman need wish for. Drawn up in the centre of the roadway are a score of huge waggons all laden with fresh sweet hay—for there is a haymarket in Whitechapel. The carts are manned by stout, rough, kindly countrymen, too, who lounge about, chiefly favouring the doorway of the "Red Lion Inn," where the ale is known to come from Romford. But—alas, there is a "but"—the air, despite the hay, is filled with a foul smell of over-baked bread and terrible fumes that spring with tiger-like strength from sausage and onion depôts. A noise as of an army that is angry because deprived of its weapons is prevalent, even the younger women, whose voices might be low and soft, are unduly turbulent; drivers of lumbering vans shout hoarse and vehement oaths at patient, panting horses; drunken sailors stagger along singing criminal songs; dishevelled women and unwashed children abound, and on most of the faces that pass there is evidence of battle within. [C. C., London.]

COMMONPLACE.

It is a short, narrow street; you could go down it in twenty strides, and cross it in six. It contains a baker's dozen of buildings, of different heights and styles, mostly glum. It has existed longer than the Queen has worn her crown; but age has brought it no honours. Like a man with a past, its glory is all in bygone days. Two justices of the peace and the town coroner had offices in it. The lower end building on the right side was a ladies' high school; and in those days dainty feet tripped its pavement all day long. Respectable physicians resided in its houses, and it was then equal with the proud square it runs into. Now, however, it would be positively an ugly street, were it not for the bank's new premises at the top left-hand corner, which do for its appearance what a fine hat does for that of a lady with a shabby dress. During rainy seasons its gutters leak, and one imagines it to be shedding tears over the departed glory of its buildings, now attorneys' offices, a c. byard, and a grocer's shop thrown in. [A. S. W., Preston.]

OUR STREET.

It curls around the shoulder of the old town walls with a southern sweep from east to west; and for centuries, beneath the starlight, and from dawn to afterglow, has seized all largesse of sky and air. Its rugged stones are the home of snapdragon and gillyflower, with mosses and lichens, and much else of gracious greenery. The vine and fig-tree flourish here, and ever and for ever the Severn sings beside them.

The fine reserve of Pugin trained these quiet lines of the cathedral—gray sister to the rose-red ramparts. Brightly the lamp burns ever within its Sanctuary, and the unconscious street is dedicated to perpetual love and praise.

Time has dealt kindly with the houses along our way, and veiled their grim Georgian gentility with a tenderness of leafage and blossom: while, goodly and fair, high above the rest, for all men to see, stands the house reserved for the Lords of the Law of England—"the Judge's Lodging."

No, that motor-car was not pretty. Ping-pang go the bells of the cyclists as they flash past into the darkness!

Children and birds are a-bud; night is falling upon the old town walls.

Meanwhile the lamp burns on.

[A. D., Shrewsbury.]

Among other sketches of merit are the following:

IN EAST ANGLIA.

It is the main street of an East Coast fishing town, around which are gathered all the tenderest associations of early youth.

A mile and a half it extends, flanked on either side by houses of unequal height, whose red roofs deepen to a richer glow at sunset. I love every seaman who strides along its pavements. I know its shops by heart. The toy shop on the right (as you enter the town) kept by Mrs. Stevens, who will never realise that I no longer require a spade, a bucket, a kaleidoscope, or a sixpenny butterfly net, proudly displaying these commodities whenever I enter for a chat about old times; Reading's, on the left, whither we repaired for Aldeburgh buns (hot) and lemonade after bathing; the jeweller's, whose window is ever full of brooches and necklaces of amber picked up by our fishermen; Martin's (the draper's); the post office; the butcher's; the fish shop; Mrs. Self's, noted for "brandy balls," great shiny golden marbles that you must pop into your mouth whole. Then Ford's, which we used to patronise for pear drops, acid drops, liquorice, and "black-jack" (sticky stuff rolled in bits of newspaper).

Ah, happy days of childhood!

[H. F., Devon.]

SUBURBAN.

It is a broad, open street, and recalls nothing of the little riverside village of former days. Only a few years ago it was still rural,

with grassy spaces where the widow's hens flapped and clucked, and laid the occasional egg. Now all is changed, and the only relic of quaintness is the finger-post at one end: "To Westminster and London."

The houses are modern, and so for the most part are their inmates. Most modern of all are the members of the Ladies' Club—fearfully and wonderfully modern, even, it is whispered, to the smoking of cigarettes. The playwright, the editor, the navy authority, the musical critic, all are modern; the lady guardian and the portrait painter modern too. Of the old villagers but three remain: the man of leisure, and the professor, and the old clergyman who, of a summer evening, still keeps the village habit of standing at his door, from which vantage ground he loves to engage the passer-by in amiable conversation. To enquire after the new drama, or gently banter the editor about that unconfirmed telegram, is his neighbourly custom; and, one may hope, they are not too modern to appreciate him. [E. D., Chelsea.]

WHERE ALMOND TREES BLOSSOM.

It is called Jamalkhan. It runs from Badamtali, where the almond trees blossom in spring, through shady bamboo groves where lurk brown-roofed cottages of Creole-Portuguese, past the Sital Jharna—the "cool spring" of perennially gushing water, past the three snowy domes and slim minarets of the Quadam Mobarak Mosque with its terraced cemetery, the Campo Santo of our dour Puritan Mussulmans. As I drive daily to my work, brown Portuguese maidens (the very tiny ones scantily wrapped in tattered and dingy night-gowns) bow gravely to the passing sahib. Their hidalgo origin (however remote) forbids a salaam or the friendly bob of a curtsy. White clad Hindoos tramping to the holy shrine of Sitakunda, yellow robed Buddhist monks seeking the khyong below Cyclone Hill file past. A half-caste Feringhee dings his bicycle bell as he glides by, and, a moment after, my horse shies at a dusty nudity of a fakir telling beads by the roadside. Now I make room for a funeral—a dead Hindoo borne, with shrill cries of Hari bol, to the burning place beyond Gol Pahar. Now an elephant, mahout on neck, swings past, hungry for breakfast in the succulent jungle beyond Pahartali. [J. D. A., Ealing.]

WHERE DANTE WALKED.

The street we know best need not be necessarily one that we most often frequent. All the ideals, education, and aspirations of half a lifetime may go towards the fixing of the one supreme impression, the one unfading spectacle which we recognise as always having been a part of our truest selves—the place of our thoughts. And not in the mere reality of its picturesqueness, its wealth of fair houses, sculptured towers, and bridge-spanned river, is it most truly ours, but in the certainty that when the evening sun was turning the river to a golden flood, and giving a deeper note to the cypress-crowned hills, that Beato Angelico lingered there and saw visions of angels in the rose, and gold, and white, and that Dante's eyes flashed back the splendour before Beatrice passed him by and denied him her salutation. And yet, perhaps, it is all more intimately ours, more at one with the knowing or unknowing that knits it to our hearts. When night has fallen, when the domes and towers are telling dark against a pale sky, and the purple black of the bridges is repeated in their dark reflections, making it impossible to tell where reality ends: when the moon, touching the water, turns it to liquid light, and in the west is glowing a great star. [K. E. B., Birmingham.]

SQUALID.

All day long the street lies festering under a London sun. Heavy traffic roars over its cobbles, and—clapper-clap—its indefectible meat-tin surges backwards and forwards under my window; for a Board school faces me.

Marshallled beside this pioneer of culture the Gothic end of a cheap chapel flaunts the allurements of a Coloured Lady and Pleasant Sunday Afternoons.

By nightfall the process of incubation is complete. The dingy houses come to life. Grotesques are silhouetted upon frowzy blinds. The forms of youth and maiden cluster in shadowed doorways. Under the street lamps, befringed, unwholesome lads lie in wait for the shrieking files of half-grown girls that waver along in their poor finery, soliciting and repelling solicitation. From four public-houses streams the grey glare of incandescent gaslight, and ballad music of the tearfully sentimental sort; while the piano-organists neutralise each other with contradictory tunes. It is merry times in Wykeham-road.

But down a passage there is a court; and in the court a tumult. There, I think, they stow away the bodies of the women who scream "Murder!" when the lights are out. [S. B. T., London.]

IN CORK.

Level here, among the shops; but there, beyond the bridge, it climbs resolutely, smiling, to the skies one almost fancies, seeing it end, of evenings, in a solitary point of light that apes a star.

The pavement billows, rugged; the car-stand, streaming down the centre, overflows illicitly, impetuously, in two and threes of sharp-sighted jarvies; but the green electric trams unflinchingly move on, stolid in arrogance of mechanism. And the people loiter—loiter intolerably!

The statue is being further elevated. The memorial to Father Mathew; on both sides of it (the street widens here) shine gorgeous liquor-shops, for ever guarded by the "corner boys," squalid lotoseaters, whose dream no *Peeler* dreams of breaking. One quay leads to the theatre; across the bridge there confront the "Apostle," shamelessly, the posters of the music-hall.

On fine mornings, the valley of St. Patrick-street smiles clear in sherry-coloured sunlight. A quaint gaiety of its own it has—the bright, untidy Irish street; poverty-stricken, diminutive, sordid almost, for travelled eyes; yet what a maze of maddening movement, brilliancy, vitality, for the visitors that, some of them, are come up from tracts of turf-land, or the sea—come up for market-day, holiday, Lady-day! [G. C. M., Cork.]

Other replies received from: M. M. B., St. Andrews; A. H., Durham; H. A. M., Bristol; F. W. S., London; Z. McC., Whitby; A. S. H., Dalkeith; F. A., Weymouth; F. von S., London; A. G., Reigate; E. R., London; Miss P., Norwich; M. J., London; G. E., Dewsbury; G. E. P., London; A. M. S., Great Bookham; J. M. S.-Y., Manchester; O. S., Twyford; H. R. S., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mrs. N., London; A. V., London; Mrs. D., London; E. B., London; E. B., Liverpool; L. M. S., London; G. W. H., West Didsbury; R. H. P., Derby; G. H., Anglesey; L. F., Manchester; E. H. H., Streatham; A. M. B., London; H. B. S., Culrain; A. W., London; Mrs. C. C., London; S. S. M., Edinburgh; Miss R., Goathland; R. H. G., London; M. F., London; Mrs. R., London; E. R. S., Croydon; D. G. W., Yorks.

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Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, August 14. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

New Books Received.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Fricker (Dr. Karl), *The Antarctic Regions*. From the German. (Sonnenschein) 7/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Blashill (Thomas), *Sutton-in-Holderness* (Stock) 6/0
Myer (Isaac), *Oldest Books in the World* (Kegan, Paul) net 30/0
Thomas (C. H.), *Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed* (Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6
Williams (Thomas), *Life of Sir James Nicholas Douglass* ... (Longmans) 3/6
Nieboer (Dr. H. J.), *Slavery as an Industrial System* ... (Nijhoff, The Hague)
Archibald (Mrs. G.), *Joel Dorman Steels: Teacher and Author* (Gay & Bird) 5/0

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Chambers (Rev. Arthur), *Man and the Spiritual World* (Taylor)
Drury (B. S.), *Neo-Christian Epistles* (Sonnenschein) 2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Shuckburgh (E. S.), *The Letters of Cicero, Translated into English*. Vol. III. (Bell) 5/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Eversley (T. Fitz-Evan), *The Trinidad Reviewer*... (Robinson Printing Co.)
Davidson (H. C.), *Gardening Chart: A Guide to the Cultivation of the Year's Vegetables* (Warne) net 1/0
Linton (Edward F.), *The Flora of Bournemouth, including the Isle of Purbeck* (Commin) net 8/6
Aldao (F. G.), *A Walk through the Zoological Gardens* (Sands) 3/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Temple Classics: Tully's Offices. Trans. by Roger L'Estrange ... (Dent) 1/6
Cundall (J. W.), *London: A Guide for the Visitor, Sportsman, &c.* (Greening) 0/6
Loch (Henry Brougham), *Personal Narrative of Occurrences during Lord Elgin's Second Embassy to China in 1800*. 3rd Edition ... (Murray) net 2/6
Krausse (Alexis), *China in Decay* (Chapman & Hall) 5/0
Pennell (Mrs.), *Over the Alps on a Bicycle* (Unwin) 1/0
Fogerty (Elsie), *Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Adapted for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools* (Sonnenschein) net 2/6
Douglas (R. K.), *China* (Unwin) 5/9

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Board, Whitehall, London, and should be forwarded with a
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The Literary Week.

THE fear expressed in some quarters that we are fast becoming a nation of novel readers and little else need not be regarded very seriously. Quiet readers of good books, old and new, travel along on the road they have chosen undistracted by wars, hot weather, or the newest fiction. They live quiet lives in quiet streets. The fiction readers and writers hustle one another and cry in the marketplace: hence the disproportionate attention given to them. Nevertheless we, as a nation, do read an enormous number of novels, and the autumn publishing lists show that there will be no falling off in the supply. To those already announced, the following, to be published by Mr. Heinemann, may be added: *The Lane that had no Turning*, by Gilbert Parker; *The Mantle of Elijah*, by I. Zangwill; *Jack Raymond*, by Mrs. Voynich; *The Image Breakers*, by Gertrude Dix; *The Lady of Dreams*, by Una L. Silberrad; *The Provençale*, by T. A. Cook; *The Hidden Model*, by F. Forbes Robertson; besides new novels by Hall Caine, Miss Robins, Cassandra Vivaria, and Sarah Grand.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S play, "Herod the King," which Mr. Tree will produce after "Julius Cæsar," is in no sense religious; no Biblical persons appear, nor are they referred to, beyond a sense generally felt of someone about to come and reign over Judæa. This prophecy forms a sort of impending doom, and causes Herod vague uneasiness. The story is of the almost insane passion of Herod the Great for his wife Mariamne. Herod having, for political reasons, caused her favourite brother to be killed, found that this political murder had estranged from him the love of Mariamne. Finding that she, whom he madly adored, had suddenly grown cold to him, his passion became a madness, fed continually by his mother and sister, who hated Mariamne for her arrogance. At last he was induced to order her death, after much vacillation, and to some extent for political reasons. But, though he had given order for her death, so strong was his infatuation that, when she was dead, he continued to nourish the idea that she still lived. As Herod alone stood between Judæa and the Roman legions, it was all-important that he should be humoured in his delusion, as, if he once realised the fact of his wife's death, he would go mad. The latter part of the play deals with this situation—the whole Court endeavouring to distract the King's mind from a reality, in order that he might still be capable of governing.

MR. WILLIAM NICHOLSON leaves England on Saturday to fulfil a three months' engagement with Messrs. Harper & Brothers. He will make portraits for *Harper's Weekly* of the principal figures in the coming Presidential election.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are bringing out *Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee*, by Mr. Nicholas Payne Gilman, a work which has attracted much notice in America in the last ten years. Mr. Gilman bases his arguments on a careful study of all the experiments made in Europe and America. He gives a long account of Leclaire, the "father of profit-sharing."

WE have permission to print the following portion of a letter addressed to Mrs. Stephen Crane by Mr. W. D. Howells:

Hamlin Garland first told me of *Maggie*, which your husband then sent me. I was slow in getting at it, and he wrote me a heartbreaking note to the effect that he saw I did not care for his book. On this I read it, and found that I did care for it immensely. I asked him to come and see me, and he came to tea and stayed far into the evening, talking about his work, and the stress there was on him to put in the profanities which I thought would shock the public from him, and about the semi-savage poor, whose types he had studied in that book. He spoke wisely and kindly about them, and especially about the Tough, who was tough because, as he said, he felt that "everything was on him." He came several times afterwards, but not at all oftener than I wished, or half so often, and I knew he was holding off from modesty. He never came without leaving behind him some light on the poor, sad life he knew so well in New York, so that I saw it more truly than ever before. He had thought wisely and maturely about it, but he had no plan for it, perhaps not even any hope without a plan. He was the great artist which he was because he was in no wise a sentimentalist. Of course I was struck almost as much by his presence as by his mind, and admired his strange, melancholy beauty, in which there was already the forecast of his early death. His voice charmed me, and the sensitive lips from which it came, with their intelligent and ironical smile, and his mystical, clouded eyes. Inevitably there was the barrier between his youth and my age that the years make, and I could not reach him where he lived as a young man might. I cannot boast that I understood him fully; a man of power, before he comes to its full expression, is hard to understand. It is doubtful if he is quite in the secret himself, but I was always aware of his power, and nothing good that he did surprised me. He came to see me last just before he sailed for England the last time, and then he showed the restlessness of the malarial fever that was preying on him; he spoke of having got it in Cuba. But even then, with the sense that we were getting at each other less than ever, I felt his rare quality. I do not think America has produced a more distinctive and vital talent.

The Gateless Barrier, by Lucas Malet, which has been published this week, is introduced by the following extract from the writings of Lafcadio Hearn. It is called, oddly enough, "Preface":

What is the book?

According to the Japanese pronunciation of the Chinese characters of the title, we call it *Mu-Mon-Kwan*, which means "The Gateless Barrier." It is one of the books especially studied by the Zen sect, or the sect of Dhyāna. A peculiarity of some of the Dhyāna texts—this (story) being a good example—is that they are not explanatory. They only suggest. Questions are put, but the student must think out the answers for himself. He must think them out, but not write them. You know that Dhyāna represents human effort to reach, through meditation, zones of thought beyond the range of verbal expression; and any thought narrowed into utterance loses all Dhyāna quality. . . . Well, this story is supposed to be true; but it is used only for a Dhyāna question. . . .

THE mystery of the authorship of those pleasant books, *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* and *A Solitary Summer*, is reported to have been "swept aside." The writer is stated to be no other than Princess Henry of Pless, whose brother, Mr. George Cornwallis West, married Lady Randolph Churchill last month. The *New York Critic* gives the information, and it adds:

It would be superfluous to say that the Princess Henry is clever. One need only read her books to be convinced of that. They strike a new note in literature, and one that rings strong and true. For a young woman without any special training to master such a delightful literary style is certainly remarkable. Such books as the *German Garden* make life worth living.

This is an odd way of supporting the truth of the announcement. "Princess Henry of Pless wrote these books," says the *Critic*; "if you doubt her cleverness, read them." Yes, but their merits do not prove she wrote them; they merely prove that the person who wrote them is clever. We do not know whether Princess Henry of Pless wrote these books or not; very likely the *Critic* is right, but we should like some confirmation.

MARCEL PRÉVOST has been talking to an interviewer about the French novel of the next century. In the course of his remarks, as reported by the Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, M. Prévost said:

The most noticeable change that has come over the French novel of quite recent years is its increasing seriousness. The theory of art for art's sake, dear to Flaubert and to those who came immediately after him, has fallen into disrepute. The French novelist of to-day is troubled about many things. Social and religious questions pre-occupy him; he has become a writer with a purpose. Even the veterans have been touched by grace—if grace it be. Huysmans, who wrote *Les Soeurs Vatar* and *A-vau-l'eau*, has come to write *La Cathédrale*, and the author of *L'Assommoir* is also the author of *Fécondité*. The strongest of the younger men have all of them a serious bent. Striking examples are Maurice Barrès, who would work out according to his lights the political regeneration of his country, and Paul Adam, who is profoundly interested in social problems.

M. PRÉVOST defends the pre-occupation of modern French novelists with the failures of marriage, the *P.M.G.* correspondent reporting and commenting as follows:

He considers that society being based upon marriage, breaches of the matrimonial contract are of necessity a matter of grave moment, and as such furnish the novelist with rich and most legitimate material. His contention may be indisputable so far as it goes, but it would be more to the point if he could convince us that the writers referred to have been accustomed to take a view in any way serious of the connubial misadventures which form their staple theme. Marcel Prévost is of opinion, however, that there will be less harping in the future on the breaches of a certain commandment. He even thinks that the love interest in general is destined to fall into the background, but not that women will on this account play a smaller part in the novelist's pages. The change will be that the more serious interests of the sex will come to the front. He threatens us, in a word, with a further crop of those Feminist novels of which there has been so prolific an output of late. But it may be that he has the enthusiasm of the neophyte. Being a recent convert to Feminism, he perhaps over-estimates the interest taken in women's rights by the world in general. He further predicts that the French novel is likely to become longer, in consequence of the difficulty of treating serious topics in brief. The three-volume English novel has ceased, he says, to seem ridiculous to Frenchmen. He is, perhaps, unaware that in England the three-volume novel is a thing of the past. It would be strange, indeed, if the monster were to reappear in Paris after having received its quietus in London.

By way of supplement to THE BOOKWORM's Ibsen note, printed in a recent issue of this journal, it may be men-

tioned that in 1876 appeared a translation by Catherine Ray of "The Emperor and the Galilean: a drama in two parts." In 1879, or thereabouts, appeared privately *Translations from the Norse*, by a B. S. S., who, we believe, was Mr. Andrew Johnson, late M.P. for South Essex. The volume, which was printed by John Bellows, of Gloucester, contains the first act of "Catiline" (spelled "Cataline" throughout), "Terje Vigen," a story in verse and prose, some lines from "Brand" on charity, "The Little Tell Tales," "The Eiderduck," and a "Lullaby"—all from Ibsen. A very odd translation by T. Weber of *Nora* appeared at Copenhagen in 1880. Here is a fragment from it:

KROGSTAD: If it were so why did you then write to me a such letter as you did?

MRS. LINDE . . . If I were to break with you it was also my duty to extirpate with you all your feelings for me.

Mr. Archer's fine translation of *The Doll's House* was first published by Mr. Unwin in 1889, who issued Mr. Edward Garrett's *Brand* in 1894.

POETRY, it is well known, can pay handsomely. Mr. Edwin Markham, the author of *The Man with the Hoe*, is said to have drawn an income from his poetry "far in excess of even the president of the largest college in the world." Mr. Markham has another volume of poems in hand, and a "boom" in America is assured.

THE American section of the Paris Exhibition includes a complete bibliography of pamphlets and books written by negro authors, carried out with great thoroughness by Mr. Daniel Murray, of the Congressional Library, under the direction of the librarian of Congress, Mr. Herbert Putnam. The following account of this work is given in the *Chicago Times-Herald*:

In Mr. Murray's preliminary list of books and pamphlets by negro authors there are 1,100 titles and about 1,200 writers. These beginnings have been found mostly in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Baltimore, and Washington. The pamphlet literature is particularly interesting, as showing to what extent coloured men became thinkers and scholars in days when it was a crime to teach negroes to read and write. These people without a country and without favour not only became educated, but what they wrote contributed greatly to the political, religious, and social questions of the day. Many of these earlier writers were educated in the West Indies. Much of their writing exhibited excellence of the highest order.

The chief characteristic of nearly all of this early writing by negro authors was seriousness. There was but little fiction, poetry, or humour. How to destroy slavery and bring freedom and equality to the enslaved was the burden of most of the first negro authors. With the conquest of slavery negro authors lost their most inspiring theme. Since that time a very few men and women have gained name and fame as contributors to American literature.

COMING to individual works, the *Times-Herald* remarks:

George W. Williams's *History of the American Negro*, in two large volumes, is an interesting and valuable compilation. Bishop Payne's *History of the A. M. E. Church*, Anna J. Cooper's essays, *A Voice from the South*, Frederick Douglass's wonderful autobiography, the more recent publications by Booker T. Washington, Prof. Du Boise, and the lives of Phillips and Sumner by Archibald Grimké, and the literary productions of Paul Laurence Dunbar and Charles Chestnut, are representative of the best things contributed to American literature by negro authors. These later books are what might be called the first productions of the negro in freedom. It is the first literary utterance of the negro who has been to school. It is also prophetic of what may be expected. It is a promise that authorship of a most interesting and valuable kind will develop in the course of the progressive life of the race.

THE *Publishers' Circular* takes exception to certain statements in our recent article on the future of the six-shilling novel. Thus it airily remarks:

The value of our contemporary's opinion on the question in general may be inferred from the circumstance that it seems to think the ordinary profit of a bookseller on a six-shilling novel is fourpence.

To this we reply that the ordinary profit on a six-shilling novel is fourpence. Very few booksellers (none except those who order in thirteens, twenty-sixes, &c.) get more. They pay 4s. 2d. and sell at 4s. 6d. The *Publishers' Circular* continues:

How is success or partial success to be estimated? After this fashion: "Let a man," we are told, "write a novel which sells only two thousand copies, and he will find half a dozen firms anxious to accept all risks and pay him from £75 to £100 on account of royalties upon delivery of the MS. of his next novel. Even if a novel sells but a thousand copies, thus clearing its first edition, the author may in future choose his publisher from several, and obtain from £30 to £50 in advance on his next MS." To make them generally accurate these statements require considerable modification and qualification.

No modification or qualification is necessary. We wrote of actual facts, and we can give the names of authors and publishers, and all details. Finally, we may remark that the *Publishers' Circular* distorts one of our arguments when it quotes us as saying that "another publisher . . . said it would be a good thing to return to the thirty-one-and-six figure." We wrote "bookseller," not "publisher," which quite alters the point.

QUALMS of incredulity—we know not why—mar our enjoyment of some stories told in a paper called the *Gem* about literary predilections in high places. Lord Salisbury, in addressing recently the members of a literary club of which he is president, is said to have related the following story:

One book has always fascinated me, and on more than one occasion has drawn me out of bed very early in the morning. This is Dumas' *Monte Cristo*. A few months ago I was staying at Sandringham. I had my favourite with me, and about half-past four in the morning I got up and went into the beautiful grounds, and sat down for an hour or two to be "carried away" by my book. I had been reading for about half-an-hour when I heard someone say, "What! are a Prime Minister's duties so heavy that he must needs be up so early in order to study?" I turned, and saw the Prince of Wales. I showed him the book that had drawn me out so early, and he said laughingly that he would read such an apparently fascinating book. Three weeks afterwards he said to me: "*Monte Cristo* drew you out of bed at half-past four in the morning; I may say that it drew me out of my bed at four in the morning."

The *Gem* goes on to tell us that the Princess of Wales is a great admirer of Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Christian*, concerning which Her Royal Highness said to the Dean of Winchester:

"*The Christian* is to me a most impressive book. The hero, John Storm, may have been a mistaken enthusiast, but enthusiasm, even though it be mistaken, is surely better than intolerable, placid indifference. Kings, princes (yes, and even princesses), peers, and people must be enthusiasts if they wish to benefit their country one little bit."

Nor do these revelations exhaust the *Gem's* stories. The Archbishop of Canterbury's tastes in reading were made known recently, it seems, to "a lady visitor at Lambeth." Dr. Temple said:

"When I was a curate, I used to devote all my spare time to reading Homer, Virgil, and the noble ancient classics. When I was a vicar I used to devote all my spare time to talking about these noble classics. Now I am an Archbishop I am a privileged person, and I devote some of my precious time to reading—Rudyard Kipling.

You think Rudyard Kipling somewhat strong for an Archbishop, perhaps? Madam, Rudyard Kipling 'rings strong,' but he invariably 'rings true.'"

The Archbishop of Canterbury, by the way, was never a vicar. Lastly, the Duke of Devonshire is reported to have said:

"I would sooner by far spend a few hours reading Mill's *Logic*—and very pleasant hours they would be, too—than in reading any work of fiction or romance. However, one novel has for many years had a great influence over me—I mean Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere*. The hero, Robert Elsmere, is a character that will live and teach for years to come."

It is not often that we see a catalogue of such out-of-the-way literature as one which has just been issued by Messrs. Maurice, of Bedford-street, Covent Garden. It is a catalogue of "The Literature of Occultism and Archaeology"; and it is divided under such awesome headings as Alchemy, Astrology, Chiromancy, Magic and Witchcraft, Mystics and Oracles, Platonism, &c. The following titles will give an idea of this remarkable catalogue:

HIGGINS (Godfrey) ANACALYPSIS, an attempt to draw aside the Veil of the Saitic Isis, or, an inquiry into the Origin of Languages, Nations, and Religions. 1836.

SECRETS REVEALED, or an Open Entrance to the Shut Palace of the King, containing the greatest treasure in Chemistry never yet so plainly discovered, composed by a famous Englishman, Anonymous, or Eyræneus Philaletha Cosmopolita, who attained to the Philosopher's Stone, from the Latin of John Langius. 1669.

TRIUMPHAL CHARIOT of ANTIMONY, by Basil Valentine, with the Commentary of Theodore Kerckringius, the Physician, translated from the Latin edition of 1685, with Biographical and Critical Introduction, engraved title and plates of Alchemical vessels. 1893.

DEVIL WORSHIP in FRANCE.—A Record of things seen and heard in the Secret Societies according to the Evidence of Initiates, by A. E. Waite. 1896.

BARRETT (Francis) The Magus, or Celestial Intelligencer; being a complete System of Occult Philosophy, containing the Antient and Modern Practice of the Cabalistic Art, Natural and Celestial Magic, &c., showing the wonderful effects that may be performed by a knowledge of the Celestial Influences, the Occult Properties of Metals, Herbs, and Stones, and the application of active to passive principles, curious engravings, magical and cabalistical figures. The rare original edition with coloured plates of demons, &c. 1801.

READERS of the *Westminster Gazette* are disputing on the nature of the Roundel as distinct from the Rondeau. Mr. Swinburne long ago defined the Roundel as follows:

THE ROUNDEL.

A Roundel is wrought as a ring or a starbright sphere,
With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought,
That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear
A Roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught—
Love, laughter, or mourning—remembrance of rapture or fear—

That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.
As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us hear—

Pause answers to pause, and again the same strain caught,
So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or tear,
A Roundel is wrought.

A correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* quotes also the late Mr. Gleeson White's preface to his "Canterbury Poets" *Ballades and Rondeaux* as follows:

The Rondel, Rondeau, and Roundel, a group having a common origin, are now to some extent classified by each accepted variety using one form of the common name to denote its shape, but this division is purely arbitrary and a modern custom.

The variety most generally known now as the Roundel is that which follows Mr. Swinburne's model.

A LARGE illustrated *édition de luxe* of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales has been in course of preparation for some years in Denmark, practically under the auspices of the Danish Government. An English translation will be published by Mr. Heinemann. The illustrations, by Hans Tegnier, have been engraved on wood.

THE first number of Mr. Clement Scott's new weekly paper, *The Free Lance*, will be published on October 6. The drama "will be attended to by myself."

A LITTLE while before his death, Richard Hovey wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post* (New York) the following lines. They were quoted in the last issue of our contemporary for the first time:

What need have you of praising? Could I find
Some lonely poet no one praises yet,
I rather would choose him, that he might know
A fellow-craftsman knew him, marked him, loved.
But you—the whole world praises you. What need
Have you of any speech I have to give?
Yet for the craft's sake I must not be dumb;
And for the craft's sake you will pardon me.
But I had rather meet you face to face,
And talk of other and indifferent things,
And say no word of all that I would say
(Praise and thanksgiving for your splendid song,
Praise and the pride of the Empires of the Blood),
But leave you, silent, as we English do—
And you would know, and you would understand.

Bibliographical.

"WANTED, a new edition of the Works of Samuel Richardson"—that is the latest cry from the depths of the earnest reading population, and one wishes that one could administer consolation to those thus lifting up their voices. But have they any idea of what they are asking for? Do they realize that Richardson was one of the most verbose of authors, rivalling in his way the "interminable romancers" born over-sea? To reprint all Fielding and all Smollett is easy work; but to reprint all Richardson —! It is a long time since that feat was attempted. It has been essayed only once, for example, during the past twenty years—namely, in 1883, under the auspices of Mr. Leslie Stephen. During the same period *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Pamela*, and *Sir Charles Grandison* have each appeared in two editions. *Clarissa* was reprinted by Mr. Dicks (in an abridged form, I take for granted) in 1890. In 1893 it was reprinted (also in an abridged form) by Messrs. Routledge, who reproduced it in that shape last year. *Pamela* (abridged, I presume) was reprinted in 1891 both by Mr. Dicks and by Messrs. Routledge. Of *Sir Charles Grandison* there was an edition (abridged?), with illustrations from the original copper plates, in 1886. Five years ago there was an edition, in two volumes, of *Letters Selected from Sir Charles Grandison*—yet another abridgment.

I venture to think that Richardson gains by editing of this sort. Marvellously clever as is his minute method, there are occasions on which he repeats himself unnecessarily and unfortunately. He is not an author of whom it is desirable to reproduce every word. In so saying, I am glad to have "Omar" FitzGerald on my side. Writing in 1868 about a magazine article on Richardson, he says of *Clarissa*: "The reviewer admits that it might be abridged; I am convinced of that, and have done it for my own satisfaction. . . . I am sure I could (with a pair of scissors) launch old Richardson again: we shouldn't go off the stocks easy (pardon nautical metaphors), but stick by the way, amid the jeers of Reviewers who had never read the original; but we should float at last." It is a pity that FitzGerald never wielded that pair of scissors to practical purpose. It so happens, however, that an

abridgment of *Clarissa* was made by E. S. Dallas, of the *Times*, and published in 1868 in the form and guise of an ordinary three-volume novel. It would be interesting to know what measure of public support this received. Did the public take to it, or did they leave it severely alone? I forget; though I remember thinking that the abridgment had been skilfully performed.

Talking of FitzGerald, I have to thank Col. W. F. Prideaux for bestowing upon me one of the fifty privately-printed copies of the *Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald*, which he contributed in the first place to the columns of *Notes and Queries*. The *Notes* have been corrected where necessary, and their compiler has since printed a four-page "Postscript," conveying some additional information. *Notes* and Postscript together make up a bibliography of FitzGerald which is, I should say, practically complete. It is, moreover, one of the most readable as well as useful of bibliographies, for the author, going beyond mere technicalities, supplies a condensed history of every one of the publications he records. Of the *Rubāiyāt*, by the way, he says comparatively little, wisely referring the reader to the book by Mr. Heron-Allen, in which the history of FitzGerald's best-known work is given in full detail. I thoroughly agree with Col. Prideaux that it is "a matter of regret that the attention of the world should be concentrated" upon FitzGerald's version of the *Rubāiyāt*, "a poem which, noble in expression as it is, throws but a dim sidelight upon the real nature of the man." I also join in "the hope that cheap editions of the lesser works of FitzGerald may, within a short time, be issued to rank on one's shelves with the 'Golden Treasury' edition of the *Rubāiyāt*."

It is announced that the forthcoming new edition (the second) of Mr. Swinburne's *Rosamund* will be enriched by a "dedicatory poem." I have reason to believe that that poem is addressed to Mr. Swinburne's cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith, a lady whose stories for children (such as *Mark Dennis* and *The Chorister Brothers*) were once very popular, and who, so lately as 1897, published an account of *Three Visits to Iceland*. In one of her volumes Mrs. Leith had the aid of Mr. Swinburne as contributor; but that is a subject to which I shall return anon. Meanwhile, I may say that the new book of lyrical poems by Mr. Swinburne, announced the other day, must not be looked for yet awhile.

The announcement of Mr. Murray's *Monthly Review* has naturally recalled to many memories the existence, last century, in this country of a *Monthly Review* which had considerable vogue and influence—"a periodical work giving an account of, with proper abstracts of, and extracts from, the new books, pamphlets, &c., as they come out." This *Review* began in 1749, the first series (consisting of eighty-one volumes) ending in 1789. By and by came "enlarged" and "improved" series, extending from 1826 to 1845, and running to sixty volumes. To the first series Ayscough made an index, completed in 1796. The most recent use of the title for a purely literary periodical seems to have been made in 1856-7 in the case of *The Modern Review of Literature, Science, and Art*, which ran to twenty-nine numbers.

It is interesting to know that we shall soon see a new edition of Pierce Egan the elder's *Life in London; or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and Corinthian Tom*. This, when first published in 1821, excited a large measure of public attention, and led to the publication of a key to it, as well as to the production of burlettas, extravaganzas, and so forth, founded upon it. It was reproduced in 1823, but has not been so often reprinted as might have been expected. I fancy Mr. J. C. Hotten's edition of 1870 must have been the latest. (In the following year, by the way, came from an anonymous hand a *Finish to the Adventures of Tom, Jerry, and Logic*.) Egau's *Life of an Actor* was reprinted so recently as 1892.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Skirmishers of Song.

Poems for Pictures. (Macqueen.)

The Choice of Achilles, and Other Poems. (Frowde.)

A Gallery of Farmer Girls. (Lincoln, Nebraska, U.S.A.: Kiote Publishing Co.)

THE multitude of lesser singers have at least this value—that, like scouts and skirmishers thrown forward before a main army, they show in what direction the poetry of the age is advancing. Looked at in this light, the lesser verse now before us is not encouraging. It would seem to show that the wave of song has spent its force, that it no longer has any determined direction; nay, one might fear it is ebbing, leaving behind it a multitude of little pools, having no common connexion but that they variously derive from the once influent tide of poetry, not traceless even in its reflux. True, that our robust English song has always shown a healthful and energetic individualism; it has never followed the Latin or Celtic attraction towards clustering into schools: only when the eighteenth century effaced the very understanding of the thing called poetry, did a single model become universal. But perhaps the impotence of uniformity is better than the impotence of disintegration. All variety is not luxuriance. The numerous germs of decay should not be confounded with the numerous germs of life. Multitudinous are the spores of the living plant, and multitudinous are the spores of its corruption. Now, the diversity of these lesser poets is almost wholly imitative and derivative diversity; the organic tissues of former poetry breaking up into parasitic life.

To this there are exceptions; and, curiously, these are mainly exceptions from a metrical standpoint. There are traces of a distinct reversion to that early metre, dependent upon pause taking the place of omitted syllables, the very law of which has become forgotten in modern poetry, though it still lingered in Elizabethan poetry. Though its law has not been recovered, modern poets, beginning from Coleridge and Mrs. Browning, have increasingly endeavoured to write it by ear. Coventry Patmore enunciated its main principles, though he did not study their application; Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. T. C. Oman, have done much towards elucidating its law, which still remains imperfectly grasped. But the attempt to write it by ear is evidently on the increase. It has been made with more or less success by others than Mr. Robert Bridges, conspicuously by Irish lyrists, such as Mrs. Hinkson; and that universal experimenter in metre, Mr. Swinburne, has employed it to a slight extent in a poem or so.

Its most prevalent and best evangelist, among the poets under notice, is Mr. Ford M. Hueffer, in his *Poems for Pictures*. That he uses this form of metre deliberately is shown by his sub-title, *And for Notes of Music*. In other words, he wishes you to read his metre with pauses or rests, akin to the rests in music. Such also is (practically) the principle of Mr. George Meredith in *Love in a Valley*. Theory varies largely, where theory has been put forward; but practice has been increasingly upon the same lines, which are really a reversion to antique metrical laws. And, therefore, Mr. Hueffer's metrical experiments have a cumulative interest. Doubtless they have to some extent been suggested by his knowledge of music. But we should not so prominently cite them were they not companioned by a genuine poetical quality, which of itself is sufficient to secure attention. There is an open-air note about his poems which does not need the quotation (in the poem we are about to instance) of the *Romany Rye* to tell us that he is

a lover of Borrow. Here it is, "The Gipsy and the Cuckoo":

Tell me, brother, what's a cuckoo, but a roguish chaffing bird?

Not a nest's his own, no bough-rest's his own, and he's never good man's word;

But his call is musical and rings pleasant on the ear,

And the spring would scarce be spring

If the cuckoo did not sing

In the leafy months o' the year.

Tell me, brother, what's a gipsy, but a roguish chaffing chap?

Not a cot's his own, not a man would groan

For a gipsy's worst mishap;

But his tent looks quaint when bent

On the sidesward of a lane,

And you'd deem the rain more dreary

And the long, white road more weary

If we never came again.

Would your May-days seem more fair

Were we chaps deep read in books,

Were we cuckoos, cawing rooks,

All the world cathedral closes,

Where the very sunlight dozes,

Were the sounds all organ-pealing, psalm and song and prayer?

But though Mr. Hueffer's ear is excellent, he lays a perplexing burden on the reader, because he has not grasped the theory of his metre. The second line of the above poem is really two lines (a line equivalent to eight accents followed by a line equivalent to four), and should be so written that the reader's eye may assist his ear. Or else Mr. Hueffer should adopt some mechanical means of indicating the chief pauses—for this is a metre dependent on pauses. If the lines were of uniform metrical length (though of differing syllabic length) this were not needful; but when Mr. Hueffer varies at will the actual accentual length of his lines, the reader requires some guide by which the eye may suggest the ear. Only a very trained student of metre would be likely to follow correctly the metrical intention of this poem, with all its capricious ebb and flux. Other poems are yet more difficult in this respect. Here is another, with the same smell of the free grass about it.

THE GIPSY AND THE TOWNSMAN.

Pleasant enough in the seed time,

Pleasant enough in the hay time,

Pleasant enough in the grain time,

When oaks don golden gowns;

But the need time.

The grey time,

The rain time,

How bear ye them,

How fare ye then,

When the rain-clouds whip over the gorse on the downs,

How bear ye them, how fare ye then?

We lie round the fire and we hark to the wind

As it wails in the gorse and it whips on the down,

And the wet-wood smoke drives us winking blind;

But there's smoke and wind and woe in the town

Harder to bear

There than here in the saddest month of the weariest year.

In this ringing poem few will decipher the intended rhythm of the last line. To bring this out it should have been written in two lines, the second beginning after "here." As it stands, there is not even a comma after "here," to indicate the strong pause which is evidently designed. Mr. Hueffer more than once handles dialect with excellent effect. In the following example there is a true simplicity of pathos:

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

A WEALDEN TRIO.

First Voice.

When ye've got a child 'at's whist for want of food,

And a grate as grey's y'r 'air for want of wood,

And y'r man and you ain't nowise not much good;

Together.

Oh—
It's hard work a-Christmassing,
Carolling,
Singin' songs about the "Babe what's born."

Second Voice.

When ye've 'eered the bailiff's 'and upon the latch,
And ye've feelled the rain a-trickling through the thatch,
And y'r man can't git no stones to break nor yit no
Sheep to watch—

Together.

Oh—
We've got to come a-Christmassing,
Carolling,
Singin' of the "Shepherds on that morn."

Third Voice (more cheerfully).

'E was a Man's poor as us, very near,
An' 'E 'ad 'Is trials and danger,
An' I think 'E'll think of us when 'E sees us singin' 'ere;
For 'Is mother was poor like us, poor dear,
An' she bore Him in a manger.

Together.

Oh—
It's warm in the heavens, but it's cold upon the earth;
An' we ain't no food at table nor no fire upon the hearth;
And it's bitter hard a-Christmassing,
Carolling,
Singin' songs about our Saviour's birth;
Singin' songs about the Babe what's born;
Singin' of the Shepherds on that morn.

As a final example of Mr. Hueffer's range, and the charm with which he can use his special type of metre, let us quote this dainty poem:

A LULLABY.

We've wandered all about the upland fallows,
We've watched the rabbits at their play,
But now good-night, good-bye to soaring swallows,
Now good-night, good-bye, dear day.
Poppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle home at last,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the bats are calling;
Pansies never miss the light, but sweet babes must sleep at
night;
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the dew is falling.
Even the wind among the quiet willows
Rests, and the sea is silent too.
See soft white linen, cool, such cool white pillows
Wait in the darkling room for you.
All the little clicks are still, now the moon peeps down the
hill,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the owls are hooting,
Ships have hung their lanterns out, little mice dare creep
about,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the stars are shooting.

Altogether, Mr. Hueffer is a poet of distinct accomplishment and appeal, a poet of personality.

We cannot say so much of Mr. A. Gray Butler. In his *Choice of Achilles, and Other Poems*, he is graceful and sensitive, without reaching the level of inevitableness that marks authentic poetry. Thus he is in "Sunt Lachrymæ," of which we give the final stanza:

But song more sweet shall never twine
The rose and one in one short line;
Or more pathetic give to grief
An outlet, for a moment brief,
To loose awhile the captive woe
Whose prisoned drops refuse to flow;
And, like a draught of myrrh in wine,
To mix in tears an anodyne;
Than in, that world's epitome,
Sad Virgil's sweet "Sunt lachrymæ."

But in one poem he (like Mr. Hueffer) handles dialect; in this case, however, with comic effect, something after the manner of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer." It is worth citing.

HODGE: "THE NATURAL MAN."

It's nateral to wish for land in them as hasn't any;
It's nateral to think a pound is happier nor a penny;
It's nateral to try and get, and gettin' not to lose it;
An' mighty nateral 'avin got for your own good to use it.

It's nateral for them who's up to keep down them that's
under;
How cum that other way about 'as ollers been my wonder;
That other way of lyin' down for others to pass over;
Like openin' gates for nayburs' cows to cum and eat yur
clover.

Yer talk of kindness, love and all: it sounds that mighty
grand;
I knuck a thistle on the 'ead when I've a stick in 'and;
Yer call me Hodge; my name is Jones; there's Joneses
by the score
In churchyard there; they ollers were a stiddy sort, an'
shure;

But yer've two things we 'aven't got, the money an' the
gab;
Yer see, yer cum before us, zur, 'i the fine old game of
grab.
It's our turn now. 'Tis well for you to tork o' men as
brothers,
We'll do it too, as well as you, when we're a-top of
others;

But now I do as I'm dun by, with less o' sweet than
sours:
I loves men—wal, a little bit, an' out o' bizness 'ours.
Yer like to see another's crop as blooms when yur's is
blighted;
I doan't care who is't suffers 'rong as long as I am rited.

Yer say, I should to others do as I wud be done by;
Well, zur, if you've a nag to sell, 'ere's wun as wants to
buy:
Tell me 'is tricks, 'is age, an' wind, an' why 'is legs is
swellin',
If 'e's the oss yer say 'e is, then, mau, why are ye sellin' ?
No, zur, down 'ere in Hagghinton we counts an' 'onest man
Is wun as ollers gets the most, an' gives the least 'e can:
He'll sweat an' haggle, sware 'e won't, brake off, an' go
'is way;
But giv'n 'is 'and, an' sed 'is wurd, he'll never brake 'is
say.

Of dialect entirely—American dialect—is Mr. Schuyler W. Miller's *A Gallery of Farmer Girls*. Mr. Miller has observation, dramatic feeling, homely simplicity—everything needful for his task—except the power to sing. His sketches would be improved were they frank prose. They are by no means all concerned with women, as might be thought from the title. Here is a typical specimen:

LOVE AND DUTY.

It's been the derndest slowest afternoon
I've seen for more'n a month. It ain't because
I've worked so awful hard. I ain't plowed half
What any other fellow'd done, I s'pose.
The team's all right; the ground's a-workin' fine;
The field's a-needin' plowin', too. You'd think
I'd keep 'em goin' lively, but, by jing,
I jest can't do it. When I turn around,
Down at the other end, there, next the house,
Or stop a bit to clean the shovels off,
Jest like as not I'll fool around and take
Three times as long's I really ought to do.

A fellow shouldn't act jest this-a-way
An' waste the whole endurin' afternoon,
An' keep a-lookin' all the time to where,
Down to the house acrost the pasture-lot,
She's visitin' oud folks.

Altogether, one gets the impression that recent verse is at its strongest when it touches earth. The *plein air* school, which has been so powerful in modern painting, seems also to have an increasing force in modern verse. And that is no bad thing. But of the present endeavourers in that line, incomparably the best is Mr. Hueffer.

A Splendid Plagiarist.

LIBRARY OF ENGLISH CLASSICS.—*The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*. With a Bibliographical Note by A. H. Pollard. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE has been rashly called "the father of English prose." If this grandiose title must needs be bestowed, it belongs to King Alfred. The prose of Mandeville's *Travels* is excellent in its long-ago way; it is crisp, expressive, and fruity; and it is the vehicle of ideas and statements which amuse us by their romantic simplicity. That is all. If any literary fatherhood is to be ascribed to Mandeville, he might with some truth be called the father of English plagiarism. For a more audacious conveyor does not haunt the glimpses of libraries. It is probable that the very name Mandeville is the *alias* of a writer who travelled only in his fourteenth-century armchair, and saw foreign parts only through books. There is nothing in these travels through the East that compels us to believe that "Mandeville" was himself the traveller. Of course he would have us believe it; he tells us how

I, John Mandeville, Knight, . . . that was born in England in the town of St. Alban's, . . . have been long time over the sea, and have seen and gone through many diverse lands, and many provinces and kingdoms and isles, and have passed throughout Turkey, Armenia the little and the great; through Tartary, Persia, Syria, Arabia, Egypt the high and the low; through Lybia, Chaldea, and a great part of Ethiopia; through Amazonia, Ind the less and the more, a great part; and throughout many other Isles that be about Ind; where dwell many diverse folks. . . . Of which lands and isles I shall speak more plainly hereafter, . . . and specially for them that will and are in purpose to visit the Holy City of Jerusalem and the holy places that are thereabout. And I shall tell the way that they shall hold thither. For I have oftentimes passed and ridden that way, with good company of many lords. God be thanked.

Unfortunately, this fair speaking has been exploded by scholars. The personal touches to be found in this popular travel book of the Middle Age are few, and never are they convincing. Whole passages can be traced to, or rather identified in, the writings of other travellers. The directions as to the best route to the Holy Land have been traced to William of Aix. The account of the Holy Land itself seems to owe something to a German work by William of Boldensele, written in 1336. The strange stories of India and China are demonstrably lifted from the pages of Friar Odoric, a Franciscan monk, who dictated an account of his travels through Asia in 1330; or from those of John de Plano Carpini, who was an ambassador of Pope Innocent IV. to China in 1246. Other depredations, well known to the literary police, might be catalogued.

In Mandeville's behalf it should be remembered that travel literature only became exact as travel became general. In his day a traveller was a man who had entered Dream Land. To the readers of the fourteenth century travels were imaginative literature, and were loved in that character. Mandeville, understanding this, seems to have edited other men's travels for the market. Defoe did much the same thing, though with infinitely greater skill, for the eighteenth century; and even in our day unknown Australia has been exploited by a traveller whose story of exploration has been shown to be daring romance. These invented, Mandeville only borrowed. To be sure, he painted the lilies and gilded the fine gold that he annexed. Friar Odoric tells us that in a certain island of the East there is a huge mountain "whereupon the inhabitants of that region do report that Adam mourned for his son Abel the space of five hundred years. In the midst of this mountain there is a most beautiful plain, wherein is a little lake containing great plenty of water, which water the inhabitants report to have proceeded from the tears of Adam and Eve: howbeit *I proved that to be false, because*

I saw the water flow in the lake." The qualifying statement which we italicise is the only part of this narration which Mandeville does not appropriate. To show him at work, we will give the ensuing sentences of the two narratives:

FRIAR ODORIC.

The water is full of horse-leeches, and blood suckers, and of precious stones also: which precious stones the king taketh not unto his own use, but once or twice every year he permiteth certain poor people to dive under the water for the said stones, and all that they can get, he bestoweth upon them, to the end that they may pray for his soul.

MANDEVILLE.

And in the bottom of that lake men find many precious stones and pearls. In that lake grow many reeds and great canes; and there within be many cocodrills and serpents and great water-leeches. And the king of that country, once every year, giveth leave to poor men to go into the lake to gather them precious stones and pearls, by way of alms, for the love of God that made Adam.

Again, Odoric describes a certain "abundance of fishes" that come to a country called Tathalamasin, and abide three days, during which they are caught in unlimited quantities; and how they are believed to come to do homage to the Emperor; all of which Mandeville copies into his book when writing about Java. And whereas Odoric adds: "There be tortoises also as big as an oven," Mandeville turns the tortoises into snails, and makes them as big as houses. Such comparisons could be multiplied to almost any extent, and they are made peculiarly easy to the reader of this edition; for, as Mandeville's book was not long enough to fill a volume in this series, Mr. Pollard has printed, at the end, from Hakluyt, three of the narratives to which Mandeville is most indebted—viz., those of Carpini, William de Rubruquis, and Odoric.

It is pretty evident that Mandeville enlarged the original plan of his book. In his preface he places the Holy Land in the forefront of his design, and his first chapter begins with the words: "In the name of God, Glorious and Almighty! He that will pass over the sea and come to land to go to the city of Jerusalem . . ." It is in this portion of his work, too, that Mandeville shows most originality. It is admitted that he may have visited Palestine. His borrowings only became flagrant when he leaves the lands of Scripture and travels farther toward the rising sun. The first sixteen chapters of his book may be read with delight for their revelation of the spirit in which a fourteenth century traveller visited Palestine, and the objects which satisfied his mood. The most sacred relics, the most exact sites, and legends of circumstantial impossibility are presented on every hand. The calmness with which Mandeville accepts this or that story is only equalled by the sageness with which he rejects or modifies another. He finds the cross of our Lord at Constantinople, and His seamless coat, and the sponge and reed of the crucifixion, and one of the nails; and rejoicing in these he reproves some men who "trow that half the cross that Christ was done on be in Cyprus, in an abbey of monks, that men call the Hill of the Holy Cross: but it is not so. For that cross that is in Cyprus is the cross in which Dismas the good thief was hanged on. But all men know not that."

At Constantinople also he found the half of the crown of thorns, made, he tells us, of "jonkes [rushes] of the sea." He says:

And I have one of those precions thorns, that seemeth like a white thorn; and that was given to me for great speciality. For there are many of them broken and fallen into the vessel that the crown lieth in; for they break for dryness when men move them to show them to great lords that come thither.

You never know when Mandeville will say a sensible thing, or when he will repeat a gorgeous absurdity. When he is writing of the Red Sea it seems certain that

he will romance about its name. But no; he tells us, as might a modern Sunday-school teacher: "That sea is not more red than another sea; but in some place thereof is the gravel red, and therefore men clepen it the Red Sea." And yet on the next page he will have it that the monks of the church of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, procure their lamp oil by the following "miracle of God":

The ravens and the crows and the choughs and other fowles of the country assemble them there every year once, and fly thither as in pilgrimage; and everych of them bringeth a branch of the bays or of olive in their beaks instead of offering, and leave them there; of the which the monks made great plenty of oil. And this is a great marvel. And sith the fowls that have no kindly wit or reason go thither to seek that glorious Virgin, well more ought men then to seek her, and to worship her.

We find Mandeville writing with patience and knowledge about the North Star, and deducing from it the roundness of the earth. "And wit well that . . . the lands of Prester John, Emperor of Ind, be under us." But this does not save him from the blunder of placing Jerusalem in the midst of the world, which "men prove, and shew there by a spear, that is pight into the earth, upon the hour of midday, when it is equinox, that sheweth no shadow on no side."

In Mandeville's company, or the company of his originals, we visit a hundred holy spots: the Sepulchre, where "there is a lamp that hangeth . . . and on the Good Friday it goeth out by himself, and lighteth again by himself at that hour that our Lord rose from death to life"; Calvary, where we see the pillar "that our Lord Jesu was bounden to when he was scourged"; the rock Moriach, on which Jacob slept when he saw the angels ascend and descend on the celestial ladder; the bath of our Lord in which "was wont to come water from Paradise, and yet it droppeth"; the gate "where through our Lady went, when she was with child, when she went to Bethlehem"; the place where Peter's monitory cock crew; the elder tree that Judas hanged himself upon; the vessel in which our Lord washed his disciples' feet; and the stone on which he often sat and preached, "and upon that same he shall sit at the day of doom, right as himself said." Such simplicities cannot lose their charm.

These were the traditions of the day; Mandeville did but repeat or embellish them. It is when he travels into Ind, and to "many other isles that be about Ind, and to far Cathay, that he becomes a marvel-monger on his own account. He tells us that the king of the island called Dondun, in the Malayan region, has fifty-four great isles under him, each ruled by a king. These islands appear to be set apart for the nurture of monstrosities. Mandeville runs over some of their specialities in terms which might well throw the directors of Barnum's into ecstasies of coveting:

In one of these isles be folk of great stature, as giants. And they be hideous for to look upon. And they have but one eye, and that is in the middle of the front. And they eat nothing but raw flesh and raw fish.

And in another isle toward the south dwell folk of foul and of cursed kind that have no heads. And their eyen be in their shoulders.

And in another isle be folk that have great ears and long, that hang down to their knees.

And in another isle be folk that have horses' feet. And they be strong and mighty, and swift runners, for they take wild beasts with running, and eat them.

And in another isle be folk that go upon their hands and their feet as beasts. And they be all skinned and feathered, and they will leap as lightly into trees, and from tree to tree, as it were squirrels or apes.

And in another isle be folk that go always upon their knees full marvellously. And at every pace that they go, it seemeth that they should fall. And they have in every foot eight toes.

Particularly interesting at the present moment is Mandeville's account of China. After describing certain wonderful models of peacocks and fowls which are made to flap their wings on golden tables for the amusement of the Great Chan (the Emperor of China), he queries whether it be done by craft or necromancy, and then adds a shrewd and curious sketch of Chinese character. Here is the passage:

And whether it be by craft or by necromancy I wot never; but it is a good sight to behold and a fair; and it is great marvel how it may be. But I have the less marvel, because that they be the most subtle men in all sciences and in all crafts that be in the world; for of subtlety and of malice and of farcasting they pass all men under heaven. And therefore they say themselves, that they see with two eyes and the Christian men see but with one, because that they be more subtle than they. For all other nations, they say, be but blind in cunning and working in comparison to them.

We have but skimmed Mandeville's dish of marvels. To his new readers, who will be many if an excellent edition can attract, we leave his reports of the glories of the Soldan of Babylon, for whom he says he fought against the Bedouins; the wealth and wisdom of Prester John, "whose bed was of fine sapphires, bended with gold, for to make him sleep well, and to refrain him from lechery"; and of the hills of gold in Trapobane which were guarded by crafty pismires, "great as hounds."

Mr. Pollard has met the special needs of this volume by going somewhat beyond the "Bibliographical Note" which is the editorial feature of each volume in this admirable series of tall red books. The ascertained facts about "Mandeville" and his life are given, and the doubts indicated; and the studious reader is referred with all emphasis to Mr. G. F. Warner's superb edition of Mandeville in the Roxburghe Club publications. Mr. Warner, by the way, wrote the life of Mandeville for the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

A Suburban County.

A History of Surrey. By Henry Elliott Malden, M.A. (Stock. 7s. 6d.)

As a county Surrey has been completely overshadowed by London. "It is not," as the author very truly says, "a district naturally marked off as the home of a people or tribe such as Sussex, which lay between the forest and the sea, with woods and marshes defining the limits of its coast-line in the west and east. It is not like Cumberland or like Cornwall, the last relic of a Welsh kingdom; nor like Northumberland, nor like Chester, frontier districts of peculiar history." At present it is simply a delightful rural suburb of London, combining a beautiful diversity of scenery with facility of access. The history of the county for this reason, though by no means lacking in interest, is somewhat loose and disjointed, and does not naturally group itself round a centre. Yet in character, and even in aspect, Surrey has undergone many changes. During the Roman occupation, or at least for the greater part of it, it seems to have been a pleasant, ungarrisoned district, little subject to disturbances that were common elsewhere. The great forest called Andredesweald, which covered Sussex and a part of Kent, as well as the Surrey clay and greensand, probably attracted the sporting Roman nobles to use it as a residential and hunting district where they could erect their villas, race their horses on the downs, and chase the tall deer and other wild inhabitants of the woodland. Surrey was to them essentially what it is to the wealthy Londoner of to-day.

Under other circumstances Southwark might have become the county town, perhaps even the capital, but at an early period the north side of the Thames began to overgrow the south. Very soon the "Surrey side"

obtained the unenviable reputation it still possesses. There was a wild riverside population, who held that debtors were free from arrest in the Clink and Mint. The liberty of Clink was under a peculiar jurisdiction, that of the See of Winchester, and the Mint was so-called on account of a Mint set up by Henry VIII. Southwark possessed other advantages for the shady person. If a gentleman had to surrender to the catchpole, there was nowhere in England where he could be so sure of having his comfort attended to as at the King's Bench prison. There was a coffee-house within the walls, and it took no large price to purchase a right to "the liberties," that is to say, freedom to consort with the various men of "blood and misfortune" who, because they had pinked their man in a duel, lightened the pockets of a fat alderman on one of the many heaths, or been detected in less genteel crime such as—"convey the wise it call"—sought and found sanctuary there. Further, down to the reign of Henry VIII. vice was allowed to fester in licensed houses, and it was the scene of bear-baitings, mummeries, and other amusements that the virtuous city rulers banished across the river. It was the home of playhouses and players, and, as might be expected, a constant attraction to those who wrote for them. William Shakespeare owned a house, called the Boar's Head, in the Borough High-street, hard by the east end of St. Mary Overie; his brother Edmund, himself an actor, and following in the footsteps of William, died in Southwark, and was buried in what then was the church of St. Saviour. Fletcher caught the plague, died, and was buried in the same parish, and the burial of "Philip Massinger, a stranger," is recorded in the registers.

Talking of actors and dramatists, we cannot help thinking that "Grim, the collier of Croydon," might have helped the author to find local colour for the Surrey of those old days. Grim followed what must have been a common calling in times when by coal was of course meant charcoal; to distinguish it the other was at first called sea-coal:

"A lard!" exclaims Grim, "but do you think that will be so? I should laugh till I tickle to see that day, and forswear sleep all the next night after. Oh, Mr. Parson, I am so halter'd in affection that I may tell you in secret, here's no body else hears me, every time I come to London my coals are found faulty; I have been five times pilloried, my coals given to the poor, and my sacks burnt before my face."

That is the collier's life in little, and it was the facility for burning charcoal, and as a consequence being able to work the iron trade, that made Surrey prosperous during the Middle Ages. This in its turn led to a wasteful destruction of the forest trees for the purpose of supplying the blast furnaces. Æsthetic persons complained of the ensuing ugliness much as they now complain of that of the Black Country.

Few readers [says our author] labour through the 30,000 alexandrines of Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Those who do so will pick up some curious bits of information in the wilderness of commonplaces. One of the best known extracts from his work is that in which he deplores the destruction of the Wealden Forests in Song 17. He describes the treeless downs laughing to see the Weald reduced to the same condition as themselves.

To-day the Weald is as beautiful as ever. Grim the Collier has departed, and with him Clack the Miller and all the band of sooty ironworkers. Fresh and fair are the woods once more, and the yaffle's wild cry seems to protest that this tale of smoke and labour is only an idle legend. After that, is it too much to hope that some time in the coming centuries even the Black Country will again blossom as the rose.

No history of Surrey would be complete without touching on its amusements; and the grave historian describes the origin of the Derby and the beginnings of the famous

cricket club with as much care as he bestows on Roman road and tessellated pavement. "The sport of running horses" followed naturally on the discovery of medicinal waters at Epsom. Mr. Parkhurst, lord of the manor, built an assembly room in 1690, and in the early summer months—our London season—numerous visitors came from the Continent sometimes as well as from London and the whole of England to drink the waters and to enjoy cock fighting, dancing, gambling, horse racing, and rustic sports, such as cudgel-playing, foot-racing, and catching a pig by the tail." It was in 1753 that this fashion received a shock from which it never recovered. Dr. Richard Russell in that year may be said to have invented sea-bathing, and the inland watering-places began to be forsaken for the coast. The assembly room and other fashionable surroundings of the well were pulled down in 1803, when those who wished to take the waters had deserted Epsom for Cheltenham and Tunbridge Wells.

From the variety of topics touched on it will be seen that Mr. Malden has written his history in no merely dry-as-dust spirit, but has made a successful effort to picture life in the many phases it has passed through on the weald and downs of Surrey. The book is a valuable addition to local history.

The New Liberalism.

Liberalism and the Empire: Three Essays. By F. W. Hirst, G. Murray, and J. L. Hammond. (Johnson.)

THE growing belief that a General Election is at hand will probably cause many to scan the pages of this book with interest. If anyone could find a stirring cry or creed for the Opposition many of us who stand aloof from active political partisanship would be glad, for various reasons. But these essayists are not very adroit at their craft. They lavish too much abuse on Mr. Chamberlain. It may be deserved or not, but his is a reputation that abuse has no power over. The Conservatives used to exhaust the language of vituperation on him in his Radical days, but the average British elector paid as little heed then as he does now. Besides, the main lines of his South African policy have been endorsed by Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey, whose names, by the by, and the Liberal Imperialism they advocate, are not mentioned in the book. Their line would probably be that the war was grossly mismanaged by Her Majesty's Ministers who are now basking in a glory reflected from the true hero of the last nine months, Lord Roberts. But to call up the spirit of Gladstone in order to make an indiscriminate assault upon the policy that led to the war is, to say the least, very weak strategy, and it is still further enfeebled by a childish attempt to ignore the most popular and influential members of the Liberal Party. We, however, hasten to leave this somewhat hackneyed controversy in order to discover what else is on the bill of fare.

One fact soon becomes plain: while the Conservatives have been in power it is notorious that they have done nothing for the peasantry, the most neglected, the worst paid, and the most discontented class in the community. Nor have they made any attempt whatever to check that desertion of the country for the town that is sapping the life of England. But on this the programme makers are dumb, so that as far as useful agrarian reform is concerned there is not one party to mend another with. It was especially unconscionable of Mr. Hirst to glide past the question without raising his eyes, for he has a great deal to say about naval expenditure, and one potent reason for maintaining a large fleet is that we have now become dependent on foreign countries for the greater portion of our food supply. The nation that could intercept our shiploads of wheat and mutton

could starve England into surrender. Other proposals—that of establishing a protective tariff, for instance, or building imperial granaries—are impracticable. It is difficult to suppose that the author can possibly believe in a long-continued peace with the vacant places in the world being almost taken up and the nations engaged already in a stern struggle for the supremacy in commerce. His protest against the inflated and none too able budgets of the last few years are entitled to sympathy, and will get it from the British taxpayer, but we do not quite follow him when he argues that it is right to grumble at Imperial taxation but that it should be a pleasure to write cheques for local rates—that is to say, provided their incidence was readjusted. Nor will his assault on the fat publican and the rich brewer excite any vast indignation. This country bestows rewards without proper discrimination. We offer Mr. Hirst an example: A couple of years ago two Lancashire brothers, after two decades of resolute and often most disappointing work, that broke down the health of one of them, succeeded, by an ingenious system of cross-fertilisation, in establishing various new breeds of wheat, barley, and oats much more productive than their predecessors. Surely they deserved well of their country if ever men did! Yet the reward is denied them. You cannot patent a breed of wheat, and seed from the new corn is raised and sold by anyone. How very much more carefully we protect the man who brews a special beer or stout! Where Mr. Hirst is weak is in construction. There are many things wrong, our Licensing system among them, in this imperfect world; but it is of little use dwelling on them unless a way that is clearly better can be suggested. This, too, is a question that will never be settled on party lines: you cannot say that one set of politicians more than another is responsible for the prosperity of the beer trade. In regard to journalism, Mr. Hirst makes a proposal that ought to gladden the hearts of literary men. After asking "How can a poor man, *preserving his independence*, write for the press?" he suggests that "the whole staff of a journal should share in its ownership, and those who write should exercise control over its policy." Excellent! A share in the ownership is just what the poor writer would like.

Mr. Gilbert Murray holds forth on "The Exploitation of Inferior Races" in a somewhat one-sided manner, since he fails to take into account the benefits conferred on them. His great point seems to be that the employment of natives has many of the characteristics of slavery, and that in the South African mines there is much degradation, corruption, and vice. They cannot be much worse in these respects than our own coalpits were at the beginning of the Queen's reign, and the progress made there ought to prevent us from altogether losing hope. On the whole, we are somewhat puzzled to understand how he is going to hew a plank for the Liberal platform out of this grievance. He has made out a capital case for a philanthropic mission or the establishment of a society for preventing cruelty to natives, but the political bearing is not self-evident. As to Mr. Hammond, he is the rhetorician of the party, and lays about him as follows: "All that has made this Commonwealth great and strong is the work of Liberalism"—in fact, his composition is more for the hustings than the library; the suggestiveness of the book comes from the other two.

A Doctor in India.

Recollections of My Life. By Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

A MEDICAL man who has spent the best years of his life in the East, who has been through the terrible experiences of the siege of the Residency of Lucknow, and who

accompanied the Prince of Wales on his visit to India, should have plenty of reminiscences to satisfy even the most exacting in this class of bookmaking. When we add that Sir Joseph Fayrer had a fancy for investigating snake poisoning, it is evident that any book he may write should be full of interest. But, unfortunately, Sir Joseph has not the pen of a ready writer; he makes as little of his experiences as it is possible for man to make, and his reminiscences are in no degree dependent on the manner in which he relates them. But the author has one redeeming point: he is an unconscious humorist, and now and then tells a funny story without apparently seeing any joke himself. For instance, this account of the young doctor and the general has a vein of humour which is not lessened by the dry, matter-of-fact way in which the story is told. The incident occurred in a field hospital in Burmah in 1852:

Here I got my first experience of sunstroke and the mode of treatment, which consisted mainly in douching with cold water, and rousing the prostrated energies. One of the worst cases was that of Brigadier Warren, who was brought in quite insensible, and seemed likely to die. I had him well douched with cold water from the *mussacks*, gave him stimulants, and finally roused him by switching with a sweeper's broom. He came round, was much prostrated for a time, but ultimately recovered. He was always grateful, and whenever we met in later days always alluded to my having saved his life.

This simplicity is the saving grace. But Sir Joseph Fayrer occasionally saw the joke, though he does not endeavour to bring it out in print. For example, speaking of an action in Burmah, he says:

I must mention an amusing incident that happened during the action. Colonel A. Boyle, R.A., who was Commissioner at Moulmein, had come round, and was acting as a volunteer. He was wounded, and with several others was brought to be attended to. On being asked where he was wounded, he pointed to the leg. I took hold of the trouser and said to someone by me: "This must come off." He immediately called out, in great agitation: "You shall not cut off my leg, sir! I am Colonel Boyle." I explained that it was only the trousers that had to come off, that the wound might be examined.

There is nothing to quote in the account of the siege of Lucknow. Sir Joseph's remarks are valuable, no doubt, but they have all the dryness of an official document. From 1859 to 1872 the author lived in Calcutta, and now and then we get glimpses of remarkable people whom he met. At the great Durbar in Agra, in 1866, he saw much of the famous Shah Jehan Begum, who was a well-known character in India in those days:

The old lady was very clever and astute, and considered a very able ruler; she was very faithful to us during the Mutiny. She was plainly dressed, and had a common woollen comforter round her neck, which was worked in her own orphan asylum. This comforter she was very fond of, and, later on, at the Grand Durbar, she wore it over her blue satin robes of the Star of India. When we complimented her on having been made a G.C.S.I., she said: "Ham aur Victoria donon admix knight hain" (I and Victoria are both Knights).

Unfortunately, the good things in this book of reminiscences need much search. There is too much unimportant detail which swamps the narrative as a whole, and matters which are treated of in other works, such as the Prince of Wales's visit to India, are given as though no other record existed.

Other New Books.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

THE flood of Shakespeare books which burst upon us a year or two ago has stayed its course. Mr. Frank Harris's *Shakespeare the Man* is still to seek, and the last few months have produced little that is memorable. The student will, perhaps, claim an exception for *William Shakespeare: Prosody and Text*, by B. A. P. Van Dam and C. Stoffel (Williams & Norgate). This is a learned and exhaustively minute account, firstly, of Shakespeare's prosody, and, secondly, of the condition of the existing sixteenth and seventeenth-century texts of the plays. It will require the careful attention of every future editor of Shakespeare; but the general reader will naturally be content to take the results of these arduous researches at third hand. Prof. Goldwin Smith's *Shakespeare the Man* (Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.) is the sort of magazine article which every able writer, who has won his reputation in some other department of literature, thinks it necessary to write, at least once in his life, about Shakespeare. The Professor does not seem to be well acquainted with the recent developments of the higher Shakespearean criticism. He sets out with the desire "to find traces of the dramatist's personal character in his dramas," and he finds them by the ancient and discredited method of ascribing to the poet himself utterances of dramatic interest garlanded at haphazard from the plays. It is a slight and hopelessly unscientific piece of work. Still more inconsiderable is Dr. Harold Ford's *Shakespeare's Hamlet: a New Theory* (Elliot Stock). Dr. Ford thinks that the dramatic interest of "Hamlet" lies in the struggles of the hero's better self, or conscience, against the temptation to seek revenge against his father's murderer:

It is a play of the conscience, i.e. delineating the character of a man in whom the visible workings of conscience may be seen powerfully dominating his life and conduct, repelling the subtle forces of evil arrayed against it to a successful issue.

Then the play is not a tragedy at all, for the "successful issue" is a triumph, and no failure. Dr. Ford's theory does not err from any excess of subtlety in interpretation. And how does he get over the fact that ultimately Hamlet does kill Claudius?

DONATELLO.

BY HOPE REA.

This volume stands high in the series to which it belongs. Miss Rea has already made her mark by a sympathetic book on *Tuscan Artists*, and has succeeded in hitting just that combination of technical knowledge and æsthetic demonstration which is proper to a popular monograph. That Donatello is the one Italian sculptor of sufficient originality, and, above all, sufficient strength, to take rank as a precursor of Michael Angelo we agree. At the same time, we feel that Miss Rea has laid rather undue stress upon the rugged, realistic side of his temperament, as compared with that which led him to seek, first and foremost, the beautiful. Is the "Zuccone," after all, more characteristic of the man than the "Annunciation" of Santa Croce? And even when such doubtful works as the "St. Cecilia" are taken by a severer criticism from the master, there are still enough examples of his work—the singing gallery in the Opera del Duomo, the altar panels at Padua, the pulpit at Prato—in which the sheer delight in beauty is the dominant characteristic. We do not quite know why, both in the text and on the title-page, Miss Rea should call Donatello "Il Maestro di chi sanno." The phrase is "Il Maestro di color che sanno," and it belongs to Aristotle, and Tennyson has already misapplied it once. (Bell & Sons.)

THE ETHICS OF ARISTOTLE. EDITED BY JOHN BURNET, M.A.

The English student of the "Ethics" is very much better equipped now than he was a decade ago. Bekker's text and Grant's somewhat old-fashioned commentary have given way to the fine critical text of Prof. Bywater and the full and learned *Notes on the Nichomachean Ethics* of Prof. Stewart. To these must now be added the present edition, which is well fitted to become the standard textbook for "Greats" men. Prof. Burnet has already made his mark by an excellent volume on the *Early Greek Philosophers*. The chief features of his *Ethics* may be briefly summed up. The text, which is not identical with Prof. Bywater's, rests upon the editor's independent revision of Bekker. The commentary consists of a general introduction setting forth some new views on the character and intention of the *Ethics* and its relation to Aristotle's philosophical work as a whole, an introductory analysis to each book, and a series of foot-notes, which, though not rivalling Prof. Stewart's "notes" in fullness, are probably as much as the ordinary "Greats" man will require. Mr. Burnet also prints a number of parallel passages from the *Eudemian Ethics*, a very valuable addition. The main object of the introduction is to lay stress on the point, of which Mr. Burnet makes much, of the "dialectical" character of the *Nichomachean Ethics*. That is to say, he regards the work, not as a scientific demonstration from accepted first principles of a philosophy of conduct, but rather a preliminary attempt to arrive at such first principles by dialectic, which means for Aristotle as for Plato the discussion and analysis of the deliverances of the ordinary consciousness, with the view of discovering what it is that these imply. This view of the nature of the *Nichomachean Ethics*, which is a somewhat new but growing one, naturally determines and colours Prof. Burnet's exposition throughout. The book, though bulky, is printed on light paper, and is singularly pleasant to handle. (Methuen.)

Fiction.

The Voice of the People. By Ellen Glasgow.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

Phases of an Inferior Planet was a clever book, and this book is both clever and very ambitious—as every novel must be ambitious which pretends to embrace the whole life of a man from the cradle to the grave. The fault of *The Voice of the People* is that it is too long. We do not mean that its length is excessive in any absolute sense, nor that the author digresses unduly from the theme which she has set herself; nor do we mean that the book is dull; it never is dull. We mean that much of it is unimportant and inessential. In the pretty and diverting scenes of white and black life at sleepy Kingsborough, the home of Nick Burr, that born lawyer and politician and State Governor, this triviality of observation is especially felt. It has a weakening effect on the story as a whole. The original projective force of an author is strictly limited by nature, and if the author tries to spread that force over too large an area, the result must be, in a measure, to render it futile. Miss Glasgow's faculty of observation needs discipline. It is too busy, too fussy, and a great deal too fanciful—fanciful where it should be imaginative. She often does not observe the right *kind* of thing. She trifles, and gives rein to mere fancy. And gradually she passes into a condition, a mood, which, without conscious intent, twists and contorts life into something untruthfully pretty—something emasculate and feebly emotional. When her hero and heroine approach the passionate climax of their lives, this is what occurs, according to Miss Glasgow:

Then, by a curious emotional phenomenon, she seemed to be suddenly invested with the glory of the sunset. The goldenrod burned at her feet and on her bosom, and her

fervent blood leaped to her face. The next moment he staggered like a man blinded by too much light—the field, with Eugenia rising in its midst, flamed before his eyes, and he put out his hand like one in pain.

"What is it?" she asked quickly, and her voice seemed a part of the general radiance. "You have been looking at the sun. It hurts my eyes."

"No," he answered steadily, "I was looking at you."

She thrilled as he spoke, and brought her eyes to the level of his. Then she would have looked away, but his gaze held her, and she made a sudden movement of alarm—a swift tremor to escape. She held the sheaf of golden-rod to her bosom and above it her eyes shone; her breath came quickly between her parted lips. All her changeable beauty was startled into life.

"Genia!" he said softly, so softly that he seemed speaking to himself. "Genia!"

This may be truth, but it is truth falsified, scarcely recognisable beneath its envelope of fanciful and *quasi-maudlin* "intensity." We insist on this aspect of Miss Glasgow's novel, because it is characteristic of much modern fiction. The writers of such fiction should undergo a course of Balzac. In many respects *The Voice of the People* is admirable. The style is generally distinguished, and the dialogue, though too plentiful, is life-like and effective. The sketches of negro character are excellent. Miss Glasgow has a wide knowledge of life and manners; the novel seems to be her true vocation, and one is bound to accord to her that serious consideration which is only accorded to a serious artist.

The Chicamon Stone. By Olive Phillipps-Wolley.
(Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

THIS book does not call itself a novel, but it is presumably issued as a novel, and strictly it is a novel. Most readers, however, would prefer to describe it as an Alaskan travel-book disguised as a novel. There are two kinds of stories—those which need telling and those which tell themselves. *The Chicamon Stone* is of the latter variety: it is a record (rather than a tale) of adventure in search of an incredibly rich "ledge" of gold-bearing earth, and Mr. Phillipps-Wolley narrates as though he were talking to an entranced circle round the fire on some night of his return from the Arctic slope. There is no literary *finesse*, no virtuosity of penmanship, no elaboration of prepared climaxes, but just plain, simple telling; the events told do the rest. Serene in the consciousness of having something to say, the speaker goes steadily forward, while his hearers alternately hold breath and breathe again:

"Hold fast now!" he cried; "if you fall off you dead sure!"

My nails went into those logs. I would have held on with my teeth if there had been anything to hold on to.

"Now!" he cried; and with one strong stroke he shot right out into the boil of waters.

For a moment the thing spun round, then he got control of it again for a moment; I saw him stand up, and once or twice he leaned over, and drove his paddle in, making the crazy craft jump, as we just grazed a rock round which the white water boiled. Meanwhile, the banks and trees raced by. We were standing still, it seemed, whilst all nature was galloping up-stream faster than an express train could go.

Suddenly there was a fearful shock; I was thrown clear of the raft; some one caught me by my shirt, and, for a moment, I felt my legs sailing away down-stream without my body, and the next I was lying scared and panting, half in half out of the water; but out of the current anyway. Joe was lying beside me, as spent as I was, and our raft in two pieces was just going out of sight round the next bend.

Can you not catch the emphasis and gesture of the speaker at that phrase, *in two pieces*?

The book is in many respects valuable, and in all respects interesting. The descriptions of Indian life, of river-voyages, of the coming and going of an Arctic winter, and of all the marvellous phenomena of the gold-trail, are done in a manner which is at once artless and effective. Some of the more dramatic chapters, too, such as the Indian slaughter, the execution of Luke, and the final scene with the blind "siwash" have a genuine thrill in them. *The Chicamon Stone* is without any sort of pretension. It probably contains a great deal more fact than fiction. In the best sense it is a "plain tale," a *tranche de la vie*. It has a documentary value beyond its artistic value. It is curious to note how the remotest lands, the most hidden islands, the most inaccessible interiors, are being brought into the domain of fiction. The pioneers first, then the novelist!

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE GATELESS BARRIER.

BY LUCAS MALET.

THIS new novel, by the author of *A Counsel of Perfection* and *The Wages of Sin*, is of the supernatural species. No attempt is made to explain the apparition of a very charming ghost with whom Laurence falls in love. A genteel form of what is known as occultism hovers about the tale like the aroma of lavender in a press, but it does not penetrate to the other side of the Atlantic, where Laurence has left his wife, Virginia, "true to her somewhat artificial conditions, to her own canons of good taste and self-respect, to that singular clause of the social creed which declares the thing unsaid also non-existent." (Methuen. 6s.)

ON PAROLE.

BY MINA DOYLE.

A novel of a long separated husband and wife. We have a prologue, we begin the story, and then we go back ten years to a time when "all London knew that the beautiful Mrs. Armstrong had eloped with Signor Ladelli, the great tenor of the Frivolity Company." They meet again on a "wild night" when "the wind blew in wild gusts and one solitary pedestrian . . ." Their reconciliation is brought about by an interesting train of incidents and a vicar's wife of unusual charity. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)

THE DEAN'S APRON.

BY C. T. WILLS
AND GODFREY BURCHETT.

The middle-aged literary parson who has finished a great theological work, and forthwith tumbles into a deanery and a love affair, is fairly familiar in fiction. To Dr. Hyslop is entrusted the congenial duty of breaking the present Dean's matrimonial intentions to Nunchester society. The probable effect of the news on the "stuck-up Plowden girls and their mother" interests him vastly, and at last he is able to say: "I am authorised, nay commissioned, to—um—ah—well—break it to Nunchester. It concerns our mutual friend, Dr. Fleete." "He hasn't been doing anything wrong?" cried Mrs. Plowden in a hopefully expectant tone. "And oh, Dr. Hyslop, if he has, remember that the girls are here." There is plenty of amusing gossip about "the ladies of the cathedral clergy." (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Jargon of Criticism.

WITH the return of hot weather, the dearth of new literature, and the appearance of holiday luggage in Chancery-lane, we have no inclination to be profound. Authors are now resting from their critics, and critics are following other game than authors. Decidedly, it is a time to talk at large on the first subject that crops up in a deserted workshop. It happens that we have received a neat booklet, in a red paper cover, entitled *A Catalogue, with Descriptive Notices and Reviews, of Works of Fiction Published by Chatto & Windus*. It is an interesting and, we may add, an imposing list; and as the mere record of one publishing firm's dealings in modern fiction it is worth study.

About two hundred and fifty novelists are presented, and their works run far toward a thousand. But what holds us is the array of press-notices. A critique of some length is attached to every book; and thus, with its 128 closely packed columns, the catalogue is a veritable museum of criticism. As such we have found it to be interesting, depressing, and amusing in turns. It is as though the critics who are now rusticiating had left damning evidence behind them of the way in which they dispatch their work when they are in a hurry. Seriously, there foams up out of this innocent and enterprising catalogue a jargon of criticism that terrifies. If it were only a jargon! But we think that no reviewer who reads through these hundreds of "press notices" of modern novels can rise from the perusal with his faith in the matter and methods of current criticism strengthened. A confirmed habit of agreeableness, an inveterate tendency to find something pleasant to say of a book at all costs, is perhaps the feature which strikes us most. Books that can be praised outright are praised extravagantly; but all books are praised. It will be said that published press-notices are necessarily favourable, and that the unfavourable are suppressed. But an hour's experience of this interesting catalogue will enable the reader to generalise safely on the data given. Messrs. Chatto & Windus have selected and edited their notices with fairness and candour; but the fact remains that every novel they have published has found favour in some critic's eyes. The energy with which critics work to make a book sell is something of a revelation. We dare not count the number of novels which have "not a dull page" in them; or the number of novels which "no reader will lay down until he has reached the end." This much belauded ability to hold the reader, which we believe to be a far cheaper quality than is commonly imagined, is insisted on with curious emphasis. "The book is interesting from start to finish." "Few people will lay it aside unfinished after they have once read the first few pages." "Told with unflagging vivacity." "Keeps the interest of the reader well sustained." "The atmosphere of mystery is not dispelled until the final page." "Keeps the reader on the *qui vive*." The power to grip is attributed to hundreds of books; it is praise which a novel may have for the asking. But this does not prevent a critic writing of a now forgotten novel: "It is perhaps the *chief triumph* of the book that the reader leaves off with his appetite whetted instead of dulled." From such commendation the

critics easily advance to the point of saying that a book will not only be read through, but will be read "more than once," "over and over again," "many times, and each time with delight," &c., &c.—expressions which would have to be called insincere and ridiculous if their use were not obviously accounted for by the confession of one critic, who, after laying down a story by a lady novelist, remarks: "With the impression fresh upon our mind, we have for it nothing but praise." Again we read: "The book is good from beginning to end. . . . No praise can be too high for it. It is a gem." This is evidently thrown off in the heat of a first satisfaction such as may inspire a reader's praise as he hands a story to his sister, but ought never to govern a critic's judgment. Mere readableness in novels seems to be the quality uppermost in the minds of most critics. The expression "eminently readable" is sown broadcast through their columns. Solely because a story is "bright and picturesque," "breezy," "exciting," "vividly written," "absorbing," "engrossing," or because "we find ourselves longing to read the last chapter before we are half-way through the first"—you are implored to send to Mudie's for the book, or earnestly advised—as a special measure—to buy it, and put it on your shelves. The truth is, there has grown up a weltering jargon of criticism in which empty and extravagant phrases abound, and in which words and opinions are not to be taken at their face value. When it is written of a novel of no importance that it "proves the possession by the author of abilities and learning equal to anything in fictitious literature," why do we not all rush to the nearest bookseller? Because we know the value of the words. We know the ring of that amiable jargon, and we count out the change accordingly. The critics are no more to blame than the public. They do their best. A hundred things—and habit above all—compel the adoption of high adjectives and low standards. Phrases form themselves and stick, judgments accumulate like moulds. We believe that if it were possible to prohibit, from the first of October next, the use of a hundred critical *clichés*, duly scheduled, the benefit to criticism would be great. Critics would be compelled to think, where now they only tie on labels. Such a schedule might include the following phrases, which we quote from actual reviews:

Eminently readable.
Will be devoured with zest.
The pathetic tenderness of which Mr. — has the secret.
Leaves little to be desired.
Leaves nothing to be desired.
Deft writing.
Deft handling.
The interest never flags.
Vivacious.
We defy anybody to read it with a gloomy countenance.
The approval of lovers of letters.
Full of telling pages.
Tangled skein of incident.
Ingenuously woven plot.
A real creation.
Sprightly.
The most exacting reader.
Few will be able to lay it aside.
Told with extraordinary force and fire.
Criticism is disarmed.
It is much too late in the day to criticise Mr. —.
A book to read.
Distinctly a book to read.
A book on no account to be missed.
Enthralling.
Pervaded by a powerful realism.
Genuinely clever.
We can truthfully say.
A strong story.
A really strong story.
Admirably sustained.
Enough of startling incident to suffice for half-a-dozen novels.
Convincing.

Fraught with interest.
 And older folk may read it with equal pleasure.
 Intense realisation.
 Wonderfully fresh description.
 Not a dull page.
 Breezy.
 We wish for it a large circle of readers.
 Will commend itself to the thoughtful reader.
 Singularly pathetic.
 Remarkably impressive.
 Touchingly true.
 Mr. — has the happy knack.
 Delicious.
 It seems almost a desecration to add anything to so fine a book.
 The author's playful wit and fancy find full scope.
 It is written.
 Miss — has a brilliant future before her.
 A bright, readable story.
 Will while away an hour.
 This powerful writer.
 Facile.
 The author's terse and powerful style.
 The author's well-deserved popularity.
 As pleasant a tale as one could wish to read.
 It is a gem.
 It is perfect.
 It is a superb work of art.
 It is a story that we cordially recommend.

We do not say that all the expressions in the above list are vicious; but we think they are all abused, and should be given a rest. A wholesale deprivation of stock phrases would at least compel the invention of new ones, and this process, slow and difficult as it must be, might suggest a scale of eulogy, and the creation of certain classes of novels in which critics could praise a book within understood limitations. With an increase of seriousness it should become impossible to applaud a novelist in the following terms:

This sprightly author has the happy trick of inventing coherent plots, and padding them out with intelligent, unaffected dialogue.

Truth, which should come from the agreement of critics is now, as often as not, discovered in their contradictions of each other. "Not a trace of padding," and "Mr. — never has to rely on padding" are said in praise of A's novel and B's, but when C's comes along you are calmly told: "The book has a very sufficient story, there is a good deal of humour in the character parts, and the 'padding' is new and amusing." The want of system and standards in ordinary reviewing makes itself felt at every turn. Novels are praised because they are not like other novels of a totally different kind. "In all her books there is a healthy absenteeism of ethical purpose, and we have derived more pleasure from them than probably the most earnest student has ever obtained from a chapter of *Robert Elsmere*": that is the sort of thing. How can a simple-minded student discover the attitude of criticism to the "novel with a purpose" by comparing such a judgment as that with the following sentence on one of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton's novels: "The reader will not fail to admire the author, who . . . has not spared herself in her resolution to produce a story which should have its lessons for those who are wise enough to learn them." We italicise two words.

Here we make a delightful discovery. The truth about novels in general may be sucked from the honeycomb of praise bestowed by the industrious critic on novels in particular. He will praise each novel, but he is nothing loth to abuse the "general run" of novels. The effect in a collection of hundreds of criticisms is funny. You read: "In days when sane and healthy literature threatens to become extinct, Mrs. Alexander's novels are doubly welcome"; and before you stretch hundreds of notices of "healthy" novels — fragrant as a field of lavender swayed by the flattering wind!

But so truth will out. While the critic hugs the individual writer, he kicks backward savagely at the safe crowd. "It is *positively refreshing* to read so thoroughly good and consistent a story," he says, while the circumambient and universal air is full of the praises of "thoroughly good and consistent" stories. "Mr. —'s work is always brimming over with the milk of human kindness, sparkling with gay wit and quaint humour; and thus doubly refreshing to a public jaded and depressed with the rampant 'realism' in recent fiction." And yet we read of "searching realism," "wonderful realism." It goes without saying that realism and romance are praised with complete impartiality, or are set off against each other whenever that is convenient. Since praise must be given, and given in a hurry, we are told that a novel is "full of a quiet pathos that is rare in English fiction"; and we look back, to find that English fiction fairly reeks of "quiet pathos," "unforced pathos," &c.

The truth is, that the ordinary critic has not time to criticise; he is too often content to seize a few characteristics of a general and non-committal kind, and fling them on paper in phrases that are ready to hand. "If," writes one critic, "we were to sum up our criticism upon this novel in one sentence, we should comment upon the structure of the plot, the conception of the several characters, the minute knowledge of French life and manners, and the quiet and sometimes subtle humour of the style. . . ." Alas! even that one marvellously comprehensive sentence was never written.

Things Seen.

The Geese.

THE front of the village stores was gay with horses' sun-bonnets. They fluttered in the morning breeze, and I paused to regard the uncommon sight. Presently the proprietor of the shop came along. He could not walk very quickly as he carried four geese, two in each hand. Their legs were tied together, and having hung them, heads downward, on the palings adjoining the shop, he gave me "Good-morning." "That sight," I said, indicating the horses' sun-bonnets, "is characteristic of our times. We did not always show such pity for dumb creatures." The proprietor wiped his brow. "Yes, folks are kind," he answered. "You'd be astonished, sir, at the number of men who buy bonnets for their horses out of their own pockets. Live and let live, that's what I say." With that he took a large knife from his pocket, opened it, and made a deep incision in the neck of each goose. The blood streamed down, and then for some minutes trickled upon the bright grass, while the birds made convulsive movements, dying so slowly that I was moved to say: "That hardly seems to me to be the right way to kill them." "Oh, yes, sir," he replied, wiping his knife, "they're much tenderer killed that way." "I was thinking of them, not of us," I said.

The Fleet.

THE fleet was anchored in the bay. As the train rounded the curving line of coast, we all looked eagerly across to where the ships lay, with the red Devon cliffs as background, and beyond the blue waters of the Channel. It was all beautiful, but the significant feature was the fleet — the great battleships with their big guns and accoutrements of war, the flag-ships, the armoured cruisers, and the gloomy little torpedo-boat destroyers low in the water, with their black funnels showing like vicious, angry snouts above the waves.

A man facing me talked to his companion, a foreigner, of third-class cruisers, of swiftest armour-clads, of steam-

steering gear, and the superior advantages of turbine-drivers, but the technical details went unchallenged. "The last naval estimate—twenty-five millions sterling—not a penny less, and I tell you yet the cheapest army in the world—without doubt—"

The loud voice went on complacently, but the foreigner was gazing with wide eyes at the stately line out on the sunlit sea, as though he would imprint it upon his mental vision. He did not speak until we had left the coast behind, and were speeding inland through the sleepy, luxuriant pastures.

"You have many, very many remarkable sights"—his accent was very foreign—"but when I come to think of England, I will always have one picture of the great warships as I see them now to-day in my mind—I will think of it so, the quiet sea, and then the ships."

His gestures matched his accent, and were quite un-British; but, although we smiled, we were content that he should remember England—thus!

Correspondence.

Style.

SIR,—If I am not trespassing on your space, I trust you will allow me to reply to your correspondents who have impugned my ideas about style.

Mr. Armstrong in his clever but illusive remarks cannot understand why I separate thought from its verbal expression, which are as wide apart as the poles are asunder. Surely fixed or flitting ideas, in order to be intelligible, must be transmuted into coherent written or spoken words. Unexpressed ideas have no import or meaning whatsoever. To all intents or purpose they may be non-existent, in spite of Oliver Wendall Holmes's musical regret for those dumb singers:

Few, few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them,
Alas! for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

It seems to me an utter fallacy on Mr. Armstrong's part to maintain that the literary intellect and its expression are indivisible. He might just as well assert that a symphony by Beethoven and its interpretation by an orchestra are indivisible. If no one existed to translate the music for our ears, the music might just as well have not been composed. But there is no need to prove what is palpable and self-evident.

And how can style be an expression of individuality? Perhaps the handwriting may betray it, or as your humorous correspondent "S. W." observes: "a man's character oozing out at his finger-tips and so getting into his pen." But I cannot understand how any mode of verbal expression can indicate the individuality of the writer. Great authors are estimated by their thought and not by its expression. Matter and not manner directs the judgment, and the real individuality may not impress itself anywhere. For instance, it is not the discordant and often rugged style of Carlyle's *French Revolution* that proclaims his genius, but his knowledge of the times, his insight into the characters of the co-existent men and women, the nice adjustment of causes leading to effects, his realistic panorama of events—all these things have stamped the work with his potent individuality. His contorted style is of no importance and cannot guide us in the least.

Mr. Harrison, quoting my definition, "a mode or manner of expression, nothing more," would substitute "something" for nothing, which he afterwards designates as the "literary afflatus"; but I must remind him that the *afflatus* rests in the idea, and not in its verbal interpretation. It is quite possible to clothe a grand or an original thought in feeble, jangled, or even incorrect language;

but the experienced or gifted literary artist can always set the jewel in a fitting and beautiful casket.

In conclusion, I repeat that style is only a verbal garb of thought; and if it meant what is usually ascribed to it, there would be no need of expletives to qualify it. To be able to acquire the literary grace of exquisitely moulded sentences, the harmony of felicitous phrasing, there is need of practice, patience, repression, natural bent, and, above all, an acquaintance with the masters of thought and expression.—I am, &c., ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

That Wager.

SIR,—As one of the parties to that wager Mr. Charles Major made, when recently in London, that he could walk from St. Paul's to the Tower unguided, naming the streets travelled, I happen to know that Mr. Major won his wager fairly, and that the American contemporary you quote must have misquoted him. What Mr. Major undertook to do was to follow the route he took Mary Tudor in *When Knighthood was in Flower* when she went secretly to the Tower to consult the Jewish soothsayer Grouche. This route was by way of Billingsgate and Upper and Lower Thames-streets, and Mr. Major found that, relying on Stow's *Surrey*, he had worked out the journey without any deviation from the actual topography. The statement, "taking the most direct route," very naturally afforded you a brief "occasion for smiles." I may add that Mr. Major, who is an eminent Indiana lawyer, was then visiting London for the first time.—I am, &c.,

JAMES MACARTHUR.

20, Belsize-road, N.W.: August 10, 1900.

[We were certainly misled; and the details kindly given by Mr. MacArthur are new to us.]

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 47 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best sketch entitled "The Author I Like Least," not exceeding 200 words in length. Competitors have lodged heavy indictments against a number of authors, and the list is certainly not without its surprises. On the whole we think that the criticism of Lord Lytton, by Mr. Alfred Edward Wright, Inverinate Villa, Attadale-road, Inverness, deserves the prize; and a cheque has been forwarded to this competitor. Mr. Wright won the prize in our Invented Quotation a fortnight ago. His essay is as follows:

LORD LYTTON.

There was a time when I admired the novels of Bulwer Lytton; but I was young then, and have found reason to qualify my former opinion. In the constructive work of fiction he is an artist; but his characters have little attraction, possibly because they are not very human. His style is inflated—sounding always the top note of his compass, which is, therefore, limited; his thought is never deep; his moral teaching has not the ring of visible sincerity; and his men and women add nothing to our knowledge of human nature. In short, he is conventional but versatile; clever without depth; and resultlessly interesting. His characters do not take a living shape within the mind. He painted no men who keep a secure hold of the imagination, like Dugald Dalgetty, Major Pendennis, and Micawber; no women so vivid and distinct as Becky Sharp, nor so charming and lovable as Di Vernon. We feel that his novels are the work of a brilliant, but not profound intellect; that they contain more of the head than the heart; and are ideal with a fatal tendency towards the melodramatic. They yield a certain pleasure in the reading, but it is without any abiding result.

POPE.

A moorland solitude braces one to the utterance of heresies, and I hereby confess that I have never cared greatly for Pope. His frigid platitudes, his superabundant antithesis, the jingling cadences with which he replaces the broken music of Milton and the Elizabethans—all these repel me. I know that great men admire him; but their admiration is less, I think, for the poet than for the satirist, the philosopher, the wit—or, at most, for the skilled contriver of couplets whose inimitable terseness and neatness have made them immortal. To my own fancy, Pope is the Polonius—I use the name with all respect—of the literary stage. He is a

Polonius in his prime : clever and cynical, a shrewd but superficial observer of manners and men, a retailer of everyday wisdom. Content for the most part with the lower levels, he rises at rare moments—as Polonius did—to heights which show that he too has been touched by the divine afflatus. But in the main, he lacks, as I think, the essentials of poetry—insight, passion, “the consecration and the poet’s dream”; and, thinking thus, I can but repeat my confession, and subscribe myself a heretic.

[M. A. W., London.]

“THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQUIRE.”

Were I compiling, as M. Zola did, a list of “Mrs. Harries,” I should set down first and foremost Richard Harris Barham, Canon of St. Paul’s, that “homo unius libri.” What popularity the so-called Ingoldsby legends enjoyed (and perhaps still enjoy), if popularity consists in numerous editions, and a place on many a drawing-room table in the ‘Fifties and ‘Sixties! Barham’s method is to me detestable. Ludicrous rhymes, vulgar slang, and jocular comments are used freely on legends that in the eyes of a vast section of Christendom demand either silence or reverent treatment. “Thomas Ingoldsby” is the “Yorick” of the early Victorian period, with much of the hasty *double-entendre* of Laurence Sterne. That liberal-minded critic, Richard Hengist Horne, in *A New Spirit of the Age* (1844), characterises Barham thus: “Licentious works which are unredeemed and unextenuated by any one sincere passion, and are consequently among the very worst kind of influences that could be exercised on a rising generation. The present age is bad enough without such assistance, wherefore an iron voice is now laid upon the shoulder of Thomas Ingoldsby, and a voice murmurs in his ear: ‘Brother!—no more of this!’”

[R. F. McC. H., Whithy.]

LORD MACAULAY.

Once, when a company of literary men was gathered together at breakfast, Samuel Rogers rose and remarked, that as Macaulay was coming presently, if anyone had anything to say he had better say it at once. In that remark Rogers had, it seems to me, allotted to Macaulay his place in literature as well as his place in society. Macaulay is the “pushful person” in literature, the blatant demagogue who gains, by shouting, a position which would never be accorded him otherwise. His style is florid and bombastic, he has no restraint, and when dealing with controversial questions he is intolerant to a degree. His public life seems to have affected his literary work, for the tricks of the public orator are always noticeable in his eloquent periods. The bracketed “Loud cheers,” “Renewed applause,” and so on, seem to be omitted in error.

One may give reasons, but really dislike has little to do with reason. I am compelled to recognise Macaulay’s intellectual brilliancy and literary cleverness, but I dislike him none the less because of either. My reason tells me he is blatant and over-rated—no more; my instinct, or prejudice, call it what you will, says he is altogether hateful.

[F. W. S., London.]

GOETHE.

What a farrago is *Meister’s Apprenticeship*! A child’s method of tale-telling; a schoolboy’s outlook upon life; an old man’s endless and inconsequent digressions! The story stands on its head to begin with. It reaches its highest pitch of emotional intensity in the first few chapters. What follows is a chain of barren and unrelated incidents, linked together by the most monstrous coincidences, and tapering off at the end into absolute puerility. The characters are indicated at the outset with some appearance of discernment, but the conduct of the story tends to anything rather than their elucidation; and they begin to lose their grip from the moment they are introduced. Of that study of the development of character promised by the story’s title it contains, in point of fact, no inkling. Wilhelm’s apprenticeship finds him weak—it leaves him abject.

As for the portentous excursions into moral philosophy, nowhere could their high-sounding emptiness be more irritatingly out of place than sandwiched between the episodes of a story from beginning to end of which no one clearly acts from a generous motive.

[S. H., London.]

JANE AUSTEN.

Her wonderful diction, her clear delineation of character, her matchless finish of detail, I admire immensely. Yet I admire her but a little. To me her fault is want of affection towards her characters. They are puppets in her cold hands—analysed, dissected, and exhibited—perfect reproductions of models thoroughly understood. She never felt for her noblest character one touch of pride, nor had for her lowest one pitying sigh. In her cynical reserve, she did not come near to loving the sinner, hating the sin. Conventionality put an impassable barrier between her and sentiment, hiding from her rather the splendid struggles of ambition and independence than moving the world, and binding her with genteel social law. The littleness of those around her narrowed her powerful mind, and hardened her sympathy. Her last character—Gentle Anne Elliott—“had been forced into prudence in her youth; she learnt romance as she grew older.” Perhaps something akin to this was the secret

of her authoress, for Anne is more tenderly treated than any of her predecessors. If this be so, it was also, too late. How great is the “might have been” had Jane Austen but commenced when she wrote *finis*.

[G. W., Hull.]

The other disliked authors are condemned on the following among other grounds:—

VIRGIL.—“How many hours I have wasted in copying out his hexameters.”

[T. C., Buxted.]

SMOLLETT.—“His works bristle with coarse satire, attack, and innuendo.”

[A. M. C., Leicester.]

POPE (2).—“His constant satire is so trying, and his sneer so deadly. His contempt for women is an unforgivable defect.”

[Mrs. Von S., London.]

POPE (3).—“Pope has no sympathy with his fellows.”

[E. R. C., Devon.]

LORD LYTTON (2).—“Lyttton’s style is florid . . . his characters are theatrical . . . his plots melodramatic, and his incidents impossible.”

[L. V. S., London.]

ROCHEFOUCAULD.—“Combines with many qualities that I admire the defects I most abhor. . . . Not a great nor a good man.”

[Miss R., London.]

WORDSWORTH.—“One is not interested in the palpitations of his heart at the sight of daffodils.”

[S. Y., Cambridge.]

DICKENS (1).—“He represents to me a man of caricatures.”

[J. C. H., Godalming.]

DICKENS (2).—“Extravagant types; uninteresting as individuals.”

[E. M. S., London.]

DISRAELI.—“The discordant note of artificiality.”

[Miss P., Norwich.]

THACKERAY.—“Thackeray must have had a heart, but it was not always in the right place.”

[G. H., Anglesey.]

DARWIN.—“The man whose writings leave me the most unpleasant train of thoughts.”

[G. E. P., London.]

THE AUTHOR OF “LITTLE HENRY.”—“The one about whom I have felt most bitterly.”

[A. M. P., London.]

THEODORE HOOK.—“His novels display a total lack of the qualities which make good works of fiction.”

[A. S. W., Preston.]

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New Books Received.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Story (Alfred T.), *Golden Deeds of the War* (Newnes) 6/0
Colquhoun (Archibald R.), *Russia Against India: the Struggle for Asia* (Harper) 5 0
Holyoake (G. J.) and Scotton (Amos), *The Jubilee History of the Derby Co-operative Provident Society, Ltd., 1850-1900* (Co-operative Printing Society)

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Selwyn (Adm. J. H.), *Biblical Chronology* (Bagster) 3 6
Drummond (Henry), *Stones Rolled Away* (Bagster) 3 6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Gray (Eleanor), *A Modern Prophet, and other Poems* (Kegan Paul) 5 0

EDUCATIONAL.

Hartog (W. G.), *Cours de Grammaire Française Élémentaire* (Black) 1/0
Alge (S.), *L'ne Joyeuse Nichee*. By Mme. E. de Pressensé. Dent & Co. net 3/6
Krisch (Dr. W.), *The Technical School French Grammar* (Murray) 2/6
Gregory (R. A.), *Elementary Physics and Chemistry* (Macmillan) 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Phillimore (W. P. W.), *Pedigree Work: A Handbook for the Genealogist* (Phillimore)
Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute. Vol. XXXI. (The Institute) net 1/0

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"The average novel reader may jib at certain pages of 'Robert Orange,' but the whole book is an interesting and powerful piece of work by a lady novelist possessing a rare individuality."—*Anglian Daily Times*.

"'Robert Orange' is in the air, and it is impossible to get away from it. Moreover, not to have read it is to confess to being 'out of the movement.'"—

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"A most entertaining book.....There is no novelist living, except George Meredith, who can equal Mrs. Craigie in the power of making striking and interesting personalities live in their work."—*Speaker*.

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Tablet.

"'The School for Saints' was good, but 'Robert Orange' (Fisher Unwin), unlike most sequels, is better."—*Star*.

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"Perhaps 'Robert Orange' may best be classed as being worthy to be placed among those works that we keep, not those that we send back to the lending library; and for such there is always room."—*Sunday Times*.

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The Academy

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No. 1477. Established 1869.

25 August, 1900.

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The Literary Week.

THERE is a rumour afloat to the effect that Count Tolstoi is contemplating a tour through Germany, France, and England. Whether this journey is to be undertaken for the purpose of gathering material for new deliverances, or merely as a somewhat original form of recreation for a man just verging on his seventy-second year, is not suggested. One had imagined the great Russian to be a figure immovable, having affinity with granite rocks. Perhaps the mountain, represented by a callous Europe, having declined to listen with sufficient seriousness to the Prophet, the Prophet is now coming to the mountain.

THE expiration of the copyright in Balzac's novels has already produced its sensation in the book market. The house of Ollendorf has begun the issue of a complete series of Balzac's novels in a superior *format*, and with illustrations, at the regular price of 3 fr. 50 c.

THE Oxford University Press, which is exhibiting in three different groups at the Paris Exhibition, has gained the unique distinction of being awarded three Grands Prix—one each for Higher Education, Bookbinding, and Oxford India Paper.

THE proposal to place a medallion portrait of John Ruskin in Westminster Abbey, at a cost of £500, may be said to have been criticised in advance by Ruskin himself. He had no patience with the jumble of monuments in the Abbey—the “incoherent fillings of the aisles at Westminster,” as he called them. It is suggested by a correspondent of the *Times* that the purchase of a cliff or hill-top, and its preservation from the jerry-builder, would be a more appropriate memorial. We think it would be.

MISS BRADDON'S new novel, *The Infidel*, is announced for publication in September. As the sub-title indicates, it is “a story of the Great Revival.” The author lays her scene during the period of the religious movement of the last century. John Wesley and his followers may be said to form the mainspring of the tale; but the central interest lies in the strong and not altogether guiltless love of one of the new religionists for the beautiful but infidel heroine.

AN alteration has been made in the inscription placed on the pavement in front of St. Paul's. At first it ran: “Here Queen Victoria returned thanks to Almighty God for the sixtieth anniversary of her reign, June 22, 1897.” The inaccuracy of the word “reign” having been pointed out, the word “accession” was substituted. But this involved the taking up of a granite block. A misprint in stone is a serious matter.

It is well that a writer so personal and fearless as Ouida, and so trenchant in expression, should occasionally enter the critical arena. Her new volume of *Critical*

Studies, which we shall shortly review, contains articles on such widely differing personalities as Gabriele D'Annunzio, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt. One article, on “Unwritten Literary Laws,” is a piece of candid and merciless criticism. Ouida complains, for instance, that in obedience to such an unwritten law, an author either expands or reduces his book to certain limits without regard to art. “The brevity or length of a literary work can have nothing to do with its beauty or excellence.” In the matter of plagiarism, that old sore, Ouida has an enlightening experience of her own to narrate. A glaring theft from *Puck* appeared in a London periodical:

The name of a lady was put at the end of it, as that of the author. Of course, I wrote to the editor, expecting, despite previous experiences, to receive apology and reparation. I misunderstood my generation. The editor wrote back, with airy indifference, that the lady who had produced this shameless piracy had never read *Puck*. To my citation, in reply, of the words of the Emperor Julian, “If it be sufficient to deny, who will ever be found guilty?” and to my objection that an appropriation of an entire section of a novel could not by any possibility be otherwise than an intentional theft, this model of editors replied not at all.

Can such things be?

WE have remarked several times of late on the growing difficulty of finding titles for books on which no previous claim exists. Mr. Robert Cromie draws our attention to the fact that the title of Mr. W. E. Henley's new book of patriotic song, *For England's Sake*, was borne ten years ago by a book written by Mr. Cromie himself, and bought by the public to the extent of 8,000 copies. That the imitation was unconscious there can be no doubt; and Mr. Cromie will doubtless console himself with the fact that Mr. Henley has done honour to this title, which—“for England's sake”—should, perhaps, not be too continuously appropriated to one book.

THE beautiful early Georgian house on Windmill Hill, Hampstead, known as Bolton House, occupied for fifty years by Joanna Baillie, has had a tablet affixed to it by the Society of Arts. It will be remembered that Sir Walter Scott was a frequent guest here during his occasional London visits. Scott's opinion of Joanna Baillie's dramas was so high as to seem extravagant in these days. This tribute to Joanna Baillie's fame is interesting at the present moment, as being coincident with the revival of the practice of publishing plays in book form. It is but a few weeks since we reviewed Miss Lucy Snowe's *Two Stage Plays*.

WITH regard to the mention of Miss Corelli's book, *The Master Christian*, in our issue of the 11th inst., in which we quoted some passages from the advertisement of the book, Messrs. Methuen wish it to be known, in fairness to Miss Corelli, that this advertisement eulogy of the work emanated entirely from themselves. Miss Corelli had no knowledge of its existence until she saw it in the advertisements.

A COPYRIGHT performance of a play entitled "The Master Christian," founded on Miss Marie Corelli's forthcoming novel of that name, was given at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, on Saturday afternoon. The parts were enacted by members of Mr. William Greet's "Sign of the Cross" Company. The play is in four short acts and eleven scenes, and the characters number thirteen. The first act is set in Paris and the remaining three acts in Rome. The list of characters is as follows:

Cardinal Felix Bonpré.....	A Priest of the Church of Rome.
Abbé Verguiaud	A Priest of the Church of Rome.
Cyrillon Vergniaud, otherwise } "Gys Gaudit"	A Socialist.
Aubrey Leigh	An English "Christian Socialist" writer.
Monsignor Gherardi.....	A Priest attached to the Papal Court.
Prince Sovrani	An Italian, Angela Sovrani's father.
Florian Varillo	An Artist, betrothed to Angela Sovrani.
Marquis Fontenelle	A Frenchman.
Victor Miraudin	A French Actor.
Ruspardi	An Italian Captain.
Angela Sovrani.....	A famous Artist.
Comtesse Hermenstein	Angela's friend.
Jeanne Richaud	A Sonbrette, Miraudin's mistress.

WHILE the economics of the novel are engaging the attention of some observers, others are asking whether the novel, as a literary form, is in a healthy state. The *Outlook* has addressed several questions in this sense to publishers. To the question, "What canon or standard, if any, do the publishers of to-day look to in selecting fiction for issue to the public?" Mr. Murray replies as follows:

No work of fiction can really be judged until it has been out, say, six or eight years.

No book written to suit a passing fashion, and coloured with the tint of some *ism* or psychological "question of the day" (as a cook colours jellies and cakes), is ever likely to have permanent value.

If anyone wishes to test the books of to-day, let him or her keep up a close acquaintance with, e.g., *Robinson Crusoe*, the "Waverley Novels," Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. It is extraordinary how much modern work crumbles under this test.

The first of these maxims strikes us as too sweeping; moreover, it seems to be contradicted in part by the second and third maxims. However, Mr. Murray has just published a capital novel in Miss Wharton's *A Gift from the Grave*, and it is by the Novel that the Novel will be regenerated. Mr. Heinemann says that the questions put to him raise many doubts in his mind, and, frankly, he has no confidence in answering them. Messrs. Kegan Paul say:

As for telling your readers the canons by which fiction should be judged, that is a large matter. From a publisher's point of view, one test alone is adequate. No novel ever attained success which was not based upon human nature, which did not make some direct and poignant demand upon human sympathy. Literary distinction—ineestimable in itself—is insufficient to popularity. The touch of nature is paramount. Where the literary expert can confess himself to have been carried *ex cathedra* into the atmosphere of emotional impression, he may be fairly sure that he has got hold of a MS. which requires a second consideration. Without that impression he may almost as safely decline the book at once.

THE *New York Nation* considers that the ideal biography of Ruskin does not exist, and it gives its reasons in the following outspoken manner:

In the first place, he who would explain Ruskin will have to face the necessity of dealing with a delicate matter

in his life; we mean what most of the obituary notices have called his "divorce." . . . His marriage was legally annulled. The younger Millais, in a note to his biography of his father, states, without mentioning the name of the husband, that his mother's first marriage was annulled (we quote from memory) "for reasons recognised alike by State and Church." In other words, the marriage was pronounced void after several years because it had never been anything but nominal. This fact has to be mentioned because it throws a flood of light on Ruskin's exaggerated horror of sensuality or of anything even distantly approaching it; and this horror accounts for much of his hatred of the Renaissance, for his love of ascetic and monkish art, for his lack of sympathy with the art of ancient Greece, and for much else. Neither in his faults nor his virtues, his strength nor his weakness, was Ruskin distinctively masculine. He could be lavishly generous, but he could not be calmly just; he could be extreme in enthusiasm, as in denunciation, but he could not be reasonable. He was whimsical, petulant, paradoxical. He had a pretty gift of seemingly logical argument to justify opinions adopted at the behest of emotion. He was positive, dogmatic, subtle, with a conviction that what he liked was right, and that what displeased him was morally wrong, and that the salvation of the world depended upon its recognition of the truth of his preaching. In all these things he was less man than woman, and less woman than priest.

MR. ERNEST C. WRIGHT, who is a Pietermaritzburg reader of the *ACADEMY*, sends us a cutting from a Queens-town (Cape Colony) paper, which is supposed to represent recent additions to the local library. As he remarks, the list seems to belong to the horrors of war:

Knights of the Crop, Henryk Sienkiewicz.
Looking Backward, Edward Bellamy.
Magic of the Desert, The. W Smith Williams.
Master Craftman, Walter Besant.
Minx, The, "Iita."
Next Crusade, The Robert Cromie.
Out-siders, R W Chambers.
Puritans, The, Arlo Bates.
Shadow of Allah The, Morlen Roberts, and Max Monterole.
Sporting Sketches, Nat Gould.
Three men on the Brummel, Jerome K Jerome.
Tracked and Takers, Dick Donovan.
Two in Captivity, Vincent Brown.
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West End, The, Percy White.
Worshipper of Image, The, Richard Le Galliwie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Should we ever find ourselves in Queenstown we shall make straight for the Preference Library and there inquire for a better.

A LITTLE while ago Miss Cholmondeley was asked by her own publishers, in the interests of many inquirers, to

give the source of the motto to *Red Pottage*: "After the red pottage comes the exceeding bitter cry." The following reply was received:

Miss Cholmondeley, in answer to Messrs. Harpers' inquiry of May 23, regrets to say she does not know where the motto comes from—"After the red pottage," &c. She remembers jotting it down in her note-book years ago, but when she turned to it she found to her surprise that she had not added the author's name, which in nearly every other case she had been careful to do. She thinks it may be found in the sermons of the Rev. John Hamilton Thom.

A correspondent of the *Globe* now points out that the exact words of the motto, which are founded on two familiar texts in Genesis, are to be found in a sermon by Dean Farrar, entitled "Selling the Birthright," which was published in his volume, *Everyday Christian Life*.

THE *Eastern Counties Magazine and Suffolk Note-Book* (Jarrold) is launched this month by its editress, the Hon. Mary Henniker. It will have a quarterly issue, and its aim is to serve as a repository or commonplace book of country lore. The first number pleases us; it has the bright miscellaneous air proper to a magazine of this class. The following explanation of the term "Silly Suffolk," though not new to us, is interesting:

This is no term of reproach to the county, as the following extract from Skeat's *Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* (p. 436) will show:

"Silly (modern English), originally 'timely'; then happy, lucky, blessed, innocent; lastly, simple, foolish. Anglo-Saxon, *Sælig*, *geselig*, timely. Derived from Anglo-Saxon *sæl*, time, season, happiness. Cognate forms are: Dutch, *zalig*; Icelandic, *sall*; Swedish, *säll*; German, *selig*, blest, happy; *Mæso-Gothic*, *sels*, good."

To be quite conclusive, the writer should show us that the county was called "silly" before the meaning of the word took a turn for the worse.

THE suggestion that the thirty-one-and-sixpenny three-volume novel should be revived in the interests of book-sellers and publishers is being discussed with some heat and variance. A publisher has declared to a representative of the *Daily Chronicle*: "Nobody wants the guinea-and-a-half three-decker back again; least of all Mudie's and Smith's, who were its undoing. The three-volume novel is a relic of the past; as well try to revive the old-fashioned pamphlet." The *Daily News* thinks that "the abolition of this form has done a really valuable service to literature." Against these views "C. K. S." records, in the *Sphere*, his conviction that "the abolition of the three-volume novel has done unqualified mischief." "C. K. S." evidently considers that the three-volume novel acted as a kind of waste-pipe for trivial literature:

The three-volume novel was read principally by the woman of superfluous leisure; the majority of young people never opened them. What money they had to spend on books they spent on first-class fiction that had survived the test of time, or on good biography and history. Witness the excellent sale which obtained for the "English Men of Letters" series, for the cheap edition of Mr. Froude, and so on. All this kind of thing has fallen into the background in every bookseller's, and the moment you enter a bookshop it is assumed that you have come for this or that six-shilling or three-and-sixpenny novel. The result is that, in proportion to the number of readers, the younger generation is not reading half as strenuously as its elder brothers and sisters of ten years ago.

By coincidence we print this week an article on "This also is Vanity," in which the literary seriousness of ten years ago is favourably contrasted with present "listlessness," though from a different standpoint.

OUR recent article on "The Omar Cult" has been reproduced in full by a New York paper, whose readers are left to form their own judgment on the views expressed therein. The same readers will probably read in the same paper the advertisement of a new edition of the *Rubaiyat* which is being pushed with great *empressement* by a New York firm of publishers. In the announcement we are told that

not to know one's *Rubaiyat* is nowadays to argue one's self unread. It is a poem which, if once taken up, will ever be lovingly returned to; the insinuating music of its lines if once heard will echo repeatedly through the heart. No library is complete without it, and he who has not yet perused it has foregone one of the greatest pleasures to be gained by contemplative reading.

After this one is hardly prepared for the insistence on the necessity for illustrations. It seems, however, that the illustrations hitherto supplied to the *Rubaiyat* have been "more decorative than thoughtful, more specimens of artistic designing than elucidations of an almost unfathomable philosophy." A young lady artist, of California, has undertaken these needed elucidations, and a point is made of the fact that she has done line drawings and not the brush drawings preferred by Mr. Elihu Vedder. Altogether we soon reach the valley levels of advertisement, and we do not quarrel with the confident prediction that this edition of Omar's "marvellous Oriental masterpiece" will "be a credit to the Sign of the Lark."

MR. H. G. WELLS's appreciation of the late Mr. Stephen Crane in the current *North American Review* is a very interesting pronouncement of one story-writer on another. Mr. Wells heartily deplores the meddlesomeness of the modern public—"as violently experimental with its writers as a little child with a kitten"—which sent Crane to Greece and Cuba as a war correspondent. He had already written the best war book of his time in his armchair. When he went to Cuba he left at home the inspiration which had served him so well and took with him the fragile physique which was to serve him so badly. Happily, by an accident, the expedition resulted in *The Open Boat*, which Mr. Wells regards as the crown of all his work. In considering that work as a whole Mr. Wells thinks that Mr. Crane's position in English literature will be found to be "singularly cardinal." He was the last of a number of writing Cranes, men who wrote crabbed little theological treatises inspired by a Puritanical ideal and a dying impulse. Crane had shed all that before he was born, and Mr. Wells sees him as a pioneer:

He began stark—I find all through this brief notice I have been repeating that in a dozen disguises, "freedom from tradition," "absolute directness," and the like—as though he came into the world of letters without ever a predecessor. In style, in method, and in all that is distinctively *not* found in his books, he is sharply defined, the expression in literary art of certain enormous repudiations. Was ever a man before who wrote of battles so abundantly as he has done, and never had a word, never a word from first to last, of the purpose and justification of the war? And of the God of Battles, no more than the battered name; "Hully Gee!"—the lingering trace of the Deity! And of the sensuousness and tenderness of love, so much as one can find in *The Third Violet*! Any richness of allusion, any melody or balance of phrase, the half quotation that refracts, and softens, and enriches the statement, the momentary digression that opens like a window upon beautiful or distant things, are not merely absent, but obviously and sedulously avoided. It is as if the racial thought and tradition had been razed from his mind and its site ploughed and salted. He is more than himself in this; he is the first expression of the opening mind of a new period, or, at least, the early emphatic phase of a new initiative—beginning, as a growing mind must needs begin, with the record of impressions, a record of a vigour and intensity beyond all precedent.

AN interesting work on Surrey local history, by Mr. H. St. John Bashall, will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly, entitled *The Oak Hamlet*. It will give the history of the village of Ocham, with much curious information concerning its early condition and personal associations. In the account of Ocham Church an inventory of church goods in the time of Edward VI. is given, and also a list of the rectors from 1300 to the present day.

A CORRESPONDENT of "Notes and Queries" has found the following inscription on the frontispiece of a second-hand copy of Quarles's "Emblems" which he picked up recently:

Sarrah Littleford her Book
God give her Grass therein
to look and not to Look
but understand for
Larning is Bettr then
hous or Land when
Land is gon and money
Spent then Larning
is most Exolent.

Bibliographical.

A WRITER in the *Londoner* has been quoting R. L. Stevenson's rhapsody on the advantages and disadvantages of being born a Caledonian. "The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotsman. . . . Somehow life is warmer and closer," and so forth. One is reminded of a certain cynical essay, in *Friends in Council*, on "The Arts of Self-Advancement," beginning: "In the first place, it is desirable to be born north of the Tweed," a gibe hardly worthy of the genial inventor of the lawyer Ellesmere, into whose mouth Sir Arthur Helps put all the concentrated essence of his worldly experience. "You must at least contrive," said Ellesmere, "to be born in a moderately-sized town, somewhere. You thus get the advantage of being favoured by a small community, without losing any individual force. . . . Contrive at least to be connected with some small sect or community, who may consider your renown as part of their renown, and be always ready to favour and defend you." Assuredly it is of no use simply to be born in England, for no Englishman helps another simply because he is English. In England, the effectual freemasonry is that of the public school, the university, and the county—mere England, as a birth-place, hardly counts.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, it appears, was fifty-nine last Saturday; but why celebrate the fact? I thought these things were done in decades, not in odd numbers. Assuredly we have here a hint that the erewhile young Scots poet has passed the limit of middle age. I have myself, in this column, drawn attention to the early and excellent work done by Mr. Buchanan as a poet. Then came his labours and vogue as a novelist; next, his labours and vogue as a playwright. There was a day, too, when he promised to be a really effective literary critic. I have before me his *Master-Spirits*, published in 1873—rather more than a quarter of a century ago. It is not a very memorable volume, but it exhibits some very creditable enthusiasms, as in the article on "The Good Genie of Fiction"—Dickens. Especially may we note the section headed "Scandinavian Studies," with its essay on "Björnson's Masterpiece." Mr. Edmund Gosse usually gets the credit of being the first to interest the present-day English public in contemporary Scandinavian writers; but his *Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe* came two years after Mr. Buchanan's *Master-Spirits*.

By the way, at the end of *Master-Spirits* I note advertisements of *The Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan* (3 vols.) and of the *Miscellaneous Prose Works of Robert Buchanan* (2 vols.). In 1873 Mr. Buchanan was only thirty-two years of age, yet here we find him bringing together his

Works. It seems only the other day that Mr. William Watson gave us his *Collected Poems*: he was then just forty. He was thus more modest than Mr. Buchanan; but, really, how can our present-day men of letters look for a long career when they take so much pains to put themselves on the shelf when they are not even "medieval"?

Apropos of the controversy *re* "rondel" and "roundel," it is noteworthy that Mr. Austin Dobson, in his "Note on Some Foreign Forms of Verse" (contributed to *Latter-Day Lyrics* in 1878), says nothing about "roundels." The rondel, he holds, is a modification of the triolet, and the rondeau a modification of the rondel; but concerning the "roundel" he is silent. Is this not because the roundel had yet to be born among us? It was not until 1883 that Mr. Swinburne published his *Century of Roundels*. In that century he included a poem on what he called "an old roundel, translated by D. G. Rossetti from the French of Villon." By this he evidently means the "Lai, ou plustost Rondeau," which is not a "roundel" at all, but simply a rondeau compressed. Unless Mr. Swinburne can point to some foreign original of the form he calls a "roundel," we must accept the theory that the form was invented by himself, on the basis of the "Lai" aforesaid and others like it. Moreover, in writing the "rondel" Mr. Swinburne has had but few followers—among them, Mr. Arthur Symonds and Mr. Samuel Waddington.

It was almost inevitable that Mr. F. G. Kitton should follow up his little book on *The Novels of Charles Dickens* with a companion volume on Dickens's *Minor Writings*. The former, published three years ago, confines itself strictly to the subject announced in the title, and obviously, therefore, Mr. Kitton has a large field to cover in the latter. The *Sketches by Boz*, the *Uncommercial Traveller*, the short stories, the *Child's History of England* (reprinted so lately as two years ago), the *Pictures from Italy*, *Sunday Under Three Heads*, and, I suppose, the things Dickens did for the stage—these, and others, all call for treatment. And from Mr. Kitton, in this direction, careful and accurate work is to be expected, for his devotion to the topic is nothing new. It is fourteen years or so since he produced his bibliography of Dickens—*Dickensiana*—which is the basis, no doubt, of the two booklets which now stand to his credit in "The Book-Lover's Library."

I suppose that the *Table Talk* by Dr. Johnson which is to form the next volume of the "Bibelots" series will consist of matter freshly selected by the editor, Mr. Briscoe. The notion has some approach to novelty, for it is about sixteen years since the *Table Talk* of Johnson was last exploited. In 1884 it appeared in Mr. Unwin's centenary edition of the *Life and Works*, and also in a little volume of *Johnsoniana, Opinions, &c.* Three years later came Dr. Birkbeck Hill's selection from Johnson's *Wit and Wisdom*, which would naturally include, though not necessarily be confined to, his *Table Talk*.

A literary weekly says that a story by Miss Betham-Edwards, called *The Lord of the Harvest*, is announced for the autumn season. As a matter of fact, it appeared last autumn; and now, apparently, it is to be translated into French, for the benefit of our "lively neighbours." Miss Betham-Edwards and the French have a mutual liking for each other; she has written charmingly about them, and the very least that they can do in return is to translate her books, and then buy them.

I read in one of the "tit-bit" papers that "one good lady is said to treasure still the flounce of a dress" which the late Duke of Coburg "accidentally trod on and tore" when on a ceremonial visit to Lerwick, N.B., in 1882. One thinks at once of Calverley's lines:

A clod—a piece of orange-peel—
The end of a cigar—
When trod on by a princely heel,
How beautiful they are!

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Glory that is Cricket.

Talks with Old English Cricketers. By A. W. Pullin ("Old Ebor"). (Blackwood & Sons.)

MR. PULLIN'S book happens to be a very good one; but were it only half or a quarter as good it would still serve, it would still stimulate and charm, because to a reader who loves cricket it is filled from first page to last with the symbols of entertainment. Many a political speaker wins a fine reputation as a sagacious orator by merely punctuating his rapid remarks at wise intervals with the names of his party's heroes. Similarly a writer on cricket may be as foolish as he will provided that he is lavish enough with the good names: Emmett and Ulyett, Daft and Lohmann, Alfred Mynn and George Parr, Carpenter and Hayward, Freeman and Grace—each name setting up a crowd of memories, until the reader is hypnotised into believing the book a great feat. There are many automatic literary successes of this kind in which the reader really does all the work, is really the writer. But as we have said—and it must be made very clear—Mr. Pullin's success is not of this kind: Mr. Pullin's success is genuine and admirable; yet a reader with the true zest might still have found his book a delight had the author worked less enthusiastically to make it so.

Mr. Pullin's method has been very simple. He has called in a friendly way on a score or so of the surviving heroes of the 'fifties, 'sixties, and 'seventies, has chatted with them, asked them leading questions, guided their memories into the right channels, and then has set down the result very easily and genially and very modestly. In each chapter it is the cricketer whom we see: Mr. Pullin self-effacingly pulls the curtain aside and intrudes not at all. Few men could have performed the task so efficiently and dexterously, and probably no one is better equipped with knowledge of the game and enthusiasm for it. It is this enthusiasm which makes the book something more than a mere readable volume. It is literature too, as valuable and true a piece of the literature of cricket as anything yet written. Flesh and blood are in these pages.

To read Mr. Pullin, however, is not to be wholly enchanted. Regrets will come stealing in, regrets for a day when matches were fewer, and innings were shorter and smaller and yet more glorious, and cricketers were simpler, and pitches were less perfect, and Lord's was not like a race meeting, and a hundred was called a hundred and not a century, and there was no county championship, and no evening paper *réclame*, and no London County, and W. G. played for Gloucestershire, and the interval for tea (for tea!) was unknown. Think of Alfred Mynn taking an interval for tea, and think of Fuller Pilch's surprise if he should alight upon a paper which (as a paper did last week) applied the head-line "A Bad Start" to the score of an innings which reached 117 for two wickets. There was a time when 117 was a decent score for a whole side. It is not difficult sometimes to wish for that time again.

Not only has cricket lost many of its old simplicities, it has lost its characters too. In the late process of levelling up, or levelling down, individuality has suffered. Where is our Tom Emmett to-day? Where is our bowler to bowl fifty-five wickets in one year—and take a hundred wickets for less than ten runs apiece? Around Tom's name many good stories cluster and will ever cluster. It was Tom who warned an encroaching point: "If I were thee, mister, I'd stand a little farther back, because when I hits there I hits — hard." It was Tom who, when bowled first ball by a lob, made the classic series of answers to the commiserator in the crowd. "How was that, Tom?" "Don't Tom me." "Well, Mr. Emmett, how was that?" "Don't Mr. Emmett me." "Then what shall I call you?" "Call me a — fool." Tom Emmett, after his active cricket

was over, became a professional bowler at Rugby, where he stayed several years. He now coaches at Leicester, and long may he wave! Some Rugby amateur—why not Mr. Norman Gale?—ought to make a collection of Rugby Emmettiana.

Some of Mr. Pullin's best stories were told him by the Rev. E. S. Carter, one of the great fraternity of cricketing parsons, who used to make scores and take wickets for Oxford and Yorkshire, and also in Australia. It was of Mr. Carter that "young Tom" Hearne made the conclusive reply (to the question, "Can this Mr. Carter play?"), "You drop him a short 'un to the off, and see what he'll do with it." Mr. Carter was once batting against Crossland, then the Lancashire terror. "Now, Crossland," said Mr. Hornby, "don't use any bad language, the gentleman's a clergyman." Crossland bowled away, mute and gentle, until he put in a shooter and ended the innings. Then his tongue found itself again. "I downed his old pulpit that time," he said. Mr. Carter asserts that to Tom Emmett belongs the credit of first remarking—on a bad voyage—that he thought they'd forgotten to put the heavy roller on: a joke borrowed by every seafaring cricketer since.

Pooley's is another great name in the game. Like other cricketers before him, Pooley, who kept wicket for Surrey in the days of Southerton and Jupp, has known reverses; and he is now an inmate of a London workhouse. Says Mr. Pullin, "Pooley's fists are mere lumps of deformity. Every finger on the two hands has been broken; so have the two thumbs." Jem Mace once asked to be introduced to Pooley: "Pooley," he said, "I would rather stand up against any man in England for an hour than take your place behind the wickets for five minutes." Pooley's opinion of modern cricket is not too favourable: "Why, a man ought almost to keep wicket blindfold now," he remarked after a visit to Lord's. Mr. Pullin's pages, indeed, bear more heavily upon the dangers of cricket than is perhaps reasonable; but it must be remembered that grounds were not in the 'fifties and 'sixties what they are now. He also writes of faster bowlers than we now have—George Freeman, for example, who once laid low all three stumps with one ball, and Harvey Fellowes, who performed the same rare feat. He writes also of harder hitters than we have now, for neither Mr. Jessop nor Albert Trott has quite the power of Mr. C. I. Thornton. It was told of Southerton, the slow bowler, that he used to lie awake at night wondering what he should do if Mr. Thornton hit the ball straight back to him. But the great cause of bumps and bruises was bad wickets. Daft once went in to bat against Platt at Lord's with a towel round his head, so fiery was the pitch. In the same over Platt had given Summers the blow on the temple to which he succumbed. But this is nothing compared with George Anderson's stories of how a covey of partridges went up from the pitch during a match, and how Fuller Pilch would come armed with a scythe.

One of the saddest things in the book is the conviction held by more than one of the speakers—Alfred Shaw among them—that bowling is not so good to-day as it used to be. Probably Rhodes is as good a slow bowler as need be asked for, but Rhodes stands alone. There is no galaxy of talent, as the advertisements have it. We certainly have no Tom Emmett in 1900. Tom assured Mr. Pullin that he never bowled a wide on purpose, and we must believe him. His wides were crafty off-balls in which the craft was excessive. Hear Tom on the matter:

I found that off-ball of mine very useful. I have got wickets with it when I could not get them no matter how straight I bowled. If a man did not step well across with his left foot, and let his bat go as well, he was sure to make a "chip hit." The man who used to nonplus me more than anyone in playing that off-ball was Mr. Murdoch. He used to plant his left well across, and didn't he hit it! Of course when you get to know a man like that you

don't let him have such a ball—you hang out the danger-signal. But it's all a matter of head-work. What's the use bowling a straight ball at a batsman when he plays it as if with the sharp edge of a knife? If you can bowl an off-ball and then suddenly send down a straight one, you may catch a man napping. . . . There is as much art in bowling a crooked ball as a straight one, and I honestly tell you I never bowled a wide on purpose.

Beside this piece of craft let us put Alfred Shaw's testimony:

When I was bowling I would not give a batsman his hit. I would make him play back or forward until he would be saying to himself: "I have been here a good while now; I will try to get a run." Then I would give him a slow one on the off-side, and nine times out of ten he would have a smack at it. When a man keeps bowling short on the off-side a batsman would be a fool to hit it. Lohmann used to say: "What's the use bowling at the wicket?" My answer was: "Keep bowling at the wicket, and then give him one on the off-side occasionally."

And Mr. David Buchanan says of modern bowling: "The fault I find with many bowlers of the present day is that the ball comes from their hands too often like a bit of lead. It ought to come as if it had a fiend inside it, which works the mischief immediately it touches the ground."

Against the present dearth of great bowlers—bowlers to carry on the traditions of George Freeman and Alfred Shaw, Southerton and Emmett, A. G. Steel and Peate—we can put a plethora of great batsmen. Probably no one, always excepting W. G. Grace, ever was so fine a bat as Ranjitsinhji, and it is doubtful if Hayward could ever have been excelled. And then come some of the aging Titans: Shrewsbury and Gunn, Mr. Stoddart and Abel—still superb artists. While the younger men of notable proficiency are very numerous: Mr. R. E. Foster, Mr. C. B. Fry, Mr. J. R. Mason, Mr. G. L. Jessop, Mr. P. F. Warner—these are masters. Very able batting has, indeed, taken the place of very able bowling. The day of the bat is here. Probably only by decreasing the bat's width, or heightening and widening the wickets, will the ball resume its own; which is a rather melancholy reflection. For our own part, we should like to try running out every run as a first step towards equalisation; and change the size of bat or wicket only if that failed.

The Fascination of Prison.

The Silent Gate: a Voyage into Prison. By Tighe Hopkins. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

WHY are people fascinated by descriptions of prison life? Much good psychology might be expended on the answer to this question. The mere strangeness of prison, apart from its punitive features, is a powerful lure. Prison is more foreign than China, more remote than the Falkland Islands, and, to most of us, more virgin than the virgin forest. It is a world designed and controlled by man. The sway of accident, the interplay of trifling forces, and all the incalculable impulsions and accidents which make the doings of a free day incalculable seem to be eliminated in prison. As a day is appointed, so it passes. The reign of law may be cold, repulsive, cruel; but it is as absolute as anything can be on earth. A bell strikes, and, striking, is obeyed. A footstep approaches, and, approaching, is understood. Scales and rules and uniforms and blue paper and silence are the simple machinery of a life where chance hardly enters, and where whim and passion are crushed like grass on gravel. And the spectacle is fascinating to men and women who year after year, and for all their lives, endure a liberty which no turnkey mitigates and no manacle suspends. It is to be feared, however, that there is something else, something less

pleasing, in the public mind. It may be doubted whether the reader of stories of prison and the detection of crime can acquit himself of a tinge of cruelty. Burns thought that even a devil can hardly take pleasure in the squeals of sinners. No more does the governor of a prison. It is the outsiders who do the gloating. It must at least be said that pity for the condemned murderer or for the oakum-picking burglar has never interfered with the success of stories of crime.

It is to Mr. Hopkins's credit that in his hands prison life is interesting in its strangeness and touching in its humanities. He knows the routine, the slang, the habits, the tricks, the punishments, the darker shades and brighter gleams of life in Her Majesty's prisons. He can gratify the curiosity of the man who rides past Newgate every morning on his 'bus, and sees nothing of its life but its pigeons, or the railway passenger who sees the turrets and low walls of Wormwood Scrubs turning and fading in the dusk. And he can do this without hardness. The sketch in this book called "Turkey" is an excellent and humorous study of ordinary prison life. Turkey, or John James Turk, was but fifteen years of age, when he snatched a watch from an old gentleman. He is overjoyed to find himself standing in the prison yard with six other prisoners, all his elders. Henceforth he can talk with old cracksmen and mugsmen, in the purlieus of Drury-lane, on terms approaching to familiarity. And in the meantime his self-respect is enormously increased by finding himself the only lad in a prison full of experienced criminals. In the first few minutes after his arrival he eyed with rapture the steel gates and the solid walls. The warders, "with keys and *bâtons* in their belts and unspeakable authority in their beards, froze him with delight. He remembered his first pantomime, as viewed from the gallery, and felt like it." Nor did his three months pall on Turkey. Every circumstance of prison life interested him and kept him cheerful. His bed and food were luxury compared with anything he had known; he joked, he liked his clothes, he upset all decorum with his bright face, he puzzled the whole prison. "When pulled up short, his language was of the Dials—fruity; but the warder who wrote his name down for report generally wiped it off in the evening." Turkey's happiness was only marred when the doctor ordered some stupid mitigation of his punishment. Thus, when he was ordered light work in the garden, he was seriously offended, and stood out vigorously for his full rights as a criminal; to exert himself to break the rules, and then be put off with some perfectly nominal punishment, was intolerable to Turkey. At last he found employment in the paper room, the Eldorado of the prison, where old ledgers, blue books, and the sweepings of Government offices had to be sorted. The sorters were generally rewarded by "finds" of the most delectable kinds—scraps of tobacco, cigarettes, novels, pencils, penknives, and what not. Turkey became a purveyor of such trifles to his fellows; but one day, tumbling on the stairs, he let fall a faggot of pencils.

"Halt, there!" said the warder of Turkey's party, when they reached the landing, and Turkey was haled from the ranks. Searched on the spot, he was found to be a mere museum of smuggled goods. They were shaken from his shirt, they were sorted from his socks, they were sifted from his shoes. Conviction, in a word, was flung at him in the lump.

The gentry of the party who were to have fingered this plunder felt some amount of distress, but the situation had its humorous side, which no one appreciated more than Turkey.

"Reg'lar brimmin' over wif quiet fun, ain't it, gents?" he observed.

But it was an awful offence, and Turkey slept that night in a punishment cell. The authorities took counsel concerning him, and the governor decided that he must be brought before the visiting magistrates. So, when those "avenging

Solons" came—a whole bench of them—they heard all about the wickedness of Turkey, who, in due course, was introduced to them.

"Should you like to be birched?" asked the chairman, when the cause had been considered.

Turkey looked as if his dignity were a little hurt by the suggestion, but he responded softly:

"Well, gentlemen all, it ain't for a pore criminel like me to stand agin the rools. If it's birchin', it's birchin'."

"We can have you birched on the spot," observed the chairman.

But the culprit had taken stock of the court, and gathered that it was mainly with him.

Drawing the back of his hand across his mouth, he said sweetly:

"Fact is, yer worships, I bin throo' it. Done me bit 'o birchin' at the School. It wouldn't, so ter say, be nuthin' new to me."

The crowning sensation of Turkey's sojourn was his love affair with a lady whose window overlooked the exercise yard. The whole prison knew of it; they enjoyed it in the open, and meditated on it in their cells. If the story of Turkey is a capital "humour" of prison life, as the story of "The Release of Benjamin Cudd" is a revelation of its grimmest side, other stories in the book please us less. We think that Mr. Hopkins commits a rather grave literary mistake in mixing with these faithful stories such Poesque and impossible narratives as "The Master Key of Newgate," "The Singular Conduct of C 53," and "Princess Trubetskoi." These stories are merely melodramatic impossibilities, and have no place side by side with the others. What is worse, the blend of accurate delineation of prison life with wild invention is found within the same story. In "The Master Key of Newgate" Mr. Hopkins supposes that when Newgate ceased to be a regular prison the last Newgate prisoner, a doctor charged with murder, was left in the building under the care of one aged warder. Given this situation it was easy to tell a grim story; but then the situation is absurd. In the story of C 53 we have a prisoner of such mesmeric power that with a single glance he can strike a warder into "a state of cataleptic rigidity," while from his cell a "subtle unponderable force" spreads through an English prison of to-day, terrorising warders and afflicting prisoners with deafness, dumbness, and insanity. This will not do at all. There are three *genres* of prison stories: the historical, which Mr. Hopkins treated admirably in his book, *The Dungeons of Paris*; the realistic, which he achieves in several of these stories; and the Poesque, in which he can do pretty things. But these styles must not be mixed; Mr. Hopkins cannot be a prison expert and a soaring melodramatist in one and the same book, and we hope he will not again essay such a feat. It is unnecessary to say that this book is well written. *An Idler in Old France* and *Lady Bonnie's Experiment* had qualities of style which Mr. Hopkins was not likely to lose or carelessly abandon.

The Other Pole.

The Antarctic Regions. By Dr. Karl Fricker. With Maps, Plates, and Illustrations in the Text. Translated by A. Sonnenschein. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

BEFORE taking flight altogether from a much explored world, Mystery—as far as she is a geographical entity—has entrenched herself in a narrow circle about the Southern Pole. There she may yet withstand a long siege, for, hampered by the results of accurate observation, we know far less about her secret places than was known long since by the ancient cartographers in the light of a sweet unreasonableness that guessed, and was satisfied with what it guessed.

In short, the Antarctic Pole is a place with a past of meagre

romance. This book of Dr. Fricker's embodies that past. It is an exhaustive account of what had been done up to the time of its going to press—a line which excludes the valuable results of the Newnes expedition. Long before *Tit-Bits*, in the days of Claudius Ptolemy, the Aristotle of his art, Terra Australis figured handsomely as the complement of a contorted Africa and Asia, with them perfectly land-locking the Indian Ocean. The circumnavigation of Africa by Vasco da Gama was a blow to this theory; but Terra Australis survived it—as, indeed, is testified by the name of Good Hope bestowed upon the continent's southernmost extremity. Schöner's globe of 1533 shows Terra Australis, "recenter inventa sed nondum plene cognita," as picturesque in outline as any continent fresh from the hand of Nature. Boldly outfacing inconvenient discoveries, the map-maker, alone with his compasses and graters, did but deepen his inlets, widen out his bays, and diversify his headlands; minded to convince, as it were, by the sheer force of intrinsic probability; as though he would appeal: Is it possible that nature, having a free hand to make continents, should have left unmade so nice a continent as this?

When Cook, in 1738, finally demonstrated that the Terra Australis must follow Atlantis into the limbo of exploded myths, the cartographer bounced to the opposite extreme and declared, as did Florien in the eighteenth century and Peterman and Peschel in this, that the Pole was surged over by a boundless sea, in which the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Indian Oceans mingled their waters. The result of Cook's explorations, so far as Terra Australis is concerned, are thus summed up:

Cook . . . proved the absence of a southern continent . . . and at the same time the preponderance of water in the southern hemisphere. . . . He was the first to bring a report of the completely polar character of these apparently desolate ice-clad islands, destitute of all vegetation, as he was the first to relate the dangers of the great southern polar ocean, covered with ice and innumerable icebergs . . . — 'countries condemned to everlasting rigidity by Nature, never to yield to the warmth of the sun, for whose wild and desolate aspect I find no words: such are the countries we have discovered: what, then, may those resemble which lie still further to the south? It is reasonable to suppose that we have seen the best, being the most northerly. Should anyone possess the resolution and the fortitude to elucidate this point by pushing yet further south than I have done, I shall not envy him the fame of his discovery; but I make bold to declare that the world will derive no benefit from it.'

That such daring spirits were found is a familiar fact. Bouvet, Balleny, Enderby, Graham have called after their own names the rare outcrops of inhospitable shore. Dumont d'Urville's sketches illustrate this volume. Here are portraits of Gottlieb von Bellingshausen and Charles Wilkes; and among a hundred others you have here the doings of James Clark Ross, the discoverer of that volcanic belt of mountainous land which bears the name of the Queen. If any man, says the German author, deserves to be regarded as the hero of Antarctic Exploration, surely it is he:

In the domain of science, the results of Ross's travels constitute not so much a revolution as the first accurate data for modern geographical reasoning, to say nothing of our extended knowledge of the distribution of land and water in the Antarctic regions. The principal task, that of reaching the southern magnetic pole, remained undischarged. . . . On the other hand, Ross succeeded in determining and locating this pole with extreme accuracy; and, moreover, the magnetic observations constantly and conscientiously carried on in the most difficult and adverse circumstances, afford such a mine of information that to this day our knowledge of the magnetic conditions of the higher southern latitudes is almost exclusively drawn from it.

The grim monotony of his dangerous way for hundreds

of miles along the great ice barrier was varied by moments of more importunate peril:

Just as Ross, warned by the small driving blocks of ice, had made every arrangement for rounding to during the night, a large iceberg was seen through the heavy snow shower ahead of the *Erebus*, and close to it. The vessel was immediately turned, but the next moment it was seen that a collision with the *Terror* was unavoidable. The *Erebus* lost her bowsprit and topmast through the shock, and the two ships, entangled by their rigging, were violently dashed against each other in the huge breakers raging and foaming against the berg. At length the *Terror* got clear; and, finally, the *Erebus* was extricated, by an extremely hazardous experiment, from her perilous situation, where her yardarms were actually striking the face of the iceberg. Scarcely had this been accomplished when a second berg was seen to be quite close; but by another skilful manœuvre the ship was brought through the channel between the two bergs, and under their lee, where the *Terror* had already rounded to in safety. At daybreak it appeared that the ships had safely escaped through the only opening in a chain of icebergs extending right across the horizon.

That the history of Ross's achievements is so little known, and that the public interest in them is so slight by comparison with the enthusiasm that is greedy for news of the North, is partly accounted for by the absence of a human object for Antarctic search. Whatever may be found in that region—and no one expects to find anything precious—man is absent from a land that by no essay of ingenuity could be taught to support him. For the climate is considerably more rigorous than that which characterises the corresponding region of the northern hemisphere. The explanation of this is based upon the fact that whereas the sun shines vertically upon lands on the north side of the equator 186 days in the year, the southern countries are shone upon vertically only 179 days. The summer sun is nearer indeed, and therefore hotter, in the south; but it is further off in winter, which again is a longer season than with us. It will not, of course, be supposed that this exhausts the subject. Indeed, the complete explanation is not yet forthcoming. Of this, as of the questions suggested by the configuration of the ice and the still scanty indications of the geological formations, Dr. Fricker treats at length.

The Founder of the Zoo.

Sir Stamford Raffles. By Hugh Edward Egerton, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

WITH but few exceptions, the life histories of the Builders of Greater Britain are tragedies, and that of Sir Stamford Raffles, the man who gave Singapore to the Empire, and founded the Zoological Gardens in London, must be counted in the majority. Sir Stamford was born in 1781, and entered the service of the old John Company in 1795. Like so many men who have done great things, he suffered from poor health. His life in the East was little less than a martyrdom, and in 1822, at the age of forty-one, he was "a little old man, all yellow and shrivelled, with his hair pretty well blanched." Raffles was a furious worker; his ordinary work would have more than satisfied an ordinary man, but, somehow, he found time to gain a European reputation as a *savant*, and to make invaluable collections and reports about the natural history of the islands round Sumatra and Java. He was, in fact, the very type of the man whom officials at home detested even more at the beginning of the century than they do now. The easy-going clerk in London likes a man who causes no bother and who makes graceful concessions, upon which a humanitarian gloss can be put if awkward questions are asked. Raffles was a man who worked hard for the Company and England, and he frequently got severely

snubbed for his pains. Happily, in the matter of founding Singapore, he got his way, but the building up of the British Empire has always been the story of a constant struggle between strong men on the spot and feeble men at home.

Of the acquisition and surrender of Java there is no need to treat here; the island is only an item in the Empire which we have conquered and given away in the last hundred and fifty years. But on Raffles' return home, in 1816, he had an interview with Napoleon at St. Helena, which is not without interest. Captain Travers describes the interview:

On our approaching Napoleon turned quickly round to receive us, and, taking off his hat, put it under his arm. His reception was not only not dignified or graceful, but absolutely vulgar and authoritative. He put a series of questions to Mr. Raffles in such quick succession as to render it impossible to reply to one before another was put. His first request was to have Mr. Raffles' name pronounced distinctly. He then asked him in what country he was born? How long had he been in India? Whether he had accompanied the expedition against the island of Java? . . . All these questions were put with great rapidity, and, before replied to, he turned round to Captain Garnham and myself, asked our names, and what service we had seen. . . . On his making a slight inclination of the head, we prepared to take our leave, and on making our bow we parted. Napoleon continued his walk and we returned to the house.

In March, 1818, Sir Stamford Raffles returned to Bencoolan as Lieut.-Governor, and in the following year founded the new settlement at Singapore. He was extremely anxious to find a spot which could be made a counterpoise to Batavia, where the Dutch concentrated all the trade of the Far East in their own hands. It is difficult nowadays to realise the fact that eighty years ago little Holland claimed the monopoly of the Far East. The Dutch were the most powerful nation in India, having 15,000 troops and a large fleet. Raffles was determined that England should not be cut out of the lucrative trade, and he managed to open the way without shedding a drop of blood, though unsupported by ministers at home, and criticised, snubbed, and censured by his chiefs of the East India Company. Dutch dominion meant monopoly; the goal of Sir Stamford was free trade, and he won the victory alone and single-handed. It became absolutely necessary to find a place which should serve as a headquarters for English trade, and Sir Stamford hit on Singapore.

"But for my Malay studies [he says] I should hardly have known that such a place existed; not only the European but the Indian world was also ignorant of it. . . . It is within a week's sail of China; still closer to Siam, Cochin China, &c.; in the very heart of the Archipelago, or, as the Malays call it, it is the navel of the Malay countries." . . . In a despatch of over forty pages to the Supreme Government, Raffles explained, and justified, the acquisition of Singapore. It had been necessary "to obtain a post which should have a commanding geographical position off the southern entrance of the Straits of Malacca; which should be in the track of our China and country trade; which should be capable of affording them protection and of supplying their wants; which should possess capabilities of defence by a moderate force; which might give us the means of supporting and extending our commercial intercourse with the Malay States; and which, by its contiguity to the seat of the Dutch power, might enable us to watch the march of its policy, and, if necessary, to counteract its influence."

All this Singapore has done, and has most amply fulfilled Raffles' prophecy that one free port in those seas would eventually destroy the spell of Dutch monopoly. But few people in those days realised what the port was to become, and, sad to relate, Sir Stamford did not live to enjoy the fruits of his labours. Early in 1824 he set sail for home, but the ship caught fire two days after starting, and Sir

Stamford lost all his valuable collections, and, indeed, everything that he possessed, he and his family barely escaping with their lives. He reached England, however, in the same year, and hoped to settle down at Highwood, near Hendon. But the John Company in 1826 formally demanded the repayment of £22,200 which he was said to have overdrawn during the term of his rule in the Far East. This no doubt shortened Sir Stamford's life. On July 4, 1826, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and died the next day, prematurely aged and worn out before completing his forty-fifth year.

Mr. Egerton has hardly made as much of his subject as it deserves, but, on the whole, he has done his work well. He might, perhaps, have given a little more space to the founding of the Zoological Gardens in 1825. The book is furnished with an index, which gives everything of importance and adds much to the value of the work. A reproduction of the fine bust of Sir Stamford by Chantrey is the frontispiece to the volume.

What is Africa ?

African Nights' Entertainment. By A. J. Dawson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Little Indabas: Stories of Kaffir, Boer, and Natal Life. By J. Mac. (Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

THESE extremely diverse books will help by their diversity to give an effective impression of that enormous and lethargic unit among the continents, Africa. We speak of Africa, but in speaking we only use a name; there is no living idea behind it. What is Africa? It is a something that we cannot grasp. It is Rameses, the Shereef of Wazan, and Cecil Rhodes. It is the theatre of every known colonising system, from the atrocious ineptitudes of Belgium, under which an undersized man who would have kept ledgers in Brussels while away the time between meals by committing murder, to the haughty and abrupt sagacities of England. Virtually, Africa still endures in its pristine condition. None of these things moves that elephantine mass. The combined forces of Europe have scarcely yet begun to tickle the outlying parts of it. Judged in their relation to the whole African entity, such matters as Anglo-Boer wars, Morocco difficulties, and Egyptian occupations, dwindle to insignificant and ephemeral trifles. What are they to Africa? And that writers in Fleet-street should employ themselves in making literature out of these trifles must seem to the Pyramids very like a piece of youthful Europe's pertness. Nevertheless, the Pyramids notwithstanding, this literature must and will be made, and is being made in ever-increasing quantities. Certainly the field is about as inexhaustible as anything sublunary can be. Mr. A. J. Dawson's Moors have probably never heard of Mr. J. Mac's Dutch and Kaffirs, and will not hear of them for centuries to come: that is Africa.

For ourselves, *qua* connoisseurs in humanity, we prefer the Moor. He is an unspeakable beast, but he has the grand manner; he is perfectly picturesque, and he is a gentleman beyond the capacity of any Occidental. Mr. Dawson is a brilliant writer, but we think he is almost the least suitable of brilliant writers to deal artistically with the Moor. Keen and witty observation will not atone for lack of sympathy. And Mr. Dawson is not sympathetic. He regards the Moor and the entire spectacle of North Africa simply as an excuse for being very smart indeed, and for curdling the blood of the pallid Anglo-Saxon who happens not to have travelled that way. His favourite trick is to bring together a male African and a female European, or a male European and a female African, and then make the sparks fly. It is, of course, easy to imagine horrors when "a gently-nurtured English girl" (as the phrase goes) finds herself mated to either a nigger or a

Moor. And Mr. Dawson does, indeed, love to savour those horrors. They are "too unpleasant to write or think about—much," he says; but he writes about them a great deal, and so you are compelled to think about them. He remarks that the relations between Daisy Tempest, aged nineteen, and her full-blooded negro husband, had reached "the shuddering stage," and he describes the shudder:

You can see it if the husband comes into the room suddenly and walks up to her chair. It is a long, in-drawing shudder, beginning at the ankles, and running upward until it unfolds the hands, and they quiver in the lap. Then the shoulders take it from the wrists with a little convulsive twist, and crush it down finally into the fluttering bosom. Not pretty. But a moment's consideration will show you how inevitable, unless you are a good, innocent, racial-equality person. In which case, do not read this story, and, as you value your innocence, do not ever leave England, unless on a "personally conducted" tour.

The concluding sentences are a specimen of Mr. Dawson's not-too-subtle sarcasm. In "The Richard Merlin Document" he sets out to show that, in his virtuosity, he can be more horrid over the case of the Englishman and the Moorish maiden than over that of the Moor and the English maiden. This tale is a sinister and ghastly variant of a famous story of two lovers in Villiers de l'Isle Adam's *Nouveaux Contes Cruels*. It is one of the most appalling recitals that we can remember. We do not like it, and we shall not praise it. It decidedly produces an effect on the mind; so would an execution or a railway accident. The best story in the book is the first, "Annals of a Saintly House," in which the marriage of Muli Hassan Gharbi, the most holy of all shereefs, to Margaret Wycombe, is treated in a vein of true comedy, and the sentimental appeal carefully avoided. Margaret Wycombe knew her own mind, and bore herself superbly as a lady-shereef. The tale is full of fine gorgeous colour, and the descriptions of Hassan's wooing at Trouville, and his processional marriage-journey into the interior, are admirable examples of prose at once comic and highly picturesque.

Little Indabas begins with a brief introduction by Mr. Edward Garnett. Mr. Garnett has proved himself before to-day to be a wise and discriminating critic of fiction; but we think that he over-estimates the worth of Mr. Mac's book. He says:

That is the beauty of the document! It presents us, not with the fancy, idealised pictures of the writer who is drawing his conclusions to please his countrymen's prejudices, but with the bald, harsh outlines that curve off towards the truth that is unwelcome. The intelligent can always criticise the document when they get it; and the great, trustful Public!—well, the great Public can be trusted to murmur that the document of life is "queer" or "uninteresting," and doesn't seem quite to fit in with "what the newspapers say."

That is all very well. Yet we have failed to perceive the bald, harsh outlines curving towards the truth. There is a considerable amount of expectoration in the little volume, but Mr. Mac's insistence on the spitting propensities of the Kaffirs and South African Dutch does not appear to us to have much practical value in the presentment of racial character. Mr. Mac is a pessimist with a tendency to violence. His attacks on good, kind Exeter Hall are absolutely ferocious—so ferocious as to be farcical. He holds a very bad opinion of everybody in South Africa—Kaffir, English, or Dutch, or any permutation or combination of the three. His gifts as a writer are not remarkable: he lacks two things—experience and imagination. His scenes and his people are not realised for us. The least feeble tale in the book is "The White-Patched Kaffir," which recounts a duel of diplomacy and deceit between an Englishman and a Kaffir.

Meanwhile, Africa continues.

Other New Books.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815: LIGNY,
QUATRE-BRAS, WATERLOO.

BY WILLIAM
O'CONNOR MORRIS.

If it were not for the admirable index which crowns Judge O'Connor Morris's history of 1815, we should have been compelled to write of it as a superfluous book. As it is, however, we venture to think that it must take the place of the translation of M. Houssaye's masterly work, recently published and reviewed in these columns, as the standard history of Waterloo in the English language.

When two books identical in subject and scope and point of view are published within a few months of each other, it is necessary to indulge in the odious comparison, the bounden duty of the reviewer to give a casting vote. We cheerfully admit that until we turned the last page of Judge Morris's book we were in favour of M. Houssaye. After comparison of chapter with chapter, description with description, conclusion with conclusion, it seemed to us that there was little or nothing of any import in Judge O'Connor Morris's book which was wanting in the work of the French scholar, while M. Houssaye had clear claim to the honour of his untiring industry and original research, the results of which Judge Morris makes free use of, acknowledging his indebtedness frankly and generously. But both books are obviously works of reference intended for the student. Neither writer has the true historian's gift of breathing life into dry bones; neither history is inscribed to the general public or boasts elements of popularity. And so, other things being equal, there being no radical difference between the two books on the score of accuracy, or fairness, or completeness, the palm must be awarded to that which will prove most handy for reference, most useful for consultation. There can be no doubt as to which volume better fulfils these conditions. M. Houssaye's enormous collection of notes giving authorities and explanations and documentary evidence is crowded together at the end of the book, whereas Judge Morris has wisely compressed much similar matter into the text and has printed any further information at the bottom of the page to which it refers. And M. Houssaye's book is completely wanting in an index of any kind whatever, while it is the easiest thing to turn up any reference in *The Campaign of 1815*. There is no need to dwell on the advantage of such an arrangement: *cela saute aux yeux*.

The only differences we have noted between the two writers are, as already stated, of slight moment. Both M. Houssaye and Judge Morris seem to have read and marked every possible authority, and to have spent endless pains over compilation and comparison; but we are glad to find that the English writer does ampler justice to Mr. Ropes's excellent work, which has been the basis of all modern histories of Napoleon's campaigns. Both authors agree in the main features of their criticisms of the various plans of campaign and the actions of the various generals on both sides, but there is a difference of opinion with regard to the state of Napoleon's health on the fateful day of Waterloo, and here it appears to us M. Houssaye carries greater conviction. (Grant Richards.)

SCRAMBLES IN THE EASTERN
GRAIANS.

BY GEORGE YELD.

The happy egoism of the Alpinist is a virtue unto itself. Man innocently revelling in the charm of seeming (if not of feeling) boyish is a refreshing spectacle. Mr. Yeld is no exception. He is the editor of the *Alpine Journal*, and an acknowledged authority on the Cogne Group. But one can imagine him saying thereanent—for he has a gift of felicitous quotation—"That is 'all my eye and Betty Martin'; I am a climber for the sake of the fun." And so, though he holds a brief for Mont Herbetet, which he avers, rather disputably, "has been defrauded of his rights" by the Grand Paradis, the Grivola, and the Tour St. Pierre; and though he is a bit of a botanist, noting

many a beautiful flower disguised in latinity, it is primarily as the adult boy that he appeals to us. The scrambles were enjoyed, with Mr. Coolidge and others, during the years 1878-1897, and partook of the nature of explorations, as the exertions of Messrs. W. Mathews, J. J. Cowell, and others in the Grand Paradis district, left much to their successors in the way of "detailed examination of the various ridges and glaciers" (*vide* Ball).

For a specimen of the boyish element in the book take this passage: "One blanket between five! . . . We begin to arrange ourselves. 'Séraphin, have you a little stone for my head?' My humble request was followed by a roar of laughter, which sent us generally to our [extemporised mattress of] rhododendrons in a good humour." Or take this episode in an ascent: "François twice mounted on Sylvain's shoulder, and, to illustrate how absorbed he was in the work, I may relate that in one place, when I was standing close to him on a narrow ledge, and he was helping Sylvain up with the rope, he took a small handful out of my beard, which he had unawares included in his grip."

That guides, even if they do not, like Zurbriggen, write books, may have fine perceptions is evidenced by the following:

One day when I had finished my Capri Bianco too soon, François offered me some of their red wine; and when I objected that it would be robbing them for me to take it, he said: "Mais nous voyageons en frère dans les montagnes, n'est-ce pas?" Another day, when Sylvain and I were together in Val Tournanche, and regarding the Matterhorn, he said: "Comme il impose silence, le Cervin!"

The book is not free from the dull trivialities which abound in this class of literature, the index is meagre, and the proofs have been carelessly read; but it is a pleasant book, touched with culture, and well illustrated. One thing we can never understand: why the English Alpinist should persistently regard the tourist as a being of an inferior order to himself. Are they not both tourists? (Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

THE WALKERS OF SOUTHOATE. BY W. A. BETTESWORTH.

Strictly speaking, this is not a book at all: it is a family compilation, which had it been prepared a few years ago would have been privately printed. To-day, however, cricket is in the air, cricket is the thing, and the volume is, therefore, placed on the market. Not that it is not interesting; on the contrary, it is; but we cannot consider it a book. For one thing, too many persons have had a hand in the making—an author (Mr. Bettesworth), a general editor (Mr. Sachs), fifteen reminiscencers, and two contributors. For another thing, the arrangement is scrappy and not too clear. But the name of Walker is a great one in cricket, and there will doubtless be enthusiasts who will go through these four hundred and odd pages religiously enough. Our own opinion is that had Mr. Bettesworth worked longer at the task, and welded all the information laid before him into a short narrative not longer than Mr. Gale's memoir of "Bob" Grimston, he would have done better, and something good might have been added to cricket literature. We say with reluctance that, as a matter of fact, not all the Walkers merited a history at all. Mr. V. E. Walker and Mr. I. D. Walker pre-eminently did, and it is difficult to read too much about them. Of the others it is pleasant to know something, but a few pages would have been sufficient. Mr. V. E. Walker and Mr. R. D. Walker are still living. (Methuen. 16s.)

"THE HADDON HALL LIBRARY":

HUNTING.

BY J. ORHO PAGET.

Mr. Paget is an enthusiast with discretion, and knows his subject. Your true open-air sportsman (Mr. Paget very properly suggests that without open air the word sport is meaningless) nearly always has the faculty of

holding attention: within his limits he is trained to the closest observation; he can afford to miss nothing; his brain and body are in absolute accord. Such men—and Mr. Paget is no exception—think straight, and say what they have to say with precision.

The greater part of the book is, naturally, concerned with fox-hunting and all that pertains to it. The breeding, rearing, and training of hounds are considered with a common-sense freedom from prejudice. Mr. Paget has no fads as far as his favourite sport is concerned, his idea being to get every ounce of value out of every creature concerned, from hounds to M.F.H., from fox to huntsman and whippers-in—every ounce, but no more. Each, in his kind, must be an artist: it is the artist's privilege to do his best; therefore hard work is essential. Fox-hunters may be born as well as poets, but both must learn the rules of the game; you can make neither. It is greatly to be hoped that the person who buys a couple of horses, pays his hunt subscription, and forthwith considers himself fully equipped, will read what an expert like Mr. Paget has to say before arriving at that desperate conclusion. His neck, perhaps, does not matter much, but farmers' hedges and fences and the comfort of the field do. "An M.F.H., to be perfect," writes Mr. Paget, "must embody all the virtues of a saint with the commanding genius of a Kitchener and the tact of a diplomatist." This is a true saying. The man who could always command his temper under the diabolical strain of an M.F.H.'s duties would be capable of going smilingly into any conceivable situation and coming out on top.

The chapters devoted to hare, stag, and otter hunting, though not so exhaustive, are much to the point. "There is no technical detail," says Mr. Paget "that is beneath the notice and study of any one who loves the sport he pursues." This might have been wisely set upon the title-page of his book. The most interesting illustrations are portraits of well-known huntsmen, with Tom Firr, late huntsman to Quorn, in the place of honour. Of him Mr. Paget writes: "I consider he was as near perfection as it is possible to find anything in this world." (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

THE DAY BY DAY COOKERY BOOK. BY A. N. WHYBROW.

A. N. Whybrow is a veritable Napoleon of the kitchen. He (or she) has provided *menus* for the breakfast, luncheon, and dinner of every day in the year, except "when February's days are twenty-nine." The book is for those who can afford to sacrifice honest yolks in order to enjoy that slightly bizarre dainty known as "stuffed eggs." It is, in short, a book for the West End, and as such it is really admirable. It shows remarkable versatility, and, at the same time, preserves a thoroughly British table. Accompanying the *menus* are concise directions for the preparation of the dishes enumerated in them. Our plebeian, but excellent, friend, Toad-in-the-Hole, is the one bright spot in an otherwise sombre luncheon on January 26, and he reappears on March 27. Oranges as an item for breakfast strike us as rather queer; but we have known reputable citizens to "begin with an apple," and even with a glass of hot water. (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

MURET-SANDERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIC GERMAN DICTIONARY.

An English-German dictionary on the lines of the monumental French-German work of Sachs-Villatte is at length an accomplished fact, and publishers and editors are to be congratulated on having produced a work that is in every way worthy of its great predecessor, and is destined, if we mistake not, to give a considerable impulse to the serious study of German in this country. To discuss the elaborate plan of the dictionary does not fall within the province of this paper, but some idea of its scope may be gathered from the fact that the abridged edition—for "Hand and School" use—runs to nearly two thousand closely-printed pages (11 in. by 8 in.) and weighs ten pounds.

Fiction.

Public Sacrifices.

Hilda Wade. By Grant Allen. With Illustrations by Gordon Browne. (Richards. 6s.)

Little Anna Mark. By S. R. Crockett. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

"My pensive Public, wherefore look you sad?" exclaimed the Brothers Smith in an immortal parody. If the public had an artistic conscience it should often be detected in the act of mourning the offences against art which it causes its brethren, the novelists, to inflict. Chief among these offences are the apotheosis of noise, the complication of the simple and the falsification of the real. For the distinguishing vices in the two romances before us the public is responsible, and if it is not pensive it ought to be.

For one of the authors, Mr. Grant Allen, is no more. *Hilda Wade* is his last novel. The brilliant empiricism that had in it something of the forthrightness of science utters its last word in the embodiment of a new type, a woman of an amazing memory and power of intuition who acted as a nurse in an English hospital though she was worthy to have entered "the pale of the Vrilya."

It is convenient to quote a short passage in this connexion:

It was Le Geyt's first luncheon-party since his second marriage. Big-bearded, genial, he beamed round on us jubilant. . . . The new Mrs. de Geyt sat at the head of the table, handsome, capable, self-possessed, a vivid, vigorous woman, and a model hostess. Though still quite young, she was large and commanding. Everybody was impressed by her. "Such a good mother to those poor motherless children!" all the ladies declared. . . . And, indeed, she had the face of a splendid manager. . . . "Hugo le Geyt seems to have made an excellent choice," I murmured. . . . "Don't you think so?"

[Miss Wade] glanced up at her hostess with a piercing dart of the keen brown eyes, held her wine-glass half-raised, and then electrified me by uttering, in the same low tone, audible to me alone. . . . these astounding words: "I think, before twelve months are out, Mr. Le Geyt will have murdered her."

Now, daringly improbable as is the supposition that such a pronouncement should issue from a lady-guest at a luncheon party, the scene thrills, and when the prophecy is fulfilled one is thrilled anew. Such a thrill does not arise from the fulfilment of arbitrary prophecies in fiction, as, for instance, when the Third Kalandar plays into the hands of the astrologers, by letting the knife drop into the heart of the Shaykh's son. Why? Because this tragedy is the result of causes not to be found in individuals but in destiny; and there is no game really worth watching in fiction that is settled by that *deus ex machina*.

To show that *Hilda* is the mouthpiece of Science, not of destiny, let us turn to Mr. Furneaux Jordan's *Character as Seen in Body and Parentage*, where may be found some curious generalisations on women of the type of Mrs. Le Geyt:

I came slowly to see [he says (we quote from the third edition)] that the skin of the assaulted women [brought into the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham] was often clear, delicate, perhaps rosy. Their hair growth was never heavy or long, and the eyebrows were spare and refined. Their upper spinal curves were so formed as to give a somewhat convex appearance to the back and shoulders.

They were, in short, naggers, hall-marked by Nature. The assaults were but violently logical tributes to the activity of what, for the gaiety of nations, we may be allowed to term their "Caudie" appendage. Such a lesson in the art of induction spurred Mr. Jordan on to visualising Lady Godivas and Sir Galahads of his own, by fitting appropriate bodies to the dispositions he imagined them to possess. The same lesson, as we see,

inspired Mr. Grant Allen with the main idea of a long story of modern life. It must be admitted that, while the story remains under that inspiration, it is absorbing, when it departs from it it is tedious. Nowhere does Mr. Allen produce a more vivid effect than when Hilda lifts the grizzled end of a great professor's moustache, while he is unconscious, to show the cruel curve of his mouth. If only, the reader cries, the intellectual duel with the professor—which is the substance of the book—had been fought out in the laboratory, how satisfactory a book it might have been. But who is to believe in a professor who chases a hospital nurse in Africa and Asia, who plots her murder with Matabele cut-throats and Tibetan fanatics? And who can but regret the tameness with which a tremendous piece of sensation, borrowed from "The Case of M. Valdemar," falls into rank among the other properties that hold the stage at the melodramatic close of the story?

It was the public who spoiled *Hilda Wade*; it is the public who spoiled *Little Anna Mark*. Yet in the latter case it is probable that the public would plead "Not Guilty," for the public would scarcely see the reason for the curious piece of biographical falsification which Mr. Crockett has here accomplished. His story describes the adventures of a son of that Philip Standsfield, of New-Milns in Scotland, who in the reign of James II. was hanged for high treason and parricide. There is a long report of the affair in Howell's *State Trials*, to which Mr. Crockett directs the reader in a footnote. We at all events have taken advantage of the direction, and must express ourselves astonished that Mr. Crockett should have thought it worth while to bring a ruffian, whom Clio reports hanged and mutilated, to a mysterious "Isle of the Winds," thence to hurl him into a gaping volcano guarded (somewhat supererogatorily) by venomous snakes. Moreover, the sentence on the real Philip Standsfield asserts him "to have forfeited, amitted, and tint all and sundry his lands, heretages, titles, offices, tacks, steddings, rouns, possessions, goods, and gear whatsoever pertaining to him, to our sovereign lord, to remain perpetually with his highness in property." Yet we find Philip the younger stepping into the estate as though King James had never been born. We see little point in the massacre of history. It is but fair to say, however, that *Little Anna Mark* is a story so full of heart and humour that, realising it is Mr. Crockett's twentieth work of imagination, we can but lift up our hands in praise of his staying powers. To begin with, Anna Mark herself, who figured in the *State Trial* (giving evidence at the age of ten) is, in Mr. Crockett's story, expanded into a truly delightful maiden. She is courage incarnate, and ever maintains her superiority over the hero, who, let us add, is free from the objectionable except in the initial effrontery which allows a child to set forth with much circumstance the life of a despicable parent. Gruesomeness reaches the high-water mark of intelligibility in the passage where an apprentice (named in the report of the *State Trial*) thrusts his sword through and through a packing-case which contains a live man. There the reader holds his breath. But yonder in the Isle of Winds and in Porto Rico, Illusion suspends her kind offices. We do not believe in Eborra of the "blood of kings" and his army of *fers de lance*; we do not believe in the shoal of devil-fish that carried the hero's craft to Porto Rico—Victor Hugo knew none of them, nor yet his *travailleurs de la mer*. We do not believe in the Grand Reunion on Mr. Crockett's Island. But we do believe in little Anna, while she is little, and hits "Bowie Fleemister on the elbow-joint" in order to persuade the hero, who is jealous of her accuracy of aim, that she is missing a bullock. And we believe in Mr. Crockett's Scotch, which is racy—racy, perhaps, as any now written, and well furnished with words that deserve the distinction of a glossary, though they do not balk the reader, who somehow manages to fit a meaning to most of them. Yet the

fact remains that the public has vitiated Mr. Crockett's talent just as it vitiated Mr. Allen's. Science was enough to have supplied sufficing interest to a larger book than *Hilda Wade*. The bare painful facts of Standsfield's ignominious career offer foundations for a story rich with the wonder of life. Yet the public said "Give us Noise," and Noise was given unto them. But Reality hid her face.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE COURTESY DAME.

BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

The fragrance of Mr. Gilchrist's story *The Peakland Faggot* is in this story of Old Derbyshire life, and of Anne Witchett—"a fine lady when she pleases, a country wench by nature"—the protégé of Lord Bostern. The story of the relationship of these two is as original as it is delightful. "Her birthday is in April," he said with a sigh, "and hers is an April fortune. An ideal April, mind you, Stan—infinity more sunshine than rain. But when there is rain, a real torrent." The story is dedicated to Mr. Eden Phillpotts. (Heinemann. 6s.)

TALES OF THE PAMPAS.

BY WILLIAM BULFIN.

The excellent "Overseas Library" is slowly but surely pegging out its claims in remote fields. The West Indies, the Guiana wilds, Kaffraria, and portions of Asia have already yielded their volumes. Here we are taken to the pampas of South America, where we are presumed to know the meaning of *pulperia*, *pingo*, *comadre*, *nino*, and *guapo*. Ranch and camp life and hints of cattle trooping and revolutions give colour and substance to these racy stories, of which the first is concerned with a bad man, and the second with an enchanted toad. "Sailor John" was very unpopular. He was dishonest. He stuttered. He despised the Irish and the Guachos. He was a liar." (Unwin. 2s.)

THE SHADOW OF QUONG LUNG.

BY DR. C. W. DOYLE.

"Of course, the best thing to do with Chinatown would be to burn it down." So says Dr. Doyle in his preface to this story, in which he sets forth the terrible condition of the slave girls in Chinatown, San Francisco. The term "slave girls" is curious; but Dr. Doyle proceeds: "The kidnapping of Moy Yen . . . can be matched by many cases that have actually occurred in Chinatown." Readers of Dr. Doyle's faithful transcriptions of life under the Himalayas, published under the title of *The Taming of the Jungle*, will not be inclined to suspect the author of exaggeration even when he is most forcible. (Constable. 3s. 6d.)

NEIGHBOURS.

BY JULIA M. CROTTIE.

We have here just a score of short sketches or episodes of Tipperary village life, under such piquant titles as "The Sunday-Boy," "The Town in Danger," "The Delicate Tinker," &c. The whole spirit of the book seems to be indicated in the lines chanted by a voice in a room above O'Dell's drinking-shop:

Down the New Walk, in bonnets and shawls,
Down the New Walk go the three Miss Costigans,
Eliza's the best, for she is best dressed,
Oh, Eliza's the best of the three Miss Costigans.

(Unwin. 6s.)

THE WHISTLING MAID.

BY ERNEST RHYS

The period of this story, by the author of *The Fiddler of Carne*, is somewhere in the days of yore. We are concerned with the fortunes of a Welsh family, and in particular with the adventures of the gallant maid of Rhos, in her effort to bring aid to a beleaguered house. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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This also is Vanity.

I HAVE no doubt that writing is too much written about. But in these days, when literature is become a great amorphous craft, whose professors work in the open, and whose secrets are proclaimed from the house-tops, what is one to do? The future of literature can only be divined from its present state, and if that state is one of some confusion and blatancy one must still meet talk with talk, or take no part in the business. It happens that I am in the business; silence is not in my choice. My hands are imbrued in a dozen processes—need I name them?—of the writing trade. I like my work, and I am grateful for my bread and butter, and there you are! And yet there are things that trouble one in the night watches—things that must trouble every sincere writer who is doing his little best to sift and class and describe the myriad literature of the day. Other voices, of men immersed in the same work and of older experience, have been raised from time to time in discharge of convictions forced upon them by their toil in this immeasurable tangled vineyard of letters. One or two notable warnings have been given very recently. We have been told—I think with reason—that novelists can no longer hope to spread good quiet work over a lifetime and gather in a lifetime of appreciation. They must make a rush for it; and ten years of public favour is named as the prudent notch of their expectation. Soon, doubtless, there will be an unwritten Septennial Act under which successful authors will be dismissed as surely as Parliament. Only it will be useless for them to seek re-election.

Another writer who knows predicts the wasting away of “literary” journalism under the assaults of the journalism of scraps, tit-bits, brevities, paragraphs, and pictures. He shows, indeed, that the process has already gone far. The other day I was talking with a literary friend—we are both young—about things in general; and, suddenly, without foreseeing it, we felt like graybeards when we looked back—how far do you think? Ten and twelve years. We amazed each other by the unanimity with which we perceived that a certain fog and listlessness has crept over the literary world since the last 'eighties. Just think of what was doing then. The *National Observer* may not fill in the memory quite the place that it filled in the eyes of its handful of purchasers; but what a bliss it struck upon the week. We were relatively poor then, my friend and I, and we recalled the fact that we clubbed our money week after week to buy the paper. How we shouted, and wrote each other notes about Mrs. Meynell's “Rejection” and Mr. Kenneth Grahame's “Orion” and Kipling's “Tomlinson,” and the trail of Henley over all. How we enjoyed the “you shalls,” and the discomfiture of Brixton. Then the *Yellow Book*: it is correct to laugh at it now, but it was a sign of life, a nursery of talent, and we all pricked up our ears when it struck the quarter. These were not the only stars that twinkled. Under Mr. Frank Harris the *Saturday Review* was a habitation of dragons. Mr. Hutton's mellow thunder still rolled in the *Spectator*. Mr. Bernard Shaw digressed in the *Star*. The *Pall Mall Gazette* had its poisoned pup. The *Daily Chronicle* was newly

literary. Mr. Kipling was still only a literary mau. Stevenson was alive. The cult of Omar had not tired us. Then there were the large-paper and limited edition and parchment crazes—foolish, perhaps, but not altogether so; they, too, betokened life, and if they are well ended, still, what has taken their place? All this was a little while ago. And now? Well, I read this sentence in my morning paper the other day: “Perhaps we are entering upon the period which many lovers of literature have desired, when, for ten years at a stretch, no good books will be written, and we shall have time to read again the supreme works of noble and more deliberate days.” I accept the sigh, but not the prediction. The millennium is as near as that decade in which only the “large still books” will be read. And—speaking in all selfishness—would it be a happy ten years for literary workers? “No good books will be published.” Nothing is said about the cessation of bad books. That host would still advance, and the literary journalist would be left to garrison the dismantled forts of criticism. I can conceive nothing more forlorn than to review the works of Brown, Jones, and Robinson for readers who refused to be withdrawn from Shakespeare, Pope, and the judicious Hooker.

The situation is impossible, I have no doubt; but only in degree. There is a truth to which I am chatting my way, I hope not too spreadingly for this month of demi-work, and it is just this. The writer is of all men the most starved of good reading. In the old days it was starvation of the body that threatened the literary man. It was of this that—to go no farther back—Byron and Lamb hinted in their converging and convincing counsel to the Quaker poet of Woodbridge. “Keep your bank, and your bank will keep you” were Lamb's words, if I remember them. To-day I would say to a bank clerk on the verge of Bernard Barton's mistake: “Fill your bookshelves, and your bookshelves will fill you.” It is the greatest folly to imagine that the “literary life” is favourable to the enjoyment of literature. In proportion as a young man has skill in reading he may be wisely warned to leave writing alone, or practise it only in the leisure of another occupation. If he loves literature in his heart, and if life seems to hold nothing better than deep armchair communion with books, let him stay at home, in his country town, and make himself a feast. There he may select and try the books of the day by real standards, and drink from his Bandusian spring of pure literature—his library. Short of great achievement, which I rule out, he is the true literary man who thus commands, and is not commanded by, literature. Here in the market-place there is neither time nor silence for reading. A working critic must deal, in varying degrees of thoroughness, with a couple of hundred new books a year. He is also beset with the literary news which heralds new books, recounts their progress, and tattles of their authors. He reads to write, he takes in that he may give out. Be his conscience never so sound, his efforts never so keen, he becomes a book-jobber. He may come to a most trained intelligence, and habituate himself in sincerity and carefulness; but, as the dyer's hand takes the dye, his mind acquires the motley and fast-fading hues of innumerable books which he cannot love. Hazlitt knew this. “The weaknesses and vices that rise from a constant intercourse with books are in certain respects the same with those which arise from daily intercourse with the world. . . . The same dissipation of mind, the same listlessness, languor, and indifference, may be produced by both. . . . The defects of the literary character proceed, not from frivolity and voluptuous indolence, but from the overstrained exertion of the faculties, from abstraction and refinement.” Now, I have never seen this view of the writing trade put before “literary aspirants” (by the way, the word aspirants is delightfully non-literary) whose infatuation for that trade rests largely on the notion that it offers unlimited opportunity to enjoy good literature. It

does not. It offers unlimited opportunities of seeing new books and watching new reputations rise and fade—a very different thing.

I believe that the great readers have mostly been found outside the rank and file of writers, and enjoying much leisure. Montaigne had wealth and the stone, Johnson had his pension, Southey his salary, Lamb his India House, FitzGerald his cottage and boat, Amiel his professorship and his temperament. These are the great browsing readers whose names occur to one soonest. What reading by a literary man of to-day is comparable to theirs in depth, and width, and ruminative zeal? Perhaps some of them were gluttons, and their industry an idleness in disguise. But one must take examples. To read of their reading is delicious pain. Says Montaigne: "Those that lived about Virgil's time complained that some would compare Lucretius unto him. I am of opinion that verily it is an unequal comparison; yet can I hardly assure myself in this opinion *whensoever I finde my selfe entangled in some notable passage of Lucretius.*" Says Amiel, on a day in his diary: "I have been reading, for six or seven hours without stopping, the *Pensées* of Joubert." Yet Amiel had his classes and lectures in the University at Geneva. Again, "I have been living for two hours with a noble soul—with Eugénie de Guérin. How many thoughts, feelings, griefs, in her journal of six years. How it makes one dream, think, live!" That is it—dream, think, live. I take down my Arnold who also read Eugénie, and I transcribe:

She had books too; not in abundance, not for the fancying them; the list of her library is small, and it is enlarged slowly and with difficulty. The *Letters of Saint Teresa*, which she had long wished to get, she sees in the hands of a poor servant girl before she can procure them for herself. "What then?" is her comment: "Very likely she makes a better use of them than I could." But she has the *Imitation*, the *Spiritual Works* of Bossuet and Fénelon, the *Lives of the Saints*, Corneille, Racine, André, Chénier, and Lamartine; Mme. de Staël's book on Germany, and French translations of Shakespeare's plays, Ossian, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Scott's *Old Mortality* and *Redgauntlet*, and the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni. Above all, she has her own mind; her meditations in the lonely fields, on the oak-grown hill-side of "The Seven Springs"; her meditations and writing in her own room, her *chambrette*, her *délicieuse chez moi*, where every night, before she goes to bed, she opens the window to look out upon the sky—the balmy moonlit sky of Languedoc.

And I know a critic of the first rank who once said that he was afraid to leave town on a holiday for fear he should miss some literary intelligence! No, whatever happiness—and there is much of it—dwells in the writing trade of to-day, it is related to the fever and stress of literature, not to its serene and wide-seeing contemplation. I think it was precisely because he saw this that Arnold advocated the firm acquisition by the critic of a few of the finest passages of English literature to be used as portable standards or touch-stones. The suggestion was a confession. I have said nothing new, but the evil grows, and, as time flows on and one's pen with it, it is the more personally felt. I sometimes wonder whether I shall ever again be truly "entangled" in *Plutarch*, or "Lear," or *Comus*, or *Don Quixote*, or the *Religio Medici*, or *The Heart of Midlothian*. Or whether, when my last batch of books has been brought to me for review, I shall wave my paper-knife at the carrier and cry:

Come not to me again; but say to Athens
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.

W.

Things Seen.

By Request.

It was a warm, cloudy night in June. The chimes of a neighbouring church clock, borne lightly on the still air, had just announced a quarter before eleven. There was a tinkling of guitars and a trill of voices. In the corner of the Market Place—the corner where irregular, red-tiled houses are flanked by rustling elms and the church, grey and pinnacled—in the light before a tavern, stood the performers. There were four of them. They were young, and two—the singers—were girls. As the duet ceased the crowd gathered irregularly, and one of the singers—a fair girl with faded blue ribbon in her dusty straw hat—threaded her way, bag in hand, through the crowd. Many gave coppers and a cheering "Bravo" and "Well done," for the music was not that of the streets. As the other girl sang, two burly drovers came through the glass-panelled door. They paused and stood, hands in pockets, leering at the singer. The girl, unconscious of their presence, sang on:

And she thought
"It's fit—fit—fit—ter,
He should love my
Glit—glit—glit—ter,
Than his heart give away
To the butterflies gay,
Or the birds that
Twit—twit—twit—ter."

Presently the song ended. A man slouched out of the shadow and asked something of the girl. There was a muttered conversation and a thrumming of strings: then the man went back to his place in the shadow against the wall.

A few bars from the guitars preluded an old-time song—of vows, and lips, and tears—and the girl sang it with fervour. The man against the wall leant forward and the light from the tavern windows fell on his face: it told of hard living and excess. As the song went on the hard lines seemed to soften. The face of the singer was wrapt and earnest. She seemed to sing not to the crowd, but to something which had happened long ago; and, as one gazed, one forgot her shabby dress, and wide mouth, and straggling, wispy hair.

As the players strummed the finishing bars there was a flicker of lightning, and a few rain-drops fell sharply. Then the thunder muttered sullenly and they all four moved on. Some of the crowd followed; a few wished them "good night" and "good luck." The man who leant in the shadow against the wall had disappeared.

The Butterfly.

A SUNNY day among the fells and becks. I sit by the clear, rushing stream, with its golden-brown lights and shadows and tiny waterfalls. The children wade, and balance themselves, laughing, on the slippery stones. A little maid of six or seven comes towards me; she has forget-me-not eyes and golden hair; her wet feet and legs glisten white in the sunshine; a pretty picture. She has something in her hand and is talking to it. I listen as she comes near. I hear her say softly: "You think you can get away, but I have you fast." I see that she holds a struggling butterfly between finger and thumb. "Poor butterfly," I say. "Won't you let it go? You are crushing it." The blue eyes look up at me—hard and cold as steel. "What do I care?" she says.

Correspondence.

The Jargon of Criticism.

SIR,—Your article on this subject should be useful to critics, and still more so to young authors, who are too apt to be unduly elated or depressed by current criticism.

Critics have two entirely different standards: one for known, the other for unknown authors. If any well-known, successful author doubts this, let him try the experiment of publishing anonymously, and afterwards compare the criticisms on his known and his unknown work. It will give him some measure of the value of modern current criticism. In each case he will find "high adjectives and low standards" enough; but with reference to his anonymous work, I question if he will find that "confirmed habit of agreeableness," or that "inveterate tendency to find something pleasant to say at all costs," which is usually meted out to known authors.

Some five years ago I published a novel, entitled *Sheep or Goats*; and desiring to ascertain what, apart from my personality, would be my merit as a writer of fiction, I assumed the pseudonym of "Valentine Delle," and I believe that down to this day my publisher is ignorant both of my name and sex.

The result was instructive, and I think young and budding authors may profit from my experiment.

Some forty reviews and notices came before me, from which I now make extracts. I use numbers merely to indicate that the extracts are from different journals.

To begin with, the work was said to be (1) a fine novel, very powerful, (2) told with great power, (3) to contain exquisite pictures of life, (4) some of them very human, and (5) not to bear the remotest resemblance to real life.

This was a little confusing.

But I also learned (1) that my novel should be widely and attentively perused, (2) that it would be read with interest and pleasure, (3) that it was a very readable novel, (4) that as a whole it was merely unreadable, and (5) that not even the most insatiable novel-reader cast away upon a desert island could bring himself to wade through it!

I felt still more confused when, on looking a little further into the reviews, I found (1) that my novel possessed undoubted merit, (2) was striking and remarkable, (3) a remarkable as well as meritorious work, (4) told with ever-growing interest, (5) suggestive and sometimes stimulating, and (6) wearisome and unnecessary.

But I was in a perfect cloud when I learned that (1) it was a notable intellectual novel, and (2) intensely stupid, (3) that it was aggressively modern and religious, and (4) old-fashioned and melodramatic, (5) that this excellent story had very full measure within its limits, (6) was a good specimen of the circulating-library novel, (7) a satisfactory piece of sound work, (8) carefully done, and yet (9) shapeless, and (10) odd and out of joint.

I certainly had not yet gained that clear conception of my work for which I had been looking, so I turned once more to the reviews to see what was said as to the characters in my work, and I found (1) that the novel abounded in striking and well-sustained characterisations, (2) some of the characters delightful in their quaintness, (3) brilliantly-drawn characters, (4) the Worpum family hit off in a delightful manner, (5) little better than the fine humour of the Worpums, and (6) that they were wholly impossible, (7) that the hero, Bertram, had a certain fascination, (8) had much fascinatingly paradoxical to say, (9) that the conflict in his character is portrayed not merely with imaginative sympathy but with real skill, (10) that he is a dreadful bore, and (11) a spineless, morbid creature.

What surprised me most, however, was the attention paid to myself personally. I had no conception that I was

so interesting. Here is the portrait of Mr. Delle as sketched by his reviewers.

He has (1) a keen sense of humour, "not the new humour we are glad to say," (2) an obvious faculty for political satire, (3) has humour and observation, (4) has many observant touches, (5) fancy and invention, (6) not without ingenuity and cleverness, (7) his philosophy is charming, (8) he describes with no less force than lucidity, (9) has an eloquent pen, (10) he relates with great spirit and vigour, (11) is amiable, (12) cultivated, (13) his discussions are always interesting, (14) the tone of his reflections refined and sometimes poetical; yet in spite of all these charms, and though (15) his satire is "good-natured," I grieve to say (16) his fun is "ill-humoured," (17) he needs chastening, (18), is mercilessly prolix, (19) his attempt at literature is not yet to be justified, and, saddest of all, (20) he must have a bosom of triple brass!

After reading the above select extracts, I am sure your readers will be relieved to hear that *Sheep or Goats* is out of print, and that my stereotypes perished in an accidental fire at my publishers.—I am, &c.,

VAL. DELLE.

SIR,—Your timely article, "The Jargon of Criticism," is rather too hard on the poor reviewers. As a class they are overworked and ill-paid; and no sensible man will produce good work in exchange for poor pay—especially if he has to write anonymously. I have myself for some time been on the literary staff of a well-known daily, but in spite of the fact that I have reviewed a large number of books I have never received a penny for my services. I am permitted to keep the copies of the books I review, certainly; but as these rarely sell for more than one shilling each, I can hardly be blamed if I feel tempted to "scamp" my work and use stock phrases of little or no meaning. "Why, then, do you continue to work for such poor pay?" I hear you ask. Simply because I hope that my editor will, in the course of time, recognise the error of his ways and see fit to give me adequate remuneration. And, besides, I have reason to know that he is not, in this respect, different from other editors: they all have the same system. A year or two ago I sent out applications to a large number of provincial papers offering my services as reviewer of books. I stated my qualifications, enclosed specimens of my work, and hinted at remuneration. The result was a number of letters from the editors saying that at present they had no vacancy, but that they would put my name "on their books." And then they finished with a paragraph of this kind: "With regard to remuneration, we may say that it is not our usual custom to pay for work of this nature; we always have on hand a large number of applications from University and professional men who are willing to review books on condition that they keep as their own property the copies we send them." What answer could I make to letters of that kind? It is of no use to argue that the book reviewer would get better pay if he did better work. The truth of the matter is that the editors don't want good work: mediocre stuff satisfies them well enough, especially if they haven't to pay for it. Specialists are treated differently, I believe; these remarks of mine refer merely to reviewers of novels. I enclose my card and the name of the paper for which I review.—I am, &c.,

"MILES ENDERBY."

[We cannot endorse "Miles Enderby's" view that "no sensible man will produce good work in exchange for poor pay." A sensible man will always do his best.]

SIR,—A short time since one of your writers contributed two or three very interesting articles on curious and incorrect phrases which he found in the current dailies, and now in your leader you have impaled a selection of the stock expressions of the reviewers of novels.

There is one curious little expression very prevalent

with newspaper writers upon which I think your opinion would be interesting. I mean, "to a degree," placed at the end of a sentence.

Does it mean anything at all? It might mean to an immense degree or to a degree not worth consideration.

I have seen it used in a leading article in a daily paper, and then in the "literary" column of the same paper. I found it in the late Harold Frederic's *Market Place*, and also in the paragraph sent in by a competitor for your prize only last week; and even one of your own writers, when reviewing the novel *Owd Bob* a few months ago (I mention it with trembling), finished by saying it was "doggy to a degree."

Can it by any possibility be justified as an idiom?—I am, &c.,

INQUIRER.

August 18, 1900.

[The expression, "to a degree," is inadmissible, and we regret its accidental appearance in our columns. The proper phrase is "in a high degree," "in a great degree," &c.]

Style.

SIR,—The discussion anent the above still "drags its slow length along," and did I not feel that the importance of the subject demanded a greater amount of attention than has yet been expended upon it, I should forbear to trouble you with further correspondence.

In the first place, I am at a loss to grasp the full significance of Mr. Ascher's remark, in which he reminds me "that the *afflatus* rests in the idea, and not in its verbal interpretation." It is true that I suggested a modification of his own definition of style, "a mode or manner of expression and nothing more"; and I strove to express my meaning as simply as I could by using the term "literary *afflatus*" to comprise the one other essential to a correct definition of style. But Mr. Ascher, while apparently accepting the term as applied to ideas, refuses to admit its presence in their expressed form; I assume, therefore, that, in his opinion, the sublimest works of literary genius do not derive their vitality from the beautiful raiment of their thought, but from the thought itself. This dissociation of ideas does not commend itself to me, even although Mr. Ascher, in a somewhat paradoxical sentence, assures Mr. Armstrong that thought and its verbal expression are "as wide apart as the poles are asunder." For my own part, I am content to believe that the immortality of Shakespeare, for instance, is due not to the thought alone, but to the idea allied to its expression, or, as Mr. Ascher would phrase it, to thought in its verbal garb. Arguing from an analogical standpoint, I can scarcely imagine that anyone would see no difference between a beautiful silk dress lying flat in its box and the same as worn by a lovely woman. There is, in fact, as much difference there as between Mr. Ascher's conception of style and mine. In the one case it is merely a lifeless raiment destitute of style, in the other a splendid robe transfigured and as though vivified by the living presence of its wearer.

I consider, therefore, that style is the verbal garb of thought breathed upon and transfigured by it, and this is what I mean by the term "*afflatus*." I quite agree with Mr. Ascher that it is "possible to clothe a grand or an original thought in feeble, jangled, or even incorrect language"; but I fail to appreciate why, therefore, the *afflatus* must be absent from style, considering that there are, as he says, expletives to qualify it.

It now appears to me that the assertion in my previous letter was rash and premature, and that Mr. Ascher is not so near the mark as I then imagined, for both Mr. Armstrong and "S. W." hold views more closely allied to my own.—I am, &c.,

ERNEST H. HARRISON.

Streatham, S.W. : August 18, 1900.

[This correspondence must now cease.]

Thackeray's Heart.

SIR,—It is lamentable to see one of your competitors complaining of Thackeray's heart not being in its right place. The following words, written by Jack Easel, *Punch's* old Roving Correspondent, are sufficient for my purpose—viz., to show that if ever man's heart was rightly placed, Thackeray's was :

Thackeray is often spoken of, by readers *who don't understand him*, as a cynic—and nothing else; as an author who took a warped and perverted view of human nature; as a sceptic in morality, and so forth. Good heavens! Why, there are passages in *Pendennis*, in *Vanity Fair*, and the *Newcomes* which could only have been written by a man with the highest sense of honour, of reverence for virtue, of sympathy with genuine sorrow and human weakness.—See "*Our Square and Circle*; or, the *Annals of a Little London House*," by Jack Easel (*Smith, Elder*, 1895).

The italics in the first sentence are mine. I can further say that I learned more of the latter half of English history after reading *Esmond* than I ever accumulated at school, and, what is more, have kept it fixed in my mind.—I am, &c.,

M. J.

[We are, of course, not responsible for our competitor's *obiter dictum*.]

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 48 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best depreciation of summer holidays in the manner of Elia. Many of the contributions, we are sorry to say, would entitle the writers to confess with Elia: "I have no ear," neither his vocabulary nor cadences having been caught with accuracy. But it is the cadence that has defeated most candidates. We award the prize to Miss Winifred Pasnell, 97, Oakley-street, Chelsea, for the following :

There is nothing, I protest, which damps the kindly spirits of your true lover of London so much as the advent of summer holidays. Why these annual excursions and alarms, these strange desertions of hearth, and home, and office? Simply, forsooth, because the nimby-namby citizen of to-day cannot exist without his "change of air." As if the rich, historic breath of Mother London, so subtly and variously composed and curiously perfumed, should not suffice for her ungrateful children, but they must needs fill their windpipes with the alien blast of sea or moorland!

Far be it from me, gentle reader, to pick a quarrel with holidays in the good antique sense of the word. Those old Holy-days, which the lamented Elia used to observe so piously at Christ's Hospital, were sweet and commendable in their nature; lasting just long enough to give the yownkers an airing, and send them back to their desks on the morrow with zeal renewed. But is there not something insidious in the long idlenesses in which Londoners now indulge? For, mark you, these leisure hours are all spent out of town, and herein lies the danger. Your gentle Cockney, who embarks for Margate with skin of purest saffron, must suffer a sea-change, and return anon with brickdust nose and freestone-coloured hands. And even so does the mind receive its colouring from the baleful change, acquiring, it may be, a lurking distaste for book-keeping, a lessened interest in "All the winners!" or even a diminution of that glorious self-complacency which is the Londoner's proudest birthright. Nay, there are cases where the very reason has been affected, and the deluded wanderer has come to love the "haunts of coot and hern" more—more, O ye gods!—than the sacred haunts of Samuel Johnson.

Other contributions are as follows :

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

But why not let Jack be dull? Among other popular fallacies, this saw is probably the invention of a fidgity pedagogue. Jack is none the worse for being dull. He is often much the worse—for others—when he quits work for play. If he must play, let him play in winter. These monster sylvan fêtes at R—— arride me not. Doubtless they bring grist to the lessee of the woods, but Dryad and Naiad fly before the Bacchanal and Menad. The approach of the creature is signalled by the gesticulations of a Yahoo. His hat, preposterously assumed, is an index of the disordered head piece below it. You can mark Jack's progress by the greasy envelopment of his nucheeon, dropped thoughtlessly on the

moss-grown base of a statue. Watch him, trampling down rose and ranunculus, everywhere—

"From tube as black
As wintry chimney, or well polished jet,
Exhale mundanus, ill-perfumed scent."

Verily, as long as he lacks not his "Splendid Shilling" Jack will have his play; but put me in the secretest harbour, beyond ear-shot of his life and drum; "in angello," as A Kempis hath it, "cum libello," in a nook with a book. Jack has no gust for such insipid delights. Let him work, say I, the live-long summer day, and be dull. Holiday quotha! What crapulous to-morrows! What dismal yesterdays! I mislike these unholydays. Let Jack work and be dull. The happier he, in the long run (*sua si bona norit*), without summer holidays. [R. F. Mac C., Whitby.]

The person that invented the theory of summer holidays—meaning by that delusive term an annual plunge into the unknown—ought to be branded as a public malefactor. No one has destroyed home life and embittered connubial bliss more effectually than has this misguided wretch. Next door to us some unhappy slave of the ring has just driven off in a fly with his wife and family. Well, perhaps, he cannot choose, but—go! Yet for the hatchelor who deliberately takes his happiness in his hands, and leaves Town on the pretext of a summer holiday, there is no excuse. He is past praying for. Do you inform us that you seek rest and recreation? Can you find recreation in a glaring, blatant sea side resort, unless, perchance, you are interested in the story of the Golden Fleece, as retold by hotel proprietors and lodging-house keepers? Can you hope for rest in those quiet out-of-the-way spots affected by some spirits? Nay, noise is not recreation, nor stagnation rest.

Whereas in London, never is it so delightful as when you are informed that every one has left Town. Then can you visit your club with unclouded brow, feeling assured that the club here is far, far away. Then can you dress with a delightful disregard for convention, consulting only the thermometer and your own fancy. There are you sure of finding the waiters at your favourite restaurant smile upon you once again—now that the rush of the season is over.

So let us destroy this holiday-fetish worship, and whilst our friends are in the agonies of packing up, let us remain "like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved." [M. H., London.]

It is a mere pedagogue's fallacy that we must estimate year by year, and not rest content with hibernal holiday. My friend L. (most genial of naturalists) says that there exist (I had nearly written "live") certain molluscs, cold-blooded atomies, which suspend their vitality in summer lest their rapid juices be dried by the invigorating sun. In warm-blooded beings the humours of mind and body move more briskly the closer our climate approximates to that "warm South" whence is our primal origin, and summer is the season of our happiest and most fertile labour. Let the schoolmaster escape to bathing-machines or trout streams, from the uncongenial society of urchins and the intolerable recurrence of a dull curriculum. To him *hoc totum numeris sit*. But they whose tasks are more accordant with opulent midsummer, shall they quit the garden and library, whose every association is with happy fancies and sweetly responsive memories? Is our English summer so long or so fierce that we must hide our timorous heads in salt water like sluggish invertebrates? December is the time for jovial holiday, when the chilled blood demands generous cordials, and runs the brisker for the frolics of the Christmas hearth. Late summer, in the study as in the field, is the season of harvest, of labour which is no toil, of effort yielding quick and glowing result. Summer renews our studious youth, not, alas! for "playing holidays" (Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV. i. 2), but, at least, for the more placid happiness of congenial labour.

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

Holidays, saith the wise man, are an abomination—a pleasantly unpleasant breaking of the chain of even events—a whisk of light in the darkness which, when it hath sped, maketh the night the blacker, the heart the heavier, the pocket the lighter.

Have you not found it so, reader? Ye whose life-business is governed by routine; whose *penates* are ledger and letter-rack; whose brains are double-entry and whose emotions recur with the morning's mail—have ye not found it so? And all ye host of *literati*, livers on wit and makers of phrases, whose chief joy of writing is that of endorsing the editorial cheque, whose heart jumps at the rat-tat of the postman, and whose sustenance lies in the faces and events of a great city—have ye not also found it so? To wander at will among leafy lanes, or by the seashore; to reign so long as thy poke is full, and then to resume thy restricted channel, were, at best, but an idle procedure. It is leaving town with a string to one's leg—a dreamy realisation of an, as yet, unattained reality. The agony of Tantalus were small meat beside it; for, mercifully, unlike the holiday-maker, he tasted not his heaven!

If thy tastes incline thee country-wards, and thine avocation hath the regularity of Mark Lane, do as the writer doth. He taketh a plunge at the week-end. His gulps are sharp and incisive. He

carrieth the London air with him, and returneth before he hath contracted disturbing foreign inclinations. Beyond physical benefit, he knoweth not that he hath been away. He contemplates not the apparent serenity of others—consequently he is at peace and doeth his duty the better. [H. A. M., Southend.]

Now that the whole world makes holy-day, it needeth some teacher to provide a remedie for such thoughtless expenditure of moments and means. You leave your beloved folios, the streets that have become to you as friends, the rural solitudes that administer peace to you, the soft bed in which you have chewed the cud of some pleasant dream, and, luckless wight that you are, are dropped down, folioless, amidst streets that eye you reproachfully, solitudes that to you are wild-nesses, and beds terrible as that of Procrustes. And along with all these discomforts you lose the advantages persons with business that they *must* do possess over those aimless creatures whose days are to them as a clean page on which they may write whatsoever they will. To one who, like myself, is shy of novelties, the presence of new surroundings—new furniture, new faces, and, worst of all, new books—is positive suffering. I love best to stay with things that to me have magic in them. I build my Eden about me, and it is preposterous to think that in the few hours of that consolatory interstice, St. Lubbock's Day, one can erect a similar tabernacle elsewhere. However much even its wor-hippers may enjoy the poor, gaudy day, think of the pain and trouble to get the human machine back into its old ruts. "Stale, flat, and unprofitable" seem now the means whereby its dole of sustenance is ground out to it. The hours of our uneasy liberty have expired, and we are sorry we forsook the well-worn path. [G. H. W., Neath.]

Other replies received from: T. W. C., Wandsworth; E. L. C., Redhill; G. C. P., Norwich; T. C. H., Godalming; T. C. T., Lewisham; F. B. D., Torquay; L. V. S., London; A. M. P., Hampstead; H. W. D., South Tottenham; E. H. H., Streatham; A. S. M., Holywood, co. Down; F. V. S., London; E. E., Cambridge; L. M. S., London; B. L., Chatham; "Grace Hope," Anglesey; F. W. S., London; A. M. D., Cambridge; E. E., Horsey.

Competition No. 49 (New Series).

ON our first page we refer to the proposal now on foot to erect a tablet to the memory of John Ruskin in Westminster Abbey. We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best characterisation of Ruskin suitable to be inscribed under such a monument. Length must not exceed 100 words, but below that is quite optional.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, August 23. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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Wallace (Edgar), Writ in Barracks (Methuen) 3/6
Mildmay (Aubrey N.), In the Waiting Time of War (Swan Sonnenschein) 2/6
Doughty (Charles), Under Arms (Privately printed) 1/6
Ouida, Critical Studies (Fisher Unwin) 7/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Story of the Nations Series: A History of Norway. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen (Fisher Unwin) 5/9

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Dutt (William A.), Norfolk (Dent & Co.) net 4/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Sandeman (William), The Path of the Sun (Simpkin Marshall)

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The International Monthly. Jane and July numbers (Macmillan Company) 25 cents

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* Ambrose Phillips's poem, from which the quotation is taken.

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The Literary Week.

THE hitherto unpublished extracts from the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, now appearing in the *Gentlewoman*, begin with an entry in October, 1883—a date only some twelve months before the writer's death. It is, perhaps, hardly to be expected that any fresh traits of character will be revealed. Rather we may look for renewed poignancies in the expression of a nature whose vast ambitions could not find activities enough to satisfy it, and which was conscious that soon all activities must cease.

To-day I commence the model of my statue. I work now like a primitive; I am forced to invent the means. What I fear is to fall ill—I cannot breathe; I do not feel strong, and I am growing thin. At last this terrible malady is certain. *I am consumptive*. I would that it were imaginary . . . but, alas!

There is the old candour in her vanity. Take this:

I come in to dress; there is a little dinner this evening. I amuse myself in my hair-dressing. Instead of disordering it I leave the forehead frankly uncovered. Amid all these carefully draped heads it is a charming novelty. The hair twisted on top of the head and spreading naturally, and this magnificent brow, of which I did not suspect either the beauty or the nobleness, change me altogether. I become of an imposing candour; it seems to me that I am pontifical, or that I am descending from a throne.

There is also the occasional bathos inseparable from diaries. Writing of a day in the forest of Meudon, she permits herself to set down the feeble commonplace: "Nature is, indeed, beautiful." Perhaps a greater bathos is achieved by the appearance of this *journal intime* in the *Gentlewoman*. For it is strange to find the confessions of a tortured soul mixed up with millinery, "cosy corner chat," and "the Romney teagown I have imagined for you." But such is editorial enterprise.

WE are not surprised to find that the authorship of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* and *A Solitary Summer* is now disclaimed, on behalf of Princess Henry of Pless, by the *Daily Chronicle*. Our contemporary's exact words are:

We are asked to contradict the rumour, of which so much has been heard, that the books *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* and *A Solitary Summer* are by Princess Henry of Pless. This request comes to us from an authoritative source, and is to be accepted in that sense. Now for the next pretty bubble to give some colour to a drab literary world!

We have pleasure in offering a "bubble" to fill the vacancy. A correspondent writes to us from St. Moritz-Bad, Engadine: "I am minded to demolish the foolish fable that the Princess Henry of Pless did or could write *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. The authoress is the Countess Arnim, an Australian, married to the son of the famous ambassador whose encounters with Bismarck are matters of history. This you may accept as positive—not the invention of any New York Critic."

M. EUGÈNE RIGAL has issued from the house of Oudin, Paris, a study of Victor Hugo as an epic poet. It is a subject over which critics have made war: some have maintained that Hugo was incapable of the balance which the epic undoubtedly demands, others that in the epic he found himself. M. Rigal steers a middle course, concluding that Hugo was a great epic poet, sometimes in spite, sometimes almost by reason of, his faults. It is a dignified and worthy study of one side of a colossal figure in literature.

POOR Goldie! They now think of erecting a canopy over his flat tombstone in the Temple. The present tombstone was not supplied until 1860, and it is not even certain that it was then laid over the right spot. Goldsmith's biographer, John Forster, who, according to a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, made diligent search in 1853, was not satisfied that he had found Goldsmith's true resting-place. Under these circumstances the idea of a canopy becomes less attractive, although, one confesses, it would be in keeping with Goldsmith's plum-coloured suit. Fortunately the Westminster Abbey bust of Goldsmith by Nollekens, placed in a spot chosen by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and graced by Dr. Johnson's Latin lines, is a satisfactory monument to the man who—as Mr. Zangwill has well remarked—wrote a poem that lives, a novel that lives, and a play that lives.

TALKING of men and monuments, what of Byron? An annual protest is made in the *Times*, on the anniversary of his death, against the exclusion of his name from the marbles of the Abbey. But not here alone may the literary pilgrim expect some recognition of Byron's fame, and find none. In a capital article on Byron's Letters in last week's *Pilot*, Mr. Everard Hopkins remarks:

At Oxford you may turn aside from the everyday sights and sounds of the street into a little temple of silence within the precincts of University College, where our greatest living sculptor has given an immortality in marble to the dead body of Shelley, unmarred by any sea change and cast up here by the tide of time. Around the dome that overarches his bier his own words, traced in letters of gold, catch and lose the softened light of the English day. The unquiet spirit of Byron still waits at the portals of his Alma Mater for such a welcome and for such a shrine.

TOPOGRAPHY, in our day, has ceased to be a record of facts solely, and has concerned itself with "the spirit of place." The facts must be seen through the personal medium—take colour from the point of view. A novelist will take infinite pains, not only to be accurate in niceties of detail, but also to inform his detail with the subtleties of his theme. This may, of course, be overdone, and a book become a mere landscape with figures; but the tendency is one greatly to the advantage of true art. Topography is too vital to be a mere thing of names and dates. Those who remember Mr. Henry James's *Portraits of Places* will welcome the announcement from Mr. Heinemann of *A Little Tour in France* from the same pen. The book is to be a personal record of journeyings in Touraine, and will be fully illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

THE *Outlook* continues to deal with the "canons and standards" which should govern the criticism of novels. To last week's issue Mr. John Long contributes a long and good article, in which he insists on the necessity for knowledge in the reviewer:

All criticism worthy of the name is comparative. The competent critic should have a thorough knowledge of all the masterpieces of literature, and he ought to know what it is in them that has caused them to become masterpieces. When he reviews any book, he ought to see as in a vision all that has been yet accomplished on the lines followed out by the writer; and he should, above all things, be a perfect grammarian himself and a master of literary analysis. Of how many of the multitudinous reviewers of to-day can it be justly said that they come up to this definition? Half of them know next to nothing about literature as a concrete whole, and they bring not knowledge, but ignorance, and its resultant, prejudice, to bear on the work before them, even when otherwise they happen to be honest. To illustrate my meaning, to review properly such a book as Conan Doyle's *White Company*, the reviewer ought to be perfectly well acquainted with everything of any consequence that has been done in Historical romance. In a word, we want knowledge above all things in the reviewer. This is recognised in everything else.

A CORRESPONDENT of the same paper supplies the following recent example of the "jargon of criticism," and challenges his readers to supply the missing words:

—'s new story, "—," would alone suffice to establish — reputation among the very best of our novelists, whose works English readers would not willingly let die. This story of "—" is simply charming. It is true to life, genuinely humorous, and powerfully pathetic. — is worthy to march side by side with our dear old "Cod Colonel," Thomas Newcome. Than this no higher praise can be bestowed.

MR. ANDREW LANG does not share Mr. Arthur Symonds's admiration of the work of a certain young poet, lately deceased. Writing in the *New York Critic*, Mr. Lang asks: "What is a 'decadent,' in the literary sense of the word?" and replies: "I am apt to believe that he is an unwholesome young person who has read about 'ages of decadence' in histories of literature, likes what he is told about them, and tries to die down to it, with more or less success." Turning to the most recent example of such a life, Mr. Lang says:

In the *Fortnightly Review* for June appears an article on a young gentleman recently dead, whom I shall call X. We learn that X. "was undoubtedly a man of genius"—in the decadent line, I venture to presume. The songs of poor X are "evasive immaterial snatches," expressive of "a life which had itself so much of the swift, disastrous, and suicidal impetus of genius." Without having read all X's poems, and with only a fragment or two, in the *Fortnightly* article, before me as examples, I express no opinion about the genius of X. Only it does not seem to be made very manifest unto men. Little imitative things, sad *épaves* of a life wasted on ideals out of Murger and Baudelaire; old, old, outworn fallacies, and follies, and affectations, these appear to be what is left. The story is a worn piece of pathos. The ideas of life on which X ruined himself have been the ideas of hundreds of boys, of whom the majority laugh at their past selves in a year or two. If this kind of existence, if these sorts of productions, be decadent, surely even boys must see that decadence is rather a mistake. With all its faults, there is more to be said for muscular Christianity. However, on this head one need not preach to the Anglo-Saxon race, which is already converted.

A NOTED Sydney writer, Mrs. Julian Ashton, of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, died on July 15. Few among the many Australian literary women have attained greater distinction in her own life than Mrs. Ashton. Her keen analysis of books and writers in the "Literature columns"

of the *Telegraph* was regarded by all book lovers as among the bright features of Colonial journalism. Her enthusiasm spent itself on such men as Ibsen, Ruskin, and Browning; but for others her probing criticism was yet tempered by kindly feeling and a just appreciation of the many points of view. Her late work has been entirely critical, though some years ago she contributed many finely written social essays above the signature of "Faustine" to the columns of the Metropolitan Press. The deceased lady was the wife of Julian Ashton, the best known among Sydney artists. Her age was forty-five.

IN the September *Windsor Magazine* Mr. Harry Golding deals with the finance of literary shrines. Burns brings a deal of "siller" to his native Mauchline:

In 1881 the Burns Cottage and about seven acres were purchased by the Monument Trustees for £1 000. A charge of twopence is made for admission. In the year ending September, 1898, the number of visitors was 36,500, only some 1,700 short of the number in 1896, the centenary of the poet's death. The numbers visiting the monument at Alloway were even greater, amounting to 49,589. For years past the annual total has always been well above 40,000. In July, 1898, there were no less than 2 558 in one day!

ARTEMUS WARD, it will be remembered, pronounced Shakespeare's tomb to be "a success." Apparently, it is precisely that. Mr. Golding's Stratford-on-Avon statement is long, but sufficiently interesting to quote:

It appears that in twelve months the total number of visitors to the Birthplace was 26,510. An admission fee of sixpence a head is charged, which yields the respectable sum of £662 15s. But this fee only entitles one to see the room in which Shakespeare was born, almost every inch of which is now scrawled over with the signatures of more or less famous men—mostly less; to inspect the room at the back, where a portrait of the poet is religiously screened, and to pass through the quaint old kitchen, with its open fireplace, where the poet may or may not have baked his chestnuts in the days of youth. To see the adjoining museum, with its many interesting curios, another sixpence has to be paid, and we find that about two-thirds of those visiting the Birthplace, or, to be exact, 16,539, also visited the museum. This gives us an additional £413 9s. 6d. Next in importance to the Birthplace is the beautifully situated church of the Holy Trinity, beneath the chancel of which Shakespeare is buried. The church is, of course, under the care of the Vicar, an enthusiastic Shakespearian, and the figures are not included in the Trustees' report. But a reliable estimate gives the number of annual visitors, apart from ordinary worshippers, as 23,000. A great number of these no doubt respond to the Vicar's appeal for help in the restoration and beautification of the church; but reckoning only the admission fees at sixpence a head we get the sum of £575. Within sight of the church, and also on the banks of the Avon, stands the Shakespeare Memorial. Now, it is somewhat curious to notice that of the 26,000 odd persons visiting the Birthplace only 13,085 or less than half, took the trouble to visit the Memorial. The fact is to be regretted, though it hardly concerns us here. 13,085 at sixpence brings us in another £327 2s. 6d. The house, New Place, to which Shakespeare retired when fortune had smiled upon him, was razed to the ground in 1759, and to-day only the carefully preserved foundations can be seen. This probably accounts for the fact that not more than 474 persons paid for admission, though the fee of sixpence includes admission to the adjoining museum, Nash's House, where a number of curios illustrating the customs and manners of the seventeenth century are to be seen. New Place, therefore, contributes only the insignificant sum of £11 17s. Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, where the poet went a-wooing, is about a mile from the town, and is reached by a pleasant footpath. The cottage was recently purchased by the Birthplace Trustees for £3,000, and their report gives the number of visitors as 10,489, which at sixpence each yields £262 4s. 6d. Stratford, therefore, derives an annual income from admission fees alone of considerably more than £2,000.

MR. SYDNEY C. COCKERELL's suggestion, in Tuesday's *Times*, that the medallion portrait of Ruskin should be placed in the Turner room in the National Gallery, or in some other portion of that building, strikes us as very worthy of consideration. There the monument would seem at home, and it would derive interest, and the right suggestiveness, from its environment.

THERE is a very readable "Life Story of Rudyard Kipling" in the current *Young Man*. We have not met with the following story before, and if we had we should be inclined to quote it just the same:

One day, when Mr. Kipling was at work in his study in London, a gentleman opened the door. He had with him two schoolboys. Dialogue:

"Is this Rudyard Kipling?"

"Yes."

"Boys, this is Rudyard Kipling."

"And is this where you write?"

"Yes."

"Boys, this is where he writes."

"And before I had time to ask them to take a seat," says Mr. Kipling, "they were gone."

That is fame—proof, hall-mark, and all.

LAST week there appeared in the newspapers, under the title "Conan Doyle His Own Critic," an extract from a letter received from Dr. Doyle by a "literary admirer," who appears to have lost no time in communicating the letter to the press. The letter contained an interesting comparison by Dr. Doyle between his earlier and later work. Unfortunately, its publication was not desired by Dr. Doyle, who has protested against the use thus made of a private letter. We refrain, therefore, from any further indication of the trend of Dr. Doyle's self-criticism.

WHAT are our legislators reading in their holidays? We do not know, but *Truth* gives the following particulars on its own authority:

LORD SALISBURY: *Retirement*.—William Cowper.

LORD ROSEBURY: *Quite Alone*.—George Augustus Sala.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN: *Under which Lord?* (*Salisbury or Rosebery*).—Mrs. Lynn Linton; *Now or Never*.—Richard Baxter.

LORD LANSDOWNE: *The Secret Despatch*.—James Grant.

LORD LONDONDERRY: *Little Messengers*.—George Mogridge (*Peter Parley*).

MR. WALTER LONG: *A Dog and his Shadow*.—Robert Francillon.

SIR ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT: *The Myrrour of Modestie*.—Robert Greene.

MR. CECIL RHODES: *The Story of a Mine*.—Bret Harte.

A contemporary makes several additions to this list, the best being:

MR. HALL CAINE: *The Christian*.—Hall Caine.

A LIBRARIAN contributes to the *Publishers' Circular* some amusing "Stray Thoughts of Humour from a Library Counter." His best reminiscences are these:

One dear soul once came in brimful of a desire to obtain a book that a friend had recommended—"a beautiful book, too"—but the title and author's name were a myth to her; all she knew about it was that it was about Monday. Repeated solicitation made her waver nothing; she was sure it wasn't about Tuesday or Wednesday, or any other day of the week. The poor mortal serving her did his best, but the book on "Monday," author unknown, came not to his mind, and the lady went her way sorrowful. A few days later, in she came, her countenance radiant as a sunlit poppy in a cornfield, and the librarian knew, with an instinctive thrill of delight, that the title was found which had been lost—it was *Gloria Mundi*! Another great source of fun is to be found among that class of subscriber, full of gush and with the instinct of

the *littérateur* oozing, so to speak, from their very fingertips, who can't read Marion Crawford, you know, because they really can't read books written by *women*, and who speak of Sydney Grier and John Strange Winter as "he." One could pass these trifling errors over were the joke not accentuated by their fervid declarations, to any stranger whom they deem fit subjects for their confidences, that their knowledge of authors, publishers' tricks, and book-sellers' little ways is wide and accurate.

THE New York *Critic* for August publishes a translation of Gabriele D'Annunzio's *Hymns to the Heavens, the Sea, the Earth, and to Heroes*. They are a little vague, these *Hymns*, a little laboured and elementary: the voice is too shrill. We quote from "The Miracle":

And from the summit of the heavens to the foundations
of the Sea

resounded, flashed the solar word:

"Great Pan is not dead!"

The hair upon my head, the blood within my veins
thrilled; the woods,

the standing grain, the waters, rocks, hearth-fires, flowers,
wild beasts.

"Great Pan is not dead!"

All things created trembled like a single leaf,

like a single water-drop, a single spark,

at the lightning and the thunder of the word:

"Great Pan is not dead!"

THE Syriac Gospel discovered by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson in 1892 in St. Katharine's Monastery on Mount Sinai was very carefully photographed by these ladies; and now, at the instance of Mr. H. R. Allenson, five copies of these photographs have been made up in book form, handsomely bound in parchment. Mr. Allenson kindly called at this office to show us a copy of the venerable pages covered with Syriac writing, of which the half-erased portion, the palimpsest, is a Syriac Gospel of the fifth century. We are surprised that the demand for these beautiful photographs has not necessitated a larger number of prints. One copy has gone to the Rylands Library at Manchester, one to the Westminster (Presbyterian) College at Cambridge, one to the University of Halle, and the remaining two copies are in the possession of Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Allenson.

AN entirely new "two-version" edition of the Bible will be published next month by Mr. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press. The Authorised Version has been printed with all the differences of the Revised Version placed in the side margins, so that both texts can be read from the same page, while in the centre column are the indispensable marginal references. The Bishop of Gloucester, in a preface, remarks that this convenient and carefully-arranged combination of the two versions in one clearly-printed single volume of very moderate size will be welcomed by all students, and especially by all teachers; and he points out that the difficulties which have hitherto prevented the use of the Revised Version to the extent that might have been expected have been successfully overcome in the new edition. When the simple plan followed by the printers has been mastered, every difference between the two versions, including even punctuation, can be recognised with readiness and certitude. The "two-version" edition will be procurable with or without the Oxford Helps to the Study of the Bible.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator* tells a "new" (?) good story of Tennyson. A lady sitting next to him at dinner referred to his lines—

Birds in the high Hall-garden

When twilight was falling,

Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,

They were crying and calling.

"Beautiful description," said she; "one can almost hear

the nightingales singing." "Nonsense, Madam," retorted Tennyson, in his abrupt manner, "they were rooks—rooks!"

THE JURORS of the Paris Exhibition have awarded a Grand Prix to the collective exhibit of books organised by the Publishers' Association, with the assistance of Sir E. Maunde Thompson, K.C.B., and Mr. F. Macmillan, for the Liberal Arts Sub-Committee of the Royal British Commission.

WE are glad to see that the sorry spectacle which Fleet-street has presented in the recent Chinese crisis is being noted, and its lessons made plain. To the *Times* correspondence on this subject "An Old Journalist" contributes some blunt truths. He says:

To-day the fact that a statement has been made by the papers justifies the inquiry whether there is any foundation for it; while, if it has appeared on a contents bill, it is at once dismissed as fiction. . . . The real disease is the mania for sensation—the apparent utter indifference of the greater portion of the public as to whether news is true or false, providing it be exciting. . . . I know reporters who have lost employment, not because they were inaccurate, but, on the contrary, because they were accurate, because they confined themselves to facts, because, in the words of an editor, "you utterly fail to show any imagination in your reports." The faculty of invention, of imagination, is thus deliberately encouraged by men who, while they would be incapable of untruth in their own utterances, are too often willing to accept and to publish with their authority "good copy."

It is certain that editors recognise and deplore this state of things. The root of the evil is competition, which forces them into practices they abhor. What is needed is a code of procedure in dealing with news.

A HANDBOOK to the wonderful Wallace collection in Hertford House is already before the public from the pen of Mr. M. H. Spielmann. The book does not attempt a critical estimate of the works exhibited, although Mr. Spielmann says wise things by the way; its main object is to present pedigrees, comparative prices, and collector's facts. Messrs. Cassell publish the volume, which is illustrated.

Bibliographical.

EVERYTHING comes to those that wait—even a memorial slab on the houses which they have inhabited in this life. Of course they have to die first, and they must have done something notable at some time or other; but the slab will arrive in due course. The fact that Joanna Baillie lived in one house at Hampstead for nearly fifty years is now commemorated in this way; and one may hope that thereby her shade is compensated for the neglect into which she has fallen since her decease in 1851. Every one recalls Byron's dictum that "Woman, save Joanna Baillie, cannot write tragedy," and some may recall Miss Mitford's remark—"That Mrs. Joanna is a true dramatist, as well as a great poet, I, for one, can never doubt." Poor Miss Mitford! Her dramas are as dead as those of the woman she thus absurdly praised. What play by "Mrs. Joanna" lingers on the stage? What poem by "Mrs. Joanna" has found an abiding place even in anthologies? Her poems and plays are both buried for ever in the one-volume edition published in 1853.

In a "publisher's note" to the book on Norway just added to the "Story of the Nations" series, a short account is given of the life of the late author—Mr. H. H. Borgsen. Mr. Borgsen was a Norwegian who went early to America and mastered English, in which he wrote a

number of works. I find that nine or ten of these have been issued in England by English publishers, while about a dozen others have been circulated over here through Anglo-American agencies. Of those which have had an English imprint, the following, I take it, are the best known: *Tales from Two Hemispheres*, a *History of Norway* (1886), *Against Heavy Odds* (1890), *Essays in German Literature* (1892), *Boyhood in Norway* (1893), *The Works of Ibsen* (1894), *Essays in Scandinavian Literature* (1895), and *Norceland Tales* (1895). Mr. Borgsen wrote fiction as well as criticism, and on the subject of Ibsen in particular he is well worth reading.

The simultaneous presentation of Charles II. on the boards of two London theatres should do something to create interest in the monograph on the witty but unwise king which we are to have before long from the pen of Mr. Osmond Airey. Mr. Airey is already well known as a writer on historical subjects. In 1886 he issued a list of *Books on English History*, which was followed two years later by a work on *The English Restoration and Louis XIV.* In 1892 he brought out a *Text-Book of English History* in three volumes, and in 1897 he edited a part of Burnet's *History of My Own Times*. As the biographer of Charles II. he has had few predecessors. The two-volume work on *The Merry Monarch*, which appeared in 1885, was avowedly popular in design and treatment, aiming at being readable more than anything else. In these cases it is difficult to know whether to deal with the king as man or as monarch—whether to dwell upon his personality or to enter upon a comprehensive review of his reign. The former is certainly the more engaging, if not in every respect the better, way.

The promised authentic narrative of the life of Paul Jones—otherwise John Paul—will certainly be acceptable. To most people he is known only, or almost only, as the central figure of Fenimore Cooper's novel, *The Pilot*. Very few seem to recollect that he was also the subject of a romance by Allan Cunningham, called *Paul Jones*—a tale stigmatised by James Hannay as "very bad." Not many more appear to be aware that Jones, or Paul, was an historical personage, and to these his adventures under the American, Russian, and French flags will come with delightful freshness. Meanwhile, however excellent the coming biography may be, it will always be by *The Pilot* that Jones will be longest and best remembered.

It will be pleasant to make acquaintance with M. Taine's notes on his visit to Scotland. His *Notes on England*, as translated by Mr. Fraser Rae, had a wide circulation here in the early eighties, reaching an eighth edition in 1885. There have also been English translations of his *Journeys through France*, his *Revolution*, his *Modern Régime*, his *History of English Literature*. This last, one remembers, was more suggestive than convincing. His comparison between Tennyson and De Musset was particularly futile.

Mr. Andrew Lang does not show much inventiveness in the titles of his *Fairy Books*. He is content to go on using up the names of the colours. He began, if I remember rightly, in 1889, with a *Blue Fairy Book*; then, in 1890, came the *Red*; in 1892, the *Green*; in 1894, the *Yellow*; and, in 1897, the *Pink*. Now we are to have the *Grey*! And the thing will go on, I suppose, until even Mr. Lang cannot find any more fairy stories to exploit—or any more colours.

A new volume from the pen of the "Amateur Angler" (Mr. Edward Marston) is always welcome, and his forthcoming book, *An Old Man's Holiday*, is sure of a hearty reception from a large section of the public. It was, I think, in 1884 that Mr. Marston first figured as an author, giving us his *Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale*. Then, in 1890, came his account of *How Stanley Wrote His "Darkest Africa,"* and, in 1896, his second book of angling memories—*By Meadow and Stream*.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Criticism of Criticism.

Judgment in Literature. By W. Basil Worsfold. (J. M. Dent & Co. 1s.)

MR. WORSFOLD'S book deserves commendation for its subject-matter, if it does not contain much that is absolutely new. It is a thorough and thoughtful attempt to trace the progress of criticism, and harmonise the results obtained by modern critics so as to obtain a unified teaching. Much labour has obviously been expended on the effort; and if Mr. Worsfold's conclusions do not always (as we think) go down to bed-rock, they are certainly worth examination. His greatest drawback (and it is an unfortunate one) is that he lacks the perspicuity, precision, and conciseness of expression so eminently desirable in treating subject-matter itself abstract and not easy to follow. His style is deplorably awkward, long-winded, verbose, and circumlocutory. It is less important, for his aims, that his literary taste does not always show itself of the finest order. There is, perhaps, somewhat too profuse a repetition, but this is a fault on the right side where the matter is not readily grasped.

We do not much love Mr. Worsfold's opening. He persistently uses the *real* as equivalent to the *phenomenal*, and such-like laxities of diction. The best done part of his book is, perhaps, the review of criticism from Plato to Victor Cousin, though its most important part is naturally that dealing with modern critical methods. From Plato, he shows, we derive the principle that art and morality are interdependent; also that truth (correspondence of the representation with the thing represented) is the chief merit of a work of art. Aristotle gives us much, notably the view that creative work presents universal rather than particular truth, the explanation and justification of tragedy; and those structural rules now set aside, with the corollary that structural perfection is the test of artistic excellence. For this Addison substituted the modern test of imaginative appeal, which was worked out in detail by Lessing and Victor Cousin. Particularly valuable is Cousin's principle that art is "the unconscious criticism of nature by the human mind," which rejects and selects among nature's facts. This is *idealisation*.

Many criticisms might be offered on portions of Mr. Worsfold's conclusions. Let us merely say that he is hasty in concluding from Plato's principle (above mentioned) that "the great artist must be a good man." The history of art refutes this. But he must aspire after good, in his best nature (which finds vent in his work), however his actual life may fall below his aspirations. And *habitual* failure to correspond in life with his ideals will *ultimately* react upon his power of noble work, though not at once. The flower blossoms in water long after it is severed from its nutrient root.

Descending to contemporary criticism, Mr. Worsfold declares that the judgment of literature by formal technical tests (after the manner of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) is practically disused. "The practice of attempting verdicts upon new works of literature is still maintained in the ordinary criticism of the journals, but while there is much that is often both unbiassed and enlightened in these criticisms, it is well understood that the writers of these reviews or notices do not claim to give a binding verdict," anything but superficial criticism being prevented by the conditions of such writing. He goes, therefore, to the deliberate critics, and recalls certain principles at which they have arrived.

Wordsworth laid down the law that an original writer "creates the taste by which he must be enjoyed," and that the giving of pleasure by appeal to the imagination of the ordinary intelligent man is the test of creative excellence—a test outside any technical rule of judgment.

Matthew Arnold enunciated the principle that poetry is a "criticism of life," which is really involved in Cousin's statement that it is a "criticism of nature." The test, therefore, of poetry, says Arnold, is its interpretative power, appealing to the *whole* man (his emotional no less than intellectual nature), in which it is superior to science, which appeals solely to the intellect. With this go the conditions that there should be the "high seriousness" of absolute sincerity, and that it should be in conformity with essential morality. It must satisfy "the general sense of mankind as embodied in the principles of morality." Ruskin emphasises this last principle with regard to all creative art. It is the finished expression "of the joy or grief of noble persons for right causes." Again: "The fineness of the possible art is an index of the moral purity and majesty of the emotion it expresses." Swinburne lays down the opposite principle of "art for art's sake." Mr. Worsfold quotes Mrs. Browning as agreeing with him:

Whoever writes good poetry
Looks just to art.

But from another passage he quotes, asserting that poets are

The only speakers of essential truth,
Opposed to relative, comparative,
And temporal truths . . .
The only teachers who instruct mankind
From just a shadow on a charnel-wall,
To find man's veritable stature out,
Erect, sublime—the measure of a man;

it is clear that Mrs. Browning includes in "art" the element of moral nobility, and therefore is really at one with Ruskin. And when Mr. Worsfold opposes to Ruskin the maxim that moral worth cannot of itself endow a poet's work "with the characteristic charm of art," it must be answered that Ruskin never affirms so. He says that the nobility of art is determined by moral worth—"the fineness of the possible art," fineness here being manifestly equivalent to "nobility." "No vain or selfish person can possibly paint," he says again (somewhat too sweepingly), "in the *noble* sense of the word." And this is the true reconciliation of these opposing principles. Morality is not the principle of art; but, given the artistic spirit and adequacy of execution, the nobler the informing ethics the loftier the work of art. The *Epithalamium* of Spenser transcends the exquisite *Epithalamium* of Catullus largely by Spenser's beautiful austerity of ethical spirit. Mr. Worsfold's endeavour after reconciliation is not too definite or convincing, not easy to lay hold on. He takes his definition of morality from Matthew Arnold (a lax interpretation of Arnold, we think), and describes it as "the general sense of mankind." But it is more fundamentally true to say that poetical morality corresponds to the laws which underlie the unchanging government of the universe, laws of which there is constant tradition among the great poets—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton. Ruskin's view is correct, says the author, applied to a work of art in its "external or objective aspect," regarded as "the interpretation of moral beauty by the assistance of physical beauty," but incorrect applied to a work of art in its "internal or subjective aspect"—regarded as "the expression of the artist's mind, as a 'conception converted into a creation.'" Which seems to us vague and unsatisfying. Will it be credited that, in grappling with this stubborn difficulty, Mr. Worsfold adventures lightly the casual statement that "Southey and Wordsworth" are "now regarded as our most spiritual poets"? *Southey*—immortal Poetry!

But Mr. Worsfold proceeds, having got his utterances from the critics, to apply them. The Aristotelian method of judging new work by reference to the various categories of composition based on the practice of previous writers is done away with, he says. We now take it for granted that a creative writer "will adopt the appropriate

and necessary form of composition, and we look mainly . . . at the effect which he has produced by his composition as a whole; and if we find that his creation possesses the essential quality of appealing to the imagination, we do not trouble to consider whether . . . he has moulded his materials into the precise form of any previously existing model." This, we submit, is inadequate to explain the method of the best modern critics. They try sympathetically to identify themselves with the artist's mind, grasp his standpoint, think again his conception after him, divine and annex his *individual plan*, and then intelligently criticise his work according to its proportion of success in developing that personal plan. According to their capacity of assimilating his design, their criticism will be good or bad, complete or incomplete. And the measure in which a man possesses this sympathetic intuition is the test of his critical gift. "Appreciation," the wise it call, which we prefer to Mr. Worsfold's "interpretation" as a name for the modern process of criticism.

Mr. Worsfold lays down three principles for applied criticism. Firstly, truth—generalised truth. In essence, an agreement between the opinions and feelings of the writer and the general sense of mankind. Hence the necessity for morality. From what we have said it will be gathered that we would prefer to say an agreement with the integral truth of nature, "a criticism of nature," as Cousin says. Secondly, symmetry: the adaptation of the external qualities of a given work to the special purpose it is intended to achieve. It is a very embracing definition. One would rather say, a relation of ordered parts to produce an harmonious and organic whole. But Mr. Worsfold evidently and deliberately joins symmetry with *selection*, which surely should be kept separate. He quotes Meredith: "The art of the pen is to rouse the inward vision, . . . because our flying minds cannot contain a protracted description. The Shakespearian, the Dantesque pictures are in a line or two at most." This is done by selection. But Mr. Worsfold says: "So the test of symmetry is indirectly a means by which the presence of this dominant artistic quality can be discovered and measured in a work of literature." The selection of the fit earth to make a jar is not part of the jar's symmetry, though it is an indispensable preliminary to the making of a symmetrical jar. Indeed, that species of selection to which the Meredith quotation refers should rather come under Mr. Worsfold's third heading—Idealisation.

This principle requires not merely that the mental aspect of reality should be presented by the author, but that a selection from the mental aspect of reality should first be made, and that the selection so made should exclude such matter as affects unpleasantly the aesthetic consciousness of the reader.

Here comes one of Mr. Worsfold's unpardonable imprecisions of speech. He speaks of "that characteristic quality of a work of art which we call, from a subjective point of view, 'to give pleasure.'" How can "to give pleasure" be a quality; which is manifestly the outcome or effect of a quality? Under this head, Mr. Worsfold points out, comes the doctrine of "poetic justice," and he has many remarks on that doctrine—some good, some courting criticism. But what is the outcome of all this critical apparatus? How are we to apply it? By comparison, answers Mr. Worsfold; and it is practically the conclusion of his book.

Assume that we know not merely that we should look for truth in any given work, but also the sort of truth for which we should look—that is to say, the truth of logic, if the work be non-creative, the truth of art, if it be creative—if, then, we would ascertain the extent to which the work in question possesses this quality, we must compare it with a work of recognised merit . . . in the same department of literature. Gradually by the study of the

best work . . . in the several departments of literature, our minds will become so familiarised with the several and characteristic excellences of each, that we shall almost instinctively welcome their presence, and resent their absence.

Now that last sentence is true, and understood in this general sense the principle of comparison is as right as it is obvious. But Mr. Worsfold does not leave it there. He lays down a detailed and mechanical comparison which can breed nothing but conventional judgment—where it is not impracticable. "If we wish to know how X has succeeded, we compare his work with the work of the same kind which A, B, and C have done, and admittedly done well." Thus, he says, to judge the detailed description of a love-declaration between two young people in *Richard Feverel*, we should compare it with the like scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. The critic who should do so would be lost—if he were trying to judge *Richard Feverel* as a new and unknown work! Even in Mr. Worsfold's comparison, with all its *parti-pris*, the differences are very much more conspicuous than the resemblances. The work of a great poet (let us say) is almost sure to be so novel and *sui generis* that such mechanical and detailed comparison with the work of any predecessor will be either impossible, or a snare for the feet of the critic so *banal* as to attempt it. It is precisely such rootedly mistaken efforts which are responsible for nearly half the conventional damnation meted out to poets at their literary birth. Arnold recommended readers to keep in their minds choice lines and passages of great poetry, as a standard of supreme poetic quality. But (though even this is liable to perverted application) Mr. Worsfold is not justified in citing it to countenance a method of criticism which would have pricked the roots of Arnold's hair! Such comparisons are sometimes interesting, when you have already captured and certified to yourself the excellence of a new writer, but they are pernicious as means of a *priori* appraisal.

And this is all that Mr. Worsfold has to tell us about the handling of the tools he has so painstakingly labelled for us. Let us confess that, as *Mr. Punch* says, "we don't seem to get no forrarder." The rest of the book is a brief synopsis of literary forms, with a jejeune note on style. Decidedly, the book is not satisfactory, yet it has much which is satisfying. The evolution of criticism is traced with a system not before applied to it; and our modern critical gains are appraised, so that we can see where we stand in relation to our ancestors. This is good work, and we only wish it had been done with better command of style. Superfluous words should be thinned out of almost every sentence; for Mr. Worsfold has a fatal love of rotundity for its own ponderous sake. Were this done, it would save much labour to the reader of a book none the less worth reading.

Too Much Drum.

Writ in Barracks. By Edgar Wallace. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

IMITATION is not always flattery. Even if it be clever, it may have the effect of opening the eyes of men to the defects of its model. It may give an impetus to reaction, and justification to a growing weariness. One feels like this in regard to Mr. Wallace's book of verses. Again and again the reader's hand relaxes, and his eye wanders, and he asks, How long? How long, that is to say, will British patriotism find its most vigorous expression in these khaki-coster rhythms, these music-hall sentiments, and this extremely facile vein of brag. Surely there is a better way. Surely even the Boer war, in the necessity of which we believe, but in which we take no joy, might inspire a poem of stern and sombre beauty, finding its core of

inspiration in that very absence of inspiration which leaves a clearer vision of the dull, stern, burdensome tasks of empire, where the end is not glory, but simply rectification. In South Africa we are meeting no ancient hereditary foe, we are awakening no red traditions, we are not risking our lives and safeties here at home. Say what one will, the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war"—and its vivid danger—are missing. Not, therefore, need our poets hold back. The purest blood of England has soaked the Veldt. There has been no reluctance to go out. The country houses and the City offices have poured forth their strong men; no rank has been too high, no occupation too absorbing, no wealth too great, to be forsaken for this tiresome, necessary business, this joyless political task, demanding the profuse sacrifices of war. The sacrifice has been made in the calm, unfaltering English way. There is the unwritten poem. By all means let there be war poetry, but let the poetry fit the war.

Considerations such as these qualify our enjoyment of Mr. Wallace's soldier songs. We do not like the easy jeering of "My Pal, the Boer":

"My pal, the Boer!
You're a prisoner of war
(E tried to break my jaw, but that's a trifle);
You can't escape me, can yer?
In the name of Rule Britannia,
I commandeer your 'orse an' Mauser rifle!"

Nor do we feel that a sword-buckling prayer like that offered in "At the Brink," with its refrain, "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" has any true relation to the present struggle. "The Squire" is the unabashed, unabated glorification of John Bull as the landlord of the earth; while in "The People to Cecil Rhodes" we hear the long, indiscriminating yell of Stock Exchange enthusiasm. It is, however, Mr. Wallace's good work that makes us reject his bad with a certain warmth. He is so very good when he is on the right lines; and again and again he not only does honour to Mr. Kipling, but comes near enough for rivalry. He has not the irresistible rhythm which, in Mr. Kipling, spirits the reader along; nor has he Mr. Kipling's sudden elevations of expression which explode a glamour over a whole poem: "An' the dawn came up like thunder out o' China 'corst the bay." He is capable of dropping into such perilous stuff as this:

The number one is on the bridge,
The sun is low an' red!
An' shot an' shell, like fiends of 'ell,
Are shriekin' round 'is 'ead,
An' three marines are crippled,
An' their sergeant-major's dead!

A smile is on 'is bloodless lips,
'Is sword 'angs from 'is wrist,
And a lock of 'air of a maiden fair,
Is clasped in 'is bloodstained fist,
But 'e'll meet 'er at the great roll-call,
When they muster by "open list"!

Behind and among all this there is some respectable stuff. The greeting to Mr. Kipling—the piece by which Mr. Wallace was first known—is excellent:

You 'ave met us in the tropics, you 'ave met us in the snows;
But mostly in the Punjab an' the 'ills.
You 'ave seen us in Mauritius, where the naughty cyclone
blows,
You 'ave met us underneath a sun that kills,
An' we grills!

An' I ask you, do we fill the bloomie' bills?

Since the time when Tommy's uniform was musketoon an'
wig,
There 'as always been a bloke wot 'ad a way
Of writin' of the Glory an' forgettin' the fatig',
'Oo saw 'im in 'is tunic day by day,
Smart an' gay,
An' forgot about the smallness of his pay!

But you're our partic'lar author, you're our patron and
our friend,
You're the poet of the cuss-word and the swear,
You're the poet of the people, where the red-mapped
lands extend,
You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,
An' compare
To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere!

In "Ginger James" we have a good barrack song, justified of itself. "Ginger Jim" was the scamp of the regiment, but there came a day when he had the respect of everyone, from colonel to drummer-boy:

The band turned out to play
Poor Ginger James away;
'Is captain and 'is company came down to see 'im off;
An' thirteen file an' rank,
With three rounds each of blank;
An' 'e rode down on a carriage, like a bloomie' City toff!

'E doesn't want no pass,
'E's journeying first-class;
'Is trav'lling rug's a Union Jack, which isn't bawl at all;
The tune the drummers play
It ain't so very gay,
But a rather slow selection, from a piece that's known as
"Saul."

A sense of humour which should have saved him from writing some pieces in this volume is shown by Mr. Wallace in "The King of Oojie-Moojie," a delightful rendering of our normal dealings with dusky African potentates. But we shall fill our remaining space with two stanzas from "When London Calls"—a poem which alone should persuade Londoners to buy this volume:

There's a voice that calls the waster, when the doors of
home are shut.
(O the voice of club and chamber, and the arc-light
burning blue!)

There's a voice that calls the trooper in his daub and
wattle hut.
(O the midnight cabs that rattle from the Strand to
Waterloo!)

There's a voice for ever calling from the Square and from
the Slum,
From the Hornsey-rise to Brixton, from St. Saviour's to
St. Paul's.
'Tis the never-changing message of the everlasting
"Come"

To the brick and to the mortar,
London calls!

'Tis the swelling rear of Epsom, with the backers seven
deep.
(O the rush around the Corner, and the finish on the
Straight!)

'Tis the tinkling hum of Henley as it snuggles down to
sleep.
(O the light-lined laughing river, with its fairy-fancied
fête!)

'Tis the growl of Ratcliffe-highway, 'tis the lisp of Rotten-
row;
'Tis the beauty that entrances, 'tis the horror that
appals;
'Tis the firemen's horses tearing to the midnight sky
aglew;
It's a vague and restless—something.
London calls!

Mr. Wallace writes as a soldier—he spent "six happy years" in the ranks of the Army Medical Corps—and as a journalistic versifier, walking very frankly in the steps of Mr. Kipling. His shortcomings are largely from without, his triumphs are from within; and we can do with any quantity of verse as good as "Tommy to his Laureate," "Ginger Jim," and "When London Calls."

The Degradation of the Baronetage.

A History of the Baronetage. By F. W. Pixley, F.S.A.
(Duckworth & Co.)

MR. PIXLEY has broken fresh ground in his *History of the Baronetage*, and, in so doing, has faced the difficulties and earned the honour of the pioneer. The opening chapter, which deals with the use of the word "baronet" previous to the creation of the Baronetage in 1611, is interesting; but, as has recently been pointed out in the *ACADEMY*, even it, as is probable, those antiquaries are wrong who maintain that in all such cases it is merely a scribal error for "banneret," it is certain that there can be no connexion whatever between the baronet of the Middle Ages and his namesake of the seventeenth century. The baronetage of James I. was an entirely new class of nobility, created under specific and unprecedented regulations, and for a particular purpose. At the same time it is just possible that the *method* employed by James I. may have been suggested by a precedent, quoted by Mr. Pixley, which occurred in the reign of Edward III.; and in Wyrley's *True Use of Armourie*, published in 1592, there is a passage that may throw a sidelight on this point.

Unfortunately for the Baronetage, the general public has not the knowledge to discriminate between the seventeenth century baronets, the only holders of the dignity worthy of being seriously regarded as members of the degree, and the later creations in which the social qualifications, in former times rigidly insisted upon, have ceased to be required. It is hardly necessary to point out that the more recent recipients of the title have not been usually, far less invariably, as the original conditions stipulated they should be, gentlemen of blood, of at least three generations of legitimate coat-armour, and in the possession of a revenue by inheritance from landed estate of the modern equivalent of from £6,000 to £7,000 a year.

As a matter of fact, all creations beyond the first two hundred were an infringement of the undertaking on the part of the Crown not to exceed that number. Still, throughout the seventeenth century the dignity continued to be confined to the families of the old landed gentry, the true aristocracy of England, though the identity of some of these ancient houses has been obscured by the acquisition of peerages.

It is greatly to be regretted, that instead of utilising the old titles of knight and baronet in their present meaningless, and often ludicrous applications, some new designations of honour were not devised of a nature less inappropriate to the profession, trade, or social position of the grantee.

But the older baronets have not only been badly treated in this general degradation of their degree, they have also been shamelessly robbed of some of their special privileges. One particularly gross breach of faith on the part of the Crown is the refusal of late to carry out the undertaking given in all patents prior to December 19, 1827, to confer knighthood on the eldest sons of baronets on the attainment of their majority. It is, of course, open to the sovereign, as the "fount of honour," at any time to introduce modifications, desirable or otherwise, into patents of nobility; but the revoking of a permanent contract such as this entered into by the Crown is, in the peculiar circumstances, tantamount to the repudiation of a debt, and since in these matters the prerogative is above the reach of the law, the act is unchivalrous as well as dishonest. In this instance, however, there is apparently a remedy. Knighthood is conferred either by accolade or by patent. In the case, therefore, of those patents of baronetcy which include the knighthood clause all that seems needful is for knighthood to be automatically assumed by the heir on his reaching the age of twenty-one, without troubling the sovereign to assist.

It cannot be denied that the baronets themselves have

during the last century taken much pains to bring ridicule and additional contempt upon their body. On various occasions they have associated themselves for the purpose of preventing irregular assumptions of the title, and of applying for the restitution of the rights of which they have been deprived. But the movement has on each occasion come to an ignominious end, owing chiefly to the absurd and groundless claims put forward for trivial objects of personal adornment such as one would have supposed could appeal only to the heart of a Chinese mandarin or a South Sea Islander. The theatrical assortment of "properties" in which the committee of baronets, in 1835, begged permission to bedeck their persons was discreetly disallowed by the advisers of the Crown, and was even demurred to by the official men-milliners of the College of Arms. The modern potted-meat or party-financing baronet is perhaps sufficiently ridiculous as he is. It is difficult to believe that he would inspire greater veneration in his customers or his constituents if he masqueraded behind the counter or on the hustings arrayed as even Solomon certainly was not; if, clad in a green coat, garnished with badge and star, collar of SS and knightly belt, and embellished with a scarf after the fashion of an Oom Paul or an Ancient Buffalo, his "honourable" brow overshadowed by a white hat surmounted by a nodding plume of snowy feathers, he should brandish, so far as the massive thumb-ring and signet of his state would permit the exertion, a sword in his right hand, a pennon in his left. And the prayer for this strange frippery was not the fooling of *farceurs*, but was laid before the sovereign in very sober earnest by the grave and reverend seniors of the baronetage.

All this was exceedingly childish and ill-advised, but can afford no justification for the utter disregard of the ancient respectable qualifications for the baronetage. That, and the notorious fact that baronetcies are regularly on sale in the political market, a scandal carefully guarded against in the early regulations, have been the principal causes of the disrepute into which this much-wronged and much-abused degree of nobility has fallen; and it is within the knowledge of the present writer that there exist not a few heirs to seventeenth century baronetcies who prefer to let their rights lie dormant rather than use a title which has lost all value and respect.

To return to our author, Mr. Pixley has done his work extremely well. His narrative is lucid and well ordered, and the treatment of his subject thorough and based on original authorities. It is satisfactory, by the way, to read his very proper denunciation of the vulgar abbreviation "Bart." for Baronet, and of the slovenly and ignorant habit of describing all grades of the peerage below duke by the title of "lord." We have noticed but few errors, and those of no great magnitude. A couple of fragments of unintelligible Latin occur: "*duo stermini*" on p. 5, and "*inter aliâ*" on p. 297, and the derivation given of "sir" from *κύριος* belongs to the dark ages of etymology. We heartily commend the book to those interested in the subject, and sincerely trust that its intrinsic merits will not suffer through the deterrent horrors of its binding, which appears to emulate the gaudy abominations of the peerage and county family publications.

West and East.

Christianity and Mythology. By John M. Robertson.
(Watts & Co.)

SOME few weeks ago we had occasion to refer to a curious opinion held by Mr. Robertson to the effect that no such thing as race genius exists. If it were true, the Occident would experience no difficulty in understanding the Orient, a proposition which the very existence of this book confutes. No doubt the plan of it was conceived in circumstances

that do not tend towards sympathetic study. Mr. Robertson, as is well known, was a favourite lieutenant of the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, and it was at his request that the study of "Christ and Krishna," which is the nucleus of the book, was undertaken. Now we have no wish to say any ill of Mr. Bradlaugh, he died somewhat more honoured than he had lived, and his posthumous reputation is at least as great as was his living one. We do not even wish to pass judgment on his merit as a controversialist; but it is scarcely necessary to say that he did not possess the delicate sympathy that enables a man to enter into and even represent the feelings and temperament of those opposed to him. That was not his particular gift. Rather he was a born fighter, ready to ransack East or West for weapons in his endless controversy with theologians. His, as he would probably have been glad to admit, was the spirit of the iconoclast—bustling, energetic, assertive, positive, the spirit of a partisan. Upon the author of this book his mantle descended. With more intellect, but less of his master's burly force, Mr. Robertson nevertheless follows the same track.

There is a magic in the East that fascinates some—not the magic hymned by Mr. Kipling, but the spiritual, unknown to him as to Mr. Robertson, though the two are wide asunder as the poles. In the West humanity is masculine to think or do. Mr. Robertson, armed with scale and compass, represents it. He comes as an exponent of naturalism, abhorring the mystic, though mystical enough is his own "ism" if pursued to its source, and bent on applying strict rules of logic and analysis to the careless, dreaming East. It is done at a sacrifice. The result has, in the first place, no literary value whatever—it is a mere polemic. Literary value could only have sprung out of some love of the East for its own sake, some feeling that would have dragged the author into its innermost life. If the reader is in doubt of what we mean, let him read one after the other Mr. Robertson's and Mr. Frazer's account of Krishna: they are practically agreed in their conclusion, but the latter, drawn to the East from childhood, living his best days in it, learning to think in its very terms, is able to see the full value of "those beacon lights that were set ablaze to direct the quivering soul in its flight through time," even though he confesses to be one of those who "stand listening wearily to the muffled sound that comes from the chamber of science."

This sort of writing and thinking is possible only to one capable of projecting himself, quite independent of his own belief, into the lives of others. Mr. Robertson's failure to do so most probably is in part due to a habit of controversy; you almost hear an angry rasp in his voice as he flings defiance or challenges contradiction; due still more, we should fancy, though we trust no injustice is done him by the supposition, to the apparent fact that he has had to approach the original documents through the medium of translation. He might get at the main facts in that way; but, after the facts have been mastered, the wisdom of the East may still remain a sealed book. In regard to the historical and textual criticism of the Bible this may have been a still greater disadvantage, even though he has winnowed the French and German authorities with the ardour of a true student, somewhat to the neglect of those in England, we think. Bishop Lightfoot, for example, led the way in textual criticism; and much that is put forward in regard to the pre-Christian existence of the more essential passages in the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer was primarily due to his research, although the name does not occur in the multitudinous authorities here quoted. Mr. Robertson's facts are mostly gleanings from the authorities; the original part of the book is the pushing of the conclusion to its extreme. Not only will he have it that all the miracles of Christ are mythic, and all the doctrines old, but that the historical personage round whom they were supposed to have accumulated was himself a myth.

We cannot believe that much good would come of discussing this point in the pages of the ACADEMY; nor, frankly, does Mr. Robertson appear to take a very tactful method of winning adherents to his belief. He seems to be beset with the idea that throughout the centuries a conspiracy has been abroad to impose a false religion on mankind—that is to say, if he would go so far as to admit that there is such a thing as true religion. He even falls foul of Mr. Andrew Lang for holding with perfect reasonableness that religion and myth are not necessarily connected. Mr. Lang says: "Man's consciousness of sin, his sense of being imperfect in the sight of 'larger other eyes than ours,' is a topic of the deepest interest, but it comes but by accident into the realm of mythological science." One might imagine this proposition self-evident. Another writer, not accused even of Mr. Lang's faith, dwells on "the doubts, the efforts to seek for the soul a secret hiding-place from the injustices of the world, the black pall of despairing pessimism that only can be rent by belief or faith." Surely both writers touch on something that is inherent in human nature, and exists apart from its expression, even if we should grant that the expression invariably takes mythical form. But the essence of the thing, to quote Mr. Lang again, is "the yearning after the Divine that is not far from any one of us." And, really, that touches the controversy to the quick. To apply the laws of logic and historical criticism to the myths, stories, and discourses wherein this human aspiration is embodied is no more satisfactory than would be the endeavour to find out the charm of a song by subjecting to chemical analysis the paper and ink used in printing it. When Mr. Gladstone appealed to "the solemn voice of the ages," he was sneered at by those who call themselves rationalists; yet the unalterable fact remains that, as far as knowledge goes, the human mind has craved for a certain nourishment that religion in some form or other has supplied. The moral to be drawn is, that the work Mr. Robertson essays is to be achieved not by pulling down, but by building up. Truth, in doctrine at any rate, is not to be tested by the time, place, and mouthpiece of its delivery, but by the response it evokes in the mind of man. And it is idle to talk, as Mr. Robertson does, of "a complex of real knowledge, correcting and reacting on one's whole conception of the universe." The so-called "real knowledge" rests, finally, upon the same unanswerable mystery as did the knowledge of old. What lies beyond is now, as then, a matter of guess, and the man of to-day's "conception of the universe" is not more likely to be true than those of antiquity. And this consideration, if no other, might teach us to be reverent and humble in dealing with the beliefs of the past.

An Expensive Purifier.

The Influence of Mars. By Eva Anstruther. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

THE "Prelude" to this tiny book presents England as a female standing by herself at a suitable height above sea-level, "a woman strong and beautiful; the mighty mother of a race of mighty men." To her comes a male stranger, and states that he wants her peace of mind and her men and her gold, and so forth, and that in return he will give manhood, strength, sacrifice, and so forth. She inquires, using the second person singular, who he is, and he replies: "I am War the Purifier." And she ejaculates: "Lo! I am well content."

After which symbolism, if symbolism it be, the reader is at liberty to turn to the realism of the Honourable Mrs. Anstruther's twelve tales of purification. In the first of these stories, "A Medical Exam.," we have a peer of the realm and his wife—"a very ordinary couple, prosperous, uninteresting. . . . They lived in the country from July

to March, and in London from March to July. . . . Bar outside happenings, they would have gone on doing the same thing, at the same time, in the same way, for ten years to come." But something happened, and Mrs. Anstruther describes the occurrence in the same phrase in nearly all the twelve tales: "The War Storm Burst." The War Storm having burst, the peer enrolls himself in the Imperial Yeomanry, and she busies herself "importantly with War Committees." But the peer has to be "vetted" before he may proceed to South Africa. The doctor tells him that he has just six months to live. (It is perfectly incredible that any examining doctor should go out of his way to sentence an examinee to death in this manner, but Mrs. Anstruther has it so.) The peer returns home; his wife is engaged in settling "who was to take in who" at that night's dinner party, but he nevertheless informs her *tout court* of his impending fate. "So she faced death with him." Incidentally, like many characters in fiction at a crisis, she is at this point suddenly endowed with a sense of hearing. "He dropped the curtain, and she heard the metallic clanging of the curtain rings upon the pole." Presumably, if her husband had not been condemned to die in six months, she would not have heard the metallic clanging of those curtain rings. Then they gave the dinner party, just as usual, and no one guessed. Only a "horsey man," with unconscious and miraculous allegoric force, summed up the situation in a tale about a mare: "I hunted her two seasons . . . with the Pytchley. Rather a stiff country for such a little bit of a thing, but quality always tells in the long run. It's the well-bred 'uns who will carry anything, and go on till they drop, even though they may be weedy sort of brutes to look at, and seem up to no weight at all."

Now all this, to be candid, is simple amateurishness—amateurishness which is not always even grammatical: an amateur's pathetic attempt to achieve the impossible by means of words like *Eternity*, *Fate*, *Englishman*. Turgenev could do as much in a couple of thousand words as most people; but even he would have shrunk from the business of gathering up the tragedy of two lives and sticking it into a column and a-half of the *Westminster Gazette*. The thing couldn't be done. It might have been hinted at; but Mrs. Anstruther hasn't even hinted at it. She has merely, in this as in all the other stories, indulged in an orgy of rank sentimentality. The book is like a chocolate cream for sickliness. Open it where you will, you find the same saccharine, plaintive note, expressive of the mood of a stockbroker when he hears "By the Fountain" sung "in the gloaming." Listen to the beginning of "The Fluffy Boy":

W. G. Wilson—just W. G. He had not even the individual note of a Christian name—only initials. Did his people call him Willy or Walter or Wilfred? No one knew or cared. He was merely a name on a list, a list of dancing men, which She who had given a Ball, handed over, in a patronising spirit, to She who aspired to a like Pinnacle of Fame.

In this amiably pretty book all the usual people do all the usual things. The unruly girl "smoothes back her rebellious curls." The agonised mother "walks up and down, up and down, like a caged thing." The moved father "blows his nose with quite unnecessary vigour." And everyone talks book talk, not real talk. Imagine a man referring to dead soldiers as "brave fellows." He might have said "poor chaps" or "poor devils"—but *brave fellows*! Imagine a small boy saying to his apologetic grandmother, *apropos* of a lady who is nursing him on her knee: "*She's not the sort what wearies*. It's quite all right"! Imagine an old woman on a 'bus, on Ladysmith Day, holding forth to a stranger like this:

I hear the loud shout of success, as you do, but listen behind it. Bend down your ear and listen to the heart of success as it beats. It's the sound of the muffled drum,

beating most slowly as for a funeral; to the slow, heavy tread of the men who march mourning: it's the sound of teardrops falling, falling one by one—this is the heart of success. . . ."

War has different effects on different people. On Mrs. Anstruther it has had the effect of causing her to write this book. *The Influence of Mars* is doubtless the sincere expression of a state of mind, an utterance honest and, perhaps, inevitable. We have no desire to scoff at it, though to avoid doing so is extremely difficult; but we are bound to say that, in our opinion, it is without any sort of merit, or even of effectiveness.

Other New Books.

NOTES ON A CENTURY OF
TYPOGRAPHY.

BY HORACE HART.

THIS is such a book as a retired printer might spread on his knees, and enjoy. Mr. Hart is the controller of the Oxford University Press, and this folio is the result of certain technical researches he has made into the past history of the ancient and important press over which he presides. The full title of the volume is *Notes on a Century of Typography at the University Press, Oxford, 1693-1794; with Annotations and Appendixes*. The basis of the book is the collection, existing at Oxford, of *Specimens* of printed type such as were regularly sent out to authors to assist them in selecting suitable types for their books. Publishers are, perhaps, less ceremonious, and authors less exacting, in these days. Indeed, the custom of sending out these specimens seems to have been honoured at Oxford only in a definite period; it did not begin until 1693, and it ended abruptly in 1794. Mr. Hart has reproduced a great many of these *Specimens*, and in doing so has stored up and expounded much fine old typographical lore. Essentially, the book is a picture-book—that is to say, its aim is to reproduce to the eye the types, initials, printer's marks, colophons, &c., of which specimens were circulated among authors in the above period. Moreover, it is strictly a record of such specimens as have survived. If a fount of type be not represented in any Oxford Specimen, and if no punch, matrix, or lead type of it can be found, then that fount makes no appearance in this work. To have included mention of such types would, Mr. Hart tells us, have expanded his work beyond reasonable limits. Perhaps the most striking feature of this curious history, to the lay mind, is the dominance of Dutch type. All the earliest Oxford printing was done with type "made in Germany"—to be precise, at Cologne; and throughout the seventeenth century the directors of the Press imported type from Germany, France, and Holland. Type-founding was not authorised in England until 1637; and for long after that date Dutch type held sway. Mr. Hart quotes from Reed's *Old English Letter Foundries* to show that this was the case in the early years of the eighteenth century:

There was probably more Dutch type in England between 1700 and 1720 than there was English. The Dutch artists appeared for the time to have the secret of the true shape of the Roman letter; their punches were more carefully finished, their matrices better justified, and their types of better metal, and better dressed, than any of which our country could boast. Nor was it till Caslon developed a native genius that English typography ceased to be more than half Dutch.

It goes without saying that Mr. Hart's commentary on the types he reproduces is highly technical. But it is also manifestly a labour of love. Only 150 copies of this interesting record have been printed. (Oxford University Press.)

A WALK THROUGH THE ZOOLOGICAL
GARDENS.

BY F. G. AFLALO.

From the *Encyclopædia of Sport*, of which he is editor, Mr. Aflalo has turned for the nonce to that living encyclopædia of animal life, the Zoo, where he gossips in a simple, informing way on the curiosities of its orderly lairs. His book will satisfy the country cousin and the Londoner who has boys. Again and again the "nature of the beast" is happily touched off, not omitting any refinement of manner acquired in the polite society of the Gardens. The giraffe, we are told, is so fastidious that it will not accept an apple from which its keeper has had first bite—a fact which should be of some educational value; as also the futility of Temminck's Snapper, "a dirty old turtle," which from force of habit angles for fish when there are no fish to catch. One regrets to learn that the Snapper, probably from protracted disappointment, now refuses to eat the steak provided for him, and has taken no food for months. The pair of South African ratsels may be particularly recommended to the attention of youth, not, perhaps, on educational grounds, for they devour their offspring, but because of their cheerful dexterity. When the ratel sees a keeper approaching with a supply of horse-flesh he turns a series of delighted somersaults, which he repeats when he has successfully robbed his partner of her share of food. This conduct makes it necessary that the female should be fed in a separate compartment. The ratel can also climb over the roof of his house, and hang on by his forepaws. "They eat," says Mr. Aflalo, "about 6 lbs. of horse meat each daily, as well as such culs as they may produce." This cannibalistic passion is also shared by the tigers. Mr. Aflalo tells of one tigress which, just before a birth, was provided with 20 lbs. of fresh meat in the hope that it would stay her appetite. In addition to this, however, she devoured her three culs.

The illustrations to the book are, on the whole, well printed, and many are of unusual interest—those, for instance, showing the unrolling of the chameleon's tongue, and the full stretch of that extraordinary member in act to secure a fly. The chameleon, by the by (another note for youthful visitors), does not flourish on young flies; he prefers old ones that have indulged in high living. Another interesting series exhibits the African egg-eating snake in the various stages of egg consumption. (Sands & Co.)

THE ECONOMICS OF MODERN
COOKERY.

BY M. M. MALLOCK.

Husks do not necessarily appear in the *menu* of the Younger Son, but he often envies the Prodigal his fatted calf. He has appreciated M. M. Mallock's attempts to help him in the management of his larder. Hence the second, and enlarged, edition of *A Younger Son's Cookery Book*, the title of which has been changed "to one more generally descriptive." This is a book that goes to the first principles: "What is stock?" for instance, or "What is a *ragoût*?" One can believe that if Angelina would only commit to memory the passage on rolling dough (p. 147), the honeymoon might continue at home after the return from the seaside. The author comments on the lack of appreciation for the *nuances* of flavour displayed by the lower and lower-middle classes, and would lay "a very strict embargo" on "lemon-peel, herbs, nutmeg, mace, and cloves, the too liberal use of which is an almost universal instinct."

"And things are not what they seem," sings Longfellow; and the motto might well serve for New Zealand mutton, which, "when fit to cook, has oftener than not the appearance of being in a state of advanced decomposition." We should be glad to avoid it at all times. It may be added that M. M. Mallock's rules for choosing different meats should be conned by every young housewife. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

Fiction.

"The Weapons of the Dead."

A Gift from the Grave. By Edith Wharton.
(John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

A NOVELISTS' novel this might fairly be called—in the sense, at any rate, that in order to apprehend the delicacy of the work, and the perfection of its economy, the reader should himself have seriously essayed fiction. Its bulk does not exceed one-third of the average six-shilling measure, and every line is vital. For style, the sentences, with their carefully prepared resolutions, are like the sentences of Mr. Henry James; like his, too, is the general method of "attack"; but the story is told very frankly, with none of the miserly eking out of light that is what, from another than Mr. James, decidedly we would not stand.

You are to suppose that, instead of being the happy object of a great and beautiful love, such a woman as Elizabeth Barrett was the victim of a passion for a man of quite mediocre qualities; that upon him she lavished the treasure of her heart; and, knowing well that he had nothing to give her in return, continued through many years to write to him from a distance all the best of her thought and of her emotion. The affection Glennard entertained for Margaret Aubyn comprised "a dual impulse that drew him to her voice, but drove him from her hand." To be loved by the most brilliant woman of her day was a thing that could not but render him vain-glorious; to be incapable of loving her "seemed to him, in looking back, derisive evidence of his limitations; and his remorseful tenderness for her memory was complicated with a sense of irritation against her for having given him, once for all, the measure of his emotional capacity." And here is a phrase that creates the woman: she "combined with personal shyness an intellectual audacity that was like a deflected impulse of coquetry; one felt that if she had been prettier she would have had emotions instead of ideas."

It was not that Mrs. Aubyn permitted herself to be a pensioner on his bounty. He knew she had no wish to keep herself alive on the small change of sentiment; she simply fed on her own funded passion, and the luxuries it allowed her made him even then dimly aware that she had the secret of an inexhaustible alchemy.

Read this passage from the farewell interview before her setting out for England:

He was tired of her already—he was always tired of her—yet he was not sure that he wanted her to go.

"I may never see you again," he said, as though confidently appealing to her compassion.

Her look enveloped him. "And I shall see you always—always!"

"Why go then?" escaped him.

"To be nearer you," she answered. . . .

It is worthy of note that the contrast between the woman whom Glennard loved and the woman he had tolerated is not a contrast between a good and a bad woman, a wise woman and a fool.

Miss Trent had the charm of still waters that are felt to be renewed by rapid currents. Her attention spread a tranquil surface to the demonstrations of others [the significance of this remarkable expression is wonderfully unfolded as the story goes forward], and it was only in days of storm and stress that one felt the pressure of the tides. This inscrutable composure was, perhaps, her chief grace in Glennard's eyes. Reserve, in some natures, implies merely the locking of empty rooms or the dissimulation of awkward encumbrances; but Miss Trent's reticence was to Glennard like the closed door to the sanctuary, and his certainty of divining the hidden treasure made him content to remain outside in the happy expectancy of the neophyte.

She was quite practical; she knew perfectly that to happy domesticity a little money is an antecedent necessity. And so the dead woman's letters were given in two volumes to the New York public. To Alexa Trent the price was represented as an inheritance. Thenceforward, having won his wife, and while all things prospered in his hand, the troubled man was doomed to hear the prattle of inquisitive readers, and on all hands unmeasured condemnation of the impossible person who had betrayed a confidence so generous. When he opened the first volume,

the little broken phrases fled across the page like wounded animals in the open. . . . It was a horrible sight . . . a *battue* of helpless things driven savagely out of shelter. He had not known it would be like this. . . .

He had viewed the transaction solely as an unfortunate blemish on an otherwise presentable career; "heedless of the divinities who, below the surface of our deeds and passions, silently forge the fatal weapons of the dead." Now he began to be tormented by the necessity of defending himself against the perpetual criticism of his wife's belief in him. His punishment, it seemed to him at other times, thenceforth would be "the unescapable presence of the woman he had so persistently evaded." She would always be there now. It was as though he had married her instead of the other. It was what she had always wanted—to be with him—and she had gained her point at last." Worst of all he felt that he would never again be able to see Flamel, the bookman who had been his intermediary, speaking to his wife without "a sense of sick mistrust that loosened his joints." With quite extraordinary sureness we learn the process by which fear begets remorse, remorse repentance, repentance purification. Harassed by dread of betrayal, swaying between defiance and self-disgust, with miscalculated words he builds up between Alexa and himself a hateful bridge of comprehension. From that moment the interest centres in the woman. To hate him would have been easy; to despise him easy. She does neither. With faultless tact the wife, passionately just, is shown to stand of her own will beside him at the bar of conscience; and she divines the moment of his absolution. That was the dead woman's final gift: at last she had made him to be the man she had loved; and for her, in death as in life, the joy of giving.

Such is the end to which we are beautifully brought. We can only add, rather helplessly, that we are conscious how far this sketch and these extracts must fall short of reflecting the impression that has been made upon us by a story that is, to our judgment, a work altogether apart.

Neighbours. By Julia M. Crottie.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THESE "annals of a dull town" are never dull. We realise the people of Innisdoyle with unusual vividness—the white Main Street, the little muddled shops, the "pickie" players quarrelling on the pavement, the whisky-sodden, good-natured doctor, the lounging gossips quick to weep or fight or pray together. It is all a part of life as it is in a hundred Innisdoyles, its squalor tempered with kindness, its dreariness with invincible humour, its poverty with the grace of charity. The Irish character, touched sympathetically and with understanding, is lavish of response. Mrs. Crottie has both understanding and sympathy; she has, also, that rare instinct for dialogue which alone can make such stories absolutely faithful. There is much of death and burying in the book—too much, indeed—but no sentimentality. She does not go to wreck on the shoals of pathos.

They are terrible fighters, these Innisdoyle folk. There was a great fight between the pugilistic parson and Robin Boyle, "the delicate tinker." They met, both driving, in a narrow road; neither would give way.

"Oh, your reverence," shrieked a woman, running up with her hair flying, and eyes swollen and discoloured,

"in the name o' the three O'Reillys, pass him by! L'ave him alone! He's as harmless as a child if he's let alone, but tons o' pepper—the p'ison of sacks o' cats is in him if he's meddled with. He's not delicate —"

"Stand out!" yelled the tinker, "an' fight for your life, for here forneest you stands the boy that'll make you see stars—your natural master!"

Could flesh and blood stand that?

In a trice greatecoat and hay-rope were on the ground, and tinker and clergyman were in all the delirium of battle. The woman retreated to the shelter of a clump of bushes near by . . . but by and by a stone flung at her brought her out.

"Come," said her husband, as delicate and white as ever, "an' let us be moving."

Mrs. Crottie writes in a simple, straightforward style, workmanlike and efficient. What she needs to cultivate are selection and construction. The dialect, it may be added, is faithfully rendered.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SENATOR NORTH.

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Mrs. Atherton has here brought her wit and observation to the study of American political life, and of politics in relation to society. Says Mrs. Madison to her daughter, who is determined to "go in" for politics: "It always has been my boast, Betty, that I never have had a politician in my house." Betty's unshaken resolve throws Mrs. Madison into tears of despair as she forcees her drawing-room filled with "a lot of lank, raw-boned Yankees with political beards." The story deals with the cares and temptations of senatorial life, and is laid in Washington, and often in the Senate. "Betty went to the Senate Gallery on the following day . . . and heard an exposition of the Populist religion by the benevolent-looking bore from Nebraska." (Lane. 6s.)

WINEFRED.

BY S. BARING-GOULD.

Mr. Baring-Gould's new novel is a "story of the chalk cliffs," in which the smallest doings of a West Country village are recorded. The very names seem familiar—Mrs. Marley, Mr. Holwood, and the rest. There are the smuggling episodes that never tire, and love and landslips complete the interest of a readable story of a familiar type. (Methuen. 6s.)

MONICA GREY.

BY LADY HELY-HUTCHINSON.

This short novel appears to have had a special inspiration, deeply felt. We read: "If, by the unfolding of her lived-out experience I can bring home to some sore heart the truth for which my dear lady died—that sacrifice is always better than indulgence, whether the love be what the world smiles on as legitimate, or of that sad kind which the customs and traditions of a pseudo-moral society refuse to authorise—I shall be very ready to go to." The story belongs to the series so well inaugurated by Miss Wharton's *A Gift from the Grave*. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

Twelve short stories, insufficiently distinguished from a novel of twelve chapters. The first opens with the sentence: "The conversation had been of murders and of suicides. It had almost seemed as if each speaker had felt constrained to cap the preceding speaker's tale of horror." (Methuen. 6s.)

A FRIEND OF CESAR.

BY WILLIAM STEARNES DAVIS.

Mr. Davis's period is '50-'47 B.C., the time of the fall of the Roman Republic. The author's aim is to present the Pagan point of view in contrast to the Christian point of view as presented in *Quo Vadis*; and he has endeavoured to keep to "strict historical probabilities." The story has already been issued in America. (Macmillan. 6s.)

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Nietzsche.*

NIETZSCHE! Had Balzac conceived the man—but even Balzac could not have done that—his joy in finding this name would have eclipsed for the moment his joy in the creation. What night, and wrath, and strength, and strength cut short, look through the bars of this inspired dissyllable—Nietzsche. The man who bore it died last Saturday at Weimar, and with him passes from our ken one of the strangest figures of modern times. Two men have now gone into the silence who bear the marks of their age as no others do—Amiel, the weary man, and Nietzsche, the rebellious man. Here we speak of Nietzsche. But how to precipitate him? How forge the phrase that should precede the summary? In that mood which has come once to every man when he has felt the universe, the height of the stars, the behind and the before, and his personality like a mountain whirling—and his brain has stopped . . . and lo, the danger was over, and the street was with him again—in that mood Nietzsche stayed a little longer than other men, and emerged with a religion that was a transvaluation of all the ideas on which the management of human life now rests. In some such way one visualises the birth of a creed which has been called hideous, ferocious, abominable, insane, but which is nevertheless a direct, we may almost say a legitimate, product of the age. Nietzsche is the incarnation of ideas which men have hardly yet weighed, or dared to combine. We may dispute his explanation of himself, but the *man* has lived and died.

The simplest way of stating Nietzsche's teaching is to say that the struggle for existence, by tooth and claw, which has evolved man, is accepted by him as the sole principle of human progress. The victory of the strong is the supreme necessity; for the weak there shall be no mercy. Physiology is all. As Nietzsche's chief British exponent, Dr. Tille, interprets:

Physiology, as the criterion of value of whatever is human, whether called art, culture, or religion! Physiology as the sole arbiter on what is great and what is small, what is good and what is bad! Physiology as the sole standard by which the facts of history and the phenomena of our time can be tried, and by which they have to be tried and to receive the verdict on the great issue: decline, or ascent?

It follows that Christianity, the religion of the protection of the weak, was in Nietzsche's eyes the supreme evil—"the collective insurrection against *race* of all the down-trodden, the wretched, the ill-constituted, the misfortunate." With an extraordinary and melancholy force he bewails the undoing by its agency of "the whole labour of the Roman world," which was working out the destinies of the race on the principle of breeding strong men and eliminating the feeble. Moreover, in the Roman world,

everything *essential* had been discovered to make people go to work: the methods, it must be repeated ten times, *are* the essential thing, also the most difficult thing, and, besides, the things that have habit and indolence longest against them. What we have now won back for ourselves

with unspeakable self-vanquishing (for we have still somehow all bad instincts, all Christian instincts in our nature)—the open book in presence of reality, the cautious hand, patience in earnestness and details, all the *righteousness* in knowledge—it was already there! already, more than two thousand years ago!

Nietzsche, then, regarded Christianity as the most disastrous putting-lack of the clock ever achieved—"the one immortal blemish of mankind." So tremendous, and so oft-quoted, are his denunciations of the creed of Christendom that one must do him the justice—if it will pass for such—of pointing out that his references to Christianity were not always ungentle. In the chapter on Free Death in *Thus Spake Zarathustra* he exclaims:

Too early died that Hebrew whom the preachers of slow death revere, and his dying-too-early hath been fatal for many since.

When Jesus the Hebrew knew only the tears and melancholy of the Hebrew, together with the hatred of the good and just—then longing for death surprised him.

Would that he had remained in the desert and far away from the good and just! Perhaps he would have learnt how to live and to love the earth—and how to laugh besides!

Believe me, my brethren! He died too early; he himself would have revoked his doctrine, had he reached mine age! Noble enough to revoke he was!

Absurd as it is to proceed so rapidly, we must leave further indication of Nietzsche's larger opinions, our aim being to exhibit also his handling of everyday life and of literature. Remembering that he placed the salvation of the world in the fulness of life, no surprise can be felt when we encounter Nietzsche's contempt of the small moralities which keep the weak and the stupid safe from the strong and each other. All *that* was simply repressed disease. The enveloping scorn of some of his characterisations can hardly be matched in literature. Take this on "The Virtue that Maketh Smaller":

I pass through these folk and keep my eyes open. The folk do not forgive me for not being envious of their virtues.

They bite at me because I say unto them: "For small folk small virtues are requisite"; and because it is hard for me to understand that small folk are *requisite*!

Alas! the curiosity of mine eye strayed even unto their hypocrisy, and well I divined all their fly-happiness and their humming round window-panes in the sunshine.

So much kindness, so much weakness see I. So much justice and sympathy, so much weakness.

Round, honest and kind are they towards each other, as grains of sand are round, honest, and kind unto grains of sand.

Modestly to embrace a small happiness—they call "submission"! And therewith they modestly look sideways after a new small happiness.

At bottom they desire plainly one thing most of all: to be hurt by nobody. Thus they oblige all and do well unto them.

But this is cowardice; although it be called virtue.

And if once they speak harshly, these small folk—I hear therein merely their hoarseness. For every draught of air maketh them hoarse.

Prudent are they; their virtues have prudent fingers. But they are lacking in clenched fists; their fingers know not how to hide themselves behind fists.

For them virtue is what maketh modest and tame. Thereby they have made the wolf a dog, and man himself man's best domestic animal.

"We put our chair in the *midst*"—thus saith their simpering unto me—"exactly as far from dying gladiators as from happy swine."

This is *mediocrity*; although it be called moderation.

* *The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche*. 3 vols. (Unwin.)

Again, this on Marriage:

Worthy and ripe for the significance of earth appeared this man unto me; but, when I saw his wife, earth seemed with me a madhouse.

Yea, I wish the earth would tremble in convulsions whenever a saint and a goose couple.

This one went out for truths like a hero, and at last he secured a little dressed-up lie. He calleth it his marriage.

It will be easily surmised that Nietzsche's literary judgments are startling re-valuations. His own ambition was toward the apothegm, the march of brief gnomic utterances to a chant as of the old Greek hymns. In this he was in no way original. His originality lay in his conception of his attainments. "Aphorism and the sentence, in which *I, as the foremost among the Germans, am master*, are the forms of eternity; my ambition is to say in ten sentences—what everyone else does *not* say in a book." In his essay, "My Indebtedness to the Ancients," Nietzsche has a passage which may rank high among expressions of the felicity imparted to the reader by a perfect style:

Up to the present, I have not received from any poet the same artistic rapture as was given to me from the first by an Horatian ode. In certain languages that which is attained there cannot even be willed. That lingual mosaic, where every word, as sound, as position, and as motion, diffuses its force right, left, and over the whole; that *minimum* in the compass and number of signs, that *maximum* thus realised in their energy—all that is Roman, and, if you will believe me, it is *noble par excellence*. All other poetry becomes too popular in comparison with it—mere sentimental loquacity.

Nietzsche's literary hatreds are perfectly explicable to students of his wider opinions. He characteristically tabulates them under the heading, "My Impracticables." These are:

Seneca, or the treader of virtue.

Rousseau, or return to nature in *impuris naturalibus*.

Schiller, or the moral Trumpeter of Sackingen.

Dante, or the hyena poetising in tombs.

Kant, or *cant* as an intelligible character.

Victor Hugo, or Pharos in a sea of absurdity.

Michelet, or enthusiasm which strips off the coat.

Carlyle, or pessimism as an undigested dinner.

John Stuart Mill, or offensive transparency.

The Goncourts, or the two Ajaxes struggling with Homer; music by Offenbach.

Zola, or the delight to stink.

His longer condemnations fall on George Sand, Sainte Beuve, Carlyle, and others. George Sand is "this productive writing cow, who, like her master Rousseau himself, had in her something German in the bad sense." Sainte Beuve is

nothing of a man; full of petty resentments against all masculine intellects. . . . Nobody understands better how to mix poison with praise. . . . Ill at ease in everything possessing strength (public opinion, the Academy, the Court, and even Port Royal). Embittered against all greatness in men and things, against all that believes in itself. . . . He behaves otherwise, however, with regard to all matters where a delicate, worn-out taste is the highest tribunal; there he really has the courage of himself, pleasure in himself—there he is a *master*. In some respects a prototype of Beaudelaire.

And Carlyle—our strong man, our despiser of shams, and adorer of strength? Surely he will fare better! But, observe:

I have read the Life of Thomas Carlyle, that unconscious and unintended farce, that heroic-moral interpretation of dyspeptic conditions. . . . A rhetorician from necessity, who was continually curtailed by the

longing for a strong belief and the feeling of incapacity for it (in that respect a typical Romanticist!). The longing for a strong belief is *not* evidence of a strong belief, rather the contrary. . . . Carlyle deafens something in his nature by the *fortissimo* of his reverence for men of strong belief, and by his rage against the less stupid; he *requires* noise. A constant, passionate *insincerity* towards himself—that is his *profession*; he is interesting, and will remain interesting thereby. In England, to be sure, he is admired precisely on account of his sincerity. . . . Well, that is English; and in consideration that the English are the people of consummate *cant*, it is not merely conceivable, but appropriate. After all, Carlyle is an English atheist, who aspires to honour for *not* being one.

We have taken only a bird's flight over that dark continent of dogmatic thought in which Nietzsche dwelt alone. It were useless, in any case, to come to him with rules and queries. "Why?" said Zarathustra. 'Thou askest why? I am not one of those who may be asked for their whys. Would I not require to be a barrel of memory, if I were to have my reasons with me?' Nor need we discuss the obvious and already uttered condemnations of this amazing German. It is well known that his reason left him, but it is an error to suppose that it left him a maniac. He retained his natural dignity, elegance, and sweetness—fading slowly out of a world in which he had proclaimed: "Blessed are the strong, for they shall inherit the earth," and this in scorn of every consequence, prejudice, and establishment. "But Zarathustra sadly said unto his heart: 'They deem me cold and a mocker with terrible jokes.'"

Things Seen.

Neighbours.

It happened not once but many times, and each time it was new. I waited for it to happen again, for here was something rare. Whenever a steamer swept round a bend of the river and raced past us, handkerchiefs, hats, hands were waved in greeting from them to us, from us to them. Every time a steamer passed it happened; every time we and they broke off occupations to wave a greeting to shadowy strangers, to faces we could not see. Men, women, children, all waved as if to say, "It is holiday time: this is our land: we are of one family."

But these signals of comradeship did not end with those on the steamers. As we swept on through the unrecorded hours of that summer day, the fluttering greetings came from the windows of houses, from people walking on the banks, from little groups on barges, and always across the waters the greeting was flashed back. There were no strangers in our world that day. Even a solitary little man, standing on the extremity of a stone breakwater, waved a red handkerchief, and he was answered by a hundred hands. And so it went on, so it will always go on in Rhineland. There there are no strangers. He who is on or near that water-way is your neighbour.

The Pilot.

He came out of the night from nowhere, for evening mists hid the river banks; he went back into the night—to nowhere; but while he remained every eye watched him, every heart beat a little faster for his coming. For the river was swollen, the channel was narrow, and rocks slouched above the foam. He came out from the night in this way. Ahead I spied a small boat beating her way in the steamer's course. In the stern sat a figure, his keen face peeping from between his waterproof cap and cloak. When the steamer drew near, a rope was thrown and caught; for a moment the boat swung alongside, and in that moment he jumped on board. The passengers drew aside; he passed through the lane they made, a solemn,

detached figure; he ascended the steps to the bridge, shook hands with the captain, and took the wheel. He spoke to none. We were of no account. His eyes never wandered from the path the steamer must go, and while he steered the captain paced up and down the bridge—captain for this hour but in name. We gave this Unknown, who had come out of the night to guide us safely, our silent homage. In the strangeness of that dark journey through the winding river, with the cliffs towering on either side, and the roar of the rapids beating in our ears, the profession that this Unknown followed became touched with mystery and glory. To do a thing perfectly for the good of many, without the trivialities of speech, and the disappointments of intercourse, and to remain unknown through it all—how fine! He guided us safely past all dangers, and when we reached the wide, open reaches of the river, there ahead was another little boat waiting for him. He renounced the wheel, shook hands with the captain, and descended the steps. As he passed through the line of passengers one cried, "Grüß' Gott!" "Grüß' Gott!" he answered, baring his head.

And so the Unknown passed into the night whence he had come.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

Elisabeth de Bavière, by Constantin Christomanos, is as revolting and sickening a book as hysterical and decadent literature has produced. This indelicate Greek cad, admitted as reader, travelling companion, and teacher of Greek to an intimacy as strange as it was inappropriate with the late Empress of Austria, shows his appreciation of that injudicious Royal lady's favour by the publication of a perfervid and maudlin volume, supposed to be the tale of their odd relations. When we read, towards the end of this hideous book, that the Empress said to him: "I can be influenced neither in good nor in evil, for I abandon everything to my interior voices and to my destiny. Have you not remarked that I know more about you than you yourself do? At a first glance I know what men are worth"—we sincerely wish the poor distraught woman, victim of so many unprecedented domestic disasters, had possessed in reality the gift she boasted of, in which case she would have shuddered away from such companionship as she deliberately chose in this manndering rascal.

The book is worthily translated and prefaced by two howling Nationalist humbugs. It is a singular fact that the Nationalists cannot possibly touch anything they do not lamentably soil, mar, or render ridiculous. I can only explain it by the supposition that Nationalism is a form of madness, and not a pleasing or interesting one at that. A certain part of France went off its head recently, and has not yet recovered its mental or moral balance. And so a professor of France, M. Gabriel Syveton, disgraced publicly for his political frolics in the untruncated Affair, awaiting the joys of a general rising on a level with that of the Boxers of China, which he and his extraordinary party fondly aspire to, employs his leisure in translating into literary French the unhealthy ravings about an unfortunate sovereign lady of a hysterical Hellene. And M. Maurice Barrès, that apostle of literary blackguardism, gravely prefaces the treason in the high, unmelodious French of which he rejoices in the secret.

The woman is dead under tragic circumstances, and for this reason, if for none other, has a claim upon silence and respectful sympathy. Her life was not a happy one; her nature was not a happy one, and she was mistress of neither. Members of her family still live for whom she is a sacred and private memory. A whole nation has mourned her as empress; a smaller race has loved her as a queen. Are these things of no account to heartless outsiders? Must the woman and the sovereign be held, for

the world at large, as mere matter for the self-advertisement of a blatant fool like Constantin Christomanos, as food for the vulgar and the indiscreet? We will admit—poor crowned eccentric, who could not wear her coronet of thorns without public revolt—that she gave herself as a meal to the indiscreet, but is that a reason why the decent among us should not feel an ardent desire to kick and maul the poetical M. Christomanos? Even M. Barrès, with his famous cult of his "moi," and his well-known indelicacy of pen, is obliged to head a quotation from the learned doctor's pages with this significant statement: "You will realise what faults and qualities are those of our guide only in reading this first page, charming in its love of beauty, and in which we recognise a distant brother, all impregnated with Orientalism, of our Julian Sorel." Now Julian Sorel, Stendhal's hero of *Rouge et Noir*, is the sorriest, the most squalid and unspeakable cad of all French literature. In seeking a fit and base comparison, it would be difficult to sink into a lower depth of humanity. Here are extracts from what M. Barrès calls the self-revealing page. The Empress desires to learn Greek, and M. Christomanos, a young student at Vienna, having been recommended to her, a court carriage calls at his door to take him to the palace. He awaits the Empress by order in the Park:

I was filled with unutterable emotion. Around a bush trembling under the innumerable gold flowers of the mimosa, hives of bees hummed. All these little balls in flower shed with their intoxicating perfume a golden smile. In truth, they knew not that they were there as much for me as for the bees, that their glance, their embalmed breath should render for me the hour unforgettable as well as give honey to the bees. . . . I still feel the ineffable poetry of that hour of waiting, which carried me far away from myself towards the distant infinite, which precipitated me in the abyss. So that, when I came back to myself, I was the prey of a strange sensation as if from greenish and crepuscular depths of the sea a powerful wave had cast me upon a land foreign and unknown to the land of life. And while I waited there my heart was more and more filled with the certitude that I was on the point of seeing appear what my life would hold most precious. Suddenly SHE was before me. I felt HER approach, and the sensation of her coming seemed to have sprung within me as long as if I had lived through it hours and years. SHE was before me, bent a little forward. Her head was detached upon a background of white parasol radiant with sunshine, whence started a kind of vaporous nimbus round her forehead. In her left hand she held a black fan slightly inclined to her cheek. Her eyes of clear gold looked fixedly at me, scanning the features of my visage, animated with the desire of discovering something there. Did they find what they sought? Was it later that they smiled upon me, or from the first did they greet me with those smiling beams?

Poor Elisabeth of Bavaria! Whatever she may have sought in the visage of the modern Hellene, she assuredly could have found no trace of the gentleman. Now a poet, a romancer, may write this sort of stuff by the yard when it is a question of a lover and an anonymous mistress; but an unhappy dead lady, but yesterday having won with her blood a niche in history, to be made the subject of this tasteless lyricism, is a revolting thought. Did she really pose as he makes her, printing "she" and "her" in capital letters, as travelling over an unappreciative universe in dual solitude with Dr. Christomanos? Wherever you meet them—at Lainz, Schönbrunn, in Ionian waters, in the paradise of Corfu—it is never the Empress of Austria and her surroundings; it is eternally Elisabeth of Bavaria talking of her soul and her philosophy of life in the hushed twilight of dawn, in the glimmer of russet woods, upon a sunlit sea, along moonlit lawns and shadowy glens with the eloquent Dr. Christomanos. Like Browning's Star, he would have us believe that she opened her heart to him, and we feel sorrier for Elisabeth of Bavaria than a little while ago.

H. L.

Correspondence.

The Jargon of Criticism.

SIR,—May I venture, as a public librarian, to say a word on this subject, with special reference to criticism of novels? When the number of public libraries and their requirements are taken into account, it will be allowed that librarians have a very practical interest in the matter.

It is not too much to say that the current criticism of novels is, in the majority of cases, practically worthless as affording any real guidance to librarians in the selection of fiction. The reason is not unknown to literary men, and, as having reviewed many hundreds of novels, I can endorse what one of your correspondents says in the current issue of the ACADEMY on that point. It is largely due to lack of conscientious work on the part of reviewers, induced by the conditions of the work itself.

Let me explain. In most places, from the metropolis to the smallest country town with its weekly or bi-weekly, there is always a superabundance of persons ready to undertake the reviewing of novels—not to speak of other classes of literature—for the books, and for the delight of the thing, and editors are, naturally, quite willing to take advantage of their services. And no doubt such persons, while the work interests them, do their best to form and express a fair judgment on the books placed in their hands; but, as all who have tried it know, the reviewing of fiction becomes in time a depressing duty. Unless one has special encouragement to continue to do his best, or has exceptional pride in his work, he usually ceases largely or wholly to read with any degree of carefulness the novels that lie till the last moment unopened on his study table. Hence in a large measure the “confirmed habit of agreeableness” in criticism, for to express an adverse opinion on a book demands that the critic must at least have read it.

Very well. Public librarians, in selecting fiction, have to deal with a prevalent criticism that is conflicting and unreliable. They read a criticism of a new author's book couched in all the familiar terms of agreeable commendation, and, anxious to provide readers with the latest and best fiction, they include this work in their next order—to find, in many cases, that circulation of the book among general readers would, to say the least, not tend to the elevation of the public taste. For myself, I am gradually amassing a little pile of such books that, having read, I should not think of placing in circulation, and, having cut, am precluded from returning to the bookseller.

In view of this condition of things, I should like to tender a practical suggestion to publishers. Librarians are, for the most part, always glad to have reliable information about new books, and I am sure they would welcome from publishers a circular setting forth an outline of new novels, and showing under what conditions the characters live and move and have their being. Such a circular must not attempt to characterise the books in any way, for then it will immediately become valueless; and it must not come to hand, as some publishers' circulars do, at stated periods. To be of real use it must be available on the publication of the works to which it refers. Information thus supplied would not fill the place of candid and reliable reviews; but, in the absence of these, it would at least enable librarians to judge, as far as is possible without having read the books, of what manner of work they are.—I am, &c.,

A PUBLIC LIBRARIAN.

August 25, 1900.

SIR,—I am interested in “Miles Enderby's” letter in this week's ACADEMY, partly because I am also a casual unpaid reviewer and also because I agree with him in what he says about editors not wanting good work. Unlike him, however, I am not at all sorry for myself, for I like

seeing such quantities of new books, apart from the pleasure of criticising them! In my humble opinion most of the editors of provincial daily papers do not know what good literary work is: they may be excellent political journalists, but more often than not they have not the slightest literary instinct. Therefore if they can get a dozen book reviews of varying length for their weekly “Literary Page” they are quite satisfied, and do not wish to remunerate the reviewer either for good work or bad. When the good time comes in which everything that appears in a paper will be paid for—including the personal paragraphs under the heading “Society,” by those who send the paragraphs—we may expect the literary part of a provincial daily to be as good as its political and commercial columns. Until then, we who are foolish (?) enough to review for the shilling-a-volume wage must try and do our duty both to the unsuspecting public and to the author. Possibly the unpaid reviewer deals more faithfully with the latter than does he who is adjudged worthy of his hire. Our position, if unpaid, is assuredly one of some influence—a consoling thought which I offer to “Miles Enderby”—and I for one most certainly enjoy it.—I am, &c.,

“LOQUACIOUS VESSEL.”

August 25, 1900.

Ruskin on Epitaphs.

SIR,—Read in connexion with the results of your Prize Competition of this week, the following extracts from *Fors Clavigera* may interest some of your readers:

... take care that some memorial is kept of men who deserve memory in a distinct statement on the stone or brass of their tombs, either that they were true men or rascals—wise men or fools.

How beautiful the variety of sepulchral architecture might be, in any extensive place of burial, if the public would meet the small expense of thus expressing its opinions in a verily instructive manner, and if some of the tombstones accordingly terminated in fools'-caps, and others, instead of crosses and cherubs, bore engravings of cats-of-nine-tails, as typical of the probable methods of entertainment in the next world, of the persons not, it is to be hoped, reposing below. . . .

The wisest men are wise to the full in death, and, if you would give them, instead of stately tombs, only so much honour as to do their will, when they themselves can no more contend for it, you would find it good memorial of them, such as the best of them would desire, and full of blessing to all men for all time.

—I am, &c.,

Edinburgh: August 26, 1900.

L. C. JACK.

“The Dictionary of National Biography.”

SIR,—I think that it is much to be regretted that one of the most interesting and instructive works of the age is practically a sealed book to the public—I allude to *The Dictionary of National Biography*. It is a vast work of some sixty volumes, but each volume is complete in itself. It can, of course, be seen at the British Museum and some other libraries, but something more than this is needed to make it accessible to the reading public. I applied to Mudie's about it, and received reply that it was unsuitable for their purposes. I cannot understand why this should be, and feel assured that if they and other libraries had a copy of it, and made it known to their subscribers, there are many persons who would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of reading it. It is a work the reading of which ought, I submit, be facilitated as much as possible, and I should be glad to see some expression of your opinion on the subject.—I am, &c.,

S. A. RAM.

32, Oakley-square, N.W.: August 25, 1900.

[We are not surprised by Messrs. Mudie's reply. Nor can we quite see how a work of reference consisting of sixty odd volumes is to be made generally available.]

The Coisoned Pup.

SIR,—It is interesting to note in "W.'s" able article on page 155 of your last number that the *Pall Mall Gazette* had its "coisoned pup"! It would be instructive if you would give a name to this particular pup, explaining his canine propensities. Much has been written in your recent columns upon English words that have fallen into disuse, and though to "coison" is doubtless a verb which is fraught with terse meaning (especially when qualifying the *Pall Mall Gazette's* pup), yet my dictionary hath it not. Kindly elucidate, and explain. Or is the whole but the vagary of a humorous compositor who has been admitted upon the grave staff of the ACADEMY by mistake?—I am, &c.,
FOGGED.

[Under the editorship of Mr. Henry John Cockayne Cust, the *Pall Mall Gazette* was noted for its "occ. verse" (still kept up), and for the original titles given to its leading articles. On one occasion, when an article had been called The Poisoned Cup, Mr. Cust was dissatisfied with so commonplace a title. Time pressed, and no alternative suggesting itself, Mr. Cust transposed the capitals and caught his train.]

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 49 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best inscription suitable for the proposed medallion of John Ruskin in Westminster Abbey. The suggestions are well meaning, but rarely are they simple, forcible, and original. There is too much of the old accumulative eulogy. The description of Ruskin as a man, "Who held with Farrar that God's Best Gifts are the Commonest," strikes us as being, in some respects, the most extraordinary line ever suggested for the monument of a great man. We award the prize to Mr J. R. Anderson, Lairbeck, Keswick.

HE TAUGHT US
TO HOLD
IN LOVING REVERENCE
POOR MEN AND THEIR WORK
GREAT MEN AND THEIR WORK
GOD AND HIS WORK.

Other contributions are as follows :

Noble, disinterested, pure in thought and deed; he sought the unattainable, and found some neglected sheaves of truth. His life was a protest against a gain-greedy and self-seeking age. He added new graces to criticism, and gave a fresh meaning to the moral significance of art; for he saw the beauty of Truth, and the truth of Beauty; while he laboured always to expose what was false or insincere in Art and Life. His monument is not here: it must be sought for in his country's Literature, to which he has added an immortal lustre. [A. E. W., Inverness.]

To the memory of John Ruskin: one who sought in everything the good, the beautiful, and the true: who held with Farrar that God's best gifts are the commonest: who laboured strenuously in the service of his fellow-man without desire of earthly reward: who played upon our hearts as on a harp: and make our eyes bright as we speak of him: whose heart had a look southwards: and was open to the whole noon of nature: and who cultivated that nobleness born of a chastened and reverent fancy, which turns the common dust of servile opportunity to gold.
[A. G., Cheltenham.]

To him "God appeared in perfect beauty." His life was spent in the endeavour to reveal this "perfect beauty" to others. Even as he saw it himself—in nature, in art, and in literature. His spirit will live enshrined in his books while there are men who desire beauty, not for its own sake alone, but as a revelation of God. Ruskin needs no other monument.
[E. W. H., Manchester.]

Erected to the memory of one who was the apostle of Truth and the priest of Beauty; a man who spent his life in the endeavour to benefit his fellow-men by the eloquent exposition of a creed which held that Truth, administered by Justice, renders Life more righteous, and that Truth, revealed by Art, makes Life more beautiful.
[L. N. H., Barnet.]

To John Ruskin, who telling men of the beauty that is in Nature and in Art, and of the beauty that might be in their own lives, also exemplified that beauty in his life and in his writings.
[E. R. P., Liverpool.]

The morning breaks, the shadows flee away,
Earth's blinding mist falls from the tired eyes
Of him, the Seer, whose long vigil dies
Before the dawning of the perfect day.
For lagging Death no longer doth delay,
And swift the unimprisoned spirit flies
Within the veil, where now at rest it lies,
Hushed from the turmoil of life's weary way
For on this Seer life pressed heavily!
He saw the distant heights, crowned with pure white
Of Truth's fair fame, where dwells in mystery
The Spirit; and to reveal that glorious sight
To all mankind, he laboured ceaselessly.

[A. M. P., Hampstead.]

To the glory of God and in lasting memory of John Ruskin. As art critic he laboured strenuously to create a truer love of the beautiful and to lay down those eternal principles which underlie the art of all ages; while, as moral reformer, he exercised through his books a most beneficent and widespread influence. His high ideals, his great mental vigour, and his almost unparalleled moral energy, imparted fresh impulses towards righteousness to the age in which he lived.
[T. H., Stoke-on-Trent.]

Other replies from: M. F., Strathpeffer; F. A., Weymouth; I. S., Clapham; W. S. B., London; Mrs. L. M. S., London; Mrs. von S., London; E. D., Chelsea; Z. McC., Whitby; P. H. M., Manchester; H. W., Neath; E. H. H., Streatham; C. C., London.

Competition No. 50 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best rendering into English verse of the following beautiful lines by Victor Hugo:

Écoutez!—Comme un nid qui murmure invisible,
Un bruit confus s'approche, et des rires, des voix,
Des pas, sortent du fond vertigineux des bois.
Et voici qu'à travers la grande forêt brune
Qu'emplit la rêverie immense de la lune,
On entend frissonner et vibrer mollement,
Communiquant au bois son doux frémissement,
La guitare des monts d'Innsbruck, reconnaissable
Au grelot de son manche où sonne un grain de sable;
Il s'y mêle la voix d'un homme, et ce frisson
Prend un sens et devient une vague chanson.

La mélodie encor quelques instants se traîne
Sous les arbres bleuis par la lune sereine,
Puis tremble, puis expire, et la voix qui chantait
S'éteint comme un oiseau se pose; tout se tait.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Hastings (James), A Dictionary of the Bible. Vol. III. (Clark) 28/
Drummond (Rev. R. J.), The Relation of the Apostolic Teaching to the Teaching of Christ (Clark) 10/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Moore (T. Sturge), Altdorfer. (Unicorn Press) net 2/6
Rothenstein (W.), Goya. (Unicorn Press) net 2/6
Hcole (Charles H.), Attempts in Verse. (Rivingtons) 4/6
Burleigh (Oakes), Leafing Willows. (Reading; Thorp)
Deighton (K.), The Old Dramatists. (Thacker) 5/0
Williamson (George C.), Perugino. (Bell) net 5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Griffiths (Major A.), Famous British Regiments. (Unwin) 2/6
Pengelly (R. E.), John Ruskin. (Andrew Melrose) net 1/0
Hillegas (Howard C.), With the Boer Forces. (Methuen) 6/0
Jones (David Brynmor), The Welsh People. (Unwin) 16/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Eddy (Alex. A.), Days in Galilee and Scenes in Judæa. (Gay & Bird)
Slocum (Captain J.), Sailing Alone Round the World. (Sampson Low) 8/6

JUVENILE.

Lear (Edward), The Pelican Chorus. With Drawings by L. Leslie Brooke (Warne) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Padovan (A.), Figli della Gloria. (Hoepf, Milan)
Whitmore (C. A.), Municipal London, 1900. (Black) 1/0
An Amateur Mechanic. How to Make and How to Mend. (Sonnenschein) 2/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Bos (Dr. J. Ritzema), Agricultural Zoology. Trans. by J. R. Ainsworth Davis. (Methuen) 3/6
Carroll (John), Freehand Drawing of Ornament. (Burns & Oates) 1/6
Ellis (S. F.), The Romance of the Rose: Temple Classics. (Dent) net 1/6
Macaulay (Lord), Critical and Historical Essays: Temple Classics. (Dent) net 1/6
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IN reference to a correspondent's letter of last week stating that the *Dictionary of National Biography* could not be procured at Mudie's, we have received a communication from Mr. William P. Dickson, of Glasgow, who was president of the Library Association in 1888. He reminds us that at the Glasgow meeting of that association he

suggested that such works as Dr. Murray's *Dictionary of the English Language* and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, being indispensable to even the smallest public library, might be presented to such libraries, as a local benefit and public service, by men of means. The suggestion appears to us an admirable one, and not impossible of realisation.

THE *Daily Mail*, a few days ago, published an article of the permissibly personal type on Mr. James Lane Allen. The writer points out that the author of *The Increasing Purpose* has revived in England that belief in the literary future of America which was born with Hawthorne and Poe, but which had faded in the interval because of the lack of genuine impulse and imagination in American work. This is a daring statement of English feeling, and also somewhat unjust to literary America. We admit that Mr. Allen has most worthily achieved his popularity, but it seems rather early to claim it as an indication on which to base a statement so general. Mr. Allen has put aside *The Mettle of the Pasture*, on which he has been at work, to take up another theme which has made a more urgent claim on his imagination. The writer in the *Daily Mail* is not at liberty to state the nature or title of this story, but suggests that it is to concern itself with recent psychological developments in the study of birds and animals: this, of course, in addition to strong human interest.

THE further confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff, continued in the *Gentlewoman*, carry us on another two months, from November, '83, to January, '84. Her moods are unchangeably changeful:

Now, I have here a study on Chopin, Liszt, Paganini—artists with hands kissed by duchesses, grand seigneurs, artist gods! Wagner was one of them. Then, my little one, you are sensible only of these mundane, noisy, and outward glories! No! But I demand that genius should be accompanied by them. Genius ought to enjoy all music, all incense, all flowers. Life, enriched with so much adoration, takes in my eyes its true aspect.

Ah! my God! Let me be independent, let me work, make of me a veritable star!

How characteristic is this:

I have made Julian come for my statue, which is finished as a sketch. He is entranced, and says, "Very good, exquisite, charming, captivating," which means that I no longer esteem Julian.

And this, which sums herself up so concisely:

I am tempted to give thanks to God that I have painted the cap in the picture, and it looks very well. I have a nature so diverse and so droll that I might be one of the happiest creatures in the universe if . . . I really meant to be.

IN the current number of the *Author* Sir Walter Besant has a word to say concerning the coming publishing season. He suggests that it would be wise to keep back experimental books, such as novels by new and little known writers, until the spring, when the Presidential Election, and probably our own General Election, will be over. Only the popular novelist can be sure of his readers in times of public excitement.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS'S "Personal Retrospect of James Russell Lowell" in the September *Harper* is very good reading. Mr. Howells has already recounted his earliest meetings with Lowell; here he describes the intimacy which began in 1866 when, on his return from Venice, he became Lowell's neighbour at Cambridge. "He liked to have someone help him idle the time away, and keep him as long as possible from his work." Mr. Howells performed these duties, but that does not keep him from defending Lowell against the charge, so often brought against him, of being a rather idle man. Mr. Howells's evidence, it must be confessed, is stronger than his assertions. In obedience, perhaps, to the demands of his friends, Lowell once tried his hand at a novel—a fact not very generally known. He achieved one chapter, which Mr. Howells praised; but the thing was soon put away. Mr. Howells's calls were casual and delightfully intellectual.

If I dropped in upon him in the afternoon I was apt to find him reading the old French poets, or the plays of Calderon, or the *Divina Commedia*, which he magnanimously supposed me much better acquainted with than I was, because I knew some passages of it by heart. One day I came in quoting:

Io son, cantava, io son dolce Sirena,
Che i marinai in mezzo al mar dismago.

He stared at me in a rapture with the matchless music, and then uttered his admiration and despair in one word. "Damn!" he said, and no more. I believe he instantly proposed a walk that day, as if his study-walls, with all their vistas into the great literatures, cramped his soul libera'ed to a sense of ineffable beauty by the verse of the *sommo poeta*.

We hear something also of Lowell's fastidiousness in matters of vocabulary and style:

He would go carefully over a poem with me, word by word, and criticise every turn of phrase, and after all be magnanimously tolerant of my sticking to phrasings that he disliked. In a certain line,

The silvern chords of the piano trembled,

he objected to *silvern*. Why not silver? I alleged leathern, golden, and like adjectives in defence of my word; but still he found an affectation in it, and suffered it to stand with extreme reluctance. Yet . . . he professed not to have prejudices in such matters, but to use any word that served his turn, without wincing; and he certainly did use and defend words, as *undisprived* and *disnatured*, that made others wince.

He was otherwise such a stickler for the best diction that he would not have had me use slovenly vernacular even in the dialogue in my stories: my characters must not say they *wanted* to do so and so, but *wished*, and the like. In a copy of one of my books which I found him reading, I saw he had corrected my erring Western *woulds* and *shoulds*; as he grew old he was less and less able to restrain himself from setting people right to their faces. Once, in the vast area of my ignorance, he specified my small acquaintance with a certain period of English poetry, saying, "You're rather shady there, old fellow." But he would not have had me too learned, holding that he had himself been hurt for literature by his scholarship.

No complete life of Richardson, the novelist, has appeared since that by Mrs. Barbauld, in 1804. A new biography is shortly to be published by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son. It is the work of Miss Clara Linklater Thomson, and contains much fresh matter, derived from Richardson's unpublished letters in the Forster collection at South Kensington, and from other contemporary sources.

MR. FORTESCUE has given the *Bookman* some interesting information about the British Museum General Catalogue

of books and the proposed new Subject Index. The General Catalogue is now completed to the end of 1899, and the usual Accession Catalogues are regularly prepared and absorbed in the General Catalogue, which now runs to four hundred volumes and seventy additional supplements. The cost of this catalogue has been roughly estimated at £40,000, or £2,000 a year spread over a period of twenty years, and copies have been supplied to most of the leading libraries in Europe at a cost of £84. Now that the staff employed on the General Catalogue is free to take up other work, it has been decided to start a Subject Index, which Mr. Fortescue hopes will be completed within ten years.

MR. CLAUDE PHILLIPS, the Keeper of the Wallace Gallery, is about to write a series of articles on the various artistic "Collections in Hertford House" for the *Art Journal*, beginning with the January number of next year.

THE special feature of the *Bookman* this month is Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams's illustrated article on Mark Twain. This is a very useful and interesting record of Mr. Clemens's career as a writer and a man. Mr. Clemens's present residence at Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid's house on Dollis Hill is noted, and we are told that he proposes to spend the winter in New York and return to his Hartford home next spring. Concerning Mark Twain's pet scheme of a portrait gallery of his contemporaries which is not to be published until one hundred years after his death, Mr. Williams says that Mark Twain takes it very seriously and works on it steadily.

In many respects the work will be unparalleled in the history of literature. It will consist of descriptions of the men and women with whom he has been brought into personal contact, written with the single object of telling the whole truth, without malice and, at the same time, without respect of persons or social conventions. In Mr. Clemens's opinion a work of this kind is only possible under the conditions he has laid down for himself. A book that is not to be published for a century gives, he explains, the writer a freedom he could secure in no other way. It is only under these conditions that you can draw a man's portrait without prejudice, and yet have no fear of hurting his feelings or those of his sons or grandsons. A book published a hundred years hence containing honest and truthful portraits of monarchs, politicians, bootblacks, and shoemakers, of all the infinitely varied views of humanity with which Mark Twain has come in contact in the course of his long and active career, must be of greatest value to posterity. During the rest of his life Mr. Clemens means to produce a new portrait of old or new acquaintances whenever one comes vividly before his mind. The one passport to a place in his gallery is that the man or woman should have excited his interest. Elaborate arrangements have been made for the preservation of the MS. and for its publication when the time comes.

APPROPOS of our quotations on some of the numerous incidents of free library work, a Yorkshire librarian writes:—"Many of the 'malapropisms' and errors of library book-borrowers (such as those you quote in your issue of September 1) are so stale and 'chestnutty' that I know you editors look upon them dubiously and with the regard of old acquaintance. However, the following came under my immediate notice only two days before I picked up the *ACADEMY* of Saturday last. A lady reader here inquired (for the second time) of one of my assistants if we had any of the novels of *Derrick Vaughan*. She had read the famous work of Miss Edna Lyall (so she stated), and was anxious to make further acquaintance with the literary work of the individual described as 'Derrick Vaughan, Novelist.'"

THE *Elf* is as elfin as ever. It tumbles about in one's hand, a litter of beautiful printing, book-plates, songs, and fine writing. This is the manner of it:

A SUMMER SHOWER.

Upon a Summer day it chanced that a little pink cloud floated merrily upon the dawn-stream. Its golden sails were filled with sweet zephyrs from the South and West, and it had travelled far with a cargo of pearls to traffick with the under-world. This strange vessel was manned by cherub sailors, each well versed in current and shoal, storm and derelict meteor.

Thus they had travelled, favoured by the two soft winds, till they came close upon a great mountain top. Then the wind grew stronger.

The great wood, which clothed the mountain in unbroken foliage and was the habitation of many singing birds, seemed to roll and toss in waves and breakers of dark green.

The little cloud floated nearer.

One sailor was at the prow, another at the helm with anxious face. The sail was slackened and a golden anchor dropped. Bravely for a moment did the little craft ride the gale, then smote hard and rent her fair side. And, as she sank in the swirling pine-tree, showered the wood with gleaming pearls.

Thus they write at the Peartree Press, White Cottage, Shorne, near Gravesend, Kent. The *Elf* is flawlessly produced. The scarlet cord that ineffectually holds it together seems to have been tied by restful hands under a pear-tree.

ONE of the most welcome books of the autumn season will be the *Letters of T. E. Brown*. Mr. Sidney T. Irwin, who edits them, has written an introduction, in which he claims for the author of *Fo'c'sle Yarns* a very high place in the ranks of letter-writers. Of Brown's style Mr. Irwin says:

Gray, Cowper, Byron, Lamb, FitzGerald, not one of these has a manner of which Brown's could be called a reproduction, or to which his manner could really be compared. If there is in it something of the allusiveness of Lamb, it is still not Lamb's allusiveness but his own. Cowper and FitzGerald—separated as they are by something like a century—have that in common which is emphatically *not* a characteristic of these letters. Cowper wrote, he said, "nothing above the pitch of everyday scribble": and no admirer of Brown could contend that his slightest fragment could be so described; while the "carelessness" which so charms us in FitzGerald is no less absent. Brown knew he was not careless. "I like," he said, "to please my friends." But in Pope's phrase, "There's a happiness as well as care," and the best things in these letters, like the best things in the writer's conversation, came with a rush of spontaneity, and were lavished indifferently on the simple and the cultivated.

Messrs. Constable will issue the *Letters* in two volumes.

WE wonder how many of our readers could give good replies, offhand, to the examination questions on *Robinson Crusoe* which are set by *St. Nicholas* to its September readers. Here they are:

1. From whom did the hero take his first name? What was his last name, in its true form? What does the name mean in its original language?
2. How came Robinson to visit America?
3. On what day was he cast on his island home?
4. Supposing the story true, what persons occupied the throne in England during his stay on the island? What was happening in North America about that time?
5. How old was Robinson Crusoe when wrecked?
6. How did he know that the footprint on the sand was not made by his own foot?

7. What did "Benamuckee" mean to Friday?
8. How long was Crusoe on the island until rescued?
9. How came Crusoe into the ownership of a fortune during his absence from civilisation?

Another question, "What well-known men and women were young enough to enjoy *Robinson Crusoe* when it was 'just out'?" is answered to some extent by the editor, who points out that Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, Buffon, Fielding, Linnaeus, Haller, and Chatham were, in 1719, the date of the first edition, boys of the right age to enjoy the story. Probably nearly all these read *Robinson Crusoe*. But why omit Dr. Johnson, who was ten years old, and the son of a bookseller, when Defoe's romance appeared? Another probable pioneer reader was David Hume, who was eight years old when the story was new.

THE death of Dr. Henry Sidgwick, who recently retired from the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, and had been President of the Society of Psychical Research, removes an honoured and dignified figure from our midst. The *Methods of Ethics* was, perhaps, the most powerful of his works. It is interesting to recall the fact that Charlotte Brontë was at one time governess to the future philosopher. Prof. Sidgwick was one of the early contributors to the *Academy*, and for recreation devoted himself to novel reading.

IN the midst of the endless clamour and paragraphs concerning what Miss Marie Corelli has been doing, it is interesting to read the following mild reminder in the *British Weekly*: "Miss Marie Corelli's promised biography of Mr. Eric Mackay, which was to be prefixed to a volume of his poems, has not yet appeared."

MR. V. TCHERTKOFF, of *The Free Age Press*, Maldon, Essex, has received from Count Tolstoy the MS. of *The Slavery of our Times*, the inquiry into the results of modern industrialism on which Tolstoy has been engaged for some months. It will be translated by Mr. Aylmer Maude, and published at one shilling by *The Free Age Press*, probably during October, simultaneously with new threepenny editions of Tolstoy's story of the early Christians, *Work while Ye Have the Light*, and his autobiography, *How I Came to Believe, or My Confession*, as it has been called in England. In the preface to *The Slavery of our Times* Tolstoy writes:

Nearly ten years ago the census in Moscow evoked in me a series of thoughts and feelings which I expressed as well as I was able in my book, *What Must We Do Then?* At the close of last year (1899) I was led to re-examine these problems, and the conclusions I reached were the same as in that book. But as it seems to me that during these ten years I have succeeded in thinking over the subjects more coolly and circumstantially, and in connection with the theories circulating to-day, I now offer my readers the new considerations leading to these conclusions, thinking that they may be useful to those who sincerely strive after the elucidation of their position among mankind, and the clear definition of the moral obligations which issue from this position; and therefore I print them.

The fundamental idea both of the former book and the present is the negation of coercion. This negation I learnt and understood from the Gospel, where it is expressed most clearly in the words "Ye have heard it said, An eye for an eye" . . . i.e., You were taught to use coercion against coercion, but my teaching is, Offer your other cheek to the smiter; i.e., suffer violence but do not commit it." I know that these great words, owing to the carelessly-perverted and uniform interpretations of both Liberals and Church, will be for the majority of so-called educated people a reason for not reading this work, or for a biased attitude toward it. And yet, nevertheless, I place these words at the beginning of my book.

SOME remarks on his own holiday reading by Claudius Clear, in the current *British Weekly*, bear out what we said in a recent article about the critic's relations with books. "On holiday," says Claudius Clear, "I read what I choose, and I re-read a great deal." His comments on some of the older books are interesting and acute. One of our competitors, a fortnight ago, said of Thackeray, he "must have had a heart, but it was not always in the right place." That was crude, but we have always felt, and have more than once indicated our belief, that the old cry about Thackeray's cynicism was not altogether groundless. The effect of a re-perusal of *Vanity Fair* on Claudius Clear was to put him in sympathy with Miss Muloch's characterisation of *Vanity Fair* as "the most brilliant, the most heartless, and the most hateful of modern fictions." Part of Claudius Clear's own verdict is: "He is to be admired with discrimination. No one looked up to him more than Charlotte Brontë did, and yet she knew his weakness as well as his strength. The oftener one reads *Vanity Fair* the more one is able to read between the lines and to discern how terrible is the meaning in some of its greatest passages." It is only right to add that C. C. warmly recognises Thackeray's fine qualities.

THE National Home-Reading Union, fresh and serious as ever, issues the syllabus of its twelfth reading season. Three courses are proposed. The first is the Young People's Course. The second is the General Course, which is intended for those who have but little leisure. The third is the Special General, and is chosen for advanced students who wish for "systematic historical help." This course includes the following subjects:

English History, from 1789.
Modern English Literature.
The Tragedies of Shakespeare.
Browning.
Mediæval and Early Renaissance Literature.
India.
French History, 1275-1789.
German Lyrical Poetry.
Education.
Astronomy.

That is enterprising indeed.

Bibliographical.

I HOPE Mr. Andrew Lang is not going to spoil his style by affectations. In *Longman's* this month he says: "As we turn over the Early Poems [of Tennyson] we cannot too much *admire* [the italics are mine] the blindness or the prejudice which failed to recognise their extraordinary and original merits." Here Mr. Lang is using "admire" in the strict philological sense; but, as that is not the sense in which "admire" is now generally used, to utilise it in that way is to be guilty of rather paltry pedantry. Mr. Lang, moreover, is a little too airy in his comments. He says of Tennyson: "The plays, of course, are, in his case, not 'the thing.'" Mr. Lang has in his mind, I assume, the acting qualities of the plays, but the value of his *ipsi dixit* depends upon whether he ever witnessed performances of "Queen Mary," "The Falcon," "The Cup," "The Foresters," and, above all, "Becket." "The Promise of May" was before its time; it would have now, in all probability, a reception very different from that which was originally accorded to it. "Harold" has not been played. All the rest have been welcomed more or less kindly, while in "The Foresters" and "Becket," respectively, Miss Rehan and Sir Henry Irving made one of the biggest successes of their lives.

Mr. W. E. Garrett Fisher, writing in the *Cornhill* on "Feasts in Fiction," seems to think that he is a pioneer in that field of literary research. So far is he from being that, that I remember reading an article, practically on

the same subject ("Some Dinners in Fiction"), in one of the numbers of *All the Year Round* some ten or a dozen years ago. The writer of that article displayed wider reading than Mr. Fisher exhibits. He drew, as Mr. Fisher does, upon Peacock, Thackeray, and Dickens, but drew also upon Scott, Bulwer, and Beaconsfield (not to mention Hook, Anthony Trollope, James Payn, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. Thomas Hardy), whom Mr. Fisher ignores. "Among modern authors," says the *Cornhill* writer, "there can be no question that the pre-eminence in this, as in most other branches of fiction, must be assigned to Thackeray." But are not Lord Beaconsfield's "dinners in fiction" more notable and memorable than any in Thackeray? How about that historic repast at which Lord St. Aldegonde, rejecting "all the indelicacies of the season," requested to be supplied (if I remember rightly) with cold beef?

It is stated that "Mr. J. A. Hammerton has completed his work on Mr. J. M. Barrie and his books. This will include a full bibliography." Mr. Hammerton appears to be rather in a hurry. According to *Who's Who*, Mr. Barrie is only in his forty-first year, and in the ordinary course of nature has many years of work before him. His publications number only nine, all told—one of the nine (*An Edinburgh Eleven*) being a mere pamphlet, and another (*Better Dead*) of slight dimensions. Mr. Hammerton, I understand, has been a journalist in the provinces. Does he intend, I wonder, to identify for us all the articles Mr. Barrie wrote for the *Nottingham Journal* during his connexion with that paper? Any way, it seems early in the day to present the world with "a full bibliography" of Mr. Barrie. Mr. Hammerton, by the way, may be remembered by some as the compiler of a book on *The Actor's Art*, published in 1897.

In *The New Order* Mr. Oswald Crawford resumes the practice of an art which he has practically neglected since 1888. Four years ago, it is true, his name was attached to a volume of short stories called *The White Feather*, but his latest substantial novel was that of *Sylvia Arden*, brought out twelve years ago. He began "fictionising" in 1884, with *The World We Live In*; then came, in 1885, *A Woman's Refutation*, and, in 1887, *Beyond the Seas*. More lately he has produced two or three anthologies. He has certainly shown versatility. Besides writing and compiling some books, he has helped to publish many others; he has dabbled in journalism, and has been Consul at Oporto. The list of his literary *noms-de-guerre* is, perhaps, the longest in history.

So good old Samuel Richardson is not wholly forgotten after all. A lady has written "a biographical and critical study" of him, which is to be published shortly. That the work should have been undertaken by a woman is eminently appropriate, for Richardson was a great favourite with the sex in his own day, and it is by women, probably, that he is most read now. Miss Thomson's "study" is the first that has been devoted to Richardson for some time. The latest notable essay on the novelist is that which Mr. H. D. Traill included in his volume on *The New Fiction*, &c. (1897).

"The Rev. A. W. Hutton is to write the article on Manning in the supplement to the *Times'* edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*." Why, certainly; what more natural or proper? Did not Mr. Hutton produce in 1892 a full-blown biography of Cardinal Manning? Did he not contribute an account of him to the "English Leaders of Religion" series? If any man knows the subject, he does.

I mentioned the other day, with reference to Dr. Airy's coming volume on Charles II., that he had edited for the Clarendon Press a portion of Barnet's *History of My Own Times*, and published it in 1897. I am asked to add that a second volume of the *History*, bringing the narrative down to the end of Charles's reign, was brought out, under Dr. Airy's editorship, in March last.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Ouida's Apology.

Critical Studies. By Ouida. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

WHATEVER the reader may think of this volume, however he may be offended by its contempt for modernity, with its mechanism, militarism, and science, he will be compelled to admit that the subjects herein discussed concern him vitally. Art and Literature are not mere luxuries of life, they are absolute necessities, which the soul can no more live without than the body can without bread.

In these thirteen essays—all of which, except the one on W. Scawen Blunt, have appeared before—Ouida reveals her skill and delicacy in interpreting the art work of her contemporaries. Although she has been writing novels for more than a generation—*Under Two Flags* was published in 1868—yet the chief labour of her life, far from blunting her critical acumen, has added to its incisiveness, and increased the sweep and certainty of her generalisations; nor has her passion for art, as is too frequently the case, withdrawn her interest from communal matters. To many who have never cared to understand her these studies will come as a surprise; to a few their interest will lie not so much in the new vistas opened up by her sympathetic treatment of D'Annunzio, Georges Darien, J. H. Rosny, Cherbuliez, and others, as in the high seriousness with which she regards the novelist's craft. Witness the following:

It does not appear even to occur to Sir John Lubbock that a fine novel contains intellectual qualities of the highest kind, and combines in itself the widest effects and the most delicate minutiae of creative art. A fine novel should be no more "run through" than the sculptures of the Vatican or the pictures of the Uffizi should be run through in ignorance and haste; common readers, like common tourists, may do so; but to do so is as gross and unpardonable an insult as it is to the sculptures and the paintings.

In such terms in a hundred places does the writer magnify her office. Indeed, if we may accept Bacon's cynical remark that we praise in others the virtues which we are known to possess ourselves, a fitting sub-title to this volume would be "Apologia pro mea arte." In a kindly study of the brothers Rosny, whom (quoting a French critic) she speaks of as "the authors of to-morrow," or *les jeunes*, she does not permit the joints in their armour to go unnoted:

True art is natural, and this new school [the school to which the brothers Rosny belong] is seldom natural; there is more eccentricity of manner in it than originality of thought; there is too great an effort, too perpetual a strain in its productions; frequently, as in the case of Maurice Barrès, subtlety of language is employed to conceal absolute poverty of idea; or, as in the case of Georges Ohnet, to clothe mere wooden puppets with a semblance of life by skill in depicting incident.

Again, in a footnote to a translation of a few pages of *L'Impérieuse Bonté*, she writes:

What I have translated as "oxidised silver" is in the original "blackened nickel"—one of those unfortunate, grotesque, inharmonious expressions of which there are many in this book. To compare water, the liquid, the mobile, the translucent, to any metal is a strange and unfitting comparison.

This is fearless criticism, all the more so that it will send her enemies rummaging through her books for the pleasure of a *tu quoque*; but there is more to come:

There is in the Rosnys the distressing habit, common to all the more recent French writers, with few exceptions, of endeavouring to be pedantic, to be involved, to express an idea barbarously and bewilderingly instead of harmoniously and clearly; to say *épiderme* instead of *peau*,

véridique instead of *vrai*, *prunelles* instead of *yeux*; to use the jargon of science, the abomination of foreign or technical idioms; to turn away from the natural, the direct, the usual, the obvious, and seek an appearance of profundity in what is merely a confusion of sounds.

What critic would discover the absence of all these defects in Ouida's own novels if she did not first show them the way? And yet—at least, in the present volume—she comes out from the test almost scatheless. The criticism of Marion Crawford's Italian novels is acute and penetrating. One could make up out of it the whole art of novel writing according to Ouida:

Mr. Crawford can create the most delicate *aquarelles* and the most glaring of posters. Mr. Crawford never loses himself in his creations, and his style never varies, whether he treats of horrible psychological mysteries in Prague or of pleasant carnival scenes in Rome.

His masterpiece is *Marzio's Crucifix*, in which he attained a naturalness of treatment which makes his "detestable melodrama," as in the *Witch of Prague*, all the more inexcusable. He is at his best when writing of the gentleman in the society he knows so well. His defects are many; his characters do not grow; they are not always consistent, and he lacks versatility; he is constantly raising "the expectations of the reader by indications which result in nothing, signposts in a road which do but lead to a blank wall"; and, greatest indictment of all:

To Mr. Crawford as to Peter Bell, a primrose by the river's side is a primrose, and it is nothing more, and the thrush or linnet which sings in the hawthorn above the primrose roots for him has no existence. He has the American's indifference to all created things which are not human. There are no animals in his books except two poor terriers (who have their necks broken by the odious lover in *To Leeward*) . . . and he calls a cicada a locust.

This last criticism reminds one of her comment on D'Annunzio's line—"there leaned some *purple* flowers":

Campanulas, spotted orchis, or foxgloves, I suppose. It is characteristic of him that he sighs for an "unseizable secret," and does not take the trouble to learn the names of the flowers he sees.

The essay which perhaps bristles most with controversial matter deals with "Unwritten Literary Laws":

If a conversation be considered confidential, how much more should a correspondence be so? A letter in any degree intimate is a hostage given into the hands of its recipient. We are justified in expecting that any sentiments, views, or opinions it may contain shall not go beyond the reader, for whom they have been penned.

And in a postscript to this essay the author adds: "Since this was written, the letters of Ruskin and Rossetti have been published; a greater offence to dead men could not be committed."

This is much too sweeping. Ruskin said that all the world might, if it wished, read any letter he had ever written. During his life he approved of the publication of a selection from his letters, and we should be all the poorer without *Hortus Inclusus*. Ouida makes no reference to Browning although, on the publication of his and his wife's letters many critics held it a violation of a sacred trust on the son's part, for all that his father had given him permission to do as he thought best. Of course, there is not a shadow of excuse for putting letters under the world's coarse thumb against the expressed wish of the writer of them; where no such wish has been made known, it must be left to the sensitiveness, good taste, and generosity of the holders of the letters to determine whether what is told in secret shall be proclaimed from the house-tops. There can be on such a question no absolute law, written or unwritten. Another question raised in the same essay is the anonymity of the Press. Here, again, no law could be more arbitrary and un-

necessary than that all articles should be signed. It is usual in France to sign articles in the daily papers; and we doubt whether things are better there because of the practice. Perhaps the solution of this very difficult problem will be found in a compromise: let the leaders which definitely commit the paper to a policy be signed. Reviews of books, special articles and columns are now very frequently initialled; and when we get "a finer, juster, higher kind of public feeling," each contribution will be judged on its merits, and not approved or disapproved prejudicially because of the signature. Another objection may be urged. An editor may hold that his leader is not to be regarded as his own personal statement, but the statement of a society or section whose servant he is. Another grievance—one which the writer shares with many other writers—is the shameless way in which literary piracy evades the law. For these thefts there is very little chance of redress in the present state of libel law: if an author is scoundrel enough to steal from another, he will contrive to do so for all the laws, be they ever so carefully drafted. Another unwritten law—or, rather, one that Ouida would like to see in force—is that when once a romance, or a story, or a poem has been published, it should remain intact for all time. Her argument is that a work as soon as it is published passes irrevocably to the world. Were such the law, the first editions of all poems, &c., would in future be the received text, and *varie lectiones* would be unknown. As a simple matter of fact, poets and authors have introduced slight alterations into the texts of their books, and it is difficult to see why they should be debarred from so simple and harmless a satisfaction. There is little point in urging that the painter is not allowed to repaint his picture after sale, or a sculptor to saw off an arm of his statue and substitute another for it; because in such cases the painting or statue is the only one in existence, whereas in the case of a book, whatever emendations are introduced into the text of it, the author will not seize your first edition and substitute for it another. Another offence to our author is the six-shilling novel, with its ugly cloth back, bad type, and poor paper, which is compared unfavourably, both in price and *format*, with French and Italian books.

I have now before me a book of Pompeo Molmenti's, issued by Bemporad, of Florence; its cost is two francs twenty-five centimes; less than one-and-sixpence in your money. It is bound in thick cream-coloured paper; it is called *Il Moretto di Brescia*, being a brief study of the life and works of the great artist of whose pure and noble work the city of Brescia is full. . . . The type is large, the paper fine, the illustrations (phototyped) are of extreme delicacy and beauty, rendering worthily the works of Moretto. . . . Will you tell me where I should find anything equal to it at its price in London?

We leave the question with the readers of the ACADEMY.

The final paper deals with the destruction of Venice; it is a terrible indictment of modern insensibility to beauty. Everywhere in Italy the speculator is at work destroying memorials of the past. Here and there a voice is raised against the laws which permit it, but apparently without avail:

In Italy such destruction is more sad and shameful than anywhere else in Europe, by reason of the magnificence and glory of her past, which was a Pharos of light and leading to the earth, is now every year and every day receding farther and farther into darkness; that dreadful darkness of the modern world which comes of polluted waters and polluted air, of the breath of poisoned lungs, and the pressure of starving crowds. The basest form of venality, the lowest form of greed, have fastened on her with the tentacles of the devil-fish, and are every hour devouring her.

Well might the President of the Academy ask despairingly, "Non può Lei far nulla per salvare la nostra povera Venezia?"

Archaic Manners and Morals.

Oldest Books in the World. By Isaac Myer. (Kegan Paul.)

In this oddly-named volume—we take the omission of the article to be due to the American objection to waste time—are collected such antique stuff as the Book of Kaquemna, the maxims of Ptah-Hotep and of Ani, an anonymous set of gnomic sayings from Leyden, extracts from the Book of the Dead, and a Demotic papyrus of the Louvre. A full translation of each document, with a dissertation thereon by Mr. Myer, fac-similes of some of the papyri, and woodcuts from others, go to make up a handsome book. Anybody interested in the greater and lesser ethics of the ancient Egyptians and unacquainted with the documents themselves—perhaps a rare combination—will find here plenty of materials for a judgment upon them.

The claim of these MSS. to be the oldest in the world is, we think, but very imperfectly made out. None of them were written before the Twelfth Dynasty—some poor 3,000 years B.C.—and most of them had their birth in the palmy times of the Eighteenth, seventeen centuries later. It is quite true that the two first mentioned claim to have been first written in the Fourth and Fifth Dynasties respectively; but it is doubtful whether this is more than a literary device on the part of the author, comparable to that whereby all the later European conjuring books were regularly attributed either to King Solomon or (*mirabile dictu!*) Pope Honorius III. The Pyramid Texts, too, as we are accustomed to call the lengthy ritual engraved on the inside of the Pyramids of Unas, Papi, and others, can be actually dated to about 3,500 B.C. Mr. Myer, indeed, would draw a distinction between inscriptions like these and writings on papyrus, but it is quite certain that the workmen who carved the ritual on stone must have had some more portable MS. to work from. Moreover, we are much mistaken if some of the clay tablets—going back, it is said, to 6,000 B.C.—brought back by the American Expedition to Babylonia, do not turn out, when deciphered, to be books in every sense of the word. On the whole, therefore, we can only take these Egyptian papyri to have only a provisional claim to the place their collector would assign to them.

It will surprise no one acquainted with such matters to find that the first of these books refers to so trivial a subject as etiquette. * Just as the modern schoolboy will pardon a crime, but be implacable towards a breach of his own peculiar code of manners, or as a Zulu chief, while smashing the Decalogue to pieces, will die of shame if he be caught speaking to his mother-in-law, so the ancient Egyptian thought a gentlemanlike deportment far above rubies. Like the *Babes Book*, which, oddly enough, was one of the first books printed by our own Caxton, the Book of Kaquemna mostly concerned itself with the behaviour of its readers at table. "If thou sit at meat with a number of persons," says the sage, "despise the dishes which thou lovest; it is a short time to restrain thyself; voracity is a degrading thing because bestiality is in it." Yet the rule is not without its exceptions. "Shrink not from meat in the presence of a glutton, take what he gives thee, refuse it not. . . . Lo! the refusal would be disappointing." And the guest's complacency is supposed to extend to drinkables. "If thou art drinking with a wine-bibber, take thou what he offers; it will please his heart." A too close adherence to Kaquemna's maxims might have got the Egyptian with a weak digestion into trouble.

The maxims of Ptah-Hotep, two dynasties later, rise above this nursery-governess wisdom, and tell the reader how to conduct himself in debate. "If thou hast to do with a disputer whilst he is in his heat, and he is thy superior in ability, lower the hands, bend the back, do not get into a passion with him," says Ptah-Hotep. "It is a great error to interrupt him, and proclaims that thou art not capable of being tranquil when contradicted."

Excellent advice this, but who on earth ever thought that a speaker with a different opinion was one's "superior in ability"? Another of Ptah-Hotep's rules is more open to question:

If thou art one of those who carry messages from one great man to another, conform thyself exactly to what he has entrusted thee with. . . . He who perverts the truthfulness of his message so as to repeat only what may be pleasing of the words of any man, great or small, is a detestable person.

Those who remember Gérôme's picture in which the angry Pharaoh sits among the corpses of the messengers who have brought him ill-tidings might think, to use the Irish phrase, that it would be better for the Egyptian to be a detestable person for a few minutes than to be a dead man for the rest of his life. But the fact that the world was made for the rich and great is the axiom that Ptah-Hotep never tires of repeating. "As to the great man who has plenty of the means of existence," he says, "his line of conduct is as he wishes. He does what pleases himself." And ordering oneself lowly before one's betters is not only wisdom, but a religious duty: "If thou humblest thyself in obeying a superior, thy conduct is wholly good before God." While the duty of the master is to see that his servant knows what is to be done, and then does it. "Give orders without reserve to those who do wrong, and to him who is of a turbulent disposition; and he will not deviate from the straight path." But to avoid losing one's temper is the supreme duty: "Keep thyself from attacks of bad temper," says Ptah-Hotep, "it is a fatal malady which leads to discord, and there is no longer any existence for him who entangles himself therein." Even a judge is implored to be patient. "Do not ill-treat the petitioner," is the advice to him—"that would discourage him. Do not say to him, 'Thou hast already said that.' The means of obtaining a clear explanation is to listen with kindness."

But the ancient Egyptian was capable of rising to higher rules of conduct than these, and the Negative Confession in the Book of the Dead gives as good a rule of life as we meet with in ancient literature. "I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, a boat to the shipwrecked," says the soul when appearing before its judges. "I have not ill-treated slaves. I have not defrauded the oppressed of their property. I have not caused pain. I have done no murder. I have not given order for murder to be done for me. I have not committed fornication. I have not borne false witness. I have not encroached upon the fields of others. I have not done harm unto animals. I have not been a tale-bearer." Such are some of the sentences that can be picked out of the various recensions, and, although they are mixed up with the repudiation of many merely technical offences against religion, they make up a body of morality which it would be hard to beat in similar documents of Jews or Christians. In one respect, indeed, they are distinctly superior to anything of the kind. Nothing, as has been said by one who is a savant as well as an Anglican priest, in the Old or New Testament condemns lying pure and simple, a fact which he attributes to the fact that among the Jews lying, except under special circumstances, is not regarded as a fault. Yet the Egyptian code of morals is much more in accordance with Aryan ideas of honour. "I am not one who telleth lies in the place of truth," says the justified soul, and "I have not told a lie to any man" is the version of it given in Ptolemaic times. "God punishes the liar" is also one of the maxims of Ani, who goes at some length into the wickedness of even the injured attempting to escape by saying the thing which is not.

Thus we see the ideal that the ancient Egyptian set before himself. Space prevents us from giving it in full, yet what we have given is perhaps a fair sample of the rest. He seems to have been a kindly person, affectionate and even thoughtful for his family and slaves, courteous in manners and anxious to fulfil his duties to the State

and his rulers, while he avoided in theory all the grossest vices. How far he adhered to the pattern he set himself we cannot, of course, say, but the fact that the ideal was a high one speaks well for him, and must have more or less influenced his conduct.

Of the present volume it only remains to say that Mr. Myer, whom we only know as the author of a very rambling book on the Cabala, and another on Scarabs, which did not, if we remember right, arouse the approbation of Egyptologists, is evidently not a painful and accurate scholar. Otherwise he would not translate *Neb-er-teher*, which means Lord of Totality or *dominus universi*, as "Lord of the Company of Gods," or spell cynocephalus as "kynokephallos." There are many other mistakes in the book, but as the translations he here gives are nearly all taken (with due acknowledgment and reference) from the works of Egyptologists of authority, this need not interfere with the general reader's appreciation of his material.

Full-Dress Topography.

Fulham, Old and New. By Charles James Fèret. (The Leadenhall Press. 3 vols. £3 3s.)

MR. FÈRET calls his work an "exhaustive" history of Fulham. It is exhaustive as distinct from literary. Everything is set down; the suburb is raised before us brick by brick. These three large quarto volumes contain, together, a thousand pages; together they weigh 15½ lbs. avoirdupois. We can make no pretence to follow Mr. Fèret in his itinerary of the vast London suburb which a hundred years ago was a riverside village with a fishery and an unrivalled peal of bells. Generalisation is outside his method, which is that of a collector rather than an historian. We cannot too highly praise the industry and the boundless patience with detail which Mr. Fèret has brought to his task. All that pedigrees, church registers, vestry minutes, old newspapers and magazines, deeds, manorial rolls, and parish reports could yield him Mr. Fèret has appropriated. Our admiration for his industry begets the one criticism which we have to make against his achievement. A work like this—full of detail and broken matter—should have had more care bestowed on its minor arrangements. Mr. Fèret has made it difficult for the reader to find where the account of a house or street begins and ends. Thus, in vol. ii., p. 134, we have the following marginal headings near the top of the page: "Brightwell's.—Parson's Green House.—Villa Carey.—Peterborough House." But the twenty-two pages governed by these side-headings are one long array of paragraphs, quotations, &c., in which the beginnings and ends of their subjects elude the eyes. In the chapter headed "Crabtree" (vol. iii., p. 60), the reader may well be confused between Crabtree House, Lord Peterborough's house called "La Trappe," and Brandenburg House. Throughout the work the top margins have been entirely neglected as a means of guiding the reader, who must soon be irritated by the lifeless repetition of "Fulham Old and New" on every page. On the other hand, our praise of the book is not yet exhausted. Its five hundred illustrations, carefully selected and admirably printed, are a wonderful topographical series. From many of these photographs artists might learn that the despised suburbs are full of chance beauty.

It is on the records of the literary associations of Fulham that we at last settle. These, however, are not very numerous nor very striking. Fulham is a literary Mecca only to those—they are a very little band—who have an enthusiasm for Samuel Richardson. The vainest, and nearly the greatest, of novelists lived for fifteen years in a house which still stands in the North End-road. The house is really the north half of a mansion which has

long been divided into two equal portions. To-day the two halves have been so differentiated to the eye by alterations that their former unity would hardly be suspected. Richardson's portion, which is capitally photographed in Mr. Fèret's second volume, is a fine old red brick Georgian house, very square and genteel and mellow, but not in any way remarkable. Here the well-to-do printer and novelist held his court. Here was the grotto in which he wrote, and of which the exact position in the garden has been debated by antiquaries with becoming ardour. Mrs. Barbauld saw it before alterations set in. "It was on this seat, Mr. Le Fevre told me, that *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Grandison* received their birth; I kissed the inkhorn on the side of it." Another early gleaner of Richardsonian traditions was Sir Richard Phillips, and Mr. Fèret incorporates a good story which shows how even early inquirers may be baulked in the search after hero-relics and hero-gossip. Wishing to make sure that this was the novelist's house, Sir Richard put some questions to an aged widow who kept a public-house near the corner of North End-lane, where she had lived about fifty years.

She remembered his person, and described him as a round, short gentleman, who, most days, passed her door, and she said she used to serve his family with beer. "He used to live and carry on his business," said I, "in Salisbury-square." "As to that," said she, "I know nothing, for I never was in London." "Never in London!" said I; "and in health, and the free use of your limbs?" "No," replied the woman; "I had no business there, and had enough to do at home." "Well, then," I observed, "you know your own neighbourhood the better. Which was the house of Mr. Richardson in the lane?" "I don't know," she replied, "I am, as I told you, no traveller. I never was up the lane. I only know he did live somewhere up the lane." "Well," said I, "do you go to church?" "No," said she, "I never have time. On Sundays our house is always full. I never was at Fulham Church but once, and that was when I was married, and many people say that was once too often, though my husband was as good a man as ever broke bread—God rest his soul!"

"The Grange" harbours memories of other great men than Richardson, for he had many visitors. A glimpse of these, and of Richardson's vanity as host and writer, occurs in Boswell:

One day at his [Richardson's] country house at North End, when a large company was assembled at dinner, a gentleman, who was just returned from Paris, willing to please Mr. Richardson, mentioned to him a very flattering circumstance—that he had seen his *Clarissa* lying on the King's brother's table. Richardson, observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not to attend to it. But by and by, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman: "I think, Sir, you were saying something about——", pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman, provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference answered: "A mere trifle, Sir, not worth repeating." The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day. Dr. Johnson was present, and appeared to enjoy it much.

With characteristic, and perhaps Quixotic, thoroughness Mr. Fèret gives, as far as he is able, the names of all earlier and late occupiers of The Grange. Among the latter was the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who, like Richardson, had a garden studio. There is still a pleasant lawn, a fine mulberry tree, a dying apple tree of great age, and a fine old thorn on which, Mr. Fèret thinks, Samuel Richardson must often have looked.

In 1755 Richardson removed to Parson's Green, Fulham; but "Richardson's Villa," as it came to be called, has entirely disappeared. The neighbourhood of this villa had already some interesting literary associations, few of which, it may be assumed, were lost on Richardson. Close by was Peterborough House, where Charles, the eccentric Earl of

Peterborough, had entertained such *literati* as Addison, Swift, Prior, Pope, Locke, and Bolingbroke. It is on ground such as this that Mr. Fèret's method shows to least advantage. The reader looks for some savour of those old gatherings at Fulham, but finds only *disjecta membra*. Peterborough's restlessness—he was said to have seen more kings, princes, and postillions than any man of his day—is mentioned and illustrated, but the Fulham parties are not realised as we think they might be. Voltaire's visit to Peterborough House in 1727, when Addison was his fellow guest, might surely have been presented in more detail. Swift's "Journal to Stella," too, would have yielded some facts. "I have been supping with Lord Peterborough," Swift writes in November, 1710, "at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. 'Tis the ramblingest, lying rogue on earth." And he has a valuable note on the garden of Peterborough House: "The Secretary and I, and Brigadier Sutton, dined to-day at Parson's Green, at my Lord Peterborough's house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit but one fig." For a year (1840-41) Peterborough House was the home of William Beckford, the author of *Vathek*. Later it became a private lunatic asylum, and we are now told that the old house will soon be cleared away. Its grounds, which cover twelve acres, are still finely timbered. Immemorial elms may be seen there, one of them being 150 feet high.

Many other small literary associations of Fulham have been collected by Mr. Fèret. In "Hore's Tenement," Parson's Green, Lord Bacon found refuge in the first weeks after his disgrace. Bacon having been at Fulham, it goes without saying that Shakespeare's occasional presence in the riverside village has been affirmed. It is certain that John Florio, with whom Shakespeare is supposed to have been intimate, lived in a house in Bear-street, Fulham. Shakespeare's fellow player, Henry Condell, had a tenement in Back-lane, Fulham; and of one Robert Burbage there is also trace. But these things prove nothing; and it is hardly worth while to examine the argument by which Thomas Crofton Croker sought to assemble these people and Shakespeare in the Golden Lion. Mr. Fèret is wisely sceptical. Other literary residents of Fulham were John Norden, John Fletcher, Sir Thomas Bodley, and Addison. Addison's frequent visits to Sands End are matter of history, but it is not so certain that he lived, as tradition says, at Sandford Manor House. Writing from "Sandy End" in 1708, to the young Earl of Warwick and Holland, he recounts his efforts to find birds' eggs:

This morning I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinions upon them; some say they are a sky-lark's; others will have them to be a canary bird's; but I am much mistaken in the colour and turn of the eggs, if they are not full of tom-tits. If your lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for, if the account they gave me of them be true, they cannot have above two days more to reckon.

The same rural suggestions occur in another letter, "the business of which is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin red-breast, and a bull-finch." Mr. Fèret does not forget to quote Thackeray's admirable description of Addison at Fulham, where Esmond meets Mr. Addison walking on the road, "the moon shining on his handsome, stern face."

We are conscious that we have very inadequately displayed the extent and thoroughness of this suburban

survey. But the reader may be assured that there is not a street of any age in Fulham into which Mr. Fèret does not lead him, nor an old house that he does not turn inside out. The information given about the obscure tenants of old houses is nothing less than prodigious. Where those tenants have been celebrities of any dimensions the information is proportionately fuller. Munster House, the home of John Wilson Croker, and afterwards a lunatic asylum; Arundel House, where Henry Hallam lived in 1819; Crabtree House, the home of George Bubb Doddington, and, afterwards, under the name of Brandenburg House, the retreat of Queen Caroline and the scene of her death; Normand House, with its annals of escaping lunatics; Lonsdale House, on the lawn of which Mr. Gladstone proposed to Miss Glynne—these are a few of the many old Fulham houses described. To Hurlingham, of course, the fullest justice is done; and Fulham Palace, the oldest existing building in the parish, has half a volume to itself. The oldest parts of the Palace date only from the early years of the sixteenth century; but on this spot the Bishops of London have dwelt for fully eight centuries—and one at least, Bonner, is said to haunt his old corridors. Several excellent maps complete the equipment of a work which is a definitely valuable addition to our knowledge of London. More literary books about Fulham have been written, and will be written again; but here is the mine of information from which every future writer on this suburb must take his ore. We may add, too, that to a Fulham reader this work will seem faultless. Him it will rejoice by its fullness, its correspondence with actuality as of a map.

Among the Boers.

With the Boer Forces. By H. C. Hillegas. (Methuen.)

Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed. By C. H. Thomas. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

THE war in South Africa has brought out a huge crop of volumes from correspondents and others who followed the armies, but hitherto most, if not all, have been written from an Imperial, and not from a local, standpoint. This book by Mr. Hillegas, who appears to have been a correspondent for an American paper, is warmly Pro-Boer. It is a little difficult to criticise the book, as it is neither literature nor history, but a piece of elaborate special pleading for the Boers, masked now and again. A writer on the Boer side might be expected to underestimate the number of the burghers in the several engagements, but such assertions as that "thirty thousand farmers of no military training were enabled to withstand the opposition of several hundred thousand well-trained soldiers for the greater part of a year" defeat their own purpose.

It is a relief to turn to a description of the personal appearance of some of the Boers, which is evidently from life:

It was quite in keeping with their other ideas of personal comfort for many Boer burghers to carry a coloured parasol or umbrella to protect them from the rays of the sun, and it was not considered beneath their dignity to wear a woman's shawl around their shoulders or head when the morning air was chilly. At first sight of these unique spectacles the stranger in the Boer country felt amused; but if he cared to smile at every unmilitary scene he would have had little time for other things.

Here we have a little touch which brings the unsophisticated back-country Boer to the mind's eye. Another interesting passage is that which describes the discipline of the Boer forces:

The burgher was bound by no laws except such as he made for himself. There was a State law which compelled

him to join a commando, and to accompany it to the front, or in default of that law to pay a small fine. As soon as he was "on commando," as he called it, he became his own master. . . . No general, no Act of Volksraad, could compel him to do any duty if he felt uninclined to perform it, and there was no power on earth which could compel him to move out of his tent if he did not desire to go. In the majority of countries a man may volunteer to join the army, but when once he is a soldier he is compelled to fight; but in the Boer country the man was compelled to join the army, but he was not obliged to fight unless he volunteered to do so.

That this is slightly overdrawn is shown by the fact that later on the writer represents Louis Botha as having knocked a burgher down for refusing to carry ammunition to the top of a kopje under fire when ordered to do so. Another remark, that sheds some light on the manner in which the burghers escape from our troops, is that which points out that their generals were allowed to operate in parts of the country with which they were thoroughly acquainted. For example:

General Cronje operated along the western frontiers of the republics, where he knew the geographical features of the country as well as he did those of his own farm. General Meyer spent the greater part of his life in the neighbourhood of the Biggarsburg and northern Natal, and there was hardly a rod of that territory with which he was unfamiliar. . . . General Christian de Wet was a native of Dewetsdorp, and there was not a sluic or donga in all the territory where he fought so valiantly that he had not traversed scores of times before the war began.

And so on, and so on. This knowledge of the ground is worth thousands of men to the Boers, and has enabled them to choose and defend strong positions and to escape by mountain paths unknown to our officers. Times without number their intimate knowledge of the ground has enabled them to escape with but little loss, whereas our men, with no knowledge of the country and with inferior maps, had to blunder along, as it were, in the dark.

The question of the foreign mercenary filibuster is one on which Mr. Hillegas should be worth hearing, but there is no doubt that he underestimates their numbers when he puts them down at between eight and nine thousand. Evidently, he has not much opinion of these men, for he says that:

For a month after the investment of Bloemfontein these legions alone enlivened the situation by their frolicsome reports of attacks on the enemy's outposts. During three weeks the entire British army must have been put to flight scores of times at the very least, if the reports of the foreign legions may be believed, and the British casualty list must have amounted to thrice the number of English soldiers in the country.

We are still without a picture of the Boer as he really is, though occasionally Mr. Hillegas gets pretty near the mark.

"The conspiracy of the nineteenth century unmasked," shouts Mr. Thomas on his title-page; but though he was once an Orange Free State burgher, and the conspirators are alleged to answer to the name of Afrikaner Bond, he has not learned the art of unmasking with effect. It is absurd, for instance, to speak of "the mire of academic squabble *re* suzerainty." At that rate, it were "academic" to discuss the question whether one's property were leasehold or freehold, supposing one were confronted by a sudden demand for rent.

However, the Bond is most unacademically pronounced guilty in this rather scrappy volume. It employed

occult propaganda to seduce a simple people to false convictions, to induce the creation of gigantic armaments, a secret service employing at a vast cost journalism, emissaries, and agencies to gain partisans and allies outside South Africa . . . a system of immigration from Holland towards supplanting the English factor, and to introduce auxiliaries.

The recent existence of an active agency for rallying the dangerously preponderant Dutch element in South Africa against the English is, of course, not to be denied. No doubt the typical Boer attitude is that expressed almost syllogistically as follows: "The English hired the Zulus to massacre our people [!]. They robbed us of Natal, and drove us from the Colonies. There can be no peace with them until we have our own."

Enter Mrs. Kruger, who dreams of her husband as an Afrikander Moses, but not, we may hazard, until he had had strong premonitions of his own concerning the magnificence of his "destiny." "This grand old Boer," Mr. Thomas calls him, and the late-rising literary man cannot refrain from admiring a septuagenarian who was ready to give audience to "rich and poor alike" every morning, Sundays and holidays excepted, from 5.30 A.M. and 6 A.M. in summer and winter respectively. What a characteristic picture that is which we have of him standing up at the dedication of a synagogue to invoke "God's mercy to remove the veil which obscured" from Jewish eyes "their own and also the Gentiles' glorious Immanuel." Money, that blighter of reputations, has by its obscene connexion somewhat impaired our reverence for Mr. Kruger's piety; but we are still very far from sympathising with such travellers as Canon Knox Little and Mr. Stuart Cumberland, who have mistaken vulgar personality of reference for the acumen of the critic.

We may add that Mr. Thomas tells an extraordinary story of a field cornet who in the house of a Uitlander whose hospitality he was accepting observed, by way of censuring his hostess, who was conversing with another guest in our tongue, "that he could not tolerate English being spoken within his hearing." There seems, however, to be a fate beyond the field cornet's control which ordains the steady declension of Dutch as a medium of expression in South Africa.

Other New Books.

THE JEFFERSONIAN CYCLOPEDIA. EDITED BY J. P. FOLEY.

This is an amazing volume. It professes to be a "manual" of Jeffersonian doctrine, and it weighs nearly six pounds. It is a *précis*, and it fills 1031 pages: it is intended for all classes, and it costs thirty shillings. Yet we must be just: it sums up more than a man; Jefferson was an institution. As third President of the United States he had seen the birth of American independence, and he was the promulgator of its principles and aims. He claimed, indeed, to have been the author of the Declaration of Independence. Under his rule slavery was abolished. He lived the fullest and longest political life that has ever fallen to the lot of an American statesman; and, when he retired from public life to his native Virginia, he remained the imposing figure-head of American life. This is the book of the whole Jefferson. It is an *index rerum* compiled from the speeches, public writings, and private letters of the "Father of Democracy," whose counsels and ideas it codifies on a scale which we have never seen applied to a single modern mind. Here the Democrat and the Republican will find convenient texts on Government, Politics, Law, Education, Commerce, Coinage, Agriculture, Finance, Freedom, and Religion; and here, scattered up and down the pages in their alphabetical places, will be found Jefferson's *obiter dicta* on marriage, art, literature, and the musical glasses. We confess we doubt the wisdom of this inclusion of his views on things in general. They are so dreadfully correct. Under "Fiction, Value of Sound," we have an extract from a letter to one Robert Skipwith, beginning:

A little attention to the nature of the human mind evinces that the entertainments of fiction are useful as well as pleasant. That they are pleasant when well written

every person feels who reads. But wherein is its utility, asks the reverend sage, big with the notion that nothing can be useful but the learned lumber of Greek and Roman reading with which his head is stored? I answer everything is useful which contributes to fix in the principles and practices of virtue.

And so on. The pronouncements are all numbered. Number 5107 is on Marriage, and is a personal statement:

I have one daughter married to a man of science, sense, virtue, and competence; in whom, indeed, I have nothing more to wish. . . . If the other shall be as fortunate. . . . I shall imagine myself blessed as the most blessed of the patriarchs.

But no prince or peer would have been welcomed by Jefferson to his home at Monticello. Jeffersonianism Number 5111 reads:

Our young R-public . . . should prevent its citizens from becoming so established in wealth and power as to be thought worthy of alliance by marriage with the nieces, sisters, &c., of kings.

The "nieces, sisters, &c., of kings" is good. America has got over some repugnances since those words were written. We may hope that only the yellowest of newspapers, in its tantrums, would write of England as Jefferson was accustomed to write between 1810 and 1815. "I consider the Government of England is totally without morality, insolent beyond bearing, inflated with vanity and ambition . . . the eternal disturber of the peace of the world." But, with it all, Jefferson saw that England's might was necessary to America; and—well, many things have happened in the interval.

It is curious to see what apt texts abound in this volume for verbal warfare arising out of almost any conceivable political situation. The volume is arranged and printed with admirable clearness, and it appears to fulfil its stated aims with mathematical accuracy and completeness. It contains 9,228 extracts and ten portraits and illustrations. (Funk & Wagnalls Co. 30s.)

GOYA.

BY W. ROTHENSTEIN.

The life of Goya, in a peculiar degree, marks the artist. With the smallest general education, the son of mere working folk, he rose, by sheer force of genius, to be a favourite and satirist of courts. Driven from Madrid to Rome by fear of the Inquisition, he worked his way to the latter place as a bull-fighter. Returning to Madrid in 1775 he married a daughter of Bayeu, and became the leader of Spanish art. From that point on he marched through triumph and intrigue, restless always, till we see him a deaf old man at Bordeaux, exiled from his beloved Spain, now sitting for days in solitary silence, now flinging himself furiously into his old work. From such a temperament sprang the brutality, the delicacy, the awful satire, the frankness, of his amazing accomplishment.

Mr. Rothenstein's appreciation of Goya is just and eloquent; he sees his subject, hardly yet understood, as a force in art vitally alive, a master in composition and design. He spared neither himself nor others; from a Court beauty he turned to the nightmare and horror of *los Caprichos* and *los Desastres de la Guerra*. From these series a few characteristic examples are reproduced, together with other plates and three photogravures. (Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE HISTORY OF THE PARISH OF PRESTON.

BY HENRY FISHWICK.

Colonel Fishwick is the author of several books on Lancashire, and has already written the history of Rochdale. His treatment of the story of the ancient town on the Ribble which was once the Priest's "ton" or enclosure, and is now Preston, is exhaustive. The general history, municipal history, and ecclesiastical history of the town are treated in detail; and the longest chapter in the book is devoted to "Old Houses and Old Families"—an allot-

ment of space very much in harmony with the sobriquet, "Proud Preston." It is mentioned that at the Herald's visitation of 1664-65, by Sir William Dugdale, no fewer than twenty-two Preston families entered their pedigrees. Among the many families specially noticed are Arkwright of Preston, Blundell of Preston, Chorley of Preston, Farington of Ribblesden, Lemon of Preston, Mort of Preston, Travers of Trillick, Winckley of Preston, &c., &c. The parish church of Preston, a modern, "handsome" building, occupies the site of a church dedicated to St. Wilfrid in 709. The most interesting monument now in the church is the Bushnell Brass, perpetuating the memory of "Seath Bushell, wollen draper, bayliffe, and a brother of Preston, dying the xv. of Sept., aged 53." Thorough and painstaking as are Col. Fishwick's chapters on the general history of Preston (the Jacobite rebellion of 1715 is, of course, the *pièce de résistance*), it is to the "Miscellany" at the end of the book that the reader must turn for aught of spice or surprise. Here are given curious particulars concerning local pastimes, the cucking stool and pillory, wayside crosses, trade tokens, &c. Col. Fishwick disclaims for Preston the honour of having been the birthplace of Lady Hamilton, who, as he points out, was born at Nesse in Great Neston, in the county of Chester. In modern social history Preston shines as the town in which the word teetotalism was first used, as the first town in which a journal exclusively devoted to the propagation of that principle was published, and as the first town in which a temperance hotel was opened. Preston is the Mecca of the water-drinker. (Stock. £1 16s. 6d.)

PEDIGREE WORK.

BY W. P. W. PHILLIMORE.

A concise little handbook by the author of *How to Write the History of a Family*. Mr. Phillimore gives much indispensable information to the budding genealogist, who so often flounders helplessly in the sloughs which beset the borders of his subject. The sections dealing with various prime sources of inquiry are clear and full, and most useful lists are given of the Herald's Visitations and Regnal Years. Above all things, Mr. Phillimore says in effect, be punctiliously accurate. That is the first and last word for the pedigree-hunter to have in mind. (Phillimore & Co. 1s. net.)

Fiction.

The Crimson Weed. By Christopher St. John.
(Duckworth & Co. 6s.)

MR. ST. JOHN, whose name is new to us, has written a grave and dignified novel. A little more freshness, a little more vigour of presentment, and it would have been arresting. As it stands, *The Crimson Weed*, while it just fails to be memorable, does in fact reach an equable distinction, and perhaps heralds something of imperative force from the same hand in the future. What this drama of a futile revenge lacks more than anything else is the inventive quality. When success depends on invention, the author fails. He begins with that commonplace of English fiction—the Anglo-Italian love-story: old chateau, tangled garden, strange servants, decay—all the "properties" which the young-lady-novelist who has enlarged her mind by a tour in Italy uses up in her first novel. We do not say that Mr. St. John ought not to have built his edifice upon the loves of Gilbert Otway, artist, and Maria Carducci, daughter of princes, in the antique chateau of Fontegioia; but that he did so is a sign of his tendency towards the trite. When the son of that irregular and fatal union discovers his father in a President of the Royal Academy, and his mother in an opera singer who is making a sensational *début* as Isolde at Covent Garden, we think that Mr. St. John has worked out his tendency to the full.

The author confounds the theatric with the impressive or rather, his imagination, when it is most active, is partially stultified by the outworn materials on which it chooses to work. All the big scenes between Luke Grey and his mother, and between Luke Grey and his father, have this imperfection of a stagey basis, which robs them of a fairly-earned conviction:

"Forgive me," he said again, dragging himself nearer her on his knees. "I could not wait to warn you. I am . . . I am Luca." He laid his head upon her breast as he whispered his name, and now he felt her fingers rest half timidly on his hair. She did not speak, and soon he realised that she was crying. In the silence he heard the tears drop thick and fast upon his head. He moved his position slightly and kissed her neck. Again he kissed it, and then her breast, which seemed to cover all the sorrow of the world. And still she wept. At the moment she had cried, "Ah, who is it?" she had identified him with the fruit of her love and anguish; when her voice said, "Who has come in here?" her eyes held no question. . . . And still she wept. He thought of the bright and burning Isolde he had seen just now in the garden, the Isolde in whose enchanted senses the sounds of the chase had been magically transformed into the voices of love, the huntsman's horn into the sob of the wind, the baying of the hounds into the rustle of leaves, the Isolde whose passion seemed to strain against the enclosing sides of the frail case of humanity until it was near cracking, and opening for the confined spirit the nasty road to death. This was not that Isolde! These horrible silent tears! His excited brain imagined that with each one a drop of her life fell upon his hair.

This is undeniably strong, but it is a mere well-doing of that which has been well done once or twice before, and passably done a thousand times before. In the scenes with Gilbert Otway, Mr. St. John permits himself to introduce revolvers and strangulation in a manner irritatingly trite; Luke Grey even thinks that he has killed his father. Nevertheless, we do not wish to push our point too far. If the story is not original, still originality may come to the author. Beauty is frequently achieved in it—a beauty akin to the strange orchidaceous effects of Gabriele D'Annunzio, for whom Mr. St. John evidently has a deep admiration.

The Whistling Maid. By Ernest Rhys.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

FROM the author of *The Fiddler of Carne* we expect humour, atmosphere, and more than a hint of the fantastic. These things are here; *The Whistling Maid* is a good book, in some respects even a beautiful book. The Whistling Maid herself, Luned, daughter of Rhosser of Rhôs (the period of the story is that of the second Edward), is a simple, fragrant, wholly girlish creature, whose adventures we follow with no lapse of interest from the May morning when she sets out, disguised as a page by the old witch Malen, to bring aid to the beleaguered castle of Rhôs, on to that happy night of the Plygain when Rhôs is finally saved. It is a story of rapid action, bustling, eager, full of the flash of steel in a land seething with Welsh and Norman faction. Luned sees blood, feels a dagger prick, and comes into the sinister shadow of the black Howel Farf, her father's kinsman, who desires her to mate with his foster-son, Jestyn. It is Howel who lays siege to Rhôs, and it is he into whose hands she falls for banishment to the island house of Dinas Moryn. She arrives there with Dr. Iago and the witch Malen to find the host, Morgan, dead, and the house empty. They drink the last of a fateful keg of wine, setting a full cup in the dead man's place. Says Malen:

. . . "I think Morgan Ola's gone down to his own—his own folk—his other house."

"What other house?" asked Luned, anxious to humour her as far as possible, and afraid to be left alone, even by such a companion.

"There's a city—wide streets, shops fine as Chepe's, and many a plâs and many a tavern—under the sea. That's why they call it Dinas Moryn. And this place—wait till I take ye down the cellar stairs. Morgan told the ould fishermen of Abereli he had a house down there. He said he would go there; and now the wine is out . . . you understand. . . . 'When that's done I'm done too.' Morgan's gone down to his own. . . . But I'll take the wine to his grave." . . .

Mr. Rhys has an unmistakable power of weird suggestion, an eye for setting and landscape seldom at fault, a true sense of the beauty of words: his book, too, is excellently constructed, and has not a slovenly sentence in it. But its characterisation just falls short of the real by reason of its insistence on poetical accidents rather than on commonplace essentials. But we like the Maid of Rhôs and her horse Gringolet and the magic silver whistle of St. Brieux that sounds so sweetly in these pages.

The Banker and the Bear. By Henry Kitchell Webster.
(The Macmillan Company. 6s.)

This "story of a corner in lard" is of American origin, and would seem to have been suggested by Harold Frederic's *The Market Place*. It is, quite simply and unaffectedly, the history of a "corner," with the description of a run on a bank for chief episode, and a limited amount of very mild love-making by way of sauce. Mr. Webster's method is not of the kind to arouse criticism. Neither good nor bad, it is of the "hypnotising" variety. You may read and you may read, and if now and then it occurs to you that you are not grasping the facts, no matter! You become hypnotised by the even and passionless narration; you are insensibly drawn from one sentence to the next, and from the left-hand page to the right; you turn over in a dream, and begin a new chapter with the comfortable certitude that no fell shock awaits you:

"If something should scare the depository into making a run on the bank—you see only about half its business is commercial business; the rest is savings. The big depositors wouldn't scare. They're stockholders mostly, and they know the old bank's as solid as a fort. But if the little fellows who've got their savings in there once get the idea that it's shaky, they'll come, every man, woman, and child of 'em, and get their money out inside of twenty-four hours. He'd have to shut up for a while if they did that. They won't scare, though," he said, rising; "and I don't know that I'd want them to. I hope the directors'll do the trick; but if they can't, we'll find some other way."

He walked over to the telephone and called up Jervis Curtin.

"You saw this morning's *Herald*, I suppose?" he said.
"Yes—I'm coming over to see you this afternoon. I had a small dispute with Mr. Bagsbury the other day, and I've sold out my stock. I think we'd better come to an understanding, for his benefit, as to what our relations have been—. All right—I'll be over in about an hour."

It is nearly all like that. After about half an hour you have fallen into a habit of reading *The Banker and the Bear*, and only the arrival of the last page will cure you of that habit. Here and there the tale verges on the perfunctory—as in the passages about old Bagsbury's will; and here and there a sort of excitement is reached—as at the climax of the run on the bank; the use made of a "time lock" in the culminating scene constitutes something new in sensational literature; but, on the whole, the story keeps an unswerving course, like a Flemish canal; you could see the end from the beginning, did not mere distance intervene.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE SOFT SIDE.

BY HENRY JAMES.

A volume of short stories from Mr. Henry James. Such titles as "The Great Good Place," "The Given Case," "The Third Person," "The Real Right Thing," catch the eye in the table of Contents; and from the page, as you open the volume at hazard, shoots telegraphically such a message as: "Do hope you sweetly won't mind, to-day, 1.30, my bringing poor, dear Lady Mullet, who is so awfully bent." And again, here, in a word, is an unknown who looks "like somebody's flattering idea of somebody's own person as expressed in the great room provided at the Uffizi Museum for Portraits of Artists by Themselves." (Methuen. 6s.)

SONS OF THE MORNING.

BY EDEN PHILLIPOTS.

This is such a full-blooded story of the West Country as was to be expected from the author of *The Children of the Mist*. A single illustration—a capital photographic view of Scor Hill Circle and Watern Tor—quietly gives the reader his first sense of the background and atmosphere of the story. From this we turn by chance to page 457: "Far below them, in fulvous light of a wild sunset, the circle of Scor Hill appeared. Concerning the memories its granite girded, Christopher knew little; but, at sight of Watern's crest, now dark against the flaming sky, he remembered that there lay the scene of Stapledon's end, and regretted that he had come within sight of it that night. To him the distant mountain was a theatre of tragedy; to Honor, an altar of sacrifice." The hero and heroine are each the last of a line; the final fruit of an ancient stock. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE CONQUEST OF LONDON.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

"If, instead of living on the interest of our four thousand pounds, we were boldly to attack the capital, we would not need to remain at Gilham. . . . Even in London I don't see how we could possibly spend more than a thousand a year, which means that we would have four years of constant enjoyment before us. . . . And if only one of us marries decently, then it is all right, for, of course, she will look after the others." Thus the four heroine-sisters, daughters of a struggling artist and nieces of a millionaire. The plot has obvious attractions, and the author of *A Forgotten Sin* has made the most of them in this light-hearted story. (Methuen. 6s.)

A PRINCESS OF VASCOVY.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

A well-written, warming romance, crammed with adventure and the open-air life. The heroine passes from school, where she has learned to row, swim, paddle, fence, and walk twenty-five miles, to a camp on the Amazon, where, under her father's tuition, she learns to shoot and finds hardship "heavenly." Fights with natives in the loneliest waters of the Amazon and flight through the dim forest are, as it were, only the tuning up of a long orchestra of incident. Later we have the continental pseudo-monarchy. (Bousfield. 6s.)

PATH AND GOAL.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

This is the type of the novel which cannot be easily "tasted." The title might be given to almost any story. There is no table of contents, and the chapters have no titles. Every page is headed "Path and Goal," but the path and the goal are not for merely prying eyes. Rather than misrepresent the story we will quote its motto from Clough: "Was it ordered that twice two should make four simply for the intent that boys and girls should be cut to the heart that they do not make five? Be content; when the Veil is raised perhaps they will make five; who knows?" (Methuen. 6s.)

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The Dread of Being Dull.

THE constant effort to amuse, varied by the endeavour to astonish, is working considerable havoc even in that department of literature supposed to be sacred to amusement, and is assuredly defeating its own end. The vast majority of present-day novels do not amuse. If they are novels of adventure, they provide a species of excitement which is soon worked out. Broadly speaking, as there is a limit to the number of possible mathematical riders, there is a limit, generally a very narrow one, to the possible developments of a plot. Material can only be manipulated in certain ways, and one can scarcely hope to surprise the reader long accustomed to guess, at earlier and earlier stages of successive stories, who is going to fall in love and out of it, who is at the bottom of the villainous machination, and who is going to play the virtuous detective. We spot these things as the examinee, by a vicious habit, spots possible questions on the most innocent page of history. Great masters of narrative, indeed, have felt adventure insufficient to maintain interest. Defoe called in the aid of a background totally foreign to the reader's experience. Scott used that of character.

But the modern reader doubts the virtue of "character." Some books have it writ large on every page, as some books used to have "problem." They differ in the working out. Sometimes the *dramatis personæ* achieve eccentricity, if not personality, and the book is composed of their remarks. If, by the by, the importance of construction were better understood, no author would attempt to make a novel out of remarks, any more than he would crowd all his *verve* into his first three chapters. His characters would do and say what arose out of the situation, and not what appeared to him to illustrate their peculiarities. He would regard them as real people with an independent existence—not diagrams in illustration of a lecture; and he would impart to the reader a vital interest in them, not a languid curiosity as to what they were meant for. He would have a plot, too, perhaps a simple one, but still intelligible. He would make the situations arise naturally from the plot, and the emotions from the situations. He would not leave the simple reader inquiring within himself what it is all about. And—this has nothing to do with construction—only with respect for good work—he would read his proofs.

Why do authors commit these familiar sins? Probably because their temptations are great—if they live by writing they are perhaps insuperable. If they wish for an immediate hearing they must write what the great mass of readers can read, not only with pleasure, but—a far more deadening restriction—without effort. It may, indeed, be said that those who wish to provide anything higher than amusement have always been forced to cater for the few, while the gentleman who caters for the many simply discharges what was the bear leader's function in former days, and has no place in literature at all. Of course, a public exists for good work, and is perhaps larger than ever it was. But a public also exists now for second-rate literary work, and for it is produced an immense mass of fiction, which threatens often to smother

the good, simply because of the stupendous nature of the task of sifting.

The modern writer also writes in a hurry, because he must catch the attention of the public at the right moment—not to speak of other reasons. This may be the cause of his inattention to proofs. But the blighting influence which above all others destroys his deeper purposes, his freedom, his love of his work—that lingering affection without which one doubts whether great imaginative work can be built up at all—is his deadly fear of being "dull."

No one can write worthily on a great subject—and human nature is a great subject—without making some demand on the patience of the reader. To elucidate any subtle point, the author must explain himself—and explanations are useless unless followed with care. To present his conception of the characters he must now and then digress, and so interrupt the action of the story. Above all, to exhaust his subject, he must write much that will not be appreciated at the first reading. If he permits himself, in justice to his theme, to insert what is not of vivid and immediate interest, the reader is wearied instantly; and every stall is crowded with books whose very covers seem to shout, "Amusement without effort." The taskmaster Demos is inexorable. An introductory page about the hero will be the death of the story. Nobody wants to know who brought him up, where he came from, or how he got there—not even though the knowledge should be absolutely necessary to make his future actions convincing. On the first page he must be either funny or desperate, lest he and the book should die. Now, character, if depicted with any justice, is not appreciated at the first reading, because it must be worked up with many delicate touches. Broad outlines, seized at once by the eye, only indicate a type; and even then, if the type is not at once recognised, it needs explanation before it can attract. Besides, are our most valued acquaintances those who startled us into wishing to know them? Are they those whose friendship we have taken no trouble to acquire, whose antecedents we do not want to hear, and whom we throw aside the moment we find them in a mood which is neither tragic nor amusing? Are Colonel Newcome, Dr. Primrose, Lucy Snowe, Maggie Tulliver, of this kind?

A book published not very long ago laid a strong hold upon its readers. It was marked by extraordinary power and depth. It almost left the impression of a great book. But its construction had been dominated and crushed by this haunting dread of being dull. It opened—presumably in order to arrest attention—with a scene startling and dramatic enough to have satisfied the reader of old days at that point—about one-third through a novel—where his interest was so far worked up that it was time for the plot to thicken. Explanations must come in somewhere, especially in a philosophic novel; and accordingly we were dropped from intense excitement into retrospect, which in this order palled upon us. But it is not now permitted to begin gently and work up the slope. You must begin at the top and go rapidly, even if you end in stagnant water at the bottom. Again, the author, endeavouring to live up to the demand for feverish excitement, was unable to make straws show the way of the wind. Somebody has observed that Becky Sharp needed to commit no crime in order to reveal herself. We know what she is without that. But the characters now under consideration are elucidated by a number of strong—it might rather be said violent—scenes, written with extraordinary power, no doubt, and each in itself deserving of high praise—but failing to impress in proportion to their strength, because they dwarf each other, and suffer from want of background. The same with the characters themselves. Hardly any of them fail to interest, and to interest intensely in their way, but—*hinc illæ lacrymæ*. There should be a large proportion of characters in a book which interest mildly,

pleasantly, soothingly; and among them the few on which the mind is fixed should stand out, grouped in due subordination to a central idea. Here, for fear any should be reckoned dull, there are something like half-a-dozen personages, all of whom grip the reader as strongly as a hero or heroine need do. They are not overdone. One is left wishing to be told more, not less, about nearly all of them. But they distract interest from one another; they have no connexion or suitability for each other, except the fact that they are found between the same covers; and the result is that want of unity in design which must ensue when the author is not content to allow any of his characters to stand behind.

"I like to have room in a book," said a friend of the present writer; but *Demos*, the unreasonable, wants crises packed in a book like herrings in a barrel. Fielding allowed himself "room" for disquisitions on life whose style places them among the jewels of the English language. They do not assist the excitement, and probably contemporary *Demos* did not like them, but posterity does. Why do all for *Demos*? why not something for posterity? Fielding and his contemporaries give us time to live with their heroes and heroines under normal conditions—we get to know them—they are not incessantly urging our jaded emotions to tears and laughter. So with Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot—but which of them would obtain the coveted meed of praise—the statement that "you cannot put down the book till you have finished it," from a review in which *Demos* puts his trust? The books you cannot put down are so often the books you cannot take up again—but *Demos* goes his way in blissful ignorance of that.

Still, in every age, real greatness will turn to sound and natural methods. Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy do not allow *Demos* to regulate their style, their plots, their times and seasons, their choice of a motive. And if we are not compelled to devour each of their books whole at a sitting, at any rate we are not satisfied without a second perusal. Mr. Gissing, too—whether or not he can be called strong enough to bend the bow—is above constructing a bad imitation of the weapon which anybody can bend, and which has no effect beyond a feeble twanging of the string. The public is in the debt of an author who gives it subtle philosophy of conception.

An author's defects are easily traced to his aims. Unless he has a good deal of the superhuman about him, he must endeavour to arrest attention, to whip up jaded interest by strong stimulants, to startle the mind at every turn—in short, never to allow the reader to put the book down lest, his attention once distracted, he should never take it up again. Is it of any use to say that it is the true artist's business to have a good deal of the superhuman about him—to lead his public, not to follow it—to brave the damning accusation of dullness at first, and to wait till the world values his treasure, rather than to throw away his treasure to run after the world, offering it a *réchauffée* of what he believes to be admired and understood? Perhaps not; but if not, art is in a bad way.

A Guide to Grub Street.

WHEN Defoe wrote his *Complete English Tradesman* he expounded business with hard literary ability. A more probable fruit of to-day would be a "Complete English Writer," expounding literature with hard business ability. Such a work is foreshadowed, if not realised, in a book of 150 pages just issued by Mr. Grant Richards under the title, *How to Write for the Magazines*. To the writer, who veils his identity under the chaste pseudonym, "£600 a Year from It," literature has one meaning—to please the public; and one end—to enrich the writer. And his "Magazines" are the big bright miscellanies of these insatiate days—the sons of *Tit-Bits* and *Anak*. The lan-

guage used and the sentiments expressed are the language and sentiments of the market. How to make literature "a thoroughly paying, remunerative affair" has been the personal aim of "£600 a Year from It"; and he now offers his experience and counsel to "that large section of the literary public who would like to 'write something' for the magazines and weeklies." The brutal common sense of the book would be a tonic if it were less strong. As it is, it makes for vertigo and emigration.

"£600 a Year from It" is never more delightful than in his distant references to "style." He always quotes the word, doubtless to suggest the remoteness and unreality of this subject. "Having got the material together, take great pains with your 'style,' and don't drop too much into slang expressions and methods." But this gagging of the old Adam is not quite all. We are also told: "You should have had a good education to be able to write . . . *stylishly* at all . . . and this same education should have made you familiar with all the best 'styles,' so called, in our own literature or among foreign authors." It appears that the ability to write stylishly may itself need repression. For there follows this great and governing dictum:

The style most in vogue to-day, especially in the papers and magazines with the largest circulation, both in this kingdom and in America, is what is known as the "popular" style.

And the popular style, even "£600 a Year from It" admits, is not exactly a daisy. It excludes "the Art point of view," and the educated author feels he is being "dragged down." "But when he looks at the ledger side of the account on the 31st of December each year [of course he *does* look at his accounts on the 31st of December each year] and sees the hundreds—sometimes thousands!—of pounds standing to his credit from it, he becomes reconciled to it, and even looks pleased." Still, even allowing for the great compromise which "£600 a Year from It" recommends and practises, we should have thought that some rags of style might still be fluttered on the breeze of popular taste. The expressions "faculty for seeing," "the capability for authorship," "a difficult habit for you to acquire," "clearly grasped," "potent reasons," "the author has got good ideas," "one single line," "in a subsequent chapter," &c., &c., are surely needless concessions to the "popular" style. The section on "The Chief Weeklies" begins with the luminous and elegant sentence:

There is no denying, by any impartial and dispassionate observer and reader, that *Pearson's Weekly*, though nothing extra in this line, is the most thoughtful and probably the most literary of the chief weeklies of this class.

A too generous sacrifice of "style" seems to be made in this remark:

To the author of articles, absolute accuracy, so far as can ever be managed, is almost perfectly essential.

And are not "the best 'styles' so called" too violently superseded in the sentence:

There has been during the past few years a regular "craze" among the papers and magazines (especially the illustrated ones) and weeklies for "interviews" with persons more or less—generally the latter—celebrated.

To do him justice, "£600 a Year from It" leaves his readers in no doubt as to what the "popular" style is. It is "freshness." "Do be fresh; do be novel in some way or other; do make your work striking." So shall you make a name that of itself will bring the "non-regular reader" of a magazine into the fold. "That is what is wanted by editors to-day. Your articles must be chatty, smart, crisp, anecdotal. It is not a *sine qua non* that they be instructive—indeed, few are so; but it is a *sine qua non* that they contain anecdotes, interesting examples, illustrations of some sort; striking matter strikingly put; facts glaringly set out; all served in a

brisk, readable style, that draws the reader along to peruse the article almost in spite of himself." We will say this for "£600 a Year from It," he knows his business. We are abashed by the strength of his positions and the ease of his unconcerns. And to hear him expound first principles as dodges, and enunciate the verities of literature as crackers of shrewdness is splendid. His words are charged with terror for serious writers. "Old, worn-out topics that were debated in the days of our grandmothers, subjects that are academical or very ancient, dreary uninteresting studies to the mass of mankind; such subjects as these will stand little chance of bringing you money in, whatever fame they may bring you, and that is very doubtful also." And as for the great magazines—the *Cornhill*, *Longman's*, *Macmillan's*, and the rest—ah, well—to write for them "may be the acme of some sort of success, that I don't know; but I do know from experience that it is not the acme of financial success as an author." We comfort ourselves with the thought that "£600 a Year from It" does *not* know what sort of success may be obtained by writers of "high class" work. Indeed, his upward vision seems rather limited. In one place we find him instituting a scale of achievement in these words: "You may begin at Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, and go downwards to lesser lights, stage by stage. . . ."

Between the abyss of "stuff" and the empyrean of "style" our guide wings his assured flight. Below him, literature is anything, above it is culture; but here it is "a thoroughly paying remunerative affair." This book is the certificate of that truth.

Things Seen.

Das Bier.

As I came down from the mountains, a peasant, with a chamois swinging at his back, overtook me. He sang as he walked. His brown bare knees glimmered beneath his beribboned leather knickerbockers. Together we entered the inn. There, in the low panelled room, with stags' antlers curling jauntily from the walls, and stuffed birds with bright red crests hanging from the ceiling, a score or so of jolly Bavarians were taking their evening meal. Before each was a great metal-covered mug of beer. As I seated myself, a family party, having finished their supper, suddenly broke out into a part-song. It may have been a grace, I know not, but nobody showed surprise. They just went on drinking, eating, laughing, and talking. Presently my neighbour—his braces were flowered and a great silver chain, with hanging medals, dangled from his waist—beamed at me, and unloosed a flood of words. To which I replied: "Ich spreche Deutsch nicht geläufig." Whereupon he laughed aloud, and chuckled "Nicht geläufig" to himself several times. Merrily went the evening with talk and song, and innumerable mugs of beer. The landlord, a giant with a face bronzed by half a century of wind and weather, having gone round the tables, and muttered a genial "Haben Sie gute speizen," seated himself and played a duet on the zither with the waitress, while the un replenished mugs of beer waited by her side. When the music was finished she bustled to her feet, and was again filling mugs, and yet more mugs. Then a couple danced, the girl's red dress whirling balloon-like around her, and the man smacking his leather knickerbockers and dancing in his nailed boots as lightly as a columbine. Followed more songs and more beer till the bells chimed eleven. I went to the doorway. The Pole star hung high over the mountains, and the tinkle of the zither pricked on the keen air. The man with the chamois was starting forth when a burst of laughter hushed the music. "They are a merry folk, these Bavarians," said I. "Ja!" he answered, giving the chamois a jog, "das Bier macht optimistisch."

The Stockings.

THE whole hamlet was the most casual looking place in the world; it seemed to have developed on that spot spontaneously. All about it stretched a heath, on two sides merging into fir-woods. I lay on the edge of the green at the point where the heather began: the purple acres stretched away and away under a sun that made them royally lavish of colour. Here and there were clumps of gorse—still, yellow patches which did not stir in the faint breeze that set the heather a-tremble. Not a soul was in sight; even the village inn, the "Forest King," might have been a closed church for the quietness of it. One might have supposed the place to be deserted and the houses empty save for one thing: on the green two long lines of clothes were hanging out to dry.

That conspicuous washing fascinated me. I found myself conjecturing whether it would be possible to carry away the entire *lingerie* of the village without detection. I felt almost inclined to adventure the experiment. I was playing lazily with the thought when I saw a dog, a brindled lurcher, slip quietly across the green towards the lines. He examined the washing with ardent curiosity, and then, to my utter amazement, seized a pair of black stockings, jerked them from the pegs, and started off across the heath, trailing his spoil. The thing was so unutterably comic that I grovelled in helpless laughter. Still no one came. I realised, all at once, that my position was somewhat invidious. If the owner of the stockings should appear I could not seriously explain that I had seen them appropriated by a dog. Accordingly I rose and walked away with stealthy unconcern. If I had been observed at that moment the manner of my departure would have stamped me a thief and a robber.

Correspondence.

Nietzsche.

SIR,—In the appreciation of Nietzsche's work contained in your issue of September 1, the critic, I notice, adopts the usual view as to the meaning of Nietzsche's writings. It is because I am puzzled with the apparent universal agreement in this view, and am utterly unable to reconcile it with my own reading, that I write.

Now I am not a student of Nietzsche, but I remember well how I took up *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, when thoroughly imbued with the current idea of his teaching, and expecting to meet with a definitely advanced theory of the beauty of being the stronger, the necessity for the extirpation of the weak, &c. In place of this I found a mysticism, high, pure, and wild, and in substance, if not in form, essentially poetic; along with this, strings of curiously grotesque and childish curses and denunciations, mostly, it must be said, of things mean, petty, and unworthy. But there was nothing hard or cruel in all this. The famous *Beyond Man* appeared as a yearning, an imaginative figuring of the possibility of strife with the greater evil of the greater universe. Nothing could give a false impression of it all than the laying out of a skeleton of dogmas, such as, I believe in the "Beyond Man," in the "Transmutation of Values Without End," and the rest. Such a catalogue bears much the same relation to Nietzsche's really powerful and attractive doctrine, as the Athanasian Creed to the spirit of the Gospels. An individualist teaching, if you like, as the teaching of the Stoics and of Buddha was individualist. But no person capable either of writing or appreciating, say, the chapter "Before Sunrise" in the above work, however self-absorbed and lacking in the sense of tears in things he might be, would be capable of that cruel appreciation of, and deliberate acquiescence in, the need of others' sufferings for one's own comfort, which is the secret doctrine of

the day. And it is this doctrine that is commonly attributed to Nietzsche.

It is to be wished that critics would do more to make known the many lofty and noble meditations of this poetic genius, rather than confine themselves to adapting his denunciations and misunderstood figures of speech into a pseudo-scientific framework of dogma.

May I conclude with the Clock Prayer from *Zarathustra* of which the author's twelve has now struck. "The house of Brahman is always open, O Nachiketas!"

(I have used the words of the English published translation.)

One!	O man! Lose not sight
Two!	What saith the deep midnight?
Three!	I lay in sleep, in sleep;
Four!	From deep dream I woke to light.
Five!	The world is deep,
Six!	And deeper than ever day thought it might.
Seven!	Deep is its woe—
Eight!	And deeper still than woe—delight.
Nine!	Saith woe: Pass, go!
Ten!	Eternity's sought by all delight—
Eleven!	Eternity deep—by all delight!
	Twelve!

—I am, &c.

FRANK W. HACQUOIL.

[There is no doubt, we think, that the "usual view" is correct. It is nevertheless true that the physiological tyranny of Nietzsche's teaching does not exactly leap from his pages. It is there, however, in blood tracks. Has Mr. F. W. H. read *The Antichrist*? Let him read sections 3 and 4 of Nietzsche's essay, "The 'Improvers' of Mankind."]

The Jargon of Criticism.

SIR,—In your last few numbers you have been drawing attention to the worthlessness of literary reviews, and your correspondent of last week certainly touches the spot when he attributes their largesse of praise to the writers' having made so imperfect an examination of the books. An amusing illustration of this occurred not so long ago. The editor of a certain very respectable paper was in the habit of selecting each week from the books sent in some three or four nicely-bound novels which might do to give away to various lady friends, or if there were anything especial in the way of an art production or book of travel at 30s. net, with costly illustrations, he generally netted it for himself. These he proceeded to review during a certain three hours of leisure which occurred to him in his office once a week. From the editor's point of view all went merrily. He cemented many bonds of friendship and built up an excellent library. Authors were flattered, publishers pleased. One morning, however, as I turned over a spring catalogue I was struck by seeing the paper quoted in praise of an utterly worthless book that had come out two seasons before in an attractive cover. I distinctly remembered reviewing the book myself, and that I had not said one word of what was quoted. I got on to a 'bus and went down to the office in a fume. The editor said the firm of publishers in question was noted for that sort of thing, but that the present case was disgraceful. "Disgraceful!" I stormed. "Why, it's nothing more or less than a piece of the grossest Yankee swindling. Here have I gone and prescribed the nonsense for children's hospitals, and they have the audacity to paraphrase that into 'Mrs. Beesely Screed is in her choicest vein, and the book will be read with avidity.' I call it monstrous."

The editor was persuaded. He sat down at once and fired off a strongly-worded letter to the publishers of Mrs. Beesely Screed, dwelling upon their past sins, and pointing out that his paper would suffer seriously in the eyes of its intelligent public by having its name affixed to such an absurd and erroneous specimen of literary criticism. Then we went out for a moment together, and I returned home calmer.

The editor was a man of much worldly wisdom, so on our next meeting he anticipated my inquiries. "Wouldn't it be just as well for you," he said, "to read the paper as regularly as you can? I can't remember everything, and you've gone and got me into a nice little mess. It appears that Mrs. Screed's book was reviewed twice. Through some mistake or other it was sent to you after it had been done in the office."

I knew well enough what "done in the office" meant, but thought it politic to keep silence. The man had forgotten his own review.—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR MAQUARIE.

SIR,—Allusion has been made in several letters on this subject to unknown, unqualified, and unpaid critics, who pass hasty judgments on books, couched in the jargon so clearly explained in your interesting article. These reiterated commonplaces of praise or blame, *ad nauseam*, are of no possible service either to the author or to the reader. They are nugatory and useless—merely a *vox et præterita nihil*. If a book is not worth reviewing and criticising with knowledge, care, and diligence, it is better to ignore it and merely to depend on the tender suffrages of the fickle public. Hasty criticism is ill-considered; swift opinions are rash; the mature judgment alone sifts, weighs, compares, condemns, or appreciates.

A review ought to be literature and not the drivel of the paid hack or idle amateur. True critics are not those who have failed in literature and art; on the contrary, they are men whose minds have compassed the significance and meaning of books which have outlived fashion, change, and time. Their intellects, saturated with what has compelled admiration and allegiance for all time, are tempered with the skill and judgment necessary to form just and correct opinions of the books of the present day. Let us, then, elevate the real critic to his high vantage ground, and say with Pope:

They both from Heaven must derive their light,
Those born to judge as well as those who write.

—I am, &c.,

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

A New Part of Speech.

SIR,—Although adverbs are described as words qualifying verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs, yet one of the most frequent mistakes in grammar consists in adding the wrong adverb to the verb. Thus we say, and incorrectly say: "He was very pleased"; whereas we ought to say: "He was greatly pleased." "Greatly" and "very" do not differ in meaning, although they differ inconveniently as to the manner in which they are to be used in correct speech. The difference being purely grammatical, the adverbs which must not have to do with verbs might, till a more elegant grammatical expression be invented, be termed "adadjectives" or "addajects."—I am, &c.,

CHARLES G. STUART-MENTEATH.

London, W.C.

A Parallel.

SIR,—The concluding paragraph of "The Bookworm's" in the current issue of the ACADEMY regarding the lady who preserved a flounce that was torn by a royal duke reminds me of an exhibit at the Burns Exhibition held in Glasgow a few years ago. It was labelled "Nightdress said to have been worn by the wife of Souther Johnnie." Notice the beautiful connecting links. Robert Burns—his poems—Souther Johnnie—wife of ditto—nightdress of wife of ditto; and then "said to"! The exhibitor must have been a humorist, more so than those who got up the exhibition. There is nothing snobbish or toadying, of course, in the Burns enthusiast but the Lerwick lady—"lady," hum! ha!—I am, &c.,

H. E. WILSON.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 50 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best rendering into English verse of the following lines by Victor Hugo :

Écoutez !—Comme un nid qui murmure invisible,
Un bruit confus s'approche, et des rires, des voix,
Des pas, sortent du fond vertigineux des bois.
Et voici qu'à travers la grande forêt brune
Qu'emplit la rêverie immense de la lune,
On entend frissonner et vibrer mollement,
Communiquant au bois son doux frémissement,
La guitare des monts d'Inspruck, reconnaissable
Au grelot de son manche où sonne un grain de sable ;
Il s'y mêle la voix d'un homme, et ce frisson
Prend un sens et devient une vague chanson.

La mélodie encor quelques instants se traîne
Sous les arbres bleuis par la lune sereine,
Puis tremble, puis expire, et la voix qui chantait
S'éteint comme un oiseau se pose ; tout se tait.

Many of the renderings received miss the atmosphere and cadence of the lines, while not a few competitors have gone completely wrong over the eighth and ninth lines. We award the prize to Mr. Walter Gill, Claremont, Prenton, Birkenhead, for the following :

Hark ! Like the murmur of leaf-hidden broods,
A mingled noise of voices, footsteps, mirth,
Out of the woodland's dizzy depths takes birth.
And, lo ! across the dark immensity
Of forest filled with the moon's reverie
Is heard a muffled throb, a vibrant sound,
Thrilling with sweetness all the woodland round—
The guitar of the hills of Inspruck, known
By its small bell, tongued with a tiny stone.
A man's voice joins the hum, which, waxing strong,
Takes meaning and becomes a dreamy song.

A little longer yet lingers the tune
Beneath the trees blue-washed by the calm moon,
Then trembles—then expires ; the song which rushed
Stops, like a bird alighting ; all is hushed.

Other translations are as follows :

Hark ! Like the twitter in an unseen nest,
Now comes a sound confused ; and laughter here,
There voices, footsteps, by degrees draw near
From the wood's dizzy depths. O'er forest shades
That dreamy moonlight far and wide pervades,
Just then you hear the tremor, soft vibration—
The woodlands echo with sweet undulation—
Of Inspruck's own guitar, which one can tell,
For on its neck tinkles the tiny bell ;
A man's voice with it blends, and so ere long
This tremor, more defined, becomes vague song.

Some moments yet the distant music streams
Beneath the trees blue where the calm moon beams,
Then trembles, dies away, the voice's thrill
Sinks like a pitching bird ; and all is still.

[C. O. O., London.]

Hearken ! as murmurs from a nest unseen
There comes a sound confused from out the woods,
From depths bewildering of their solitudes ;
Laughter and voice and step ; the forest brown
That fills a dream land by the moon cast down,
Feels a faint shiver through its spaces flow
To which the woods vibrate with trembling low.
Guitar from Inspruck's hills, by tinkling bell
Striking its grain of sand, thy strains we tell ;
A man's voice mingles, and the quivering sigh
Takes form, a floating, far-off melody.

Softly it lingers beneath trees that shine
With pearl-grey lustre from yon moon divine,
Then, trembling, dies—the singing voice is still
As bird alighting ; silent and all chill.

[L. S., London.]

Hark ! Like an unseen nest with murmurous hum
A sound confused draws near ; and laughter, cries,
And footsteps 'scape the wooded boundaries.
Note how across the forest's brown expanse,
Filled with the moonlight's dreamy radiance,
One hears the Inspruck minstrel's sweet guitar
Trembling with soft vibration from afar,

And with its murmur wakening all the wood :
One notes the sable spot, grey sleeve and hood ;
A man's voice rises, and the murmuring throng
Of notes takes meaning, and becomes a song.

Some instants yet, beneath the moonlit trees
The tones melodious dwell upon the breeze ;
Quiver, then die away. The voice's thrill
Drops, like a homing bird ; and all is still.

[R. H. S., London.]

Hark ! Like the murmurs of a hidden nest
Come, in a tumult, laughter, voices gay,
And footsteps from wild, wooded depths away.
And the great dusky forest that lies thrilled
With boundless dreamery of moonlight filled
Is 'ware of some soft, dulcet quivering,
That touches every leaf with shivering—
'Tis the guitar of Inspruck, by the bell
That tinkles in the handle, known so well ;
Then a man's voice that, mingling, strikes along,
Gives meaning to the tremor, grown a song.

Some moments more the melody is breathed
Under the trees in glamorous moonbeams wreathed.
Then trembles, dies, and the voice, like a bird
Settling, is quiet, gone : nothing is heard.

[E. C. M., Cork.]

Other replies from : E. H. H., Streatham ; R. W., Sutton ; A. R. P., Hampstead ; A. F., Exmouth ; F. V. S., London ; G. H. S., Manchester ; "Tone," Chelsea ; A. O.-D., London ; M. T., North Berwick ; P. L. B., Stoke Newington ; L. M. L., Stafford ; J. M. M., Aberdeen ; H. H., Teddington ; E. B., Liverpool ; R. F. McC., Whithy ; G. H., Malvern Wells ; R. R., Hull ; L. F. F., Streatham ; T. C. B., Skipton ; G. H., London ; —, Ealing ; S. M., Addiscombe ; and H. B. D., Torquay.

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RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, September 11. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

"Expectans," From the Battlefield to a Glorious Resurrection (Gale & Polden) 1 0
Little (Charles Joseph), Christianity and the Nineteenth Century (C. H. Kelly) 2 0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Douglas (Langton), Fra Angelico (Bell)
Rickards (Marcus S. C.), Gleams through the Gloom. (Clifton : J. Baker & Son)
Dawson (W. J.), Savonarola : a Drama (Grant Richards) net 7 6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Robertson (Henry S.), Voices of the Past from Assyria and Babylonia. (Bell)

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Cotes (Kenelm D.), Social and Imperial Life of Britain, Vol. I. (Grant Richards) net 7 6

EDUCATIONAL.

Nall (G. H.), The Outline of Sallust (Macmillan) 1 6
Gregory (R. A.) and Simmons A. T., Elementary Physics and Chemistry. (Macmillan) 1 6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Buttery (John A.), Why Kruger Made War (Heinemann) 3 6
Bellamy (Rev. R. L.), Hints from Baden-Powell (Gale & Polden) net 1 0
Neilly (J. Emerson), Besieged with B.-P. (Pearson) net 1 0

NEW EDITIONS.

Rhys (Ernest), Frederick Lord Leighton, 3rd Edition (Bell) net 7 6
Boulger (Demetrius C.), A Short History of China (Gibbins)
Sykes (Jessica), Sidelights on the War in South Africa, 2nd Edition. Unwin 3 6
Sampson (George), Burke's French Revolution (Walter Scott) 1 6
Norris (F. W.), Orations of Cicero (Walter Scott) 1 6
Kenworthy (J. C.), The Anatomy of Misery, 7th Edition (Simplin)
Buckland (Francis T.), Curiosities of Natural History, 4 vols. (Macmillan) each 7 6

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

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The Literary Week.

THE opening of the autumn publishing season is as the letting out of water. Books trickle, then flow, then rush, and last overwhelm. The trickling has begun. Messrs. Methuen advertised two novels of importance last week—Mr. Eden Phillpotts's *Sons of the Morning*, and Mr. Henry James's *The Soft Side*. This week Messrs. Chatto & Windus give us Mark Twain's new book, *The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburg*; Mr. Sonnenschein issues the *Philosophical Regimen* and other unpublished writings of the third Earl of Shaftesbury—a book of capital importance; while from Messrs. Horace Marshall come studies of a dead author and a living—Miss Thompson's *Samuel Richardson: A Critical Study*, and Mr. J. A. Hammerton's *J. M. Barrie and His Books*; and, as we write, Messrs. Methuen are issuing a new book by the late Mr. Crane, characteristically entitled *Wounds in the Rain*.

MR. W. J. STILLMAN's disquieting doubts as to the safety of Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, the "Light of the World," have been easily set at rest. We ought to have remembered that this remarkable picture is in the custody of Keble College, Oxford. Several correspondents have reminded us of this fact; and one adds particulars of the scrupulous care with which the picture is preserved. It is in a locked case in a locked side chapel of the beautiful Chapel of the College. Perhaps this very seclusion is in a measure responsible for the strange rumour to which we referred.

MR. KIPLING's new story, *Kim of the Rishtri*, is to appear serially in *Cassell's Magazine*. It is a curious indication of the modern attitude that the literary gossipier who records this fact should add: "The price is a large one, but if what I hear from an American friend is true, the book is worth it." The literary student of the future will be amazed at this bracketing of merit and price.

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APROPPOS of Mr. Henry James's forthcoming book, *A Little Tour in France*, to which we referred last week, it is a mistake to suppose that this work is entirely new. It was originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* under

the title *En Provence*, and it was issued in America as an octavo volume. We give the old title-page:

HENRY JAMES.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

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We understand that Mr. James's *Portraits of Places* is out of print.

It has been suggested that the new thoroughfare between Holborn and the Strand should be called "Dickens-avenue." A correspondent of *Literature* points out that it will run through a portion of London which plays a prominent part both in the life and works of Dickens, containing as it does the house in which the old *Household Words* offices were located; Somerset House, where John Dickens worked in the Navy Pay Office; Clare-court, where the young Dickens ate à-la-mode beef for dinner. Sardinia-street figures in *Barnaby Rudge*, Lincoln's Inn-fields in *Bleak House*. Kingsgate-street, Holborn, sheltered the immortal and squalid figure of Mrs. Gamp. However, we cannot consider the suggestion as suitable. The new thoroughfare will be the biggest thing in metropolitan streets that we possess; it should not be treated from any local point of view, even though it may be associated with so great a name as Dickens. If a writer must lend his name, why not go to the greatest—Shakespeare?

THE moanings of Marie Bashkirtseff are continued in the *Gentlewoman*. Most of her complaints are concerned with art; thus:

The true painter designs, sketches, composes without knowing anything. I, also, designed, but not too much, with this idea, "I am gifted for painting, and some day I shall do it." Meanwhile I have masses of literary sketches, like the portfolio of a painter who knows nothing, but has the calling. One cannot do so many things . . . but if . . . to paint while it is daylight, model till dinner-time, and write afterwards.

I have been to Julian's to show him the Raudouin portrait. This Marseillais has a very contented air, and tells me it gets better and better. It is not my opinion of this portrait. I detest it. But if others think like Julian . . . Ah, well! I shall do it over again all the same; I shall try to make it please me. Julian provokes me. He insists on talking to me like this: "Your soundness in painting gets better and better." He will have it that I have been very strong, then run down, then strong again. It is false, false, false! My sketches are there. Test it.

These utterances are—wearisome.

IN regard to the biography of Mr. Eric Mackay which it was understood Miss Marie Corelli was to write, but which she has not yet written, Miss Corelli wishes us to correct the statement that any such book had been "promised" by her. She informs us that she made no engage-

ment whatever, and adds: "If such a biography is ever to be written, it must be done by someone who knew Mr. Eric Mackay before I did, as I never met him till he returned from a long residence in Italy to his father's house at the age of forty-five, when I was a child of twelve. More than half his life had been lived, and I knew, and know, nothing of it."

THE Institute of Journalists has passed the following resolution:

That this Conference is of the opinion that the subject of examination for those desirous of entering the profession of journalism should be no longer deferred, and now instructs the executive committee of the Institute to prepare an examination scheme which would be of real service to all the members of the Institute of Journalists, it being understood that, in the opinion of the Conference, the examination should for a short period be voluntary.

It may be questioned whether journalism would really gain by such an examination, though, of course, this is a matter purely within the jurisdiction of the Institute. The man who does not choose to pass the examination cannot become a member, that is all: he will be none the less a journalist.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us whether we know of "a really good lyric club or of a society where verses are criticised or prizes given." We do not. Can any reader help?

THE sixth and final volume of Dr. Joseph Parker's *Studies in Texts* is to be issued by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son this week. The first volume of the series has reached a third edition.

We intend to look up a few articles we have written in our time in order to know whether we have poetic abilities unsuspected by ourselves or others. To this we are encouraged by the discovery made by a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*, who has found that Mr. A. G. Hales, the war correspondent of the *Daily News*, has been telegraphing poetry home, "unbeknown," in his war correspondence. The following "poem" appeared in the *Daily News* of August 31, and was, of course, printed as prose. The correspondent who has carved it up into blank verse deserves every credit for his acumen. Mr. Hales's ode to President Steyn runs as follows:

He is our foe, no stabber in the dark . . .
But in the open, where the gaze of God
And man can rest upon him (there) he stands
Defiant, though undone.

The poet then explains how Mr. Steyn staked his country's freedom, his earthly happiness, and his high position:

. . . In the great game
Of war; staked all that mortal man holds dear;
Staked it for what? For love of gain? May he
Who spawned that lie to stir our people's hearts
To boundless wrath against this falling man
Live to repent in sackcloth and in tears
The evil deed so done. . . .

Staked it for what?
To feed his own ambition? I tell you no.
The undercurrent which brought forth the deed
Sprang from a nobler and a higher source.
His country stood pledged (firm) in time of peace
To help in time of war a sister State.
And when the bond fell due he honoured it,
Though none knew better than this noble man
That when he loosed the dogs of war he crossed
A lion's path.

THE onslaught of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, authoress of *Aunt Anne*, *Wild Prozy*, &c., on Mr. Sidney Grundy, on the score that he has plagiarised from her for the purposes of *A Debt of Honour*, and Mr. Grundy's reply to his

accuser, calls to mind some other recent instances of similar charges. Thus, not so many years ago, when clever Mr. Anstey Guthrie published his *Giant's Robe*, which story treats curiously enough of a case of sharp practice in connexion with a book, he was accused of having picked the brains of an Indian judge, one W. Follet Synge, who had written a novel called *Tom Singleton* on a similar theme. The theme in question was the use by one man to serve his own ends of a MS. written by his friend. Mr. Anstey amply defends himself in a preface to *The Giant's Robe*. Similarly Charles Reade, with a wealth of quotation and illustration, defends himself in an appendix to *The Wandering Heir* against the charges brought against him by Mortimer Collins and his wife when *The Wandering Heir* first appeared as a Christmas number of having pilfered from Swift for his descriptions of Dublin life in the last century. Reade was often accused of "lifting" from the work of others, and to a certain extent admitted the impeachment; but, as he says, an author may legitimately appropriate within reason from heterogeneous sources providing he does not do so from a homogeneous.

ONE of the most noteworthy examples of an accusation of plagiarism was that brought against Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett, who, it will be remembered, proceeded against an unauthorised dramatiser of her work in relation to *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Some years before the publication of that novel, a story entitled *Wilfrid*, by Mrs. A. T. Winthrop, was published in New York. The eponymous hero, Wilfrid, is a very engaging little boy, the son of a certain Capt. Ferrars, an officer in the army, who has made his father furious by marrying a Frenchwoman and a Roman Catholic. Capt. Ferrars is disinherited by his father, and he and his wife die, the child Wilfrid being brought up by a benevolent woman, the sister of a nurse at the hospital to which his mother had been taken. Through the agency of a philanthropic member of Parliament Wilfrid is restored to his grandfather, the Earl of Lindisfarne, and goes to live with him—the old man doting upon him. In the end the little lad dies, to the great grief of everyone. Such is a brief abstract of the main story, there being a slight sub-plot, which is of no importance in this connexion. It will be noted that the hero in one case is called by the Saxon name of Wilfrid, and in the other by the equally Saxon name Cedric, and that the former addresses his foster-mother as "Mamie," and the latter his mother as "Dearest." In fact, the resemblances are endless.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD has frequently been accused of plagiarism, and several people—Mr. E. F. Knight, for instance, author of the *Cruise of the Falcon*—have been accused of plagiarising from him. One of the strangest examples is where he is accused of having copied the description of Umslopogaas in *Allan Quatermain* terrifying a cowardly Frenchman by whirling an axe round him, from Hardy's description in *Far from the Madding Crowd* of how Troy's sword encircles Bethsheba. "In an instant the atmosphere was transformed to Bethsheba's eyes. Beams of light, caught from the low sun's rays, above, around, in front of her, well-nigh shut out earth and heaven—all emitted in the marvellous evolutions of Troy's reflecting blade, which seemed everywhere at once, and yet nowhere specially. These circling gleams were accompanied by a keen rush that was almost a whistling—also springing from all sides at once. In short, she was enclosed in a firmament of light, and of sharp hisses, resembling a sky full of meteors close at hand." Speaking of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, Mr. Pinero, it will be remembered, was charged with indebtedness to that, while Mr. Gilbert's correspondence in the press with an Irish musician, who accused him of plagiarism over "The Mountebanks," in regard to the penny-in-the-slot song, will not be forgotten.

THE facsimile of *The Germ*, which Mr. Elliot Stock is preparing to issue during the autumn, will reproduce the four separate numbers of the magazine exactly as they were issued in the buff covers by the P. R. B. These, with an extended preface on the literary history of *The Germ*, by William Michael Rossetti, in a separate section, will be issued in a case of suitable design, so that the reader will be able to see the exact aspect of the work as it first saw the light.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is an admirable literary gossipier, and always writes with knowledge. He has just been describing the rather dismal state of the Paris *chansonniers*, whose long reign of success, it seems, is on the decline. The *chansonniers* are, in fact, so depressed that they are about to hold a congress, which, says the correspondent, ought to be a picturesque affair. The *chansonniers* are not arrayed like the lilies, nor like Solomon, nor like the average man. "Aristide Bruant in sage-green corduroys, jack-boots, voluminous scarlet muffler, and vast slouch hat; Hyspa of the peg-top trousers and the immaculate white Lavallière; Théodore Botrel in his Breton waistcoat; Marcel Legay, the wearer of unexampled frock-coats—these and a score of other spurners of the tyranny of the fashion-plates will make a brave show. The Tout Bohême still keeps up appearances, sartorially speaking, though it does so, which the 'ancestors' did not, on an excellent income."

CONTINUING, the *Pall Mall* writer says:

As periods of vogue go in Paris, the *chansonniers* have had a long innings, and it will not be surprising if, for a time, they are under a cloud. It was early in the 'eighties, with the foundation of the ever memorable Chat Noir, that the new generation of *chansonniers* first made their voices heard—an expression literally correct, as it is characteristic of the present-day *chansonniers* that they sing their songs as well as write them. The Chat Noir was the beginning of Montmartre, of the Montmartre of songsters innumerable and ban-box cafés-concerts, artistic cabarets and *bouis-bouis* at every turn and corner. The movement deserves an historian, for besides having a far-reaching effect on the amusements of Parisians, and perhaps on their manners and morals, it has left its mark on literary and even on political history. What is known as "rosserie" in literature—the term would seem to be untranslatable—was the invention of Montmartre. . . . The decadence of Montmartre has been revealed by the Exhibition. Of all the failures of the great show the most glaring, the most lamentable, has been the Rue de Paris, the cafés-concerts of which are modelled on those of Montmartre. They have had no success, and they have deserved none. The sad truth is, that talent, once so prolific on the Butte, is for the moment of rare growth, if, indeed, it be discoverable at all. Of the men who made the reputation of Montmartre, some are dead—Macnab and Jules Jouy, for instance—and others such as Donnay, Rollinat and Bruant have ceased writing for the Butte. Those of the older school who remain were never, perhaps, quite in the front rank, and would seem to have long since given their best work. The newcomers are legion, but the quantity does not make up for the almost total absence of quality.

REPLYING to the suggestion of a correspondent, Claudius Clear discusses in the *British Weekly* the question of the keeping and publication of letters and the weeding out of books. Concerning books, he says: "I do not intend ever to possess more books than I have now—that is, as new books come in, I shall go on sifting the old." It would be interesting to know how many books Claudius Clear possesses. Mark Pattison put the minimum of a decent personal library at a thousand volumes; no doubt, Claudius Clear's books far exceed that number. It strikes us as somewhat dangerous to make the exchange of old

books for new in a hard-and-fast way; one might easily find that, in a mood of temporary enthusiasm, the good had given place to the indifferent.

MESSRS. ISBISTER announce for autumn publication a memoir of *William Conyngham Plunket, Baron Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin*, by Mr. Frederick Douglas How; and also a study of *Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life*, by Mr. Stopford Brooke.

THE *Grande Revue* contains an analysis of two unpublished collections of letters written by Mme. de Warens, celebrated by her friendship with Rousseau. The correspondence does not betray the possession by the writer of the smallest intellectual or literary interest, and an unusual ignorance of orthography, syntax, and style is only too apparent. Her sole preoccupation is business, and there is much mention of contracts—commercial, not social—and lawsuits. With Mme. de Warens commercial enterprise was a passion, and in indulging it she was never discouraged by the constant ill-fortune that attended her ventures. A silk stocking manufactory which she established at Vevey shortly after her marriage did not enrich her. After separating from her husband she induced him to transfer his means to her. Subsequently we find her manufacturing drugs at Annecy, chocolate, soap, and stoneware at Chambéry, forming a company for the exploitation of "mines situated in Chamounix," purchasing furnaces in the Maurienne and coal-pits at Harache, and ruining both herself and her friends, always with the best intentions. Many of the earlier letters contain requests for capital to promote her various undertakings, but in her old age her needs were of a more personal and pressing nature, for on one occasion she is forced to beg her correspondent to send her "quelques petites provisions de bouche" to enable her to maintain her modest household.

MR. DOOLEY, in the current *Harper's Weekly*, strikes that bigger vein on which he sometimes chances in the midst of his discussion of smaller matters. His subject is the Negro Problem. He gives a sketch of the career of a coloured gentleman whose name was Andrew Jackson George Wash'nton Americus Caslateras Beresford Vanilla Hicks. To Mr. Dooley he was merely "Snowball." Snowball's ambition, after packing himself with learning, did not stop short of the Presidency of the United States. "Go on," says Mr. Dooley, "on'y don't be too free." He continues:

'Twas years before I see him again. Wan day I was walkin' up th' levee smokin' a good tin-cint seegar whin a ooon wearin' a suit iv clothes that looked like a stained-glass window in th' house iv a Dutch brewer, an' a pop-bottle in th' fr-rout iv his shirt, steps up to me an' he says: "How d'ye do, Mistah Dooley?" says he. "Don't ye know me—Mistah Hicks?" he says. "Suowball?" says I. "Step inside this dureway," says I, "lest Clancy, th' polisman on th' corner, take me f'r a octoroon," I says. "What ar-re ye doin'?" says I. "How did ye enjy th' Prisdincey?" says I. He laughed an' tol' me th' story iv his life. He wint to practis'n' law an' foun' his on'y clients was coons, an' they had no assets but their vote at th' prim'ry. Besides a warrant f'r a moke was th' same as a letter iv introduction to th' warden iv th' pinitinchry. Th' on'y thing left f'r th' lawyer to do was to move f'r a new thrile, an' ather he'd got two or three he th' ight ol' things was th' best an' ye do well to lave had enough alone. He got so sick iv chicken he cudden't live on his fees, an' he quit th' law an' wint into journalism. He r-run *Th' Colored Suppliment*, but it was a failure, th' taste iv th' public lanin' more to quadroon publications, an' no ma-an that owned a restrant or theyatre or drhy-goods store'd put in an adver-tisemint f'r fear th' subscribers'd see it an' come ar-round. Thin he attempted to go into pollytics, an' th' best he cud get was carryin' a bucket iv wather f'r a Lincoln Club. He thried to larn a

thrade, an' found th' on'y place a naygur can larn a thrade is in prison, an' he can't wurruk at that without committin' burglary. He started to take up subscriptions f'r a strugglin' church an' found th' profission was overcrowded. "Fin'ly," says he, "'twas up to me to be a porther in a saloon or go into th' on'y business," he says, "in which me race has a chanst," he says. "What's that?" says I. "Craps," says he. "I've opened a palachal imporyium," he says, "where," he says, "'twud please me very much," he says, "me ol' abolitionist friud," he says, "if ye'd dhrop in some day," he says, "an' I'll roll th' sweet, white bones f'r ye," he says. "'Tis th' hope iv me people," he says. "We have an even chanst at ivry other pursoot," he says, "but 'tis on'y in craps we have a shade th' best iv it," he says.

Mr. Dooley's final comment is, "When we tell thim they're free they know we're on'y sthringin' thim."

THE report of the expeditions organised by the British Astronomical Association to observe the total solar eclipse of May 28, 1900, will be contained in a volume shortly to be issued from the office of *Knowledge*. The work will be edited by Mr. E. Walter Maunder, F.R.A.S., and will contain many fine photographs of the various stages of the eclipse.

Bibliographical.

I QUOTED last week a paragraph which had appeared in a recognised literary organ, and in which it was asserted that Mr. J. A. Hammerton's forthcoming volume on *J. M. Barrie and His Books* would contain "a full bibliography" of that writer. Mr. Hammerton now writes to my Editor to say that this part of the paragraph is inaccurate. As a matter of fact, he remarks, the bibliographical section of his work is prefaced by these words: "To include a complete bibliography of all Mr. Barrie's works and miscellaneous writings would be no very difficult undertaking, so far as its compiling were concerned, but the result would occupy considerably more space than can be devoted to it, or seems necessary." Nevertheless, Mr. Hammerton goes on to state that his book will include a list of "all" Mr. Barrie's "special" contributions to the *Nottingham Journal*—contributions which, as the product of a young man of twenty or thereabouts, can hardly be (I should say) of very great literary value. It would, indeed, be interesting to know whether this list has been made with Mr. Barrie's expressed approval, or otherwise. Mr. Barrie has the reputation of being a modest man—though, to be sure, he did produce, in *Margaret Ogilvy*, a volume in which the autobiographical element is large.

To my suggestion that in producing a volume on *J. M. Barrie and His Books* Mr. Hammerton "appears to be rather in a hurry," that gentleman replies that "The career of this author is one of the most interesting—perhaps the most interesting—of all contemporary authors. He is not likely to do better work than he has done" [which is an unkind remark]. "The fact that his publications are so few is all the greater reason for treating him seriously. Mr. Dash-Dash" [I suppress the real name out of sheer pity for its owner], "I believe, has written considerably over a hundred books. Fancy anyone writing, or anybody buying, a book about Dash-Dash!" I have thought it right to let Mr. Hammerton have his say, but on the main point of the controversy am "of the same opinion still."

It interests me to note that Messrs. Putnam's "Knickerbocker Shakespeare" (Phœbus, what a name!) is to be illustrated by drawings from the pencil of the late Frank Howard. Frank Howard died in 1866, so that he is "late" indeed. He died, it seems, in want, and his life

as a whole cannot be described as a success. Nevertheless, his outline illustrations of Shakespeare's plays, the publication of which began in 1827 and ended in 1833, seem likely to keep his memory green. They appear to have been acquired, some time in the 'seventies, by Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons, of Edinburgh and London, who, in 1879 (I think), made them (or, rather, reduced reproductions of them) a feature of their "Howard Shakespeare," to my mind the best one-volume edition of Shakespeare ever published. In this edition the outline drawings measured about 2½ ins. by 3¾ ins. Are Messrs. Putnam going to reproduce these reproductions, or are they going to present the drawings in their original, or some other, shape? Anyway, I am glad to observe that these designs, so excellent in draughtsmanship if in nothing else, are not forgotten.

Comment has before now been made in this column upon the lack of enterprise exhibited by the publishers and editors of English literary classics. I am, therefore, the more glad to congratulate the publisher and editor of the "Temple Classics" upon their decision to include in the series, and issue shortly, the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and the *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge. These will be real boons to many a book-lover. The *Biographia Literaria* has not, I believe, been published in a separate form since 1866. The *Letters and Works* of Lady M. W. Montagu were re-issued so recently as 1893, but at a price beyond the scope of limited incomes. A book of *Passages from the Letters* appeared in 1891, but it is to be assumed that the "Temple" edition will be complete, not scrappy. Another volume of "passages" would hardly meet the case.

Because a contributor to the ACADEMY said last week of Ouida that "She has been writing novels for more than a generation—*Under Two Flags* was published in 1868," a Yorkshire correspondent opines that the reviewer regards 1868 as the year in which Ouida began her literary career. That, I think, hardly follows. We know, of course, that *Held in Bondage* came out in 1863, and that *Strathmore* and *Chandos* also came before *Under Two Flags*. Our Yorkshire friend, however, tells us that he saw the name of "Ouida" appended to many contributions to *Bentley's Miscellany* in the 'fifties—an interesting statement, which anyone may verify who has a file of the *Miscellany*, or cares to wend his way to a well-equipped public library. The question is, Is it worth while to wend? Let us wait for a Ouida bibliography.

Dr. Todhunter, apparently, has translated Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, and adapted it to the English stage. We are not told whether the version is in prose, in verse, or in both. We know that Fanny Kemble adapted the piece for Mdle. Beatrice, and that the Hon. Lewis Wingfield adapted it for Mme. Modjeska; but neither version, I think, has been published, though on that point I am open to correction. The play has not attracted any translator with a high literary reputation. When Henry Morley published, in 1889, his collection of English versions of Schiller's dramas, he had to fall back upon the translation (into blank verse) made by J. L. Mellish and first printed in 1801. This had been reprinted in 1888 along with Mellish's version of *The Maid of Orleans*.

Very welcome indeed will be the promised biography (with diaries) of the late Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin). Miss Faucit deserved to have some such monument to her memory. True it is that her delightful essays on *Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters* contain a good deal of personal reminiscence; true it is that there are frequent references to her in Macaulay's *Diary*, and in other biographies and autobiographies of our time. At present, however, no consecutive record of her career has been published in England other than that which is to be read in Mr. Pascoe's *Dramatic List*—a sketch which, excellent as far as it goes, is obviously not adequate or final.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Milton's Prose.

TEMPLE CLASSICS.—*Arcopagitica*. (Dent. 1s. 6d.)

"This manner of writing," said John Milton regarding his prose, "wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand." It is a sentence strange to encounter, in the strong and copious prose-work of the great Puritan—copious in style and diction, if not in quantity. Most poets, nevertheless, must have been ready to echo it; must have felt the new-born hesitancy of their accustomed ready handmaid, Expression, when she was called to walk with them in the dusty and frequented ways of prose. Yet not a beaten way was that when Milton adventured on it—wittingly we say *adventured*. It had for the poet an attraction which has fallen from it to-day, in that—no less than poetry—it offered him the privileges of the conqueror and explorer; a new empire to be founded, a new region to be reduced under obedience and law. And this, to some its difficulty, to the poet must have been its allurements. In poetry the great traditions had been set; in prose they remained to be set. In this medium, the language lay plastic under his hands; the whole question of its style expected his formative touch; its whole structural laws hearkened for his creative *fiat*. Such an unsullied and virgin opportunity comes not twice in a language.

Milton, whose authoritative sanction lies large over English poetry, made, it must be confessed, no equivalent use of his vast chance in prose. He did fine things with it, but he estated no tradition on his successors, he laid no mandate on the language: not to him have our fathers gone for a precedent, nor can we go for a resurrecting voice in prose. It has passed as an axiom that poets' prose (when poets do write prose) is peculiarly clean, pure, forthright, and workmanly; that, in fact (contrary to probable anticipation) it has no tincture of "poetic prose," but is as distinctively prose as their verse is distinctively poetry. It would be interesting to inquire whether this be so. It is so with Byron, Cowper, and Southey, who were not imaginative poets; it is so with Wordsworth when he treats philosophically of poetic principle. But when he writes on the Cintra Convention he adopts the raised manner of Hooker and his fellows; nor does the law hold exactly good with Coleridge, still less with Rossetti or Swinburne. Dryden and Matthew Arnold can be cited for it, and the prose of Shakespeare's plays; but against it again is Sidney, and against it again is Milton. Under his large motions, the garment of prose intermittently falls aside, revealing the immortal limbs of poetry.

But this alone will not explain why he is a splendidly impossible model. Browne is full of rhetoric that hovers on the confines of poetry, yet from the grand physician of Norwich it is possible to learn, as Johnson learned, and Stevenson. Browne's sentences are admirable in structure, and (apart from diction) need little, if anything, to be quite modern—we do not say fashionably modern. Therein is the difference. Milton was Milton to the last. As he went to Virgil for the structural art of his blank verse, he went to Cicero for the structure of his prose. But the Latinisation which his genius triumphantly imposed on poetry failed against the stubborn native grain of English prose. It is true (as Professor Vaughan remarks, in this "Temple Classics" edition of the *Arcopagitica*) that he is looser in structure than Hooker; his long sentences are in the main "not a synthesis of clauses, but an agglomeration." Clearly he discerned that rigid Latinisation would not work, and sought for such a successful compromise as he had carried out in verse. But the two elements of the compromise are

only reined in equal yoke by his powerful hand; they must needs break loose from any other. Even in his hand the combination is often less than masterly, sometimes downright cumbersome and awkward. The *accretions* of sentence are tagged on in almost slovenly fashion. Such are the changes brought about by the fixing of a language that a child can now smile at the difficulties of the great Milton. We (so to speak) have but to touch a spring, where he had all to do with his own hand. That we may not appear to censure without giving testimony of the infelicity, consider this passage:

What if I had written as your friend the author of the aforesaid mime, "*Mundus alter et idem*," to have been ravished like some young Cephalus or Hylas, by a troop of camping housewives in Viraginea, and that he was there forced to swear himself an uxorious varlet: then after a long servitude to have come into Aphrodisia that pleasant country, that gave such a sweet smell to his nostrils among the shameless courtezans of Desvergonia?

Here clause is inartificially hooked on to clause; with an unpleasant effect intensified by the changes of construction; not absolutely ungrammatical, but perplexing and inelegant.

Yet again examine another sentence, where the like faulty looseness of structure is pushed to a final obscurity of expression:

So if my name and outward demeanour be not evident enough to defend me, I must make trial if the discovery of my inmost thoughts can: wherein of two purposes, both honest and sincere, the one perhaps I shall not miss; although I fail to gain belief with others, of being such as my perpetual thoughts shall here disclose me, I may yet not fail of success in persuading some to be such really themselves, as they cannot believe me to be more than what I feign.

This, despite its intended openness of structure, is truly involved, not *evolved* after the manner of a long sentence justly builded. And such is the fault which may rightly be charged against Milton. Of occasional Latinisms we make less account. As thus:

But these frequent songs throughout the law and the prophets . . . may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poetry to be incomparable.

Or, again: "The chief of learned men reputed in this land." The like may be found, much more frequently, in Hooker; and Milton is rather to be praised that they appear so seldom, than censured that they appear sometimes. The former, indeed, exemplifies a construction which we could wish Milton had succeeded in recommending, the inversion not being violent, while there is force and propriety in bringing down the close upon the emphatic word. Next to the genius of the language, the great power which fought against the splendid host of Latinising writers was doubtless the English Bible. The Bible had decided before Dryden that the language should not set in their mould.

But if not as an imitable model, yet as a magnificent study and recreation, like the hearing of grave and lofty music, the prose-work of Milton deserves to pass from the exclusive hands of scholars into those of all who care for exalted English. Though critics have dwelt on his Latinised diction, the substance is fine and virile Saxon, on which the Latin is a stately broidery, harmonised with rare art. He can pass from it at will to the most energetic simplicity, as one might conjecture in the author of *Comus*.

They thought themselves gallant men, and I thought them fools: they made sport, and I laughed; they pronounced, and I disliked; and, to make up the atticism, they were out, and I hissed.

Were ever unlucky actors assailed with more vernacular scorn? That it can exceed, at times, in too rough abuse, we might surmise from passages in the poems. But the cudgel, if too knotty, is sound English wood; and one has

a laughing relish in hearing its hearty ring—the savagery of the blows deadened by a distance of two centuries. And when Milton's matter gives him scope, how those long sentences drop like a cloak all suspicion of stiffness or pedantry, and advance in sweet and noble measure! Listen to this, if you will to hear music.

Next . . . that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered, I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if so befell him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn. And if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed, breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be borne a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder, to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. So that even those books, which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of that virtue which abhors the society of bordelloes.

The language of this is as pure, and austere beautiful as the thought, which is (so to speak) the finest blend of chivalry and Puritanism.

There is in the above passage a certain strain of exalted declamation, which appears yet more notable in Milton's most splendid outbursts. *Outbursts* they are, so that one continually considers what an orator might have been in him. Always he seems perorating to some august assembly, like his own Satan in Pandemonium: the very rhythm seems designed to swell through resounding distances and reverberate above the multitudinous murmur of frequent congregations. This suits, also, the essential spaciousness of the man's mind, its love of large grandeurs, of massed and massive sound, of all imperial amplitudes, alike in conception, expression, and ambitions. It is in such mood and at such opportunities, therefore, that his great and entirely personal style is most completely under his control, can deploy its full resources and rejoice unafraid in its own power. At such moments his style is the prose counterpart of the supreme numbers which awe us in *Paradise Lost*, so far as the occasion and the lesser range of prose will admit. Sometimes it comes and passes in a single gust, as when he speaks of the "poet, soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him." Or, yet more magnificent:

The Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.

To keep on such a level would be to make his prose purely lyrical; and, therefore, in the sustained passages, Milton starts from a lower stage. Take that fine passage in the *Areopagitica*:

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the

precious life - blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, . . . and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

This weighty piece of reflection is almost modern in form. From it Milton rises or descends at will, until he reaches his majestic and characteristic level, shown in the following passage:

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. . . . He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost which vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness.

Praise is impotent before such prose as this, which only Milton could transcend. Often quoted, we must yet quote again the words in which he achieves that feat:

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kiudling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam: purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

So puissant a passage (to use Milton's own word) is not to be found elsewhere, and could hardly be written again. We could no more build like the builders of Egypt than we could write in this colossal manner. The Miltonic prose overtops our praise, and seems framed for a larger generation. It stands with the columns of Memphis and Babylonian gardens, and all primeval survivals which have testified, or still testify, to the living little, of the spacious dead. Let us not overlay it with the parasitical growth of vain words.

A Solitary Sea-Rover.

Sailing Alone Around the World. By Captain Joshua Slocum. (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS book breathes the spirit of the old great seamen. We do not mean that the modern sailor lacks any sailorly qualities; but here we have more than these—we have a joy in adventure big as the seas covered; a grip, a constancy, a fearlessness and initiative which appeal to one's pulses like the sound of a bugle at dawn. The authentic strong man is before us, possessed with that sea love which welcomes any danger smelling of brine. Captain Slocum discovered no reefs or islands; they were all discovered, one supposes, long ago, charted, and made part of the sea's history. But he accomplished what has never before been recorded of any man—he sailed round the world alone, and, moreover, he built the ship that carried him. The statement is astounding. Yet the narrative itself is so little

sensational in manner, so sober and well-balanced, that we accept it all without a touch of incredulity. It is not a bare narrative, either: it is a piece of art.

On both sides [says Captain Slocum] my family were sailors; and if any Slocum should be found not seafaring he will show at least an inclination to whittle models of boats and contemplate voyages. My father was the sort of man who, if wrecked on a desolate island, would find his way home, if he had a jack-knife and could find a tree. He was a good judge of a boat, but the old clay farm which some calamity made his was an anchor to him.

Coming from such a stock, Captain Slocum inevitably rushed seawards, and after working his way up to commands and ownerships he conceived the idea of his great adventure. He rebuilt, entirely with his own hands, the old sloop *Spray*, which had been propped up on land for seven years, and in her he accomplished this memorable voyage. The tonnage of this tiny craft was nine tons net and twelve and seventy-one hundredths gross—a mere toy in which to put a girdle round the world. His chronometer was a dollar tin clock with a smashed face. He set sail on April 24, 1895, from Boston, Massachusetts.

At first the loneliness was awesome; that, however, soon wore off, and we have a remarkable picture of this Nova Scotian sea-dog, solitary in mid-Atlantic, singing to a shrill accompaniment of wind and wave, "Johnny Boker," "We'll Pay Darby Doyle for his Boots," and "Babylon's a-fallin'." So sailing he passed "Flores in the Azores," a nineteenth century captain of spiritual kin to that old scourge of Spain, Sir Richard Grenville.

The voyage appears to have been something of a triumphal progress. The *Spray* was petted at her ports of call, crammed with provisions, presented with sails and flags: her fame was flashed before her. One is glad to learn that at Gibraltar Captain Slocum and the British Navy became fast friends. Once the captain was suffering from delirium and cramps induced by a diet of plums and Pico white cheese. He dreamed that a pilot came aboard:

"Señor, I have come to do you no harm. I have sailed free, but was never worse than a *contrabandista*. I am one of Columbus's crew . . . I am the pilot of the *Pinta* come to aid you. Lie still, señor captain, and I will guide your ship to-night. You have a *calentura* . . . You did wrong, captain, to mix cheese with plums. . . ." Then he sang:

"High are the waves fierce, gleaming,
High is the tempest roar!
High is the sea-bird screaming!
High the Azore!"

When the captain recovered from the *calentura*, the pilot of the *Pinta* had vanished.

We cannot follow the *Spray* through her whole course. She did as bravely in the Pacific as in the Atlantic, never turning nasty as ships sometimes will. She was seventy-two days between Juan Fernandez and Samoa. The Trades were kind:

For one whole month my vessel held her course true; I had not, not the while, so much as a light in the binnacle. The Southern Cross I saw every night abeam. The sun every morning came up astern; every evening it went down ahead. I wished for no other compass to guide me, for these were true. If I doubted my reckoning after a long time at sea, I verified it by reading the clock aloft made by the Great Architect, and it was right . . . I awoke sometimes to find the sun already shining into my cabin. I heard water rushing by, with only a thin plank between me and the depths, and I said: "How is this?" But it was all right; it was my ship on her course, sailing as no ship had ever sailed before in the world. . . . I knew that no human hand was at the helm; I knew that all was well with "the hands" forward, and that there was no mutiny on board.

In July, 1896, Captain Slocum reached Samoa, where he was entertained by Mrs. Stevenson and Malietoa.

Tusitala, it will be remembered, had left Vailima for a greater house eighteen months before. Mrs. Stevenson presented the captain with the four volumes of the sailing *Directories of the Mediterranean*, inscribing the following on the fly-leaf of the first:

TO CAPTAIN SLOCUM,—These volumes have been read and re-read many times by my husband, and I am very sure that he would be pleased that they should be passed on to the sort of seafaring man that he liked above all others.

The *Spray* laid up at Cape Town for a three months' rest while the captain toured inland. In Pretoria he had an interview with ex-President Kruger, being introduced by Judge Beyers. The latter mentioned that Captain Slocum was making a voyage round the world. "You don't mean round the world," said Mr. Kruger, reminding the judge that the world was flat, "it is impossible! You mean in the world." This amazing saying seems to illuminate Mr. Kruger's attitude towards facts.

The *Spray* cast anchor in her home port on June 27, 1898, after an absence of three years and two months. It was a marvellous undertaking, marvellously successful. The story of the cruise of this little craft is full of the fine flavour of romance; it is packed with the awe and splendour of the high seas, with the essence of brave adventure. It is a book to remember and to keep. We shall sail with the *Spray* and her reliant master under the Southern Cross on many a night when we weary for the brisk tang of the salt.

India's Foes: Russia and Famine.

Russia against India. By A. R. Colquhoun. (Harpers. 5s.)

Open Letters to Lord Curzon on Famines and Land Assessments in India. By Romesh C. Dutt. (Kegan Paul.)

THE complications in China have brought with them an enormous crop of books on the Far East and Asiatic questions, and there are few more industrious workers in this field than Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, whose huge volume, *Overland to China*, we reviewed not long ago. His present book is in some parts a recapitulation of the former volume where it dealt with Russia, though it has aims and objects of its own. It is addressed to that now very popular personage, the man in the street, and is meant for his information and enlightenment. *Russia against India* makes no pretensions to being literature; it is merely an example of book-making, though of the best kind. It views as a whole the advance of Russia, "creeping on, bit by bit," and Mr. Colquhoun gives the outlines of a policy which he declares is bold and prudent. If it really is all the author claims for it, we trust that it will be adopted.

Mr. Colquhoun begins with an historical introduction to his subject, and goes on to describe the country and people of Central Asia. He then touches on British rule in India, in Persia and Afghanistan, and Russia in Central Asia, and concludes with what is really the kernel of the book, "The Defence of India." Mr. Colquhoun does not believe that Russia will invade India in a few months or in a few years' time; her whole history forbids such an assumption. Russia has never rushed matters; she has always crept forward gradually and imperceptibly, letting the confiding British public forget one step before she takes another.

It may be taken for granted, of course, that if Russia were now, from her present base, to attempt a direct invasion of India across the whole extent of Afghanistan it would fail. But does anyone, in his senses, suppose Russia is going to embark on such a foolhardy enterprise, when, with the experience of her continued success, she can, without sacrificing the life of a single Cossack, without any great expenditure, do now as she has done before,

creep on bit by bit, so as to avoid arousing the susceptibilities of the British public? The Russians have made a close study of the British character, under the influence of a democratic Parliamentary Government. The apathy and indifference to everything except the safety of the present second embodied in the sayings: "A long way off," and "It will last our time," are powerful allies of Russia, and well she knows it.

Russia uses her position in Central Asia to put pressure on us in India, and she will increase that pressure as she gets a more favourable position and is more strongly established. A passive defence within the Indian frontier is simply suicidal. It gives Russia the choice of position for attack, and leaves her free to push down and seize a port in the Persian Gulf. The true defence of the British Empire in India is, Mr. Colquhoun holds, to preserve Afghanistan and Beluchistan as real barriers, which can only be done by developing and extending communications to Kabul, Kandahar, and Seistan. The Indian panjirs must be defended, but *actively* defended in Afghanistan. It is no longer enough to block the mouths of the passes. On points of detail there may be discussion, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Colquhoun's book, as the work of an expert, will be most informing to the general reader. It is short and concise, and puts the pith of the whole matter in readable form. The maps which accompany and elucidate the text are excellent, and in an appendix is the famous Circular Note which Prince Gortschakoff issued in 1864, and which bamboozled the more ignorant and confiding of our politicians for so many years. With the document is also the apocryphal Testament of Peter the Great, which is, nevertheless, a capital guide in Russian foreign politics. On the whole, *Russia against India* is instructive and admirably suited to its purpose.

Mr. Dutt's book is moderate in tone, sound in economic reasoning, and shows a sincere desire to help the Government in its arduous task. But it is the most formidable indictment that has ever been brought against the practical success of British rule in India. Mr. Dutt, a distinguished ex-official himself, points out that since the transfer of the administration to the Crown (1858) there have been ten famines in India, entailing a total loss of 15,000,000 lives. He admits that undoubtedly

these famines are directly caused by the failure of the annual rains, over which man has no control; but it is equally certain that their intensity, and their disastrous effects, can be to a great extent mitigated by moderating the land-tax, by the construction of irrigation works, and by the reduction of the public debt and the expenditure of India.

That is the essence of his case. The plea that famines are mainly due to the rapid increase of population he dismisses with the argument that "the increase is less than in England and Wales, and eighteen other countries out of twenty-eight for which figures are available." Regarding expenditure, he mentions that "retired viceroys and high military authorities have told the Royal Commission on Indian Expenditure that to maintain, at the cost of India, a vast force required for Great Britain's Imperial purposes abroad is unjust, illegal, and inequitable."

It is with land assessment, which varies with each Province, that he deals in detail:

In Bengal 80 per cent. of the *gross produce* is retained by the cultivator, 14 per cent. is paid to the landlord as rent, and 6 per cent. to the Government as land-tax. This tax has been permanently fixed since 1793; hence the landlord gains at the expense of the Government.

In Northern India the cultivator also gets 80 per cent., but the landlord 10 per cent. and the Government 10 per cent. The assessment is made for thirty years, so that it can be changed to the advantage of the Government.

In Bombay and Madras, where the Government is also the landlord, the cultivator usually gets only 70 per cent.;

in the Central Provinces barely 66 per cent. This assessment is far too severe on the cultivator, and allows him no margin for bad harvests.

Mr. Dutt points out the remarkable fact that the Central Provinces, the most sparsely populated part of British India, have suffered the most from recent famines; also that Bengal, the most thickly populated, has lost not a single life through famine since the Permanent Settlement (1793). Between these extremes lies Northern India with its ideal system.

This book is well worth a careful study by those interested in India. It will probably create a stir in high official circles.

"Old Purgatory Pickpurse."

Man and the Spiritual World as Disclosed by the Bible. By the Rev. Arthur Chambers. (Charles Taylor.)

IN casting aside the popular accretions which had overlaid the Church's teaching with regard to the condition of the departed, the Reformers uprooted also the conception of an intermediate state. But the bald alternative that remains after its elimination is too frightful for contemplation; so here back again is Latimer's "Old Purgatory Pickpurse"—no longer predatory—introduced some years ago by the very Protestant Dean of Canterbury in the guise of Eternal Hope; now further fortified, scripturalised and (if we may coin so hideous a word) Drummondised into an evolutionary universalism. Apart from the Biblical evidences which in this place we must be content to take for granted, the general view of our divine is summed up with some neatness in the course of a chance conversation with a Salvationist. As they sat facing each other in a railway carriage the fellow impudently asked:

"Are you saved?" I was a little taken aback [writes Mr. Chambers]. . . . So in answer to his question I said, "No." A curious look passed over his face, and he evidently expected me to say something more. I then continued, "Don't you think that question of yours is a rather silly one?—as silly, I think, as if I were to ask you whether to-day is to-morrow."

He appeared puzzled, and I went on: "Do you know what salvation is?" He did not reply. "It is this," I said: "God's Eternal Purpose—of making us as absolutely perfect in character and spirit as Himself. . . . Salvation means a condition of wholeness, soundness; in other words, it is the *accomplishment* of God's Great Purpose of perfecting us. . . . When I shall find myself in Heaven ridded of every imperfection, with every latent power of good in me developed, and my mind and spirit replete with every grace, and I in all my parts perfect, then, and not until then, shall I be able to say, 'I am saved—I am sound.'"

It is not so terse as the reply drawled through his nose by the founder of the Cowley Society—"Saved, yes; but not safe"—but 'twill serve both for the putting to flight of inquisitive evangelists and for the general presentment of an eschatological system as far as possible removed from the orthodoxy of the Anglican monk. If the existence and immortality of the soul be assumed, the system it sketches may fairly commend itself as reasonable to anyone who has reserved to himself the right of private judgment.

Towards the settlement of the more fundamental question whether the human *moi* may exist apart from the body, and how, Mr. Chambers is not so happy. The Biblical evidences once more we may take for granted; but in citing the following narrative he does little to fortify our confidence either in the doctrine or in himself as its apologist:

The gentleman had had a severe illness, and himself knew at last that there was no hope of his recovery. About an hour before the change came, he states that he was suddenly conscious that there was within his body a something that seemed as if it were floating in much the

same way as a boat moored to a quay floats with the rise and fall of the water. Presently he became conscious of another sensation. It was as if a number of tiny cords or fibres along both sides of his entire body were being snapped one after another. The sensation was not painful. This went on for some time, until at length it seemed as if this floating something were contracting upward from the feet. . . . Later he could feel that the contraction had extended to his chest, and lastly to his head. Then came an oblivion, and his next consciousness was that he himself was standing beside the bed.

This piece of description, "countersigned by two doctors," shows mainly, to our mind, the essentially materialistic mind of the modern spiritualist. Somewhere there is a picture representing the flight of the soul from the mouth of a dying man in the form of a newborn infant. This floating sensation, this snapping of cords from the feet upwards, seem to us to perpetrate, by the less excusable medium of words, no less gross an outrage upon sound philosophy. That the man had a sensation of snapping cords no one is troubled to deny, or that his inside seemed afloat; neither experience is unprecedented; but that Mr. Chambers should gravely allege these sensations as though they represented the dissolution—in this case temporary—of soul and body shows only that he approaches the question from a materialistic standpoint; and our misgivings are not dispelled even by his reference to Ecclesiastes xii. 6—"or ever the silver cord be loosed." Not more relevant appears the interview with the learned Hindu who took possession of a commonplace young man's organs of speech, and, in English spoken with a foreign accent, answered Mr. Chambers's questions about the future state at great length so as that clergyman could hardly himself have bettered the replies, or, we may add, more consistently have split his infinitives.

It will be gathered that we follow Mr. Chambers's thoughtful and interesting speculations with satisfaction so long as he confines himself to considerations of reason and Holy Scripture, and keeps clear of "Mr. Sludge."

Fiction.

The Gateless Barrier. By Lucas Malet.
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

LUCAS MALET has deviated; she has deviated into the supernatural. We have no grievance against her upon that count, for the tendency of established writers to continue exactly the performance which has resulted in their establishment is not without grave disadvantages both to the writers and to literature. But we doubt whether Lucas Malet was well advised in this particular deviation. Of an intellectual, even scientific, temperament, prone to examine, weigh, and consider, an expert manipulator of *pros* and *cons*, she has never, we think, seriously accepted her own story—this story of a man who loved a ghost woman into physical existence. The pretty idea may have captured her fancy, led it on, and ultimately hypnotised even her imagination into a semblance of exertion; but that she, Lucas Malet, was for one moment under the illusion of such a fantasy we cannot believe. All that deliberate cleverness can do Lucas Malet has done to make the fantasy convincing, to give it an air of reality. The "uneasiness" of the ghost-woman is neatly explained; the mutual attraction between the ghost-woman and Laurence Rivers, the married hero, is neatly explained; the various steps in the process of the ghost-woman's re-incarnation are neatly linked to a series of physical facts; the question: "Must not an ex-ghost eat and drink?" is answered in a scene of surprising ingenuity; no point is omitted, no difficulty shirked. But, despite all this, there is no conviction. A work of fiction only succeeds artistically when it compels the reader to think that the related

events actually happened, he knowing all the while that they did not happen. That is the essence of success: the illusion of reality. *The Gateless Barrier* will convince no one. It may please many—it has pleased us—but it is without authority, without that imperative appeal which is the sublime attribute of imagination well and truly exercised. One admires it as in a procession of ambassadors one would admire the Minister Plenipotentiary of some Central American republic. Oh, yes! he is there—uniform, parchments, seals, sacred inviolability, and all apparatus equal to M. de Staal's—but, surely he hasn't got the effrontery to *mean* it!

There is much to praise in the book. The portrait of the dying, but remorseless, materialist, old Mr. Rivers, is drawn with sympathy and genuine power; and Laurence's young American wife, Virginia, so dazzlingly perfect within her limits, and yet so gross, hard, and tawdry in comparison with the spiritual graces of the ghostly heroine, is also a brilliant sketch. The historic English mansion, with its vast *ménage* of servants, really exists for us. The "manifestations," with all their surrounding phenomena, have been contrived with a rather fine ingenuity—an ingenuity which would "persuade" if anything other than imagination could persuade. Laurence's first speech to his beloved apparition seems to us a model of its kind:

"Listen to me," he said. "We are strangers to one another—so strangely strangers that I half distrust the evidence of my senses, as, only too conceivably, you distrust the evidence of yours. I don't pretend to understand what distance of time or space or conditions separates us. I only know that I see you, and that you are unhappy, and that you search for something you are unable to find. Look here, look here—listen to me and try to lay hold of this idea—that I am a friend, not an enemy; that I come to help, not to hinder you. Try to enter into some sort of relation with me. Try to cross the gulf which seems to lie between us. Try to believe that you have found some one who will keep faith with you, and do his best to serve you; and believing that, put the sorrow out of your face —"

Lastly, the dissipation (if the term may be allowed) of the ghost is adequately motivated, and comes near to being pathetic.

In sum, *The Gateless Barrier* has almost everything except that something without which it is nothing.

The Uttermost Farthing. By B. Paul Neuman.
(Blackwood. 6s.)

Love the paymaster of Vengeance: this would seem to be the motive of the story that is told with some power in this volume.

Nora Crofts is the daughter of a man who, by the carelessness of his city friend, was brought to ruin and death. Her childish instinct for justice sets her apart to be avenger of his imagined wrongs; and with all the force of her precocious nature she sets herself to work towards this end. Her younger brother is her chosen instrument. Upon his education and advancement she bends her every thought; and his successful career at the University, and in his profession of the law, realises the first great step towards the exaction of her righteous retribution. How at every turn she is frustrated by her better nature, and how eventually, by mere force of congruity (as the schoolmen say), her noble efforts for the brother and sister, in regard to whom she is left in a parent's place, strengthen the good in her nature and crush down the evil which at the beginning she had called good, is the web of the tale. It is crowned by her marriage with the son of the man whom it had been her cherished hope to hunt to death. The narrative is relieved by lighter touches, in which a cockney gardener and two unmarried aunts have their utility.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

High life, in Mr. Norris's neat manner. In the very beginning Charlie Strode, in his dashing 30th Lancers' uniform, comes under the eye of Mrs. Van Rees, an American widow, rich and childless and clever, who is gathering impressions in Piccadilly Mansions. These two are linked all through the story, which is full of smart—not too smart—dialogue, and is laid impartially in England and America. (Nisbet. 6s.)

THE NEW ORDER.

BY OSWALD CRAWFURD.

From the dedicatory letter to "L. W." we learn that Mr. Crawford conceived, during a fishing tour in Wales, the idea of a "processional novel" of modern life, as distinct from the plot novel. The old picaresque novel is, however, differenced. Personal adventures being few and far between to-day, we have instead "the procession through the chances of the world—and there are some very strange ones still left—of an idea, or of a group of ideas, rather than of an individual." The story is also a procession of very recondite quotations, which appear above the chapters and are signed: "Maori Proverb," "A Saying of Sakya-Muni," "From 'El Romance de Doña Elvira,' by Ramon Xavier de los Toblados," and "Counsel to the Searcher: Ancient Chinese Philosophical Treatise," &c. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE FOURTH GENERATION.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

"The question with which this story deals," says Sir Walter Besant, "can never be answered; from time to time every man must ask himself why the innocent suffer, and do suffer every day and in every generation, for the follies and the sins of their forefathers. Every man must find his own answer, or must acknowledge sorrowfully that he can find none. I venture to offer in these pages an answer that satisfies myself." (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

UNDER FATE'S WHEEL.

BY LAURENCE L. LYNCH.

"A Story of Mystery, Love, and the Bicycle." A complicated melodrama, in which Sheriff Cooke detects and loves, and a number of people are at tragic cross purposes until Inez explains all on her death-bed in a silence so great that when, in answer to her request, they gave her water, "save for this, there is no sound or movement." Then Inez explains about her bicycle ride in boy's clothes, and the air-gun with which she did the deed, and things are served up all round. (Ward Lock. 6s.)

THE WORLD'S SLOW STAIN.

BY HAROLD VALLINGS.

A rather engaging story, in which a self-made man's social ambitions are fed by a growing intimacy between his daughter and the son of his aristocratic neighbour, a Marquis. On hearing that the Marquis has called while he was out, John Bradshaw is almost thrown off his balance, but manages to preserve outward calm, and thus retain the respect of his butler. Describing his master's reception of the news to the first and second footmen, Jenkyns said: "Why, he took it like a rock, and I, for one, give him full credit for his pluck. His in'ard man, of course, shouted in a voice of thunder: 'Well, I'm d—d!' His out'ard and visible self simply remarked, as coolly and quietly as you please: 'Jenkyns, that hall-clock is thirty seconds slow. See to it at once.'"
A good story of social dynamics in country houses. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

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- A Short Geography of the British Islands.** By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, LL.D., and A. S. GREEN. With Maps, 3s. 6d.
- Geography of the British Isles.** By Sir A. GEIKIE. 1s.
- The Elementary School Atlas.** By J. BARTHELOMEW. 1s.
- Class-Book of Geography.** By C. B. CLARKE. 2s. 6d.; sewed, 2s.
- Class-Book of General Geography.** By H. R. MILL. 3s. 6d.
- Geography of Europe.** By J. SIMP, M.A. 2s.
- Elementary Geography of the British Colonies.** By GEORGE M. DAWSON, LL.D., and A. SUTHERLAND, M.A. 2s.

Educational Supplement.

SATURDAY: SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

The Teaching of English Literature.

It is impossible to *teach* English literature in a course of lectures; your object must, therefore, be to *awake interest* in it. Keep in mind the continuity and development of literature; but dwell on the greatest writers. . . . Read out good passages, and at the end (but not in the middle), explain why they are good. Encourage the students to read widely for themselves, in unannotated texts and the better anthologies, and, if they like it, to learn lyrics or short passages by heart.

IN no province of school work have the principles of the new teaching been hitherto so little effective as in the teaching of literature. Other subjects—science, mathematics, and even languages—are now taught in a few schools educationally; the method of instruction has been brought into intelligible relation with the processes of a child's mind. The science master knows well enough that his pupil is eager to slip his leash and discover things for himself. Again, in language teaching a very important principle has emerged as a result of the efforts of neo-educationists here and abroad—the principle that a foreign language should be acquired without the intervention of the mother language. By this method *maison* suggests the thing “house” directly, and not indirectly through the word for the thing. *Le chien saute* is not first reduced to an English equivalent form before the full concept is realised. To take another example, the child is not told that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, because the fact in itself is of small significance; but he is led on step by step until the truth dawns upon him, and he feels the thrill of discovery.

But, curiously enough, the ideas of the New School have not as yet wrought much change in literature teaching. The result is, that while there is no lack of writing on the subject, very little of that writing concerns itself with the psychological aspect of it. This may be in part explained by the fact that very little time is devoted to literature, and little that is used up in cramming the children for passing examinations. First, then, sufficient time must be left for teaching drawing and literature—a minimum of four hours a week. What is the best way of spending the two hours of this for literature? How is a child to be taught to profit by, and enjoy, great literature? Here, if we are faithful to the tenets of the new school, we shall strive to discover what there is in the ordinary boy's natural endowment upon which we can work. Well, the average town-bred boy between twelve and thirteen is neither a critic nor an aesthete; he is high-spirited, active; lives in a world peopled by engine-drivers, firemen, engineers, explorers, alpine climbers, naval and military officers; his observation is very keen; his code of honour is of the *quid pro quo* order; he does not care for the best poetry, although he has a fine ear for metre; he is highly emotional, patriotic, romantic, fearless; he delights in animals; in making collections of stamps, coins, birds' eggs, &c.; in manual labour, and in games. This being the material in which the teacher of literature has to work, it is evident that his selection from the literary masterpieces must be wholly determined by reference to it. As it is desirable that the master should know the character of the class of boys he has to teach, he should make a preliminary examination of it by following at first its lead—that is, set some work to be read by the pupils themselves, and then find out by examination *how*

the reading has been done. Afterwards, the master will have little difficulty in *leading them*. The present writer was once surprised to find how interested boys were in a play which he considered tedious, affected, and painfully unreal—the play was “Richard II.” A little reflection will show the cause of this. There is so much in the play which appeals to a boy's nature. The quarrel between Mowbray and Bolingbroke and their banishment, the changing fortunes of the protagonists, the treachery revealed by some of the characters, and the faithfulness of others—all pluck the boy's interest and fix his attention. The colouring of the whole play is crude, and the perspective faulty; but as the boy is a born pre-Raphaelite, this does not matter. The boy who has heard his father discuss domestic and foreign politics, weigh up evidence against criminals, and pass judgments on men and affairs, is quick to seize the salient points of a play like this. Aumerle is closely shadowed by the boy after he has shown, by his reply to Richard's question, what manner of man he is:

“How far brought you High Hereford on his way?”
“I brought High Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway.”

Henceforth, no lie or act of cowardice will escape the young student's notice; also he will discover and be amused by Richard's maudlin sentimentality; and he may, with a little coaxing, be induced to enjoy and commit to memory Gaunt's dying speech. On a second reading, when the class knows *what is coming*, the interest will shift, the first emotional sensation will give place to a speculative interest: here the exact nature of Mowbray's and Aumerle's guilt will come up for discussion; little touches passed unnoted in the first reading will receive attention, as will also the variations from Holinshed. So far, the progress has been quite simple and natural; but how are we to make a play of this elemental type a stepping-stone to “Hamlet” or “Lear”? Only, we think, by making sure that all has been got out of the simple play or poem which the pupil is capable of before leaving it for a new study. One reason why boys and older students never really reach the “Hamlet” stage is the baneful habit of searching for the purple patches, the beautiful bits. No literary habit could be more debilitating than this; such training in unduly developing the emotional and æsthetic side of our nature necessarily atrophies the intellectual, and makes all reading which requires thought distasteful. We have known men who have devoted their whole life to literature to whom each writer connoted simply a few sublime or beautiful lines. It is as though one should reject bread and butter and feed wholly on cake. The student who learns early to take the dull passages with the “nice” is more likely to get the full enjoyment of the “nice” bits than he who, butterfly-like, flits from choice passage to elegant. Let Matthew Arnold's Introduction to Ward's Poets serve as an awful warning. Although Arnold defined poetry as a criticism of life, yet too frequently in discussing poetry he sticks in questions of style and classification. Unless a student is prepared to read a masterpiece carefully, right through, it is difficult to see how he can ever hope to enjoy it intellectually. Be this as it may, the natural boy does not skip his favourite books: he reads his Dumas and Defoe through and through many times; and if later he skips all the hard and dull pages, he has probably learnt the habit at school. Another hint suggested by the study of the natural boy is that the master should on no account trouble his young pupil with his ideas on style; nor should he warp his judgment by passing unfavourable criticisms on writers whom he dislikes. Who that has saturated himself in the impassioned language of Ruskin dares to read Gibbon or Macaulay, or to admire Rembrandt and Velasquez? Ruskin's scorn for the authors he hated has made more youths prigs than his magnificent

chapter on the Nature of Gothic architecture has made architects.

If a child has learnt to read a book through he will not find it difficult to pass from the merely objective literature to the speculative and erudite. Admitting that a great gulf divides *Marmion* from *Paradise Lost* or *Macbeth*, yet the mastery of the former is surely the best way of bridging it.

We have left ourselves little space to comment on the Hints to Teachers recently issued by the Board of Education, a few sentences from which stand at the top of this article. There are, however, one or two points which call for comment. The teachers are to keep in mind the continuity and development of literature: continuity may pass, but what is meant by development? As literature reflects the age in which it is produced, and as each age in some sense is developed from the age immediately preceding it, it follows, of course, that literature, too, will grow from age to age; but along with this development it is surely possible that there may be deterioration as well. Perhaps, however, all that is meant is that literature continually widens in its interests. To-day poems, prose works, and novels touch life at every point: in fact, literature, possibly for the first time in history, is as various as life, and reflects its infinite manifestations.

Would it not be better for the lecturer to keep in mind, not so much the development of literature as the differences between the literature of one age and another, and the causes which lead to its growth and decay; also its relation to the times with which it is co-temporary? Surely, too, the lecturer should know something of the literature of Italy and France. Another suggestion we demur to. To what purpose should the lecturer explain why certain passages, which he has selected for reading, are good? How much more useful educationally it would be for the student to make out this for himself. Nothing is said in these hints of the history of the period in which the writer lived; but clearly Chaucer, Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe, and Tennyson are all children of their age, and one source of the keenest intellectual pleasure is denied the student if he does not early learn to fit each writer into his age, and to interpret his writings by the light of it. But each teacher will read literature in his own way, and he will pass on to his pupils his own bias, infect them with his own contagion, and impose upon them his authority. By some literature is regarded as the expression of the intellect of its time, to others it is a mere garnering of the flowers of speech. Each must interpret as he will and as he can.

The many histories of literature, full of dates and facts, are to be kept out of the children's hands. Let them begin their study of literature as nearly as they would if left to browse in a library. Children at the beginning of their intellectual awakening are highly imaginative, and closely observant; at this stage pictures are narratives and narratives are pictures. Unfortunately, this power of visualising weakens rapidly as the number of studies and experiences increase. Even reading itself—much of it—tends to destroy both the visual and retentive faculties of the mind. Symbolic advertisements, illustrations, carefully arranged head-lines in the daily newspapers, all tend to throw veils of darkness over that gift which is of such precious brightness and freshness in early boyhood.

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd
And reached the City gate at last,
Where all around, a wakeful guard,
Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.

Read these four lines once to a child of nine, and then ask him to make a picture of what they suggest, and the literary teacher will learn two things—first, the natural method of teaching literature; and secondly, how terrible a destruction of mental life goes on during school-hours.

Text Books, School Books, &c.

English.

Essays and Essay Writing for Public Examinations. By A. W. Ready, B.A. (Bell.)

THIS book has the least possible to do with literature. It is not Mr. Ready's object to teach style, or a care for letters, or even how to make six hundred a year from the magazines. He merely sets forth the methods on which for ten years he has "prepared" (*Anglice*, crammed) "pupils for Army and other examinations, with a constant average of high marks in the most unpromising cases." We do not wonder at his success. A faithful observance of his rules as to the advisability of punctuation, the proper distribution of paragraphs, the discreet avoidance of words whose spelling seems to you doubtful, the wisdom of keeping to simple and co-ordinate sentences, and so forth, would doubtless "pass" any tolerable composition. His model essays, in their three stages of analysis, sketch, and finished essay, are excellent models for the purpose. A man trained on Mr. Ready's system, though he would not have approached distinction, or even decency, of writing, would probably always be able to make himself at least intelligible in letter or despatch. Yet we cannot but regret that such real ability as Mr. Ready's should be thrown away on narrow educational ideals. His own contempt for the "unpromising" material with which he has to deal peeps out amusingly in half-a-dozen stinging asides:

"Few of you for whom this book is intended are likely to read our older English authors who build their style on classical models." "You must cease to use slang, of which a great part of your conversation is probably made up." "Do not use words of which you do not understand the meaning." "The full stop requires no explanation. Do not, however, forget it altogether." "The combination of no ideas wherewith to start and no words wherewith to continue is, indeed, cheerful." "A large class of essays, as you will perceive later, cannot be approached without a knowledge of the facts connected with the British Empire. You should read a little pamphlet called 'Through the British Empire in Ten Minutes,' by Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, C.B."

These are the men and this is the education which make our Army what it is.

Dryden's Essay of Dramatic Poesy. Edited by D. Nichol Smith, M.A. (Blackie.)

Macaulay's Essay on Horace Walpole. Edited by John Downie, M.A. (Blackie.)

Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive. Edited by John Downie, M.A. (Blackie.)

THESE are the most elaborate editions in the batch before us. The editorial matter is very full and appeals to the more advanced type of student. Mr. Nichol Smith's edition of Dryden's famous treatise, for instance, must have been a work of considerable labour. Close attention has been paid to the text; the introduction and full notes show a wide acquaintance with the history of the drama and with the literature, French and English, of dramatic criticism. An appendix contains some valuable extracts from the controversy between Dryden and Sir Robert Howard which followed the publication of the essay. The volume is more than a school-book: it is worthy of a permanent place on the library shelves. Mr. Downie's two Macaulay Essays are done with the same pains and with considerable historical erudition. But we cannot quite persuade ourselves that Macaulay deserves or repays such treatment in the way that Dryden does. Who is going to

use these books? They are too detailed for elementary work, and if the older student sits down to Macaulay's Essays, he should read straight ahead, and not stop to pick them to pieces.

Milton: Paradise Lost. Books I.—IV. Edited by J. Logie Robertson, M.A. (Blackwood.)

Cowper: The Task, and Minor Poems. Edited by Elizabeth Lee. (Blackwood.)

Macaulay: Essay on Johnson. Edited by D. Nichol Smith, M.A. (Blackwood.)

Goldsmith: Traveller, Deserted Village, and Other Poems. Edited by J. H. Lobban, M.A. (Blackwood.)

THE initial volumes of a new series of "English Classics" under the general editorship of Mr. J. H. Lobban. They are prepared, with a medium amount of introduction and annotation, by proved and competent scholars. But they appear to closely resemble other school editions of the same classics, and it seems to us a pity that the rivalry of publishers should lead to so much reduplication of practically the same editorial work.

Ivanhoe. With Introduction and Notes by J. Higham, M.A. (Black.)

Quentin Durward. With Introduction and Notes by H. W. Ord, B.A. (Black.)

WE are always glad to see schoolboys set to read Scott, and these volumes give two of the best novels for the purpose in a convenient form. The brief introductions just indicate the historical environment of each story, and do not essay criticism. With regard to the notes, we have two faults to find: they should be footnotes, in order that they may catch the attention of the reader at the right moment, and that the teacher may not be tempted to expect them to be known by heart; and they should be rather fuller. The principle upon which this difficulty has been selected for explanation and that disregarded is not evident. Thus when Scott says that "the Greek Dubravius visited the Scheik Ebn Hali," Mr. Ord mentions who Ebn Hali was, but Dubravius remains unannotated. Mr. Higham gives a rather unnecessary note on one page about "Flanders cloth," which really needs no explanation, and on the next leaves "jennets," "palfrey," "sumpter mule," and "fur, of that kind which the French call *mortier*," to look after themselves. To our mind, the notes to such a book ought to satisfy all the questions which the actual text might possibly suggest to an inquiring schoolboy mind; they ought not to introduce irrelevant and additional historical information, as, for instance, about the mediæval trade between England and Flanders. Why does Mr. Ord translate "*annuncio vobis gaudium magnum*" by "I announce to your great joy"?

The Lady of the Lake. Edited by R. G. McKinlay, B.A. (Black.)

Marmion. Edited by W. M. Mackenzie, M.A. (Black.)

THESE are on much the same lines as the editions of Scott's novels issued by the same publishers. But the introductions take a rather wider scope, and include some remarks upon the literary qualities and metrical peculiarities of Scott. The notes are more adequate in extent, and perhaps fairly reach the extremely low level of scholarship generally expected in such compositions. But to say with Mr. Mackenzie that a "breviary contained the daily service of the Church somewhat shortened, whence the name (Lat. *brevis*, short)," is only to approximate to accuracy. There should be no reference to such terms as "zeugma" or "hypallage" in elementary text-books.

The New English Poetry Book. Edited by E. E. Speight. (Marshall.)

THIS is an excellent little selection of poetry, "intended for the use of children from the ages of thirteen upwards." It draws liberally upon Herrick, the Ballads, and Keats, and has some bits from quite modern writers, such as Mr. Bridges, Mr. Henley, T. E. Brown, and others, which come freshly. The burden of the eighteenth century, so heavy, as a rule, in school anthologies, is quite shaken off. A brief glossary is the only form of comment.

Pope's The Iliad of Homer. Books I, VI., XXII., XXIV. Edited by Paul Shorey, Ph.D. (Isbister.)

THIS is an imported American school-book, edited by a Chicago professor, and published by Messrs. Heath, of Boston. The selection of books and the editing are commendable; the German illustrations, some of them based on Flaxman, are quaint; and we cannot imagine what educational use could be made of the volume. Nobody is going to teach Homer through an annotated edition of Pope. To students of the eighteenth century Prof. Shorey's analysis of Pope's "non-Homeric traits" will be valuable.

The Princess. Edited by Andrew J. George. (Isbister.)

ANOTHER example from the same American series. The editing is most irritating—a flood of gush, and an indigest of irrelevant quotation and superfluous comment.

Othello. Edited by C. H. Herford, Litt.D. (Macmillan.)

PROF. HERFORD'S "Eversley Shakespeare" was primarily intended as a library rather than a school edition of the plays. But the separate volumes of the present reissue, with their scholarly prefaces and brief necessary footnotes, are none the less admirable things to put into the hands of a senior boy who wants encouragement to read largely and liberally rather than minutely.

As You Like It. Edited by Elsie Fogerty. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

A VERY interesting experiment. Miss Fogerty has "adapted" "*As You Like It*" for "amateur performance in girls' schools." That is to say, she has arranged the text, with as few cuts as need be, elaborated the stage directions, and added full marginal hints for appropriate gesture and elocution. She has also given directions for stage setting and accessories, capital sketches for costumes, and diagrams for the grouping of the *dramatis personæ* at critical moments. It is all done with the greatest freshness, practicality, and taste; and the book should be invaluable in the preparation of that most delightful of all educational amusements—a school play. The large edition, with cuts of costume, costs half-a-crown; additional copies, suitable for "parts," sixpence each. Miss Fogerty proposes to follow up "*As You Like It*" with "*The Princess*," the "*Alkestis*," and the "*Antigone*."

The Age of Hawke. Edited by L. W. Lyde. (Black.)

THIS is a "Sea-dog Reader." It is quite unsuitable for a "Reader"; if by that is meant, as we suppose, a book in which children may learn to read. Reading should be taught in the early stages by means of simple, modern English; in the later, by means of the classics. The contents of this volume, drawn from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and various collections of naval memoirs and narratives, are by no means invariably either modern or classical. There are some racy bits, but there is also much English which is not good now, and cannot have been good at any time. Nor do we think more highly of the value of the book as "a fascinating 'centre of action' round which to group the history of the 'Making of the British Empire.'" No wise teacher treats the 'making of the British Empire' apart from other, and in many

respects more important, aspects of British history. And in any case the making of the British Empire is properly to be regarded as something better than a blatant record of uninterrupted sea-fights.

A Short History of the British Empire. By G. E. Green, M.A. (Dent.)

A HISTORY of the "British Empire"—or, as we should say, of "England," for there is no "Empire" about it until near the end—for "junior forms." A few years ago it seemed as if historians had learnt that certain literary qualities were necessary for elementary histories, in order that the readers might, if possible, be attracted rather than repelled. We cannot conceive any child being attracted by Mr. Green's uninteresting little chronicle. And the terrible appended chapters on literature in the middle ages, the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, are in a fashion which is, or ought to be, quite obsolete. The strong point of the book is an excellent series of archaeological illustrations. The maps, however, are inadequate.

A School Geography of the World. By Lionel W. Lyde, M.A. (Black.)

THE last ten years have seen many improvements in the teaching of geography. It is, fortunately, beginning to be recognised that geography is only a branch, dependent upon many others, of the organic whole, called science, and amenable, therefore, to the ordinary methods of the investigator. To speak authoritatively upon this subject a teacher must be intimately acquainted with the principles of physics, geology, and some branches of biology—that is, if he proposes to deal with geography intelligently, and not merely as topography. The Americans are teaching us, too, that, like other sciences, geography is only properly treated when taught practically. Bearing these facts in mind, one reads the introductory pages of Mr. Lyde's book with considerable disappointment. The language is loose even to incorrectness, and contains many misleading statements. Thus, on p. 2, after referring to the way in which mountains "attract clouds," we get the following paragraph: "When such winds are carrying moisture, mountains condense it, and divide it into two parts—water, which falls, and heat, which rises: and this rising heat draws in clouds, to be similarly condensed." Every line of this statement needs revision. On p. 6 the word "heat" is used where "temperature" is meant. On p. 7 we read: "The sun's rays heat only the surface of land, but can penetrate water to a depth of probably 500 feet; consequently, surface water does not become warm with the same rapidity or to the same degree as land does, nor does deep water radiate heat as quickly or as completely as land." Here, again, an entirely erroneous impression is conveyed. Similarly, the geological information is often inexact. We hope Mr. Lyde will subject his book to a careful revision, when it will become what it might easily have been—an excellent school geography.

A Geography of the British Empire. By Lionel W. Lyde, M.A. (Black.)

THE great merit of this little geography, as of the rest of the excellent series to which it belongs, lies in the care with which the climatic and physical conditions of commercial productiveness are elucidated. Its weakness is in the lack of anthropology. Nor do we agree with Mr. Lyde that an independent atlas is a better thing than maps accompanying the text. It is easy enough to keep a finger in two places in a book of this size, and we feel sure that a map is more likely to be consulted so than if it has to be turned up in an atlas lying on some neighbouring, or not neighbouring, table. It would, perhaps, have been an example of "intelligent anticipation" to have added an account of the Transvaal and Orange State to that of existing British Africa.

Greek and Latin.

Greek Testament Reader. By Theophilus D. Hall, M.A. Second edition. (Murray.)

WE have nothing but praise for this *Reader*, which should be welcomed for Sunday use in higher schools. The extracts have been made with admirable judgment, great attention has been paid to secure a correct text, and the notes, especially in the earlier part, are very full. The short syntax and the vocabulary are excellent features, but in the latter we notice as debatable matter the explanation of Beelzebub, in its Greek form. Gesenius, at all events, does not support it.

Homer: Odyssey. Book XI. With Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by J. A. Nairn, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THE Introduction is a very careful and attractive piece of work, and Homer's ideas of the state of the dead are minutely examined in the light of the study of early religions. The notes on grammar and textual criticism (of which the editor makes a feature) are excellent, and the appendices, especially those on versification and lost consonants, are concise and valuable. The book is worthy of all praise.

Herodotus. Book II. A Translation, with Test Papers, by J. F. Stout, B.A., Cambridge. (W. B. Clive.)

MR. STOUT's translation of the Father of History's *Egypt* reads very pleasantly, and the test papers will be found useful by candidates for examination on the book. The wonderful amount of information collected by the old Greek traveller will always make his account fascinating, even in a translation. Apart, however, from very full notes, embodying the result of recent research and discovery, half its value is lost. One of the most precious contributions to literature would be a thorough revision of Rawlinson's great work: will none of our scholars undertake the task? We have only come on one serious error of the press—the transposition of two lines on p. 67.

Xenophon: Anabasis. Book V. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by G. M. Edwards, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. (Cambridge: University Press.)

MR. EDWARDS continues his excellent school edition of Xenophon's wonderful story of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, and the new instalment is quite equal to its forerunners. The story of Cyrus' advance and his fall are well told in the Introduction, which then takes up the tale of Xenophon's leadership. The way in which he won the hearts of his men, and the wonderful skill with which he surmounted the obstacles of the march, form a record of which we can never tire; as the beautiful style has always commanded admiration. The notes are full and good, and the quotations from Grote and others light them up pleasantly: while the translations are always happy, and the difficulties of construction and syntax are fully dealt with. The book is heartily to be praised, and we may perhaps point out that in many ways the campaign of Xenophon in Asia Minor presents instructive points of likeness to that of Lord Roberts now in South Africa—or even more to the wonderful march from Kabul to Kandahar. It is also pleasant to remember that whereas Xenophon presents an almost unique union of the philosopher and the great general, Lord Roberts also has distinguished himself in the field of literature.

The Agricola of Tacitus. With Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Gudeman. (Boston, U.S.A.: Allen & Bacon.)

PROF. GUEDEMAN, of the University of Pennsylvania, gave us, a couple of years ago, an admirable chrestomathy of Latin Prose Literature under the Empire, and his present book is not less admirable. He has steeped himself in his

subject, and wields a great body of learning easily. The Introduction deals with every aspect of the work in a pleasant style, and very thoroughly, the section on the literary character of the *Life* and the canons applied by Greek rhetoricians to the βασιλικὸς λόγος being perhaps the most interesting. The very studied style of Tacitus is also thoroughly discussed and illustrated, and his character and purpose in the work examined and vindicated. To an Englishman the *Agricola* must always be of the highest interest, and we welcome the present excellent edition. The Notes are very full and learned, and pass over no difficulty; and the text has been very carefully constituted; in every case that we have looked into the reading adopted commends itself. The work of other editors, especially Furneaux, has been fully used, and is amply acknowledged. In connexion with the *Agricola* it is interesting to read the *Institutes* of Quintilian (III. 7), as both Tacitus and Pliny were probably his pupils.

Cicero: Pro Lege Manilia. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. C. Nicol, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

CICERO'S speech in support of the Manilian Law, to entrust to Pompey the supreme conduct of the war in Asia, marks an important advance in his political career, as he now definitely enrolled himself as a follower of Pompey, to whom he was ever after faithful. Mr. Nicol gives a clear and careful view of the political situation, based (as he tells us) almost entirely on Mommsen. The operations of Mithridates and Tigranes in Asia Minor, and the formidable position held by the pirates of the Mediterranean, are described, and the great qualities of Pompey as a commander; and then we have a capital short analysis of the speech. The notes are full and good, and we are glad to have a protest against "making things too easy" for boys, which is a snare into which editors readily fall. Altogether this makes an excellent book for the first study of Cicero.

Cicero: in Catilinam I.—IV. By H. W. Auden, M.A. (Blackwood.)

MR. AUDEN'S is a capital edition for school use of Cicero's splendid invective, at what was the highest point of his political career, and to which he always looked back with just pride. The notes are not too many, and deal chiefly with points of translation and with the political institutions of Rome; they give boys all the help they need without superfluous matter, which is thrown away on them. The Introduction is a very good piece of work, particularly the sections which deal with the historical value of the speeches and the political state of Rome at the time. The character of Catilina, the real significance of his conspiracy, and his relation to Caesar and the popular party, are very well discussed; but justice is not fully done to the firmness as well as the high, pure character of Cicero. If Rome could have been saved, his action would have done it. A distinguishing feature of this edition are the fine illustrations and excellent plans; and the Appendix, a careful study of Cicero's style in the Speeches, with exercises for imitation, completes a book which we heartily commend to teachers.

Virgil—Georgics. Book IV. By John Sargeaunt, M.A., University College, Oxford. (Blackwood.)

THIS volume belongs to the same series as Mr. Auden's *Catiline Orations*, and is distinguished by the same features. The Introduction is very pleasantly written, showing thorough sympathy with the poet; and the illustrations are apposite and in themselves delightful, most of all the vase-painting (p. 46) of "the first swallow." Virgil's *Bees* has always been a favourite, since Dryden depreciated his own translation as compared with Addison's! We have only two little objections to this pretty book: the marginal summaries rather interfere with the appearance of the text, and in the Introduction (p. xxvii.) one might almost imagine the lyric, "She, poor bird, . . ." was a translation from Virgil!

The Æneid of Virgil. Book V. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by A. Sidgwick, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

MR. SIDGWICK'S edition of the *Æneid*, both in its collected form and in separate books, is now too well known to call for commendation. We need only say that this new part is marked by the same finished scholarship, fine taste, and clear exposition which distinguish all the editor's work. The subject-matter of the book is, of course, less interesting than that of the Fourth or Sixth, being a sort of pause in the main action, as is the Third Book also; but the descriptions of the games and the rowing matches have a special attraction for boys—especially in these days.

Ovid: Selections from the "Tristia." Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by H. F. Morland Simpson, M.A., formerly Scholar of Pembroke College, Cambridge. (Cambridge: University Press.)

MR. SIMPSON has in these selections given a very interesting text-book for young scholars. The story of Ovid's life and banishment, told in his own incomparable verse, cannot easily be matched for pleasant reading; and that story is very happily presented in these extracts. The editor rightly protests against giving boys too much help, and insists on the need to make them work out the meaning for themselves as far as possible. We should have been glad if the latest text—that of Mr. Owen in Postgate's edition—had been followed; that adopted seems decidedly less good—e.g., p. 2, l. 30, *qui* for *quod* is not easy to translate. Also, it is superfluous to bracket syllables to be elided: a boy should learn the rules once for all. The notes give all the assistance required, and those at the beginning of each extract are particularly full and good.

Cæsar: De Bello Gallico. Book V. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by G. S. Shuckburgh, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THE editor continues with Book V. his edition of Cæsar. The expedition into Britain, as furnishing our earliest knowledge of the country, is always of exceptional interest, and Mr. Shuckburgh's short Introduction gives an admirable summary of the campaign. The notes are full, and deal chiefly with points of grammar and construction, and the map, plans, and occasional illustrations make up a pretty and useful book.

Livy. Book V. With Introduction, Notes, and Exercises by W. Cecil Laming, M.A. (Blackie.)

THIS is a good edition to the now well-known "Illustrated" series. The discursion on the sources and value of early Roman history is thorough, though there is no reference to Macaulay's preface to the *Lays*. Livy's carelessness in regard to topography might also well have been contrasted with Macaulay's great care in such matters. The notes are full and scholarly, and the hints on translation prefixed to the exercises valuable. As usual, the illustrations leave little to be desired, though the *geese* in the frontispiece look like swans, and such an array of stars of the first magnitude was certainly never seen before or since!

The Æneid of Virgil. Books VII.-XII. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by T. G. Page, M.A., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. (Macmillan.)

WE are glad to receive the second volume of Mr. Page's school edition of the *Æneid*, which completes the work, and makes a nice, handy, desirable book. It is in the main the same as the editions of the separate books, which we have had pleasure in commending as they appeared; but it is no mere reprint. Careful examination shows that the notes have been diligently revised, curtailed, or amplified as later judgment suggested, so that the completed commentary is even better than that of the parts.

- Cæsar*. Book I. Edited by A. C. Liddell, M.A. (Bell.)
Cæsar. Book IV. Edited by Rev. A. W. Upcott, M.A. (Bell.)
Cæsar. Book V. Edited by A. Reynolds, M.A. (Bell.)
Cicero: Selections. Edited by J. F. Charles, B.A. (Bell.)
Horace: Odes. Book III. Edited by H. Latter, M.A. (Bell.)
Ovid: Tristia. Book III. Edited by H. R. Woolrych, M.A. (Bell.)
Phædrus: a Selection. Edited by Rev. R. H. Chambers, M.A. (Bell.)
Stories of Great Men. Edited by Rev. F. Conway, M.A. (Bell.)
Vergil: Æneid. Book VI. Edited by J. T. Phillipson, M.A. (Bell.)
Xenophon: Anabasis. Book I. Edited by E. C. Marchant, M.A. (Bell.)
Scalæ Primæ. By J. G. Spencer, M.A. (Bell.)

TEN of the above volumes are from an "Illustrated Classical Series" under the general editorship of Mr. E. C. Marchant. It is in the illustrations that the characteristic feature of the series is to be found. These are numerous and are selected with great care from very various sources: coins, monuments, bas-reliefs, vase-paintings, and the like. They include also maps and plans and views of historic localities. Such illustrations are certainly a most valuable addition to school-books designed for students of almost any grade, and we welcome the appearance of the series as a sign that the principle of "education through the eye," so long recognised as important in primary education, is beginning to make its way among the more conservative methods of the public schools. For the rest, the editions are designed for junior students, and the editors have been careful to keep in mind what junior students really need. Mr. Marchant puts the case in a nutshell in his brief preface: "This is an *elementary* edition: the difficulties solved are such as perplexed the editor in the days of his youth. . . . There is absolutely no trace of erudition between these covers." That is as well, for there are editors of elementary school-books who refer their unhappy readers to German monographs by way of elucidating knotty points. Mr. Marchant gives his team of editors a free hand on certain matters of arrangement. Hence various interesting experiments, of which that of a special appendix tabulating the chief grammatical points illustrated in the text seems to us the most happy. This idea is particularly well carried out in Mr. Charles's *Selections from Cicero*. Mr. Latter puts a few notes more "advanced" than the rest into an appendix—also a good plan. The volumes are furnished with vocabularies, but as teachers differ about the value of vocabularies, they can also be had without these. And finally, they can be had with vocabularies, but without notes.

Mr. Spencer's *Scalæ Primæ* is a "first Latin Reader" prepared on the same lines as the "Illustrated Classics." It is well adapted to serve as an introduction to them.

French and German.

- Outlines of French Historical Grammar*. By Alfred T. Baker, M.A., Camb.; Ph.D., Heidelberg. (Dent.)

THIS little book is gratifying proof of the advance now being made among us in the scientific study of French. The main points in the history and phonetic growth of the language are clearly and fully set forth. Mr. Baker's knowledge is great, and his style pleasant. The alphabet of the Association Phonétique Internationale to indicate

the pronunciation is adopted, and is very helpful. We regret to see how often it differs from (say) the system adopted in the (Oxford) New English Dictionary. The history of sounds and the development of vowels and consonants, from the earliest stages on to present-day French, are carefully traced and amply illustrated, while the second half of the Grammar deals not less thoroughly with words (verbs especially) both separately and in the sentence. A short Appendix of Extracts from the early language and full indexes complete a valuable work.

- The Technical School French Grammar*. By Dr. W. Krisch. (Murray.)

THE plan of this book is good, but the execution falls short. The regular verbs have been plainly set out, but there is no table or list of irregular forms, a few of which only appear in the notes, while many, of course, occur in the extracts. The Reader is well done, except for a large number of misprints: p. 104 bristles with them. The book needs very thorough revision, and a good deal of matter should be added. Some of the notes show that Dr. Krisch could have made a good book, but he has not done so.

- Cassell's Lessons in French*. New edition. Revised by James Boiëlle, B.A. (Univ. Gall.) (Cassell.)

"GOOD wine needs no bush," and a school book of which nearly a quarter of a million of copies has been sold needs no recommendation. The present volume is very handy, and only wants a good index. This would greatly improve its usefulness, though it would be troublesome to make.

- Grammaire Française Élémentaire*. Par W. G. Hartog, Professeur de français au Liverpool Institute. (Black.)

MR. HARTOG has made a bold departure in writing his Grammar in French, but he has done the work very well. The main facts of the language are clearly and accurately set forth, though, of course, it may be doubted whether one or other of the elementary grammars produced in France might not have served the purpose. We question whether the terms *Genitive* and *Dative* are appropriate in an analytic language (p. 3); we should have liked the letters of the alphabet to be named; the section on the plurals of compound nouns (p. 9) is hardly satisfactory; the formation of the feminine of adjectives in *et* has been omitted (p. 11); the chief rules for position of adjectives (p. 12) should have been given; Quatre, Quinze, &c. (p. 16) should *not* have capitals. There are also a few trifling misprints in the course of the book; and surely Littré's abbreviation *kilo* is right rather than *kilog*. (p. 52).

- Athalie*. Tragédie par Jean Racine. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Index, by H. W. Eve, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THIS is a capital edition of Racine's great religious play, the suggestion of which we owe to bigoted M^{me}. de Maintenon. As Mr. Eve points out, the tragedy is very comparable to a play of Sophocles, and in length it is about equal to the *Edipus Rex*. The Introduction gives an excellent summary of the history and development of the drama in France, making full use of the fresh matter in Petit de Julleville's new History of French Literature, and draws out the points of comparison and contrast with our own drama—which may be said to have triumphed in the French Romantic school. Then follows a short sketch of Racine's own life and work, and an analysis of *Athalie*. But perhaps the best part of the Introduction is the long, minute, and thorough study of French dramatic versification, the long Alexandrine measure which never fails to strike an Englishman as heavy and monotonous. The Notes show fine literary taste and wide and judicious

reading; and the frequent parallels from our own and other literatures greatly add to the value of the commentary. There could be few more instructive tasks than to compare *Athalie* with Milton's *Samson Agonistes*.

Une Joyeuse Nichée. By Mme. G. de Pressensé. Edited by S. Alge. (Dent.)

THIS short, charming story by Mme. de Pressensé is the third of the series brought out by Mr. Rippmann. The distinguishing feature of the method is that the whole instruction and explanation is given in French, and we are assured that it is highly successful. For ourselves, we should have feared that the results would be less accurate than if English were employed, except in a few rare cases, but that is a matter which must be settled by experience. No pupil could fail to be delighted with the story of French child-life, which reminds one pleasantly of our own Miss Edgeworth's stories. The characters of the children are excellently brought out and contrasted. The explanatory matter consists of a clear, short, simple grammar, with plenty of examples and exercises scattered through it; on this follows a very complete *Vocabulaire*, explained throughout in simple French, and a Table of Irregular Verbs. We wish the new series every possible success.

Select Passages from Modern French Authors, with Short Literary and Critical Notices. By L. E. Kestner, B.A. (Blackwood.)

THE compiler has given a very pleasant and fresh collection of passages, of good style and moderate difficulty, in prose and verse, from authors of the last hundred years. The notes prefixed to the extracts are mere hints, meant to be expanded by the teacher, and as such are useful. We should have liked to see something from Jules Verne and from Ste. Beuve. We rather demur to the statement (p. 87) that Renan was "not a sceptic"; the palmery work of Erckmann-Chatrian is certainly the *Histoire d'un Paysan*, which is not mentioned (p. 85); and when Zola is named (p. 111) it is not fair to forget his great series—*Rome, Lourdes, Paris*. There are a few, but not serious, errors of the press.

A Compendious German Reader. Especially adapted for the use of Army Classes. By G. B. Beak, M.A., Oxon. (Blackwood.)

MR. BEAK'S *Reader* is highly to be commended, and will be found both useful and entertaining, and it has the great advantage of being excellently printed in Roman characters, much less trying to the eyes than the German. The historical extracts number one hundred, of about a page each, and deal with kings, statesmen, battles, and political movements in fresh and varied style. The sketch of German history and the short biographical notices of authors are very well done, and the whole is a valuable addition to German class-books. It is instructive to compare it with the companion volume of *French Historical Unseens* by Mr. Toke, issued by the same publishers.

Science.

A Text-Book of Physiology. By Sir Michael Foster. Assisted by W. H. R. Rivers. Sixth edition. Revised. Part IV. (Macmillan.)

THE fourth part of Sir Michael Foster's standard *Text-Book of Physiology* has been revised for the sixth time. On this occasion Dr. Rivers has taken a sufficiently large share in the work to justify the addition of his name to the title-page. It gives some idea of the relative state of development of the senses—those gateways through which a knowledge of the material universe reaches the human intelligence—to notice the number of pages which

have been found necessary to adequately record what is known of each sense. While the account of the eye and seeing runs to about one hundred and eighty pages, seventy are sufficient in which to describe the ear and hearing; and the structure and functions of the organs of taste and smell require only twenty pages. The concluding chapter of forty pages is devoted to cutaneous and some other sensations. At the same time it is as well to point out that this disparity may not be entirely explained by the relative importance of the senses; it is probable that more obscure senses will grow in importance in books on physiology as our knowledge of them increases, though sight must always be our most highly developed and differentiated sense. This *Text-Book of Physiology*, if the plan of keeping it up to date by constant revision is maintained, will continue to be the standard work of reference on the subject.

Kirkes' Hand-Book of Physiology. By W. D. Halliburton. Sixteenth Edition. (Murray.)

IT is but little more than a year ago that we had the fifteenth edition of this widely popular text-book before us, and now the sixteenth has appeared. Every medical student knows *Kirkes' Hand-Book*, and it has such an established reputation for excellence that words of commendation at this stage would be out of place. Prof. Halliburton has again availed himself of the opportunity of making such alterations as recent research has made necessary, but this edition differs in no essential respect from its immediate predecessor.

The Principles of Mechanics. By Heinrich Hertz. Authorised English Translation by D. E. Jones and J. T. Walley. (Macmillan.)

THIS is not a book for the general reader, nor indeed will the ordinary student be able to make anything of it. Only those physicists familiar with modern research, and at home with the higher mathematics, will be able to intelligently follow its argument. But though it will only be studied by a select few, the generalisations contained in it and the criticisms of existing doctrines, will suggest inquiries and a re-examination of physical and dynamical theories. Hertz's name may not be familiar to readers who are not directly concerned with science, yet some of the immediate practical outcomes of his researches have been during recent months in every newspaper, for the work which has been accomplished in wireless telegraphy represents the next step after Hertz's investigations of electric waves. Indeed, Hertz's work is yet another example of the interdependence of applied and theoretical science. Those commercial men who express impatience of scientific research—disposing of it as mere theorising—would, if only they read a little more, understand that without the work of the laboratory the application of the workshop is impossible. It is for reasons of this sort that the translators of the volume deserve thanks for rendering available to physicists unfamiliar with the German language a work rich in suggestive ideas.

Logic. By St. George Stock. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

THIS little volume is a re-issue, with alterations and additions, of the author's *Deductive Logic*, published some twelve years ago. Mr. Stock's experience in coaching students for the examinations in logic at Oxford has enabled him to deal in a successful manner with the special difficulties experienced by most beginners. We are always impressed with the large part the terminology of the subject takes in the study of logic. Is it not possible to train students in clear, logical ways of thinking without burdening them with a cumbersome nomenclature? Surely Huxley used to say he never studied formal logic, and yet it would be difficult to imagine a clearer and more logical debater.

A Manual of Zoology. By the late T. Jeffery Parker and William A. Haswell. (Macmillan.)

WE have already called attention to the handsome volumes constituting the same authors' *Text-Book of Zoology*, the general plan of which is, we find, followed in the present smaller publication. In making a selection of subjects for students beginning the systematic study of animal life, the authors have found it necessary entirely to omit any treatment of certain classes of existing animals, all groups of animals now extinct, and everything but the briefest mention of embryological truths. In selecting the subjects for the volume, it has been carefully borne in mind that to be of any real value the study of zoology must be throughout based upon practical work in the laboratory, the museum, and the open-air, and that mere book-work must be rigidly kept in a subordinate position. All the types described and illustrated can be easily obtained, and it is supposed that the manual will be used as a guide to a first-hand acquaintance with the animals themselves. Owing to the death of Prof. Parker, after little more than the general plan of the book had been decided upon, the work is almost entirely that of Prof. Haswell, whose experience of teaching has enabled him to produce an admirable introduction to zoology for students presenting themselves in the junior examinations of universities. The three hundred excellent illustrations with which the book is provided will go a long way towards ensuring its wide popularity.

Text-Book of Palæontology. By Karl A. von Zittel. Translated and Edited by Charles R. Eastman. Vol. I. (Macmillan.)

THIS impressive volume is concerned with fossils, to account for which much ingenuity was exercised in former days. Fossils were long ago supposed to have grown up as crystals grow, and their resemblance to living forms was disposed of as a coincidence; they have also been regarded as reserve forms of the Creator, to be endowed with life at the proper season. Theologians have explained them as relics and proofs of Noah's deluge—a theory which called forth Voltaire's scoffingly ingenious theory that they were the discarded emblems of the Crusaders. But to-day they are known to be the remains of the life of the time when the rocks containing them were deposited. Not a complete account of such life, unfortunately, for there were endless causes at work tending to prevent the entombing of the body under conditions favourable to fossilisation. This book is an elaborate list of fossil forms of elementary organisms. Prof. Zittel, after the completion of the fifth and last volume of his celebrated *Handbuch der Palæontologie*, published in 1895, produced his *Grundzüge der Palæontologie*, and this latter forms the basis of Dr. Eastman's translation. The English version has, however, with the assistance of some dozen specialists in different branches of the subject, been brought up to date; and this was especially necessary in a subject in which such rapid strides are made from year to year. Here, then, we have an account of the chief fossils known to geologists. It contains only the invertebrate forms, but will be followed later, we hope, by an account of the vertebrate fossils. Of course, Dr. Eastman's is not a volume to be read page by page: it is a work of reference—a court of appeal—to which the student may bring fossils for identification, or in which he may trace the development of animal life as we know it on the earth to-day. It would be impossible to find a higher authority than this beautifully illustrated volume.

Elementary Physics and Chemistry. Second Stage. By R. A. Gregory, F.R.A.S., Professor of Astronomy, Queen's College, London, and A. T. Simmons, B.Sc. (Lond.). (Macmillan.)

IN this little book, divided into twenty-four short chapters, the authors have dealt with exemplary clearness with some of the most important and interesting facts and principles

of their subjects. The physical part of the work deals with great fulness with the conditions of air, water, and water-vapour under the various influences of heat and cold; and the chemical part is concerned with combustion, and the production, action, and behaviour of oxygen. The illustrations, chiefly of simple apparatus required for the experiments, are first-rate. No more interesting text-book could be used on its subject, especially if the pupils be allowed (as the authors recommend) to carry out the experiments for themselves, as well as to see them performed. It cannot be too emphatically said that science is not learnt from books alone.

Geometrical Drawing, with Notes and Examples. By W. H. Blythe, M.A., late Scholar of Jesus College, Cambridge. Part I. Plane and Elementary Solid. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THIS is a very thorough book, leading up from the most elementary to advanced and beautiful geometrical figures. The chapters on Scales and on Conic Sections are particularly clear and good; every stage is illustrated most amply; but the book demands, as it deserves, a good deal of hard work and careful study from the pupil who would make the best use of it.

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Style.

JUST two months ago we offered a prize for the best hints on the cultivation of style. The prompting incident was our receipt of a letter from a reader who, "as one having literary aspirations," begged to be supplied with rules for the cultivation of the most elusive and indefinable quality of literature. It was rather like a flower asking how it might acquire a scent. But we offered, and awarded, the prize; and a correspondence followed in which a number of readers tendered advice to our "Inquirer," and scolded each other in gentlemanly terms for a month. The discussion became amusing when the humble seeker after rules of Style suddenly entered the arena, lectured our correspondents right and left, and showed himself as pretty a penman as his most confident instructors. Since then we have been asked to say something on this perplexing subject. To desire this of us in August was scarcely humane, and if we now address ourselves to the issue it is with no ambition to construct a formula or a decalogue.

Our award was questioned by one or two correspondents, who objected to the prize-winner's *dictum*:

Get something great to write about, and you may be sure that your method of putting it into words will also be great; your very ability to conceive an interesting subject will assure your telling it in an interesting manner.

We do not defend this proposition in and out. But those correspondents were a little unreasonable who interpreted the word "conceive" as the equivalent of "hit upon." Surely the etymology and associations of the word forbade this objection. What was it that Robert Louis Stevenson said about rolling a subject for a long time on the tongue, until the taste of it had been acquired and loved? This was his grand preliminary. Our competitor meant that. Oddly enough, he proceeded to quote words by Mr. Robert Buchanan on the subject, in which the word "conceiving" carried this full meaning. Mr. Buchanan had written:

I know of no instance in literature where consummate mastery of verbal expression is associated with deficient intellectual power. Even Keats, the least meditative and most passionate of all the poets, and the nearest in power of verbal magic to Shakespeare, was intellectually prescient to the inmost fibres of his poetical being—pure absolute thinking and conceiving power being at the very root of his unexampled sensuous instinct, and leading him to those miracles of phrasing in which, I conceive, he has no modern rival.

Unsatisfying as this may be to inquirers and aspirers, we think it is the best-working, best-enduring short statement of the matter that we shall find in a long search. Mr. Buchanan, we believe, confesses that he has been something of an Ishmaelite of Letters; and in our meaner moments we remember that he has despitely used the ACADEMY. But he is a thorough craftsman, a scholar, a wit, a poet, and something of a hero. In a question of this magnitude we pay more regard to his opinions than those of a score of civil fellows who never gave us an hour's chagrin or a moment's inspiration. Style! the

word, the idea, for ever toll us back to brains. Many definitions, many aspects, many relations, many nuances, contradictions, paradoxes, devices, exceptions, licences, and feats rise for consideration; but it all comes back to "thinking and conceiving power." Moreover, if this truth were but one of several truths equal in importance, it is the one to prefer in these days, when we are oppressed by the worship of style for style's sake, tantalised by the "beautiful secret of beautiful prose," and misled by the fallacy of the "inevitable word." It is an age when young writers seek out choice words and are betrayed by them; when nice harmonies, values, and rejections are pursued beyond reason, as if the iridescent bubbles that float on a strong river would do anything but burst in the hand. A correspondent writes to us this week: "I know at least twelve men who frankly admit that they care nothing for the matter contained in a book, but only for the style of it." These twelve good men are the jury of Style to-day. But will they not be in the dock to-morrow?

Let us be understood. We do not deny the existence and the importance of these subtleties of which so much is made. Without consideration of them no formal account of Style can even begin to be valuable. How vast, aerial, and unmapped is the domain of Style may be usefully gathered from the brilliant essay which Prof. Walter Raleigh wrote three years ago. His book is so penetrating and various that we hesitate to say a word against it. And yet it is rather as if Prof. Raleigh had come forward and, having asked, What is Style? had seized on the bewilderment of his hearers to give a kind of Greek dance on his own account, displaying the moods and possibilities of Style, but enlightening the eyes rather than the understanding. On one point—the point to which we must keep—Prof. Raleigh speaks plainly:

Style cannot be taught. Imitation of the masters, or of some one chosen master, and the constant purging of language by a severe criticism, have their uses, not to be belittled; they have also their dangers. The greater part of what is called the teaching of style must always be negative, bad habits may be broken down, old malpractices prohibited. The pillory and the stocks are hardly educational agents, but they make it easier for honest men to enjoy their own. . . . The formal attempt to impart a good style is like the melancholy task of the teacher of gesture and oratory; some palpable faults are soon corrected; and, for the rest, a few conspicuous mannerisms, a few theatrical postures, not truly expressive, and a high tragical strut, are all that can be imparted. The truth of the old Roman teachers of rhetoric is here witnessed afresh, to be a good orator it is first of all necessary to be a good man. Good style is the greatest of revealers—it lays bare the soul. . . . All style is gesture, the gesture of the mind and of the soul.

The word "style," in its meaning of a standard excellence that all may compass, is misleading. Style is your style, my style, his style. To say of a style that it is "quite Stevensonian," is to pay a poor compliment. It is true that one is sometimes constrained to describe one style by another, no imitation or servility being implied. If, for instance, we say that much of the poetry of Mr. Francis Thompson is "Miltonic," we are only exclaiming. We do not suggest the least imitation, or even, necessarily, an indebtedness to Milton, but only this—that in certain fine qualities of language, in profusion of old gold and lordly Latinities, Mr. Thompson's poetry extorts the word "Milton"—a coloured cry of admiration. In such a case the compliment may be even richer than it seems; for Milton is one of those great writers whose style ceases to be personal to himself, and is rather the majestic articulation of his age.

Still, we shall be held inexcusable if we do not attempt to show how existing styles may be used to aid the growth of styles in the making. We should say that a young writer would do well to study the styles of men who had

strong apprehensive minds working in a simple, direct way. Thus we would advise the student to read and digest :

Bunyan.
Defoe.
Swift.
Addisou.
Byron.
Hazlitt.
Newman.
Mr. Lang.

But we would not advise him to read for purposes of acquiring Style such writers as :

Lyly.
Sir Thomas Browne.
Lamb.
Laudor.
Stevenson.
Mrs. Meynell.

This is not to distinguish these writers as sheep and goats: we cannot be so misunderstood. Nor to distinguish them as natural and artificial: again, we cannot be so misunderstood. It is to distinguish styles in which substance and form can be seen in the clearest relation to each other from styles in which that relation is not so clear. Let us proceed with a gallop to instances. We will make no curious search; we will take plain stuff. Here are four stanzas from *Don Juan* (need we say that verse is often prose's best model?)—stanzas in which Byron's sense of reality and his manly seizure of essentials issue in a direct style. We quote from Lambro's discovery of Haidee's and Juan's love; Lambro's pistol is in his hand:

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopp'd this Canto, and Don Juan's breath,
When Haidee threw herself her boy before;
Stern as her sire: "On me," she cried, "let death
Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore
He found—but sought not. I have pledged my faith
I love him—I will die with him; I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too."

"Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,
His own shall roll before you like a ball!"
He raised his whistle, as the words he said,
And blew; another answer'd to the call,
And rushing in disorderly, though led,
And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all,
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;
He gave the word: "Arrest or slay the Frank."

Then with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter; while compress'd within his clasp,
'Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew;
In vain she struggled in her father's grasp—
His arms were like a serpent's coil: then flew
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
The file of pirates; save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

The second had his cheek laid open; but
The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
His own well in; so well, ere you could look,
His man was floor'd, and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook
From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
One on the arm, the other on the head.

That is a style. You may like the scene or not, you may like its slap-dash or not; but that is a style which cannot be bettered, it can only be replaced. Again, take a half-page of Hazlitt, and take it from the superb essay on "The Spirit of Obligations":

Police-magistrates, from the scenes they have to witness and the characters they come in contact with, may be supposed to lose the fine edge of delicacy and sensibility;

yet they are not all alike, but differ, as one star differs from another in magnitude. One is as remarkable for mildness and lenity as another is notorious for harshness and severity. The late Mr. Justice Fielding was a member of this profession, which (however little accordant with his own feelings) he made pleasant to those of others. He generally sent away the disputants in that unruly region, where he presided, tolerably satisfied. I have often seen him, escaped from the noisy repulsive scene, sunning himself in the adjoining walks of St. James's Park, and with mild aspect and lofty but unwieldy mien, eying the verdant glades and lengthening vistas where perhaps his childhood loitered. He had a strong resemblance to his father, the immortal author of *Tom Jones*. I never passed him that I did not take off my hat to him in spirit. I could not help thinking of Parson Adams, of Booth and Amelia. I seemed to belong by intellectual adoption to the same family, and would willingly have acknowledged my obligations to the father to the son. He had something of the air of Colonel Bath. When young, he had very excellent prospects in the law, but neglected a brief sent him by the Attorney-General, in order to attend a glee-club, for which he had engaged to furnish a rondeau. This spoiled his fortune. A man whose object is to please himself, or to keep his word to his friends, is the last man to thrive at Court. Yet he looked serene and smiling to his latest breath, conscious of the goodness of his own heart, and of not having sullied a name that had thrown a light upon humanity.

Lastly, take a passage from "Comus" purely explanatory, and as valuable to the prose writer as to the poet. To the Attendant Spirit is committed the task of explaining the situation on which the story rests. It is an explanation of previous events. The whole matter is conveyed in one sustained and tactful sentence. And what a sentence! What a sure march, unhasting, unhalting. The recital is to please but it must not usurp the mind. It is to raise curiosity, but with dignity; it is to secure attention, but with ease. Above all, it must move hopefully in every line—this statement of events. A problem in the nice conduct of a preamble! This is how Milton does it:

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents; but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring nursed in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was despatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Had space allowed, we had intended to quote a passage from Defoe, and a passage from Congreve. It is in such clear and (essentially) commonplace pieces of writing that styles can be most profitably studied in the formation of Style. But even to these a man must not play the "sedulous ape" after he is twenty.

The Grammar Hour.

THE glory of NUMBER ONE—the name by which our First Class schoolroom was known—was a large mahogany case, with glass sides, containing the works of the school clock. From this case wires ascended through the ceiling, and through sundry lofts and cross-beams, into which, as forbidden ground, I penetrated whenever a ladder and an opportunity offered. At last these wires reached the "Cupola," and controlled the great gilded clock hands which gave the time to the boarding school and village of A—. Thus we of "Number One" were on terms of intimacy with Time. Other classes might hear the quarters strike, but we knew when they would strike. Their languors of study were relieved by the occasional chime, following (and foretelling) a purgatory of sums; ours could be assuaged at sight. Indeed, there was a moment, repeated every fifteen minutes, when a kind of Greenwich intoxication seized the idler members of the class. A whirring of wheels, felt rather than heard, presaged that dear interregnum. How often, as I saw the cogs take life, and the lever lift its head like a weasel, did I glory in my worthless way that *now, now*, and still *now*, I knew the time of day better than even the masters of other classes; better than K—, who softened algebra with hymns in Number Two; than handsome P—, whose tweeds and cravats gave lustre to Number Three; than well-cased B—, who joked, but stood no nonsense, in Number Four; than M—, who squandered the abilities of a Q.C. on Number Five; and better even than O—, our play-time autocrat, who gave no instruction, but built up puns that we transmitted to our parents every Sunday afternoon. The lever would fall at last, and the wires shake, and then, far above us in the sweet outside, the chime was showered abroad. It is no irreverent caprice that makes me compare that sequence of inside sight and outside sound with what I have since seen and heard in the Brompton Oratory, when hands and incense have risen together before the altar, and far above a bell in the roof has rolled a benison over Kensington Gardens.

Strangely enough—but memory is association—I see all this in turning over the pages of my old *Manual of English Grammar*—Sir William Smith's *Grammar*, from the house of Murray. I see those clock works on every page. All these rules and exercises awake no clear memories. I find I was attending to the Works when I should have been working at the Tenses. I read:

The Possessive Case denotes possession, and is, therefore, rarely used except where the Noun denotes a living thing: as *Milton's* poems, a *negro's* skin, an *elephant's* skull, a *butterfly's* wings.

I turn a few pages and read:

SAVE, EXCEPT, BUT (= *except*), NOTWITHSTANDING.—It is sometimes difficult to decide whether these words are to be regarded as Prepositions or as Conjunctions.

I can safely say that I felt this difficulty, for I feel it still, but my memory is a blank. Again I plunge:

After a Complex Sentence has been broken up into Simple Sentences, each of these must be assigned to its proper class, as Noun Sentence, Adjectival Sentence, or Adverbial Sentence. All that then remains is to analyse the Subordinate Sentences according to the method already explained.

Still, no memory is awakened. My impression is that a more luminous Grammar than Sir William Smith's did not exist, nor a greater syntactical blockhead than myself. It is not odd, therefore, that I shirked his book; the odd thing is that I love it now. The reason is this: Sir William Smith did not coin his "examples"; he chose them from histories, poems, novels, and essays. He sowed his pages with sentences from Milton, Pope, Goldsmith,

Gibbon, Scott, and Thackeray. It is this quartz of literature, glistening in the old Grammar-book, that I like. Some of these "examples" do not so much remind me of the A— schoolroom as transport me actually thither; giving me not merely the dew of my youth, but youth itself, of which they are fragments. Dr. Smith's aim was to make Grammar interesting, and to connect it organically with literature. The idea was excellent; but to me, who was altogether born in sin, his book remained always two books—a Grammar to be shirked, and an anthology to be loved. Some of the quotations almost start from the pages as I turn them; they come back with quite local values. They were glimpses of the world; and now, in the world, they do not read like things learned, verified, and done with; no, they retain their magic, futurity, and mystery. Many of them I know in their contexts, with which, however, they will not blend. "He bowed to the Colonel politely over his glass of brady-and-water—of which he absorbed a little in his customer's honour." How should the twofold use of the Relative Pronouns, *who, which, that*, survive this picture, this enduring curiosity, thrown into the mind from "Thack. *Newc.* ii."? Or how should the laws of Collective Nouns be rescued from the suggestions in:

An English *mob* is often contented with the demolition of a few windows . . . (S. Smith, i. 19.)

So, also, the use of the subjunctive after *that, so that, lest*, to denote a purpose or consequence was lost in the problems presented by:

Get on your night-gown, *lest* occasion call us,
And *show* us to the watchers.

(*Mach.* ii. 2.)

What strange situation this donning of night-gowns might portend was good guessing.

As for the movability of the Nominative, I forgot it in a dream of shipwreck:

Then *rose* from sea to sky the last *farewell*. (Byron.)

The Gerund as Subject ceased to interest me when I read:

Running to see fireworks alone is dreary work. (*Newc.*, ch. xxxviii.)

The dreariness was not plain to me, but the fireworks were.

Some of these *disjecta membra*, occurring in the chapter on Analysis, were imprisoned in tabular forms; in which they paced and palpitated like leopards behind bars. There was a fine vision of Milton's that was thus confined:

Subject.	Enlargements of Subject.	Predicate.	Object.	Enlargements of Object.	Extension of Predicate
The rod	(1) potent (2) of Amram's son (3) waved round the coast	up called	a cloud	(1) pitchy (2) of locusts warping on the eastern wind	in Egypt's evil day

But I only read, and only remember, how

The potent rod
Of Amram's son in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind.

There was a sentence from *Ivanhoe* which required a whole page for its anatomical display. But I preferred the breathing whole:

The impression was increased when, the tapestry being drawn aside, a female form, dressed in a rich habit, which partook more of the Eastern taste than of that of Europe, glided through the door which it concealed, and was followed by a swarthy domestic.

I now begin to love the Analysis, to which I owe these delightful recognitions. With what a welcome I am received back to page 144, where I read :

§ 298. Sentences are either SIMPLE or COMPLEX.

§ 299. A Simple Sentence has only one Subject and one Predicate: as—

Swift [Subject] wrote [Predicate] the *Tale of a Tub*.

§ 300. A Complex Sentence is made up of several simple sentences, united together by means of connectives: as—

It is said that one day, in the latter part of his life, Swift, after looking over the *Tale of a Tub* for some time, suddenly shut the book and exclaimed, "What a genius I had when I wrote that!" (Craik, *E. Lit.*, ii. 222.)

"Here are no less than five simple sentences," proceeds the *Manual*; and the fallibility of grammarians is pleasantly brought home to one who, since he shirked grammar, has learned to write "*fewer* than five." It is curious to notice the number of clear-cut sentences which Sir William Smith was glad to borrow from Thackeray and Goldsmith. His preference for these writers was probably involuntary, but it is fully justified. Their sentences sank into our minds, never to be erased:

We had best begin our account of our hero with his family history—which luckily is not very long.

My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's nestards plundered by the cats.

To see the way in which he tipped children made one almost long to be a boy again.

Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes.

How she became Madame Frisby, nobody knows; she left Clavering to go to a milliner's in London as Miss Frisby. . . .

The poetry, in the section on Prosody, was a little flower garden. The flowers were strangely labelled and wired; but their scent stole through the intricacies of Trochees, Anapaests, Amphibrachys, and Trochaic Dimeter Catalectics. It was worth all the tedium to receive the first, last, absolute impression of Coleridge's stanza:

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

These things made the Grammar Hour pleasant, or at least fruitful. And perhaps I have done an injustice to its duller moments. If anyone could have made it interesting it was kindly, clever L—. Alas, he does not live to share these memories with a wayward pupil. The works of the school clock, that stood close to his desk, still gleam, I doubt not, in their case. The lever still rises every fifteen minutes, the wire still trembles upward, the chime is still heard over the stone-built village, but L— no longer calls the gazers to their books, or expounds, with a patience that grew under trial, "The Complete Paradigm of the *Active Voice*." W.

Things Seen.

The Plea.

THE gorge was narrow, and of terrific depth. Lying prostrate on the plank bridge which spanned it at the top, clinging to the boards, I could see, far, far below me, the smother of the mountain river rushing downward to the sea. And just above the foaming water, on an insecure pathway, a mere ledge of rock, crawled the tiny figures of those who dared the passage of the gorge. Slowly they went, holding to the wire rope, advancing with cautious steps, splashed and buffeted by the springs that rose in

some virgin nook in the inaccessible mountains overhead, and spattered down the sheer sides of the gorge to join the mad little torrent beneath. For an hour I watched the tiny travellers creeping along the ledge of rock, till gradually I was aware that all stopped at a certain point and gazed up at the facing cliff. Some pointed and looked at one another; others bared their heads; a few knelt; all paused as if there on the cliff a few yards above their heads was graven, or hung, something uncommon, something that was powerful to arrest the wayfarer. Curiosity caught me. I left my plank bed, and, descending by a steep and devious path, came at last to the entrance of the gorge. Through its dim ways I crawled till I reached the place where every wayfarer had paused. There, on the cliff a few feet above my head, in a fissure of the cliff which could have been reached only with much ingenuity of labour, some unknown, pious soul had placed under a small canopy a tiny carved image of the Virgin, and beneath were written in German the words: "Mary, pray for us!"

The Officer.

A MINUTE ago the broad, sunny Munich street looked as it has looked on a thousand September mornings—orderly, leisurely, bright, as a street in the fashionable quarter should look. A minute later, and how changed! It was as if a gigantic penny had been dropped into a giant slot, producing the opening of a door in a tall official building. Out of the door emerged an officer of incommensurable rank. Plumes nodded in his helmet, his uniform was like the peacock's, his chest towered above his waist, his tilted nose patronised the morning air, and, as his shapely feet carried him down the pavement, the street sprang automatically to its duties. A fruiterer just outside the door dropped the basket he was carrying, bared his head, and bowed profoundly. Two soldiers came to the salute, and stood like rods. A woman curtsied. A group of workmen dropped their tools and lowered their heated heads. The officer went his way like a king, and obeisance met him everywhere. Civilians, soldiers, beggars—all acknowledged the honour of his propinquity. I watched him all down the sunny street, and there was but one on whom the apparition of this tremendous personality did not work—an Englishman, too amazed to do anything but stare.

Correspondence.

The Dread of Being Dull.—Grub Street Finance.

SIR,—I hope I may be allowed to congratulate you on a particularly interesting number of the ACADEMY. On two pages—195 and 196 to wit—I found more to interest and hold me than I have found in any journal for some time. I am inclined to think, too, that I personally, rather than the two articles on those pages, am to blame for the fact that the perusal and reperusal of them left me horribly depressed.

"The Dread of Being Dull," to name the first of these two articles, strikes me as being admirably true and admirably wise; and, from the point of view of one who, in this present year of grace, seeks to serve literature, and withal to earn his bread and cheese in the serving—very distressing.

"I like to have room in a book," said a friend of the present writer, but Demos, the unreasonable, wants crises packed in a book like herrings packed in a barrel. Fielding allowed himself room for disquisitions on life. They do not assist the excitement, and probably contemporary Demos did not like them, but posterity does. Why do all for Demos? Why not something for pos-

terity? Fielding and his contemporaries give us time to live with their heroes and heroines under normal conditions . . ."

Quite so! This is quite admirable, because so true, so wise in its suggestion, so clearly called for, and much needed.

But, sir, have not your own pages (not so frequently, it is true, as those of other journals I could name, but yet more times than one) within the last year contained sentences in reviews of novels the gist of which was to this effect—"But the book is too long by at least a third. . . . Is good enough matter in its way, and interesting; but it is by no means essential to the story, and for that reason should never have found a place between these covers?"

Other literary journals have recently put the same sort of contention much more forcibly and less reasonably; while as their greatest meed of praise they have said of other books: "Not a line or a sentence in it but is an essential and integral portion of the story; scarcely a word but serves its vital purpose in carrying the reader," &c.

The other article I have referred to in your last issue was called "A Guide to Grub Street," and, truly, grubbing or scavenging are the trades suggested thereby. And so a man has really written this fearsome book, signing himself, shamelessly, "£600 a Year from It"; and a reputable publisher has published it! "You may begin at Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine, and go downward to lesser lights, stage by stage" . . . Heavens! I take it that "£600 a Year from It" is a trustful person who reads as he rides, on the tops of 'buses. From such an elevation I myself read yesterday, on a poster, of "the most daring and popular novel of the century." It was by the first of the two Immortals named by this Guide for garbage-dealers. "Of the century," no less! And so acclaimed on the very day of its publication!

Your article says of the Guide's book that it makes for vertigo and emigration; which is to put it politely and with an air which is becoming to your pages. But the thing of it is, that the horror is mostly true. Now, bearing that in mind, I ask you to consider the case of the man who is not conspicuously incapable, who is honest and single-minded in his endeavour to produce literature, who feels the other thing to be of the streets—prostitution, and who possesses no other source of income than his able-bodiedness as a literary man. To such a one the book of your smug savage with his "£600" means more than vertigo; though, if he be in good health, it may not impel him beyond the contemplation of emigration; not the emigration that your good-humoured article referred to, however; but the steerage passage kind, which writes *Finis* across a young life's striving, as to the merit of which posterity may or may not have something to say.

The literary signs of the times are none of them very cheerful; but this "Guide to Grub Street"—really it should be indexed under the head of indecent books, lacking humour to redeem their lewdness.—I am, &c.,

A. J. DAWSON.

Constitutional Club, W.C.: September 10, 1900.

The Bible and Lying.

SIR,—In the *ACADEMY* for September 8, p. 189, it is stated that "nothing in the Old or New Testament condemns lying pure and simple," and an Anglican priest is quoted as attributing this to the "fact that among the Jews lying, except under special circumstances, is not regarded as a fault." Surely this is a hasty assertion. To take the New Testament first, does not the Sermon on the Mount, in substituting a higher law for the old law which only forbade perjury, proclaim the duty of truthfulness? So St. James interprets it (v. 12): "Swear not, but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay." St. Paul says: "Putting away lying, speak every man truth to his neighbour" (Eph. iv. 25), and "Lie not one to another"

(Col. iii. 9). I see no indication of "special circumstances" here, nor, again, in the Apocalypse, where it is said that "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." And what of the Old Testament? "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord" (Prov. xii. 22; also vi. 17). "Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour" (Zech. viii. 16). "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight" (Ps. ci. 7). Other passages might be added, but these are, I think, sufficient.—I am, &c.,

September 11, 1900.

[I will take "A's" quotations in their order. Neither the Sermon on the Mount nor the Epistle of St. James condemns lying, either expressly or by implication, but only the practice of invoking curses on the head of the asseverant as the penalty of falsehood. Hence, these texts were held by the Primitive Church to forbid the taking of oaths even in a court of justice, and modern sects, such as the Cameronians and the Quakers, have interpreted them in the same way. The passages from the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians which he quotes are in like manner directed against treachery to the community (*i.e.*, the Christian Church), "playing false" exactly representing the Greek word used. In a secret society, such as the Christian Church then was, such a crime would of course be doubly odious. As for the Apocalypse, if the "all liars" is to be taken in its modern and literal sense, it is evident that the lake of fire and brimstone would have to receive, among others, St. Peter. But the meaning of the expression is here determined by Rev. xxii. 15, which excludes from the City of God "every one who loves and makes a lie." In the Persian literature, on which all these Apocalypses are modelled, this is the phrase always used to denote "false doctrine," and there can be little doubt that the word is here employed in the same sense. The Old Testament texts bear similar constructions, and the practice of telling lies to a co-religionist is condemned by modern Jews, while an absolution in advance is given to the orthodox for those which they may bestow upon the Gentile. I therefore hold that "lying pure and simple" is not condemned by the Old or New Testaments. But if "A." still thinks otherwise, what a view must he not take of the Bible as a rule of conduct! In it, the crimes of murder, adultery, and the like are condemned in as plain language as in any heathen code. But when lying—to which the temptations are in any community a thousand times stronger and more frequent—is reached, he has to read its condemnation into hole and corner passages hidden among gnomic sayings and the lesser prophets. It is from this method of interpretation, working by isolated texts used without reference to the context, or the habits of the people among whom they were written, that the writers of the *Dictionary of the Bible* are trying to deliver us.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

A New Part of Speech.

SIR,—A correspondent points out in your last issue the need for a new part of speech to distinguish words which modify *verbs*, and those, differing greatly in function, which modify *adverbs* and *adverbs*. I quite agree. There seems also to be a need for a radical change in the treatment of adverbs, which often admits the objectionable principle of "*classification according to the meaning of the words.*" In the sentence, "He went away quickly yesterday," the three adverbs are exactly the same in function—*e.g.*, that of descriptive adverbs. The division of them into three classes—place, manner, and time—seems to me not a grammatical distinction any more than the case of the nouns "country, movement, day," which might in the same way be placed in different classes *according to their meaning*.—I am, &c.,

GRAMMARIAN.

September 11, 1900.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 51 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the most appetising list of imaginary Publishers' Announcements. The results not being very appetising, we print only a small selection of the replies received. We award the prize to Mr. Charles D. Trantom, 11, Cheap-side, Liverpool.

Messrs. Tonson, Dodsley, & Tonson have the honour to announce the forthcoming issue of *THE CHARM OF AMINA MARTETT*, by George Meredith. In this, his sole publication during the last four years, the author presents a record of the engagement and subsequent marriage of Amina Martett to Sir Neville Blashant. It may rightly be regarded as a feminine counterpart to *THE EGOIST*.

In *EMBLEMEDON FAIR*, Thomas Hardy has not forsaken Wessex, but the spirit of pessimism running through all his work is now considerably modified. Indeed, this, his latest production, will be found to be a joyous book, and, as such, must appeal to an increasing audience.

MATURED OPINIONS, By Mark Twain. For many years Mark Twain has been recording his impressions of his contemporaries with a view to publication one hundred years after his own death. Messrs. Tonson have prevailed upon the author to allow them 25 "estimates" for immediate publication. Amongst the moderns reviewed in this volume are Gladstone, Grant Allen, the Emperor of Germany, Anthony Hope, Queen Victoria, and Daniel Leno, Esq.

THE FOOLY OF AN UNREPENANT MAID, By John Oliver Hobbes. An addition, if not a sequel, to *SOME EMOTIONS AND A MORAL*.

Other lists are as follows :

Messrs. Tonson, Dodsley, & Tonson's Autumn List. *THE DEFENCE OF MAFEKING*. By Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell. Illustrated with photographs and sketches depicting the siege. The hero of Mafeking describes in this volume the history of the famous siege. The illustrations are unique, and the work contains the only authoritative account of this chapter in the South African War.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN. A Biography. By John Morley. The Parliamentary career of the late Lord Chief Justice is specially treated in this volume by one of the leading Liberal statesmen and Cabinet Ministers of his time.

LAST POEMS. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. A pathetic interest attaches to this collection of poems, since their distinguished author declares them to be his final literary work—his legacy to the world.

THE BESIEGED LEGATION. By Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent in Peking. With illustrations from sketches supplied by eye-witnesses. This is the first complete record of the siege of Peking to reach this country, and tells in detail the story of that heroic defence by a handful of European and American men and women. [B. R., London.]

THE STRANGE WOMAN OF SELTHORPE. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy's new novel is the study of a woman who encounters the catastrophe common to herself and Tess; but unlike her forerunner she does not bow to her fate as inevitable, but revolts against the conventions of modern life. Her strangely independent career is traced to its end; which, we will not conceal, is a bitter one.

BROTHERS ON THE TIDE. By Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens has been induced to make public this book as a first instalment of the wonderful portrait gallery which has for so long excited an expectant interest. It will deal with the humbler types whom he has encountered. Needless to say it sparkles with humour of the most vivid and kindly order.

ECHOES OF LIFE. By William Watson. This is a collection of new poems, in mood and metre akin to the "Father of the Forest"—in point of imagery they equal it, while the verses move with a simpler and less elaborate music.

THE VEIL OF LOVE. A Poem. By George Meredith. A companion to the well-known "Modern Love," clad in the same intense and penetrative imagery. [W. C. T., Cheshire.]

A new novel by George Meredith, entitled *THE LOVE STORY OF HILDA LISLE*. We venture to assert that Mr. Meredith has done nothing more beautiful than this story. The character of Hilda Lisle is drawn with a tenderness and charm which make it worthy to rank with this author's greatest creations.

A new volume of essays by Austin Dobson, *POT POURRI*. All the delicacy and beauty of workmanship which has made Mr. Dobson's work such a rare joy to his admirers is here displayed once more. Illustrations by Hugh Thomson.

A new story by James Lane Allen, *BY RIGHT DIVINE*. In this story Mr. Allen has drawn the character of a peasant boy born to be a leader of men. The scene is laid amidst the grass fields of Kentucky.

Early in October will be published the first issue of a new quarterly magazine, *THE CRITERION*, a journal for the youthful-

minded. Edited by George Bernard Shaw. The list of contributors will include Algernon Charles Swinburne, W. E. Henley, William Archer, Richard Le Gallienne, Max Beerbohm, and Arthur Symonds. Price 2s. 6d. net. [F. W. S., London.]

A YEAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C., &c. Those who read "Thirty-one Years in India" will hasten to order this book, while every Englishman must be interested in this story of his country's victory and his countrymen's valour told by the man best fitted to appreciate both.

AMBLES IN ARCADIA. A Book of Verses. By Herbert Spencer. The author's name will commend this volume to the followers of philosophy, and it will appeal on its merits to a wider public.

ALTRUISM: STUDIES IN APPRECIATION. "Joseph Chamberlain," John Morley; "Alfred Austin," Lewis Morris; "William Vernon Harcourt," the Earl of Rosebery; "Sydney Grundy," Mrs. W. K. Clifford; "Theodore Watts-Dunton," Algernon Swinburne; "Algernon Swinburne," Theodore Watts-Dunton; "General Booth," the Bishop of London; "Richard le Gallienne," Richard le Gallienne. These essays on the character and work of eminent Englishmen by others of like distinction form a collection unique in conception and attainment.

THE MASTER BOOMSTER. By Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. (The names appear in this order without prejudice.) First edition of 1,000,000 copies sold before publication. [W. H. S., Horncastle.]

Competition No. 52 (New Series).

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New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Williams (Rev. T. Lloyd), *Thy Kingdom Come* (Wells Gardner) 3/6
Parker (Dr. Joseph), *Studies in Texts. Vol. VI.* (Herace Marshall) 3/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Massey (Lucy), *Songs of the Unseen Hope* (Skeffington) 3/0
Greenslet (Ferris), *Joseph Glanvill* (Macmillan Co.) net 6/0
Brierley (Leonard), *The Shah and the Ballet* (Cornish, Birmingham)
Gibb (E. J. W.), *A History of Ottoman Poetry* (Luzac) net 21/0
Cook (Frederick A.), *Through the First Antarctic Night, 1895-99* (Heinemann)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Rand (Benjamin), *Third Earl of Shaftesbury* (Sonnenchein) 15/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Moore (Rev. Herbert), *Half Hours in Japan* (Unwin)
Pollok (Colonel) and Thom (W. S.), *Wild Sports of Burma and Assam* (Hurst & Blackett) net 16/0
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Scott (D. H.), *Studies in Fossil Botany* (Black) net 7/6

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Ten Little Beer Boys, Illustrated by A. S. Forrest (Dean) 3/6
Savile (Helen), *A Poor Butler* (Sonnenchein)
Chums, 1900 (Cassell) 8/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation (Murray) net 5/0
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The Literary Week.

A FEW weeks ago it was stated that Count Tolstoy would soon undertake a journey through Europe. We regret to learn that at this moment Count Tolstoy is in a very prostrate condition after a serious attack of illness. Great anxiety is felt by his friends, whose eyes are turned to his couch at Yasny Poliana with a certain alarm. Notwithstanding all rumours to the contrary, there is no possibility of the proposed journey to Western Europe being undertaken, nor is it probable that Count Tolstoy will be seen much again even in Moscow society.

WE are overwhelmed with new novels, many of them by writers having great, yet equal, claims to the careful attention of the critic. It is in the eternal unfitness of things that they should all come together.

The Life of Professor Huxley by his son, Mr. Leonard Huxley, will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. The book is not a summary of the father's contributions to science nor of his philosophic views, but rather a study of the man himself, of his character and temperament, and the circumstances under which his various works were begun and completed. So far as possible the story is told by original letters and by extracts from Huxley's correspondence, which was, however, by no means voluminous. The arrangement is simply chronological; seven chapters cover the first eight-and-twenty years; from that point to the end a chapter is allotted, roughly speaking, to every year.

MR. WILLIAM C. McBAIN informs us that the announcement that Mr. Herbert Spencer was, in response to a kind of round robin from his leading adherents, about to issue a book on the topics of the day is incorrect. Mr. Spencer writes that "the rumour is baseless. I am engaged on no book on the 'follies of the time.'"

MR. JOHN MORLEY's biographical study of Oliver Cromwell will be published next month. The work is incidentally a history, but it is primarily a biography—that is, an interpretation of a temperament and a career. The historical sense enables the biographer to enter with full sympathy into motives and ideals alien from his own—though the attitude maintained is always rather that of a critic and never that of an enthusiast.

"THERE is something very far wrong," writes a correspondent, "with the chronology of Miss Corelli as displayed by her in the ACADEMY note of last issue relative to the late Eric Mackay. Miss Corelli stated that she never met him until he returned as a man of forty-five to his father's house, when she was a child of twelve. Now Eric Mackay was born in 1851, and died in 1898, at the age of forty-seven, whence it follows that Miss Corelli is only fourteen years old now. This explains and excuses many things."

MR. KIPLING's reward for the serial rights of his story, *Kim of the Rishti*, is nearly £5,000, and, says a chronicler, "the receipts from the sales in book form will certainly not be less than £6,000," adding: "The price is satisfactory, but Lord Beaconsfield received £10,000 for *Lothair*; and it must be remembered that the story was not published in serial form, and that there was no American copyright." Yes, but it must also be remembered that Lord Beaconsfield was the father of Kipling-imperialism.

THIS week's *Gentlewoman* gives us Marie Bashkirtseff's first acquaintance with Guy de Maupassant, from whom she received literary letters before they actually met:

I remain in the house in order to reply to the unknown (Guy de Maupassant). That is to say, that I am unknown to him. He has already replied three times. He is not a Balzac whom one adores completely. I regret now not to have addressed myself to Zola, but to his lieutenant, who has talent, and much. He is, among the young, the one who pleases me. I woke up one beautiful morning with the desire of getting the pretty things I know how to say appreciated by a connoisseur. I searched and chose him.

The correspondence had its young troubles. Only five days later we read:

As I foresaw, all is broken off between my correspondent and myself. His fourth and last letter is coarse and stupid.

For the rest, as I am telling him in my last reply, these things need a boundless admiration on the part of the unknown. I think that he is not content, but what do I care for that!

Another five days pass, and:

Rosalie brings me from the *poste restante* a letter from Guy de Maupassant. The fifth is the best. We are not offended any longer. And then he had done in the *Gaulois* a delightful *chronique*. I feel myself appeased. It is so amusing!

This man whom I did not know occupies all my thoughts. Does he think of me? Why does he write to me?

We shall know more about this curious friendship when the *Gentlewoman* prints—as it promises to do—the actual correspondence.

OUR best wishes to the *Monthly Magazine*. It is distinctive, pleasantly solid in the hand, and nobly printed. There are three editorial articles on political questions, followed by a variety of interesting matter. The Amir of Afghanistan's chapter autobiography is dealt with by us elsewhere. Mrs. Hugh Bell writes on "The Influence of the Stage," Mr. Roger E. Fry on "Art Before Giotto," and Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch on "T. E. B." Mr. Anthony Hope's story, "Tristram of Blent," is a worthy rear-guard.

WE do not think that the interests of Mr. J. M. Barrie, or of literature, will be greatly served by the rather lengthy monograph on himself, and his books, just written by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, and published by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son. Mr. Hammerton anticipates the very sound objections to the publication of such a book, by saying: "A sufficient answer would seem to be, that

in such writers as J. M. Barrie, Thomas Hardy, 'Ian Maclaren,' Rudyard Kipling, and several others, the public that reads books is vastly more interested than it is in the mighty dead." There it is again—that "Corban" of literature: "The public want it." Beshrew the public, and the writers who are always ready to anticipate its fads and unsuitable appetites. Mr. Barrie is a humorist, and a retiring one; but we are not sure that his sense of humour will tide him over such a chapter heading as "His Knowledge of Womankind." The biographical element, we are pleased to say, is discreetly small. Of Mr. Barrie's marriage we are told: "The match was quite a little romance." So was ours.

MUCH has been written on the sources from which Robert Louis Stevenson formed his style; but his search for matter, local colour, and all the illuminating data which a novelist needs has been less carefully described. There is, therefore, much to interest in Mr. G. W. T. Omond's effort to supply this omission in an article on "The Art of Robert Louis Stevenson" which he contributes to the current *North American Review*. Thus, in writing *Weir of Hermiston*, Stevenson had various difficulties. Mr. Omond describes his researches:

The way in which Stevenson tackled some legal questions which arose is very characteristic. "I wish," he wrote to Mr. Charles Baxter, "Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, *quom primum*. Also, an absolutely correct copy of the Scots judiciary oath. Also, in case Pitcairn does not come down late enough, I wish as full a report as possible of a Scots murder trial between 1790 and 1820. Understand, the *fullest possible*." And then, in the frankest way imaginable, he asks for information on a point of Scottish criminal procedure of so elementary a nature that the youngest lawyer in Edinburgh could have answered it offhand. (*Weir of Hermiston*, p. 271.) But Stevenson, who had laid aside his wig and gown long before, was far too conscientious and thoroughgoing to rely on his recollections of what he must have known in his Parliament House days, and he would not run the slightest risk that, even on a technical point of legal practice, his novel might not be quite correct. One of his friends in the Speculative Society had been Mr. Graham Murray, now Lord Advocate, who told him how the land lay. "Graham Murray's note *re* the venue was highly satisfactory, and did me all the good in the world," he writes.

Nor infrequently Stevenson made direct use of some picturesque incident that he found in musty volumes. Mr. Omond gives an instance of this. In *Kidnapped* a letter is to be sent from the Heugh of Corrynakeigh, but paper, pen, and ink are wanting:

Kidnapped, p. 207.

State Trials, XIX., p. 144.

But he was a man of more resources than I knew; searched the wood until he found a quill of a cushat dove, which he shaped into a pen; made himself a kind of ink with gunpowder from his horn and water from the running stream; and tearing a corner from his French military commission (which he carried in his pocket, like a talisman. to keep him from the gallows) he sat down and wrote as follows.

Alan looked about among the trees, and finding a wood-pigeon's quill, made a pen of it, and having made ink of some powder he took out of a powder-horn that was in his pocket, he wrote a letter.

NONE the less did Stevenson act on Whitman's plan: "I loaf and invite my soul." Only the loafing came to its due end, the "maceration" period preparing the way for strenuous construction and the painful work of finding the right words and setting them in the right order. Some writers do not neatly end the one process before they

begin the other. We are told that Hawthorne, while writing the *Scarlet Letter*, would take a garment from his wife's sewing basket and abstractedly snip it to pieces. And once with his penknife he whittled off the arms of a rocking-chair in a brown study.

In summing up, Mr. Omond approves Stevenson's sane view of his own achievement. He knew he had not Scott's knowledge or invention. He could not squander, he must needs elaborate. "He was far too shrewd not to acknowledge that it was beyond his power to reach the lofty eminence occupied by Scott, and that he could never have created the Baron of Bradwardine, or the Antiquary, or Jeanie Deans, nor woven together such a masterpiece as the plot of *Guy Mannering*." His tributes were the more striking because of his keen, almost angry, perception of Scott's contempt of the "toils, and vigils, and distresses" of the artist. Mr. Omond ends a good article with a rather eccentric judgment. He says:

There can be little doubt that what Stevenson wrote will stand the test of time, and that hereafter he will hold a place in the goodly fellowship of the immortals, with Balzac, and Defoe, and Cervantes, and the rest; but no man knew better than Stevenson that, far above them all, Scott moves by himself along the higher ridges of the mountaintops, unapproachable.

Now Stevenson may live with these masters, or he may not. But it is safe to say that if he lives with Cervantes and Balzac his claims to immortality are equal, if not superior, to Scott's own.

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* asks why we should not have a magazine devoted to the literature, art, and history of the past? This "Retrospective Review" would, he considers, revive a lagging interest in great achievements, and even introduce for the first time to many readers work which is amongst the world's best. He would reprint some of the *Arabian Nights*, and dig for treasure in the yet untouched mines of oriental literatures. Much of Voltaire, who is hardly read nowadays, would be practically new matter to this generation, and Cervantes, Goethe, Pascal, La Bruyère would have their turn, as well as such lesser lights as Alfred de Vigny, Stendhal, and Vauvenargues. The idea strikes us as good, though likely to be crowded out.

Moonshine's recent *plébiscite* of the best ten books for a five years' sojourn on a desert island has ricocheted to Chicago, where the *Evening Post* prints the selections of grave and reverend critics. Nearly all the lists are of an inevitable character. But among the books selected are:

Blackstone's *Commentaries* (a good choice).

Century Dictionary.

Mrs. Rohren's Cook-Book.

How to Tell Wild Flowers.

Montaigne on Cannibals.

Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and *Rubaiyat of Omar K'hayyám* (as Dilated by Mr. FitzGerald).

Dilated! We thank thee, Chicago, for that word.

MR. HENLEY makes rough sport, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, of the *Quarterly Reviewer* who recently attempted to explain the present dearth, and improbability, of great poetry. The Reviewer held that great poetry can be born only in a general exultation of feeling: "The general conditions that go to produce great poetry are for the moment wanting. . . . The faiths, the hopes, and the aspirations of the present generation are not in a state of sufficient, or sufficiently definite, excitement to generate the atmosphere which great poetry requires." Mr. Henley declines to be struck by this explanation, or to share the Reviewer's

hope that the new Imperialism may yet warm the air to the required extent. He says:

For myself I think that the "old-fashioned" explanation is the best; and that the reason that there is no great poetry on top just now is that there are no great poets. Still, we never know. The Reviewer admits that the new gospel of Imperialism reads not unlike a reality; and 'tis plain that he does not despair of "great poetry" on the impulse of an optimistic pessimism (or a pessimistic optimism) which shall some day take our Rudyard (like a colic), and constrain him to produce—not "spirited poems," which is all he is fit for now—but a real achievement in great poetry. But I've my doubts; and, I confess it, I turn with hope and confidence to the conclusions of another Reviewer in this same number of the *Quarterly*. It is so full of cheer for the future of English Verse! This Reviewer's word is that we must "study balance and the use of resolved feet"—that, in a word, we must put our trust in Mr. Robert Bridges, "and he will pull us through." Between the two *Quarterly* Reviewers—the Pessimistic Optimist (or whatever he is) and Mr. Bridges his devotee, can English Verse, the medium of Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, Herrick and Dryden, Byron and Wordsworth and Tennyson, Coleridge, Keats, Blake—can English Verse, I say, go wrong?

I do not think it can. But it behoves Mr. Meredith, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Kipling, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and the rest to make the most of the chance that is here presented to them. If they do, "great poetry" is ours at once. If they do not—! But I decline to discuss so scandalous an alternative.

A FLOTILLA of standard sea-stories—six in all—is issued by Messrs. Sampson Low at a guinea. They are: Fenimore Cooper's *Two Admirals*, Marryat's *Midshipman Easy*, Mr. Clark Russell's *The Wreck of the "Grosvenor"*, Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*, Michael Scott's *Tom Cringle's Log*, and George Cupples's *The Green Hand*. The last story is probably the least known, but not the least worth knowing. Cupples, indeed, is perhaps the most finished of all these writers. You cannot open *The Green Hand* without tumbling on a satisfactory passage. Take one at random:

On we crept, slow as death, and almost as still, except the jerk of the oars from the heaving water at her bows, and the loud flap of the big topsails now and then, everything aloft save them and the brailled foresail being already close furled; the clouds all the while rising away along our larboard beam nor'-west and north, over the gray bank on the horizon, till once more you could scarce say which point the wind would come from, unless by the huge purple heap of vapour in the midst. The sun had got low, and he shivered his dazzling spokes of light behind one edge of it, as if 't were a mountain you saw over some coast or other; indeed, you'd have thought the ship almost shut in by land on both sides of her, which was what seemed to terrify the passengers most, as they gathered about the poop-stairs and watched it—which was the true land and which the clouds, 't was hard to say—and the sea gloomed writhing between them like a huge lake in the mountains.

THE latest addition to the series of "Temple Classics" is Lord Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays*, Vol. I. We open it at random and rub our eyes when we see the heading "On Log-Rolling" above one of the pages. Lord Macaulay knew nothing, we should suppose, of this word, which is of a later day than "puff"; and a question—a very small one, to be sure—might be raised as to the propriety of associating him with it. However, the word lends a new interest to Lord Macaulay's description of critical wickedness in high places, prevailing in 1830. After seventy years, his denunciation of puffs cannot be said to have lost all their force.

It is amusing to think over the history of most of the publications which have had a run during the last few years. The publisher is often the publisher of some periodical work. In this periodical work the first flourish of trumpets is sounded. The peal is then echoed and re-echoed by all the other periodical works over which the

publisher, or the author, or the author's coterie, may have any influence. The newspapers are for a fortnight filled with puffs of all the various kinds which Sheridan enumerated, direct, oblique, and collusive. Sometimes the praise is laid on thick for simple-minded people. "Pathetic," "sublime," "splendid," "graceful," "brilliant wit," "exquisite humour," and other phrases equally flattering, fall in a shower as thick and as sweet as the sugar-plums at a Roman carnival. Sometimes greater art is used. A sinecure has been offered to the writer if he would suppress his work, or if he would even soften down a few of his incomparable portraits. . . . That people who live by personal slander should practise these arts is not surprising. Those who stoop to write calumnious books may well stoop to puff them; and that the basest of all trades should be carried on in the basest of all manners is quite proper and as it should be. But how any man who has the least self-respect, the least regard for his own personal dignity, can condescend to persecute the public with this Rag-fair inopportunely, we do not understand. Extreme poverty may, indeed, in some degree, be an excuse for employing these shifts, as it may be an excuse for stealing a leg of mutton. But we really think that a man of spirit and delicacy would quite as soon satisfy his wants in the one way as in the other.

ANOTHER book with Mars in its title! It is announced by Messrs. Harper, in the American papers, in these terms:

We have just published a book entitled *From India to the Planet Mars*, by Prof. Th. Flournoy, Professor of Psychology in the University of Geneva. It is an account of his observations regarding the very remarkable powers of a medium called Mlle. Hélène "Smith," in Geneva, who says she is the reincarnated spirit of the favourite wife of a Hindoo prince, who lived in Kanara in 1401. She is also the reincarnated spirit of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France and wife of Louis XVI., beheaded in 1793. She also makes spirit journeys to the planet Mars, has discovered a Martian language, describes scenes, costumes, &c., in Mars, and tells stories and incidents in all her three lives. The book reads like a romance of the most absorbing kind, but it is fact based on the scientific authority of so distinguished a man as Prof. Flournoy. It is not only a popular but a scientific work.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Your 'Things Seen' often contain some striking and even startling contrasts, and in looking over Mary Howitt's *The Desolation of Eyam*, and *Other Poems*, recently I was reminded of that department of your paper by reading a poem in the volume entitled 'Tyre.' Here is her 'Thing Seen':

In thought, I saw the palace domes of Tyre;
The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise;
All her proud people, in their brave attire,
Thronging her streets for sports, or sacrifice.
I saw her precious stones and spiceries;
The singing girl with flower-wreathed instrument;
And slaves whose beauty asked a monarch's price.
Forth from all lands all nations to her went,
And kings to her on embassy were sent.
I saw, with gilded prow and silken sail,
Her ships, that of the sea had government.
Oh! gallant ships, 'gainst you what might prevail!
She stood upon her rock, and in her pride
Of strength and beauty, waste and woe defied.

I looked again—I saw a lonely shore;
A rock amid the waters and a waste
Of trackless sand: I heard the bleak sea's roar,
And winds that rose and fell with gusty haste.
There was one scathed tree, by storm defaced,
Round which the sea-birds wheeled, with screaming cry.
Ere long, came on a traveller slowly paced:
Now east, then west, he turned, with curious eye,
Like one perplexed with an uncertainty.
Awhile he looked upon the sea—and then
Upon a book—as if it might supply
The thing he lacked—he read, and gazed again—
Yet, as if unbelief so on him wrought,
He might not deem this shore the shore he sought.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have issued new pocket reprints of Mr. Meredith's poems (selections), "The Story of Bhanavar the Beautiful," and "The Tale of Chloe." Brown paper covers, parchment backs, fine printing, and lightness beyond belief, are the qualities of these delightful volumes.

WANTED, a term for an inexact synonym. A correspondent writes: "I should be much obliged for being furnished with a word, from the English language preferably, or from Greek or any other, denoting an inexact synonym or incomplete verbal equivalent—e.g., 'sleep' for 'slumber.' As I cannot find the desired expression in Roget's Thesaurus, nor in the Century Dictionary, would it not be worth while to invent one in time for the New English Dictionary? It is a pity that *paronym*, *homonym*, and *heteronym* seem appropriated already."

ANOTHER correspondent writes: "In last week's ACADEMY I read the statement: 'Mark Pattison put the minimum of a decent personal library at a thousand volumes.' I should very much like to know if he did say this. I have always felt disheartened by his *obiter dictum*, as I heard it: 'No one can be said to have a library at all unless he has at least *ten* thousand volumes.' What a comfort it would be to know it was only one thousand!" We are unable at the moment to resolve our correspondent's doubts—and our own.

AMONG new Parliamentary candidates connected with literature and journalism are:

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who contests the Falkirk Burghs as a Liberal.

Sir George Newnes, who seeks to re-enter Parliament as Liberal member for Swansea.

Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, Liberal Imperialist candidate for Mid-Worcestershire.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, Unionist candidate for Gravesend.

Bibliographical.

AN interesting notion is that of the "Lover's Library" which Mr. John Lane is to give us, though I do not quite see why the collection should be confined to verse. Mr. Lane, to be sure, is the poets' publisher, but he does not disdain prose. The "Library" must needs be a little saccharine in quality, at least for those of us who have "come to forty year." Nevertheless it will have, you may be sure, its many votaries. So far, the collections of love poetry have been in single volumes and of the nature of anthologies. The first with which I became acquainted was that which Messrs. H. S. King & Co. published in 1874—*Lyrics of Love from Shakespeare to Tennyson*, a pretty little book which Tennyson permitted the compiler to dedicate to him. It contained, also by permission, many copyright poems by Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Rossetti, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, and many other "stars" then shining. Then, in 1892, came *Love-Songs of English Poets, 1500-1800*, edited and annotated by Mr. Ralph Caine, and notable for coming down no farther than Charles Wells. The arrangement here was chronological. In *Lyric Love*, an anthology made (also in 1892) by Mr. William Watson, the grouping of the pieces was according to their general subject. Among the now living authors drawn upon were Mr. Meredith, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Dobson, Mr. De Vere, Mr. Henley, Mr. Austin, Mr. Bailey, and Mr. Blunt, while of the last generation Tennyson, Arnold, Patmore, Darley, Clough, Beddoes, Frederick Locker, Thomas Ashe, Mr. Browning, and the two Rossettis were quoted. On the whole, my only fear in regard to the "Lover's Library" is that it may stretch to the crack of doom. I don't see how it is to be comprehensive, and yet be comprised within reasonable limits.

In view of Mr. John Morley's forthcoming work on

Oliver Cromwell, it may be interesting to range in chronological order the various memoirs and monographs on Cromwell which have appeared in England during the last twenty years. These were written, respectively, by Mr. F. W. Cornish (1881), the Rev. E. Paxton Hood (1882), Mr. Frederic Harrison (1888), Mr. J. A. Picton (1889), Sir R. F. Palgrave (1890), Mr. J. Waylen (1891), Mr. S. H. Church (1894), Mr. D. Murphy (1896), Mr. S. R. Gardiner (1897), Rev. R. F. Horton (1897), Mr. W. S. Douglas (1898), Mr. Gardiner again (1899), Sir R. Tangye (1899), Mr. F. W. Aveling (1899), Mr. G. H. Pike (1899), and Mr. T. Baldock (1899). Some of these writers, of course, dealt only with special phases of Cromwell's character and career. Thus, Mr. Hood dwelt on his Times and Battlefields, Mr. Gardiner (in 1897) on his Place in History, Mr. Horton on his Religion, Sir R. Palgrave on his Protectorate, Mr. Douglas on his Scotch Campaigns, and Mr. Murphy on his work in Ireland; while Mr. Baldock regarded him particularly as a Soldier, and Sir R. Tangye dealt not only with Oliver, but with Richard Cromwell. Few English historical personages have received so much attention as Cromwell has of late years from English men of letters.

It is good news that Mr. G. A. Aitken is preparing an edition of the *Journal to Stella*; but what is to be said of the announcement that another edition of Boswell's *Johnson* is on the way, and that from one of our publishing firms we are to have reprints of Vasari, of White's *Selborne*, of Mitford's *Our Village*, and of *Cranford*? A reprint of *Cranford* is promised both by Dent and by Methuen, and one wonders when the supply will stop. Messrs. Blackwood issued the other day a neat edition of *Eothen*; now another is advertised by another firm. Does this ringing the changes on a very few classics pay? I hope it does, but I don't see how it can.

Pascal is one of the foreign classics on whom there is always a "run." His *Thoughts*, translated by Mr. Kegan Paul, appeared in 1884 and again in 1888; in the latter year H. L. Sidney Lear published in English a selection from the *Thoughts*. The *Thoughts on Religion*, Englished by Mr. Basil Kennet, formed in 1893 one of Sir John Lubbock's Hundred Books, while in the following year came the *Thoughts on Religion and Philosophy* as Englished by Isaac Taylor. Now I note that *Selected Thoughts of Blaise Pascal*, translated by a lady, is to make one of the new volumes in the "Scott Library."

Canon Rawnsley was, I believe, an intimate of the Tennysons, and now we are to have a book containing his *Memories* of them. Moreover, there is to come, all the way from Yale, U.S.A., a professorial work on *The Mind of Tennyson: His Thoughts on God, Freedom, and Immortality*. I am glad to hear of the latter, because there are those who hold that Tennyson was not a thinker at all—that he simply put into concise, melodious form the thoughts of others. We shall see what the Yale professor makes of him.

The novelists still go (and will continue to go) to the poets for their titles. Thus from a lady named Theophila Worth we are to have *The Marriage of True Minds* (Shakespeare), and from another named Elizabeth Godfrey *The Harp of Life*—which, I assume, is an allusion to the line, "Love took up the harp of life," and so forth.

There is to be another edition—published, appropriately enough, at Nottingham—of *The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham*. They were reprinted, if I remember rightly, not so many years ago, though I cannot at the moment give the date. J. O. Halliwell's edition of 1840 will recall itself to many.

Among forthcoming novels is included *A Patched-up Affair*, by Florence Warden. This, I presume, is the story on which Miss Warden based the little play, with the same title, which was performed one afternoon last season at the St. James's Theatre.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Explosion of Humanity.

Rabelais: Gargantua and Pantagruel. Translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Le Motteux. With an Introduction by Charles Whibley. 3 vols. (David Nutt.)

"HARKEN (quoth Fryar Jhon) to the Oracle of the Bells of Varennes; What say they? I hear and understand them (quoth Panurge) their Sound is by my Thirst, more uprightly fatidical than that of Jove's Great Kettles of Dodona."

These words from the chapter in which Fryar Jhon "merrily and sportingly counselleth Panurge" on the subject of marriage, hint the strength of that man and of that book whom we mingle under the word "Rabelais." Down the centuries come the quick fatidical melodies of the bells of Varennes, but through them, from the night of Time, in deep undertone and awful continuance—Jove's Great Kettles of Dodona! It is because these groan through Rabelais, that Rabelais is great. It is because the book is greater than its age, and that in it we may hear Jove's Great Kettles, and Varennes' bells, and the midnight tolling of St. Paul's, and all bells that labour in the night over sleeping men, that this book can never grow old. But (to descend from belfries) it is also one of those books that gloriously restore men to themselves. Man shall not be too superstitious, too learned, or too refined; nor too long may he walk with his head in the clouds. When we build too curiously there is born a gay strong man, whose laughter knocks off the edifice its shams and hypocrisies. Again and again—since the Wife of Bath and Pantagruel—these strong, salty creations have appeared in literature: Sancho Panza, Falstaff, Robinson Crusoe, Tom Jones, Don Juan. It is forbid that the essential man who eats, drinks, and begets shall be forgotten; and how timely-welcome is the old Adam to the new! The old is at least real, the new is so often a mystic or a rope-dancer. Rabelais is the real man of the sixteenth century, and his book was an explosion of humanity.

It has been said by one student of Rabelais that, "alone among the great writers of the world, Rabelais can be appreciated by students only. To the general reader . . . he is a closed book." Exactly what this writer means by a student, and exactly what he means by a general reader, we do not know; but taking the dictum as it stands we demur to it. That the greatest onslaught on vain scholarship ever delivered by a scholar should be a closed book to the ordinary reader may seem at first sight to be a reasonable proposition. It could be maintained if Rabelais had met scholarship only with scholarship. But this was not his way. His attack was positive, not negative; he met the subtleties of the schools with a riotous display of the human animal, and gusts of essential laughter that no man might resist. It is most true, as this critic says, that his book is not for the young, nor for women. Nor is it for those who can form no cleanly conception of Rabelais's genius. He is for wholesome men, who, pursuing their way through life, wish sometimes to correct their sense of the aspiring man who fades by contemplating the natural man who persists. Rabelais provides this spectacle, and he provides it under the seal and safeguard of inextinguishable laughter.

The conditions of life which produced Rabelais as their cure are set forth with a scrupulous yet glowing scholarship by Mr. Whibley. His introduction of nearly a hundred pages contains all our essential knowledge of the wizard of Touraine. Perhaps Rabelais' late youth, his emergence from Fontenay-le-Comte on the world—a disgusted friar and an overgrown schoolboy—in his fortieth year, is a feature of his life that has been

dwelt upon with more effect by one or two other writers. To have kept the dew of one's youth until that age of portliness is considered a goodly thing; with Rabelais that dew had still to fall. From a child he had lived in convents and pored over books; at forty the world was still all before him. May not this strange delay of experience explain the force and volume of that outburst which was soon to amaze Europe? At first he lived the life of a scholar and a literary hack; he went to Lyons, a centre of gracious learning, where he talked with emancipated men and cured sick. He wrote prefaces and almanacs for Sebastian Gryphius, and chap-books in which he parodied the astrologers, and began to grow the feathers of his wit. Meanwhile, the Theme was unconsciously growing, the wells of gaiety were being opened by every blow from the staff of Fate. Mr. Whibley of course scouts the superstition that Rabelais threw off his book to put a bankrupt printer on his legs. "He had no more thought of the publisher when he sat down to write than he had of his own skin. . . . He needed no spur of friendship or expediency to sing the pæan of freedom and joy that was humming in his head." Taking as his basis the legends of Gargantua and Pantagruel, familiar in Touraine as Dick Whittington in London or Tregeagle in Cornwall, Rabelais wove into these the innumerable strands of a learning gathered in monastery walls, and fed now from every centre of culture. He had made the vast discovery that what passed for learning was nine-tenths pedantry, and that what passed for asceticism was nine-tenths sham. His was the hoarse shout of the Renaissance; his the hobnails that trampled on formulæ and tradition, and on all monkery and illiberal learning. "In effect," says Mr. Whibley, "he suppressed a thousand years, and pictured man as he was before the artifice of law and church got hold of him. So he practised in a louder voice the same doctrine of Erasmus. But while Erasmus may be compared to a crystal-clear well, whose unruffled surface is broken only by the few, Rabelais is like a turbid, tumultuous torrent, clanking over half-covered rocks, and reverberating in the ears of all men." Whatever was musty in Church, Law, and Learning was blown aside by a hot blast of human breath. Useless learning was made to look cheap by a prodigious display of lore in burlesque application to trifles. Of travesty, too, Rabelais was a master. The conversation between Pantagruel and the Limousin scholar who talked the mad Latinities of Ronsard may be cited:

"My friend," asked Pantagruel, "whence comest thou?"

The Scholar answered him: "From the alme, inclyte, and celebrate Academie, which is vocititated Lutetia."

"What is the meaning of this?" said Pantagruel to one of his men.

"It is," answered he, "from Paris."

"Thou comest from Paris then," said Pantagruel; "and how do you spend your time there, you my Masters, the Students of Paris?"

The Scholar answered: "We transfretate the Sequam at the dilueal and crepuscal; we deambulate by the compites and quadrides by the Urb: we desprimate the Latial verbocination; and, like verisimilare amorabons, we captat the benevolence of the omnijugal, omniform, and omnigenal feminine sexe. . . . We cauponisate in the meritory tabernacs of the Pineapple, the Castle, the Magdaleene, and the Mule, goodly vervecine spatules perforaminated with petrocile. . . ."

"What devilish language is this?—by the Lord, I think thou art some kind of Heretick."

The Monks have no peace for two pages together in Rabelais' book. He tells us in the very accents of the common people why monks are hated:

"If you conceive how an Ape in a family is always mocked, and provokingly incensed, you shall easily apprehend how Monks are shunned of all men, both young and old. The Ape keeps not the house as a dog doth: He

drawes not in the plow as the oxe: He yields neither milk nor wooll as the sheep: He carrieth no burden as a horse doth . . ."

"Yes, but," said Grangousier, "they pray to God for us."

"Nothing less," answered Gargantua. "True it is that with a tingle tangle jangling of bells they trouble and disquiet all their neighbours about them."

"Right," said Fryar Jhon. "a masse, a matine, a vespre well rung are half said. They mumble out great store of Legends and Psalmes, by them not at all understood: they say many patenotres, interlarded with ave-maries, without thinking upon, or apprehending the meaning of what it is they say, which truly I call mocking of God and not prayers. But so help them God, as they pray for us, and not for being afraid to lose their victuals."

In those last words we have Rabelais' true attitude. He was no heretic, and said so. "The least of their detractions," he says of his traducers, "were that my books were all stuffed with various Heresies, of which nevertheless they could not show one single instance; much indeed of comical and facetious fooleries, neither offending God nor King: but of heresy not a word, unless they interpreted wrong and against all use of reason, what I had rather suffer a thousand deaths than have thought." Just as firmly he qualified his attacks on Learning in Gargantua's noble letter to Pantagruel. "And because, as the wise man Solomon saith, Wisdome entereth not into a malicious minde; and that knowledge without couseience is but the ruine of the soul, it behooveth thee to serve, to love, to feare God, and on him to cast all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and by faith formed in charity to cleave unto him, so that thou mayest never be separated from him by thy sins."

In the same letter, and very near to the foregoing passage, Gargantua advises his son to study Nature exactly and know "the fishes, all the fowles of the aire, all the several kindes of shrubs and trees . . . all the various metals . . . together with all the diversity of precious stones that are to be seen in the Orient," &c., &c. This exuberance of clean and beautiful knowledge is one of the glories of Rabelais. He knows all games, all country matters, all feats of arms and horsemanship, all lures and devices of the chase, all strange medicines and charms, all the lore of farms and vintages and ships and courts of justice. With what a gusto Pantagruel recalls the teaching of Gargantua on the futility of solitude and fastings:

He gave us also the Example of the Philosopher, who, when he thought most seriously to have withdrawn himself unto a solitary Privacy, far from the rustling clutters of the tumultuous and confused World, the better to improve his Theory, to contrive, comment and ratiocinate, was, notwithstanding his uttermost endeavours to free himself from all untoward Noises, surrounded and environ'd about so with the barking of Currs, bawling of Mastiffs, bleating of Sheep, prating of Parrots, tattling of Jackdaws, grunting of Swine, girning of Boars, yelping of Foxes, mewing of Cats, cheeping of Mice, squeaking of Weasils, croaking of Frogs, crowing of Cocks, kekling of Hens, calling of Partridges, chanting of Swans, chattering of Jays, peeping of Chickens, singing of Larks, creaking of Geese, chirping of Swallows, clucking of Moorfowls, cucking of Cuckows, bumbling of Bees, rammage of Hawks, chimring of Linets, croaking of Ravens, screeching of Owls, wicking of pigs, gushing of Hogs, screeching of Pigeons, grumbling of Cushet-doves, howling of Panthers, curkling of Quails, chirping of Sparrows, crackling of Crows, nuzzing of Camels, wheening of Whelps, buzzing of Dromedaries, mumbling of Rabets, cricking of Ferrets, humming of Wasps, mioling of Tygers, buzzing of Bears, sussing of Kitnings, claming of Scarfes, whimpring of Fullmarts, boing of Buffalos, warbling of Nightingales, quavering of Meavises, drintling of Turkeys, coniating of Storks, frauntling of Peacocks, clattering of Magpies, murmuring of Stock-doves, crouting of Cormorants, cingling of Locusts, charming of Beagles, guarring of Puppies, snarling of Messens, rantling of Rats, guerieting of Apes,

snuttering of Monxies, pioling of Pelicans, quecking of Ducks, yelling of Wolves, roaring of Lions, neighing of Horses, crying of Elephants, hissing of Serpents, and wailing of Turtles; that he was much more troubled, than if he had been in the middle of the Crowd at the Fair of Fontenoy or Niort.

And if Rabelais' catalogues of earthly things are the most wonderful in literature, shall we forget the vigour of his descriptions and their rude music? Where shall we find the noise and face-to-face fury of old-time battles described as in these words of Panurge:

When thou seeest the impetuous Shock of two Armies and vehement Violence of the Push in their horrid Encounter with one another; dost thou think that so horrible a noise as is heard there proceedeth from the Voice and Shouts of Men? The dashing and joulting of Harnish? The clattering and clashing of Armies? The hacking and slashing of Battle Axes? The justling and crashing of Pikes? The hustling and breaking of Lances? The clamour and Skrieks of the Wounded? The sound and din of Drums? The Clangour and Shrilness of Trumpets? The neighing and rushing in of Horses? With the fearful Claps and thundering of all sorts of Guns, from the Double Canon to the Pocket Pistol inclusively? I cannot, goodly, deny but that in these various things which I have rehearsed, there may be somewhat occasional of the huge Yell and Tintamarre of the two engaged Bodies.

But the most fearful and tumultuous Coil and Stir, the terriblest and most boisterous Garboil and Hurry, the chiefest rustling Black Sanctus of all, the most principal Hurly Burly, springeth from the grievously plangorous howling and lowing of Devils, who Pell-Mell, in a hand-over-head Confusion, waiting for the poor Souls of the maimed and hurt Soldiery, receive unawares some Stroaks with Swords, and so by those means suffering a Solution of, and Division in the continuity of their Aerial and Invisible Substances: As if some Lackey, snatching at the Lardslices, stuck in a piece of Roast meat on a Spit, should get from Mr. Greazyfist a good rap on the Knuckles with a Cudgel, they cry out and shout like Devils.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the miracle of Urquhart's translation and the lesser miracle of the translation of the fourth and fifth books by Peter le Motteux. It does remain for us, however, to acknowledge the beauty of the presentation which their superb versions receive at the hands of Mr. Nutt. In amplitude of page and nobility of type these volumes are a worthy setting of the humour, good sense, and essential human worth of Dr. Francis Rabelais.

An Homeric History.

A History of Norway. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

"Has Norway a history?" The question was put in half-earnest by an intelligent Englishman. Tell it not to Grieg, publish it not to Ibsen, let the ear of Björnson be deaf to it! Yet what one has asked, many, it may be feared, would echo: therefore "The Story of the Nations" series is justified of this latest among its children, which is, in effect, a new edition of the Norse-American, Boyesen's, history of his ancestral land. Prof. Boyesen being dead, Mr. C. F. Keary has added a chapter on "The Recent History of Norway," bringing the work down to date. Prof. Boyesen explains that his contract bound him to neglect (comparatively) constitutional and social for active Norwegian history; so that this is mainly a history of the old kind, a chronicle of deeds—a feature which emphasises the native "blugginess" of Norwegian annals. He has followed closely the Norse *sagas*, without attempting a close criticism of their reliability in detail which would be futile. The reader can judge their embellishments for himself; and the hand of the *scald* is obvious enough in such matters, without constant and intrusive emphasis of

the fact. Prof. Boyesen has had chiefly, therefore, to tell a story; and he has told it well, with much narrative skill, compressing without the dry-as-dust air which usually attends compression in hands less skilled. The story is an engrossing one. It is more like reading Homer than reading history—a barbaric Homer, *bien entendu*.

Norwegian history leaps fully armed upon the scene. About three generations bring us from the chiefs of a tribe to Harold Fair-Hair, who conquered all Norway sword in hand, introduced the feudal system which did not last, and the custom of parcelling the land between all the children—legitimate and illegitimate—of a king, which unhappily did last, to the confusion of Norway and the introduction of an Eastern taste for fraternal slaughter among her rulers. Thenceforth the history of Norway presents a certain strong analogy to the history of Scotland. Denmark is her England, with whom she is at intermittent feud, who supports the continuous breed of pretenders that make the Norwegian throne a most uneasy seat, and to whom finally she is annexed, after the fashion of Scotland to England, by a dynastic union leading gradually to the predominance of her hereditary foe. Only in modern times has Norway gained a manner of independence—by her union on home-rule terms with Sweden.

The early history of Norway is a wonderful phantasmagoria of chiefs with fine double-barrelled Homeric surnames, golden helmets, cleaving axes, flashing brands, battles on stormy sea and frozen land, craft, ferocity, and untamable valour. But let this fascinating story tell itself in an episode or two. Here is one which shows that there was scant distinction between our Teuton ancestors and the Red Indians. The Jomsvikings of Jomsborg had sworn at a banquet to depose Earl Haakon, the *de facto* King of Norway (instigated thereto by the King of Denmark). They were taken prisoners after a terrible sea fight, in which one of them, Haavard the Hewer, emulated Widdrington at Chevy Chase; for after his feet were stricken off he fought upon his knees. They were seated upon a long log, their feet bound with ropes, and their champion, Vagn Aakesson, placed at one extremity of the log. Now Vagn at the banquet aforesaid had sworn to slay the Norwegian, Thorkell Leira. Therefore Earl Haakon's son, Erik, offered Thorkell the privilege of executing Vagn and his fellows. Thorkell joyously seized his axe, and that he might prolong Vagn's agony, kept him to the last, beginning at the other end of the log. He rushed along the row of prisoners, smiting off head after head. But Vagn sat chatting merrily with his men; they jested and laughed:

"We have often disputed," said one, "as to whether a man knows of anything when his head is off. That we can now test, for if I am conscious, after having lost my head, I will stick my knife into the earth." When his turn came, all sat watching with interest. But his knife fell from his nerveless grasp, and there was no trace of consciousness. One of the vikings on the log seemed particularly in excellent spirits. He laughed and sang as he saw the bloody heads of his comrades rolling about his feet. Earl Erik approached and asked him if he would like to live. "That depends," answered the viking, "upon who it is who offers me life." "He offers who has the power to do it," said the Earl—"Earl Erik himself." "Then I gladly accept," the viking replied. The next in order, as Thorkell walked up to him, made an equivocal pun, which, however, pleased Earl Erik so well that he set him free. Eighteen had now been beheaded, and two pardoned. The twenty-first was a very young man with long, beautiful hair, and a handsome countenance. As Thorkell paused before him he twisted his hair into a coil, and begged him not to soil it with his blood. Thorkell told one of the bystanders to take hold of the coil while he struck off his head. The man consented; but just as the axe was descending the viking pulled his hand violently back, and the obliging assistant had both his hands cut off. "Some of the Jomsvikings are alive yet," he cried, as he raised his head laughing. Earl Erik

asked him his name. "I am said to be a son of Bue," he answered. "Very likely is that," said the Earl; "do you wish to live?" "What other choice have I?" asked the young viking. When Thorkell saw that Earl Erik was in a forgiving mood, he grew very wroth. Fearing to be thwarted in his vengeance, he sprang past the rest, and rushed with his axe upon his enemy, Vagn. One of the men on the log, seeing his chief's danger, flung himself forward so that Thorkell stumbled over his body, and dropped his axe. Instantly Vagn was on his feet, seized the axe, and dealt Thorkell such a blow that the axe went through his neck, and the blade was buried in the earth. Thus Vagn was the only one of the Jomsvikings who accomplished what he had vowed. Earl Erik, full of admiration, had his bonds removed, and gave him his liberty. The other prisoners were also freed at the earl's command.

This shows the savage element in Norwegian history. As an example of the heroic element, take the last battle of Olaf Trygvesson, which Longfellow has celebrated in his "Saga of King Olaf." A most romantic figure, Olaf had fought in Russia; had married the sister of the King of the Wends and been widowed of her by the time he was twenty-one; had been in Constantinople, and married the sister of the Irish King by the time he was twenty-five; and, finally, become King of Norway. After a brilliant reign, in which he reduced the greater part of Norway to Christianity by fair force of arms, his queen, Thyra, incited him to rescue certain estates due to her from the Wends and from Denmark. With a large fleet he sailed to Wendland, and amicably recovered Thyra's estates there. Meanwhile, a formidable combination was formed against him. In Denmark was Earl Erik (mentioned in our former story), who claimed the Norwegian throne, with a band of Norwegian exiles. By the persuasion of Queen Sigrid of Sweden, whom Olaf had insulted, the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, and the Norwegian exiles leagued against him. The united fleets lay in wait for him in a narrow strait behind the little island of Svolder, and a traitor was found to lure King Olaf into the trap. His fleet was suffered to pass by; and when Olaf himself with but eleven ships came up, the three fleets sallied out upon him, covering the sea with their ships. Olaf's men urged him to decline battle, but he refused. He bound his eleven ships together, met the Danish fleet, and beat it back. On the deck of his ship, the *Long Serpent*, he stood with gilded shield and helmet, over his armour a scarlet tunic of silk, and discharged spears and arrows at the enemy. The Swedish fleet advanced, and enabled the Danish fleet to re-form for renewed battle. A fresh and furious fight began; but again the brave eleven sent Swede and Dane backward in disorder. Then Earl Erik, with rebel Norway, bore down on the right wing, giving Sweden and Denmark space to rally. Surrounded by three fleets, the gallant Olaf was at last overwhelmed. One by one his ships were taken, and Earl Erik rammed the *Long Serpent* amidships. The brave ship stood fast. Einar Thambarskelver, the best archer in Norway, a lad of eighteen, bent the bow "that none but he could wield," and whizzed an arrow over Earl Erik's head. The next sped between the earl's arm and body. Erik bade his own archer return the shot. Just as young Einar was aiming a third time, the shaft caught him, took his bow in the middle, and it burst with a loud crash:

"What was it that broke?" asked Olaf "Norway from thy hands, my king," cried Einar. "So great was not the breach, I hope," the king made answer; "take my bow and shoot with that." He flung his own bow to the archer, who seized it, bent it double, and flung it back. "Too weak is the king's bow," he said. King Olaf flung forth his spears, two at a time, from his station on the poop, and many men were transfixed. He watched the combat on the forward deck, and it seemed to him that his men made no headway. "Do you wield your swords with so little strength," he said, "since they bite so

poorly?" "No," answered a warrior, "but our swords are dull and broken." The king hastened to the forward deck, where there was a large chest of arms. He opened it and took out handfuls of bright, sharp swords, which he flung to his men. As he stooped down, the blood trickled down over his hands from under his armour. The arrows hailed thick and fast about him, and it was obvious he could not hold out much longer. One of his trusted men, Kolbjörn Stallare, sprang upon the poop by his side. His resemblance to the king had often been remarked; he was of the same height, and similarly dressed. The storm of missiles was now directed against both, and as they raised their shields they were thickly fringed with arrows. The king let his shield drop, and looked over the ship. There were but eight men alive, besides himself and Kolbjörn. He raised the shield above head and leaped overboard. Kolbjörn followed his example, but was picked up by the earl's men, who mistook him for the king.

So, with the blood of his last battle on him, Olaf sank under the cleansing waves. Another grimly dramatic scene is the death of his predecessor, Earl Haakon (who figured in our first extract). Flying with a thrall from his revolted subjects, who had rallied to King Olaf Tryggvesson (the hero of the sea-fight just described), the two took refuge in a ditch, underneath the pigstye of Haakon's mistress, Thora of Rimul. King's mistresses who kept pigstyes! Olaf, mounting a stone by the pigstye, proclaimed a large reward for whosoever should slay Haakon. Haakon saw that the thrall, Kark, was eagerly listening:

"Why art thou now so pale," asked the earl, "and now again as black as earth? Is it not because thou wilt betray me?" "No," replied Kark. "We were both born in the same night," said the earl, after a pause, "and our deaths will not be far apart." They sat for a long time in shuddering silence, each distrusting the other. At last Kark slept; but he tossed and mumbled excitedly in his sleep. The earl awaked him, and asked what he had been dreaming. "I dreamed," answered Kark, "that we were both on board the same ship, and that I stood at the helm." "That must mean that thou rulest over thine own life as well as mine. Be therefore faithful to me, Kark, and I will reward thee." Once more the thrall slept, and laboured as in nightmare. Haakon wakened him again, and asked him to relate his dream. "I thought I was at Hlade," said Kark, "and Olaf Tryggvesson put a golden ring round my neck." "The meaning of that," cried Haakon, "is that Olaf Tryggvesson will put a red ring round thy neck, if thou goest to seek him. Therefore beware of him, Kark, and be faithful to me." The night dragged slowly along, and each sat staring at the other with rigid, sleepy eyes, which yet they dared not close. Towards morning, however, the earl fell backward, and sleep overpowered him. But the terrors of his vigil pursued him sleeping. His soul seemed to be tossed on a sea of anguish. He screamed in wild distress, rolled about, rose upon his knees and elbows, and his face was terrible to behold. Then Kark sprang up, seized his knife, and thrust it into his master's throat. Olaf verified the murdered man's prophecy. He put not a ring of gold, but a ring of blood about the traitor's neck.

Imagination has obviously been used on this. But it, and our other quotations, show what a splendid feast of incident is to be found in this most romantic of histories.

Plato as Educationist.

The Education of the Young in the Republic of Plato. Translated by Bernard Bosanquet. (Cambridge Press.)

A CAREFUL estimate of Plato's contribution to the theory of education leaves little room for complacency at the progress made in twenty-three centuries; and this albeit Plato's ideal was in many points reactionary, static, and exclusive: indeed, if we take out the dramatic setting, the humour, the irony from the dialogue, and think only

of its matter, much that is mechanical in modern teaching can look back to the Republic as its prototype and warrant. It belongs to the curiosities of literature that ideal commonwealths catch very little of the colour, mobility, and dynamic of life and passion; they are monotints, impressions of life focussed to a single idea. In "Utopia," "New Atlantis," and "News from Nowhere" life is caught half-tranced. Everything moves in these ideal worlds as a phantom; everything there "Softer falls than petals from blown roses"; in these dreamlands of recessional quietness content is begotten; innovating forces are unknown; fatigue, bereavement, war, factions never disturb the halcyon calm of their dream-children. "So they will feast they and their children, drinking of their wine, garlanded and singing praises of the gods, living pleasantly together, not begetting children beyond their means, dreading poverty or war." In such lands how soon should we find intolerable "the pure severity of its perfect light"; how soon should we lose all power of volition and initiation!

What makes Plato by far the greatest writer of this kind of literature is that his Republic mirrors much of the "real" Greece of his own time. He does not shirk the difficulty of inter-communal life by eliminating all the communes but one, and giving to it, for a perpetual possession, a fertile land abounding in delicious fruits. He sees very plainly that territorial expansion, fluctuations in population, and incessant internal strifes would speedily wreck his Republic, unless it is fortified against its enemies by a vigorous military class, and against the brutalising tendency of militarism—so well seen in Sparta—by the study and practice of plastic art, literature, and music. "The mere athlete," says Plato, "becomes a hater of thinking . . . and gives up making use of persuasion by means of reasoning, but carries through everything by violence and savageness like a brute, and lives in a state of unintelligence and plundering, full of inharmoniousness and ungraciousness." Accordingly, when Plato has to plan an "ideal" scheme of education for the young, he can find none better "than that which the ages have discovered . . . gymnastic for the body and music for the mind." In explaining how these subjects are to be taught he occasionally slips the noose of reality, and sets out on the high *à priori* road. One such escapade is his insisting that all who have the care of the young should be compelled to eliminate from the nursery tales from Homer and the tragic poets references to gods and heroes as being at all like to erring and tempted mortals. This was in the interest of religion: the gods and heroes being perfect, the poets were simply corrupting the minds of youth by such suggestions. It is strange that Plato, the idealist *par excellence*, should have had so little faith in a child's natural healthiness to reject what was unwholesome in his reading. The prudery which would excise "And unquenchable laughter arose among the blessed gods when they saw Hephestus bustling through the banquet hall," or "O heavy with wine, dog-faced, with the heart of a deer," and other innocuous lines, can only be paralleled by our modern irreligion which suffers the schoolboy to find myth in the Greek scriptures, but none in the Judaic or Christian. Anyway, such a rule could not but tend to debase the religious sense, which Plato meant it to foster; for there is little doubt that the myth-making faculty which the separateness of the city-states had kept active had saved the Greeks from the *rigor mortis* in spiritual things which often accompanies the ritual of a single cult. What is still more surprising, however, is that neither Plato nor, later, Aristotle could even conceive the possibility of a State existing except on slavery. Slaves, aliens, and poorer free citizens (whose absorption into the permanently depressed class was continually going on) had no honourable function assigned to them, either in the "Republic" or the "Politics." Contempt for the slave passes into contempt for manual

labour; and the politician, Plato believed, would be the better servant of the State the completer his alienation from the disenfranchised class. "Well, then," I asked, "are they to imitate men working at the forge or at other artisan's work, or rowing galleys, or giving time to the rowers or anything else of the kind?" "Why, how can they," he replied, "when they will not be allowed even to let their attention dwell on any of these things?" Plato's repeated assertion that men are born diversely endowed goes ill with his assumption that no artisan's son would ever be able to assimilate all that Greek life and learning had to offer, and so become by right of his own gifts a member of the controlling classes. With Plato, as with us until quite recently, education was the appanage of the well-born.

But where Plato shoots ahead of modern systems is in his recognition of the importance of surrounding the child with beautiful things, so that he will come to "approve all that is beautiful, and, enjoying it and absorbing it into his soul, will grow up in the strength of it, and become a good and noble man." For the following passage, taken in connection with another not here quoted, the editor claims that it is "the high-water mark of Plato's theory of fine art," and quotes Nettleship's saying that it contains the pith of what is to be said on the subject. We think this praise much too high, although had Plato reached the same height on the "intellectual" side of education his ideal would have been stupendous indeed:

Are we, then, to regulate the poets only, compelling them to create in their poems the image of the noble character, on pain of not making poetry among us, or shall we also regulate the other craftsmen and put a stop to their embodying the character which is ill-disposed and intemperate and illiberal and improper, either in their pictures or in their buildings or in any other productions of craftsmanship, on pain of being debarred from working among us if they cannot obey; that our guardians may not from being nurtured among images of badness, as though in a poisonous pasture, gathering in the course of every day, little by little, many things to feed upon from many surroundings, collect before they know it a single huge evil within their soul? Shall we not rather seek out those craftsmen who are able, by a happy gift, to follow in its footsteps the nature of the graceful and beautiful; that as if living in a healthy region the young men may be the better for it all, from whichever of the beautiful works a something may strike upon their seeing or their hearing, like a breeze bearing health from wholesome places; bringing them unconsciously from early childhood both to likeness and to friendship or harmony with the law of beauty?

Mr. Bosanquet's notes are exegetical rather than critical; read with the summaries and the introduction, the student will find it difficult to miss Plato's meaning. As far as possible the text is explained by the text, and always is the editor careful to point out how the connotation of important words like "music" increases as the argument progresses. If there is a fault in the way in which the commentary has been written, it is the studied carefulness with which the editor avoids using the original word even when the gain in so doing is obvious. It does not follow because a student is ignorant of Greek that his ignorance is total, extending even to Greek roots and the forms of the letters.

Dr. Hastings's Biblical Dictionary.

A Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. Vol. III.: Kir-Pleiades. (T. & T. Clark.)

THE present volume of this Dictionary, though, perhaps, not so interesting as its predecessors, well maintains the note of excellence struck in the first; and we are glad to see that the editor has again managed to avail himself almost exclusively of English and American talent, the long list

of contributors containing only four foreign names. A good plate of coins and the customary map of St. Paul's travels—which seem to have a most unaccountable attraction for Biblical students—make up the sum of the full-page illustrations. The woodcuts in the text, though still very sparsely scattered, are probably sufficient. In this, as in all such publications, it is very difficult to discover the principle that governs their insertion. A woodcut of a phylactery might be well bestowed, as enabling the reader to know one when he saw it; but who is likely to be any the better for the common Roman forms given as illustrations to the article on Lamps?

To take first the perennially interesting subject of magic, Mr. Owen Whitehouse (Cheshunt College) comes pretty near the truth when he defines magic as "the special and abnormal agency, whether through words or acts, whereby certain superhuman personal powers are constrained either to create evil (or good) or to avert baleful effects." As has been often enough said in these columns, magic is the attempt to compel the obedience to man of spiritual powers, and we still prefer this definition to the somewhat obscure and pedantic sentence given above. This apart, Mr. Whitehouse's article may be pronounced adequate, and his account of magic in Egypt and Babylonia is just what is required to make a student of the Bible understand the manner in which the subject is there referred to. In the Egyptian part of it, the magic Papyrus of Chubas and the Westcar Papyrus might have been quoted, as well as the Papyrus Ebers; but as we are referred to Prof. Wiedemann's *Religion der alten Ägypter* for further information, it may well be that Mr. Whitehouse has not studied the difficult subject of Egyptian magic at first hand. On Babylonian magic he is much more detailed; but we should like his authority for the statement that the name of the god Ea was "awful, ineffable, and disguised in ciphers." The ineffability of the name of Ea did not go very far, for that name appears on most tablets of spells quite as freely as that of Merodach, who is there generally represented as his interlocutor; nor was Ea more frequently referred to by his "number" than other Babylonian gods. In that, as in other matters, it is difficult for one who has not made of the subject a special study to get away from the influence on his ideas of the mediæval Cabala. We wish, too, that in the answer to his final question—Will magic ever die?—Mr. Whitehouse had laid more stress on the fact that as the laws of nature become more and more known, the area in which the belief in magic can operate becomes correspondingly restricted. But, on the whole, the article is meritorious.

The article "Maranatha," again, is a model of what such a one should be. As the word can be construed in Syriac "The Lord is at hand," it is difficult at first sight to see how it can have been tacked on by St. Paul to the other word "Anathema," so as to form a sort of curse. Such is the kind of problem in which a Biblical dictionary is useful, and Mr. Thayer (Harvard) here solves it satisfactorily. After going through all the different readings proposed, and showing what is to be said for or against them, he leans to that which would interpret it as an ejaculation—"Our Lord come!" and suggests that it is perhaps "a fragment of some confession, creed, or hymn." Both as likely in itself, and as avoiding the alternative conclusion that the writers of the New Testament in the passage referred to were using words the meaning whereof they were ignorant, this is a happy rendering.

The doctrinal matters which are apt to become pitfalls for unwary writers are still treated with much impartiality. The very difficult article on "The Lord's Supper" is entrusted to Mr. Plummer (Durham). He assumes that the account of its institution given by St. Paul was "written earlier" than those of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and treats the description in 1 Cor. xi. 23—which gives, by the way, the consecrating words as "This cup is the

New Testament *in my blood*—as the “primary” one. The result of this is, as he says, that “the divine injunction to the Church to continue the Eucharistic celebration in memory of its Founder rests solely on the testimony of St. Paul”—a conclusion which might not meet with approval in certain quarters. For the rest, he points out that the words of St. Paul should really be read “The bread which we break is fellowship with [*κοινωνία*] the body of Christ,” but that those who insist on the “is” meaning actual identity must find great difficulty when they apply the same interpretation to the cup. We do not pretend to say whether he is right or not, but it certainly seems to us a moderate and healing exposition of doctrine. The same praise may be bestowed on Mr. Adams Brown’s (New York) careful article on the “Parousia,” or Second Advent, in which he suggests that the references to it in the New Testament refer to it as “a dispensation rather than as a single event, beginning with the spiritual advent of the risen Jesus, and continuing on through all the intermediate experiences of the Church until that ‘Last Day’ when the work of salvation shall be fully accomplished.”

The trail of the Higher Criticism is, of course, still over the Dictionary, though not so much so as with some of its rivals. Mr. Chase (Cambridge) begins his article on “Mark (John)” by assuming “the identity of the John Mark of the Acts with the Mark of the Pauline Epistles and the Evangelist”—a theory which, when first started by Renan, aroused the scorn of the orthodox; but he does not think there is any reason for supposing that St. Peter, whose interpreter Mark was said to be, could not speak Greek, and he evidently thinks the silence of Clement and Origen disposes of the legend that Mark introduced Christianity into Egypt. We are also glad to see that Mr. Cowan (Aberdeen), in his article on “Nero,” leans to the theory that the “Number of the Beast” really indicates that Emperor; while Dr. Stanton (Cambridge), in an excellent article on the “New Testament Canon,” accepts the theory that the John whom Papias knew was the Elder, and not the beloved disciple. A long article by Dr. Bernard (Dublin) on “Miracle” may be commended as a gallant attempt to defend a position which seems to grow weaker every day.

Other New Books.

A TUTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH
LITERATURE.

By A. J. WYATT.

This little book is exactly what it professes to be—and more could not be said for it—a tutorial history of English literature. It is just what is wanted for a school handbook. Its scheme is clear, proportional, and scientific; it avoids jejune fulness by touching chiefly on the prominent writers, while at the same time it gives a good view of the growth no less than the sequence of English literature. Mr. Wyatt follows in his criticism accredited authorities, and judiciously quotes them where it would be difficult to supply language more able and perspicuous. His book supplies the most modern information and, for the most part, modern views.

Yet the author does not escape all the defects incident to academic compilations—such as the perilous safety of subservience to traditional judgment. Less than justice is done to Donne and the “metaphysical school,” for this is traditional; more than justice to Cowper, for example, for this, also, is traditional. On at least one point (not noticed by Mr. Wyatt) it has become seasonable the Cowper tradition should be impugned. It is assumed that his best verse errs by an inflexible simplicity, which ignores the impossibility of certain themes for poetry. In truth, it slips by the very opposite. His native instinct introduces,

unafraid, an “unpoetical” topic; but, instead of dauntlessly trusting his intellect, he baulks at the last moment, and refuses the fence: he tries to “elevate the theme” (as it was called) by some rag of Papistical finery (“Papistical,” from Pope; see dictionary). The trick, in place of raising the passage, prosaifies it; emphasising, by the glaring contrast of the stilted phrase, the homeliness of the theme. Thus, in the tender poem, “To Mary”:

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

The passage is made prosaic, not by the mention of knitting-needles, but by the “funk” which swerved aside to baptize them with that conventional piece of “elevated diction”—“a shining store.” Again:

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

That final spangle from the Papistical store makes the whole stanza mean by the contrast of its tinsel glitter.

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smile to looks of woe,
My, Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

In this tender and true finish there is just one phrase which rings false; and it is the conventional sample of “poetic diction”—“looks of woe.” Of course, we are not attacking poetic diction, but the artificial substitute for it. It is this which sometimes mars Cowper’s best—not a too resolute simplicity. For that fault we must go to Wordsworth, and “poor Harry Gill,” and poor Harry Gill’s poor teeth, which (like his poet)—

Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

(W. B. Clive.)

NORFOLK.

By WILLIAM A. DUTT.

A writer may be forgiven any enthusiasm for his native county; nay, he should rather be encouraged in that pleasant loyalty, and be allowed to magnify his home earth to the utmost limits of his conscience. All we ask of him is that he should not play the showman too conspicuously, and Mr. Dutt seldom commits the showman’s offence. His book is, indeed, as near a model guide as may be; the itineraries are ample and well arranged, the maps good, and he discourses pleasantly by the way of matters interesting to more than the mere tourist. With this volume in his pocket a man might go through Norfolk dumb and never lose his way.

When Norfolk made up its mind to exploit itself the thing was done, and now, as Mr. Dutt says, “there is no county in England where the comforts and convenience of tourists . . . are more considered and better attended to.” Poppyland has now no secrets, its broads and rivers are somnolent waterways for the amateur wherryman, and Cromer almost spells fashion. If the spirits of Sir Thomas Browne and George Borrow, of “old Crome” and John Sell Cotman, could foregather at the “Maid’s Head” in Norwich, or up on Mousehold Heath, they would have startling views to exchange on this development. We recall that fine passage in *Lavengro* addressed by Borrow to the elder brother who afterwards died abroad:

Better stay at home, brother, at least for a season, and toil and strive ’midst groanings and despondency till thou hast attained excellence even as he has done—the little dark man with the brown coat and the top-boots, whose name will one day be considered the chief ornament of the

old town, and whose works will at no distant period rank among the proudest pictures of England—and England against the world!—thy master, my brother, thy, at present, all too little considered master—Crome.

Crome's day came long ago; Cotman's too.

It is impossible to find excuse for the piece of vandalism which removed Sir Thomas Browne's skull from his place of sepulture in St. Peter Maneroft to a shelf in the Museum of the Norfolk Hospital. Such noble ashes might have been left undisturbed. Yet, perhaps, he himself would have seen in it a pointed comment on his observations of the bone-filled urns dug up "in a field of old Walsingham," which gave us the *Hydriotaphia* and its imperishable prose.

The chapters devoted to the natural history and sport of the county are each by different and competent hands. The only English specimen of the blue thrush was seen in Norfolk; and the great crested grebe, thanks to recent careful preservation, is gradually increasing in numbers. It would be wise, in a county so adapted for varieties of bird-life, to make the preservation regulations even more strict than they are. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

SUTTON-IN-HOLDERNESS.

BY THOMAS BLASHILL.

This book makes a valuable addition to the histories of place. It is a most comprehensive monograph, full of that carefully accumulated and accurate detail which only loving labour and the true instinct for topography can gather together. Mr. Blashill was fortunate in having access to many private sources of information; he has packed his work with the minutiae of his subject, yet his detail never obscures. The history of Sutton is traced from the Conqueror's Survey, completed in 1086, when the lordship of Holderness was in the hands of Drogo de Brevere, to the opening of the Hull and Hornsea Railway in 1864. The chapters devoted to the parish during the period, extending to ten generations, when the De Suttons were Lords of the Manor, give a delightfully human picture of the Middle Ages. One sees the Cistercian Monks of Meaux, with whom the De Suttons were at frequent feud, driving their lean sheep to pasture under the jealous eyes of the Lords of the Manor, always on the watch to find means to oust the holy brethren from their rights of pasturage.

The presentation of the village community in these pages, the relations between lords and overlords, vassals and freemen, are particularly clear and succinct. Mr. Blashill's method, although accurate and scientific, is also human; he sees the colour of character. The notes on the Fishery Feasts—held annually, up to 1766, on Midsummer Eve—should be of exceptional interest to those who look for favour in reconstructing the past. The oldest record of such a feast possessed by the Corporation of Hull is dated June 22, 1695. Among the entries is one for "3 Cool Tankerds," at a cost of eight shillings. One would like to know the capacity of the tankards, and what they contained. (Elliot Stock. 6s.)

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS. BY MAJOR A. GRIFFITHS.

This is one of those perfunctory pieces of book-making which the South African War has produced in such bewildering numbers. All we can say for it is that it contains a certain number of facts and eight illustrations; but as there is no index its value for reference purposes is much reduced. (Fisher Unwin.)

FREDERICK, LORD LEIGHTON.

BY ERNEST RHYS.

A new and cheaper edition, in crown octavo, of the work first published in 1895. The volume contains eighty reproductions, two being in photogravure, from Lord Leighton's pictures, and a chapter has been added on No. 2, Holland Park-road, by Mr. Pepys Cockerell. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

Fiction.

Senator North. By Gertrude Atherton.
(John Lane. 6s.)

THIS book deserves a warm welcome. In the present age, an age in which the novel has practically ousted every other literary form, a responsibility rests on those novelists who have ignored the great social questions in order to produce endless and futile fantasias upon a theme which they call love, but which is nearer sentimentality. "The way of a man with a maid" is interesting—up to a point; but the complex and enormous psychology of a social organism is surely more interesting. If the novel exists so luxuriantly as to make existence impossible for other "forms," then it is the duty of the novel to fulfil the functions of those "forms" which it has crushed out of life. How many novelists recognise this? How many novelists of indubitable talent trouble themselves about those questions which continually disturb the minds of thinking persons? The attitude of our novelists in general may be compared roughly to the attitude of a newspaper which, on the day after a party-splitting event, emerges shamefully from a difficulty by printing a leader about the weather or the latest divorce case. We would not forbid love to our amiable romancers; but love, like art, is only a part of life—and a small part. "What, would you encourage novels with a purpose?" Certainly. But by novels with a purpose we do not mean novels with a fad. The finest of Balzac's work, the finest of Turgenev's—witness *Le Médecin de Campagne* and *On the Eve*—bears but little on love. These men dealt with nations. Yet such is the condition of modern taste that if an author issued a book like *Le Médecin de Campagne* to-day he would probably be accused of having omitted from his book the human interest and the plot!

Mrs. Atherton has essayed to produce a picture of political life in the United States, so far as it touches the Senate; and she has succeeded admirably. All her books have had sincerity and force; but, until this one, none of them has had a consistent dignity. *Senator North* is a grave and dignified work. It discloses knowledge, thought, and imagination. It has shape and homogeneity. Mrs. Atherton is a publicist. She is afraid of nothing, least of all of the big things. At the period of which she treats there were four questions prominent in America: the Cuban question, free silver, political corruption, and the negro problem. She deals with them imperturbably. She has woven them into the very stuff of her novel. We say that this is fine.

The book is not without its share of the indispensable "tender passion." And a terrible "human interest" centres in the figure of Harriet Walker, offspring of a Southern white and an octoroon, that tragic creature who looked like a white literally "to her finger-nails," and who yet was destined to the most frightful form of ostracism:

"My dear," he said, "that poor creature was doomed the moment she entered the world. No amount of sympathy, no amount of help that you or I could give her would alter her fate one jot. For all the women of that accursed cross of black and white there is absolutely no hope—so long as they live in this country, at all events. They almost invariably have intelligence. If they marry negroes they are humiliated. If they pin their faith to the white man, they become outcasts among the respectable Blacks by their own act, as the act of others has made them outcasts among the Whites. Their one compensation is the inordinate conceit which most of them possess. Do not think I am heartless. I have thought long and deeply on the subject. But no legislation can reach them, and the American character will have to be born again before there is any change in the social law. It is one of those terrible facts of life that rise isolated above the so-called problems. . . ."

Senator North fails only at the conclusion; and this is a

pity, since it might have failed anywhere else with less consequence. The end is ineffective; it lacks the imaginative force of the rest of the book. Moreover, the introduction of Hamilton's ghost is one of those hopelessly absurd *faux pas* which Mrs. Atherton seems destined to make in every book. Nevertheless, *Senator North* is a distinguished and large work.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

CUNNING MURRELL.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

Not London this time, but Essex—Essex before “the speculative builder had dreamed of Leigh, and when Hadleigh was still the Hadleigh of another century.” The lighting up of Essex in the last half century would be a strange chapter in modern life; and Mr. Morrison's book is a surprising picture of the county in 1854. Ten years after that date, Mr. Morrison tells us, a man was swum for a witch in Essex, and died of it. Not the least surprise of the book is Cunning Murrell himself, an Essex fakir. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE ISLE OF UNREST.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

A new novel by the author of *The Sowers* will be an event to many. The “isle of unrest” is Corsica, and a dead man lying on his face in the “Place” of Olmeta-di-Tuda is the first Corsican sight that salutes us—Corsican “dirty work.” “Someone, it was understood, had gone to tell the gendarmes down at St. Florent. There was no need to send and tell his wife—half a dozen women were racing through the olive groves to get the first taste of that.” The book is full of clearest cut incident, and the Franco-German War has an important bearing on the story. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

JEZEBEL.

BY RICHARD PRYCE.

Mr. Pryce's forte is minute description, and we think that no reader will be indifferent to the opening scene—a baptism—of this story. All the rustics were assembled to see Lord and Lady Dormorol's child christened. At the font: “It became manifest to all who were near enough to see and to hear what was passing that Lady Dormorol, with the pale face and the trembling feather, had been told by her autocratic husband that at the proper time he would intimate to her the name or the names he had chosen, and it was thus by pre-arrangement that he now held out to her the slip of paper . . . ‘No, Edward, no,’ she whispered . . . Something like horror and more than dismay seized the clergyman . . . ‘*Jezebel*, I baptize thee in the name . . .’ ‘Amen,’ said Lord Dormorol.” This is the story of Jezebel. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

MOTHER-SISTER.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

The mean streets forsaken, temporarily perhaps, by Mr. Morrison are the scene of Mr. Pugh's new story. “The Hole” is a slum in the north-west of London, and we are at once in the midst of squalors, amours, whisky, and street-fights. Mother-Sister is “Maddie”—or Madeline Annabel—the second child of the fearsome Dan Marmory, of The Hole. “She sat with her younger sister, Githa, in a little front room . . . whilst her father dodged the constables in the alleys round about, and other constables, attended by an idle, curious crowd, carried McCanty away on a stretcher to the hospital.” (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE WORLD'S BLACKMAIL.

BY LUCAS CLEEVE.

This story, by the author of *The Monks of the Holy Tear*, is a rollicking satire on the methods and sufferings of social parvenus. “There is a settled routine which the

nouveau riche must follow, if he falls into the hands of the dwellers of the West-end of London. It begins with taking concert tickets . . .” After going through this routine, which advances by easy stages to Parliament, a racing stud, and a country house with traditions, he may at last be able to go about in an omnibus. With a good deal of wit and exaggeration, the author traces the career of Lucas White, millionaire, for whom she engages the reader's sympathy in his ambitions, his services to impecunious peers, and the thunder-clap which threaten his ruin. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

THE IMAGE BREAKERS.

BY GERTRUDE DIX.

In this story by the author of *The Girl from the Farm* we revel in modernities. Anarchism, socialism, the new woman, the revision of marriage—these are the woof of the story. At the British Museum: “In the temple of this great Bible, in the shrine of the winged bulls, dreaming in the gloom of the northern city of the great Assyrian light, the girl who had come in for shelter stood crushed with the sense of unavailing weakness before their arrogant and stable might.” (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE LOVE THAT LASTS.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

“‘When a man gets to seven-and-twenty wi'oot loving a woman, Alison, he gives the woman, when he does meet her, a love that lasts.’ . . . She sat down on his wretched little horsehair sofa, and let her hand rest on the shoulder of the man who . . . was going to make up to her for all the misery . . . in her luckless mock-marriage.” On this theme Miss Warden's experienced pen embroiders an interesting story. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

A SELF-MADE COUNTESS.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

This is a story of matchmaking and social pushfulness. Its character is indicated in the author's chapter headings or maxims, such as: “The fate of young girls is often more a matter of skill than luck”; “The clever ones always play a waiting game”; “One of the greatest blessings in the world, the social world, is the feeling of being used to it,” and so on. (F. V. White. 6s.)

BROTHERS OF THE CHAIN.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

The Hotel Cecil is taking its place in fiction. Cabs are beginning to “swing out of the Strand into the courtyard of the Cecil” as one of the inevitabilities of financial melodrama. Thus the characters in this story of a criminal brotherhood meet at the Cecil in Chapter VIII. for lunch, and there the villains are unmasked at dinner in Chapter XXX. Seas and sea-fights resound between these meals, and cigars are lighted, and messages in the Pinkerton code flash round the world. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

THE PRINCESS OF
COPPER.

BY ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER.

A vigorous Mormon-elder-Grand-Canon-wood-pile-and-camp-fire-gin-rickie, and mining-engineer yarn, with excursions into New York vice and fashion, with such chapter headings as: “Oh, You Villain!” “The Philosophy of Kisses,” “The Wonderful Eyes of Mr. Markie Simons,” “High Jinks at the Utopia.” (J. V. White & Co. 6s.)

THE SILVER DOVE.

BY A. C. INCHBOLD.

The title is taken from these lines in *The Diary of an Old Soul*:

. . . Making love,
That perfects strength, divine in weakness' fire,
And from the broken pots calls out the silver dove.

The broken pots are the work of a club-haunting husband; the story of his misdeeds and salvation is closely written, and compactly laid in Hampstead and Kensington. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

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One of Us.

A DELIGHTFUL piece of autobiography is the chapter of "Details in My Daily Life," contributed to the new *Monthly Magazine* by Abdul Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan. Indeed, the naïveté of this self-revelation is almost too much for us. If the blue cover of the *Monthly Magazine*, with its head of Pallas Athene, were not so austere, if the traditions of Albemarle-street were not so grave and circumspect, and if anything in the way of personal memoirs could easily surprise us, we should be tempted to suppose that Mr. W. S. Gilbert had been collecting material for a new Bab Ballad, and that his notes had gone gloriously astray. As it is, we must accept these lively self-revelations as the *ipsissima verba* of His Majesty the Amir of Afghanistan, and congratulate Mr. Henry Newbolt on his enterprise.

The Amir assures us that his life is quite a contrast to the lives of other Asiatic monarchs—a statement, which we are bound to say, he makes good. For the Amir has an Occidental hunger for work. So confirmed is his industry that even sickness, which turns the best of us into loafers, does not stay his activity:

When I cannot move from my bed I still keep on working at reading and writing documents and various Government papers . . . Those who have seen me at such times know how hard I work, and they have often heard me say that, if my hands and feet cannot move from my bed, I can still go on moving my tongue to give orders to those about me, and tell them what I wish to be done.

With the Amir work often means hard thinking about the welfare of his country. Often his meals wait on the table for hours until His Majesty has done thinking. Not only does his dinner get cold, but such is the depth of these Socratic reveries that when he emerges from one of them His Majesty will often ask: "Did I eat my dinner to-day, or not?"—which, if he did, is a wonderful witness to the excellence of His Majesty's digestion.

So deeply do my thoughts take possession of me when I am planning various improvements and considering State affairs that I do not see any of the people who are in my presence. Many nights I begin reading, and writing answers to letters, and do not raise my head until I see that the night is past and the morning has come. My doctors and hakims tell me that this never-ceasing activity is the cause of all my illnesses, that I work too hard, and do not take my meals regularly at fixed times. My answer is: "Love and Logic have never agreed together."

In his devotion to his work and to his people the Amir compares himself to a lover whose pains are his luxuries, and his difficulties a spur to fresh exertions. To Oriental repose—nay, to common sleep—the Amir seems to be nearly a stranger. It is true that His Majesty offers us a distinct choice of statements under this head. He goes to bed at five in the morning, and—

The whole time I am in bed my sleep is disturbed in such a way that I awake nearly every hour, and keep on thinking about the improvements and anxieties of my country; then I go to sleep again, and so on. I get up between two and three in the afternoon, and the first thing I do is to see the doctors and hakims, who examine me to see if I require any medicine.

That is a distressing state of things, and it is pleasant to know that it co-exists—the East is the home of paradox—with another of a more cheerful kind:

I do not go to sleep directly I lie down in bed, but the person who is specially appointed as my reader sits down beside my bed and reads to me from some book, as, for instance, histories of different countries and peoples; books on geography, biographies of great kings and reformers, and political works. I listen to this reading until I go to sleep, when a story-teller takes his place, repeating his narratives until I awake in the morning. This is very soothing, as the constant murmur of the story-teller's voice lulls my tired nerves and brain.

On rising, and after breakfast, the Amir begins work. Each of his officers is impatient to put his business before him. He is beset with secretaries, ushers, pages, and detectives. Members of the public also may enter his presence. The humblest water-carrier or fruit-seller is allowed, nay, entreated, to present himself. The etiquette of petitions is simple:

Any person can put his claims before me in the following way: He comes to the door and reports that he wishes to see me, and is invited to come in and tell me himself, or to put his grievance in writing and put it to the Nazir, his assistant, or to one of my Court Secretaries, or even into the Post-office. He must write on the cover: "Not to be opened by any one except the Amir." I open such letters myself, and, if necessary, I also write the answer with my own hand, and forward it to the petitioner by the same means by which it came to me. If he do not succeed in getting his letter put before me from any of these sources, there are my spies and detectives, both public and private, who are severely punished if the case is not reported to me. In fact, it is the belief in Afghanistan that every individual possesses a signature of mine, and in every house there is a detective. This is an exaggeration, I think!

It is not to be supposed that the Amir never takes recreation. On the contrary, he so far unbends as to pay two or three visits a year to his wives and family. In more youthful, less strenuous, years he saw them as often as twice a week, but he now realises that Allah did not create him "to spend my time in personal enjoyments and self-indulgence." Still, his wives venture into his presence on their own initiative ten or twelve times a year for a few hours. His youngest sons and grandsons, too, will peep in on his labours, about twice a week for a few minutes, and, finding him busy, will wrestle with each other while he wrestles with an affair of State.

It must be confessed, too, that the Amir reports well of his houses, his furniture, and his domestic arrangements generally. Persian and Herat carpets, nightingales and other singing birds, pianos, pictures, and flowers enliven the rooms of residences which suggest solid suburban comfort. Each palace is so built that it is equally adapted to summer and winter.

The rooms are so arranged that the spring blossoms may be watched as they break from the trees, and the gorgeous yellow hues of the autumn, and the dazzling falls of the winter snow and the moonlight nights are enjoyed by all the inmates of my palaces who take the trouble to sit at these windows. As a rule, I spend my summer, spring, and autumn outside the town, living for weeks in tents pitched in these positions where all the beautiful blossoms can be seen, glowing sunsets, and the yellow autumn tints.

The list of servants, too—the paish khitmats, the maiwahdur, the chanbadur, the sakab, the numerous ghulam bachaha, the Farashas, and the alma bashi, &c.—helps us to conceive of the Amir as having a most comfortable home. Moreover, there are professional chess-players and musicians to be seen and heard. "The best pianos, guitars, violins, bagpipes, and other musical instruments are always to be found in my palaces." They may be found also in Brixton. The Amir can play the

violin and the rubab. The rubab, we are startled to learn, is "something like a banjo." This instrument is doubtless his Majesty's inspiration when he is worried about "the everlasting forward policy of my neighbours," one of whom, it is well known, moves forward to a banjo accompaniment. How to "run the race with the swiftest" is the Amir's daylong thought, and at night "my dreams are just the same." Sometimes he is tempted, so to speak, to leave his people to their own intrigues, treasons, and stupidities. But that is a passing mood. There are moments when the Amir enjoys his throne. When he goes out, if it be only from one building to another, he is accompanied by every one of his attendants, his Gentleman Usher, Lord of the Seal, Head of the Kitchen (whose duty is to bring petitions before his master), pages, hakims, paish khitnats, &c., &c. "When the whole cavalcade starts it forms a very pretty picture." We are sure it does. But more interesting than this is the Amir's amazing preparedness for battle:

I am always ready as a soldier on the march to a battle, in such a manner that I could start without any delay in case of emergency. The pockets of my coats and trousers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food; this bread is changed every day. Several guns and swords are always lying by the side of my bed or the chair on which I am seated, within reach of my hand, and saddled horses are always kept ready in front of my office, not only for myself, but for all my courtiers and personal attendants, at the door of my durbar-room. I have also ordered that a considerable number of gold coins should be sewn into the saddles of my horses when required for a journey, and on both sides of the saddles are two revolvers. I think it is necessary in such a warlike country that the Sovereign, and especially a Sovereign who is a soldier himself, should always be as prepared for emergencies as a soldier on the field of battle. Though my country is perhaps more peaceful and safe now than many other countries, still one can never be too cautious and too well prepared.

And yet we have kept the crowning reflection for the last. The Amir is one of us: he is a writer. To be explicit, he has written several books, which "have been printed at the Kabul Press," and another which Mr. Murray will issue in a few weeks. Of the last work this chapter is a pleasing foretaste. Long may the Amir ply his pen, delimit his frontiers, and play the festive rubab! But he really must *not* forget to eat his dinner.

Things Seen.

Armed Austria.

THE way was so solitary, the country so wild, the einspanner in which I drove so slow, that I had quite forgotten the customs-house on the Austrian frontier. Then we drew out from the gorge, and there standing in the road was a soldier, with fierce eyes, an air of Mars, and the ends of his moustache curling skywards. A rifle was slung over his shoulder, and from his mouth issued tempestuous words. Meekly I told him that I had nothing to declare. Indeed, my belongings, an anthology of poetry over which I had fallen asleep, some trivial articles of clothing, with a pair of broken boots, were so insignificant that I blushed for the discredit they would cast, if seen, on my well-groomed and well-appointed countrymen. But while the officer made belligerent remarks, and while he rolled his eyes, and while I thought humbly of the trivial tale of my belongings, a thought came into my mind to which, unfortunately, I gave utterance. I remembered that in the last Bavarian village I had bought twenty cigars at a halfpenny apiece—excellent cigars. The temptation assailed me to show that I, too, had my extravagances. I succumbed, and murmured, indicating my portmanteau:

"In there are a few cigars, just a few, for my own consumption. The officer bristled with excitement. "How many?" asked he. "Oh, nineteen, I answered, remembering that I had smoked one. Instantly he volleyed a guttural paragraph, which I understood to mean that I must pay duty on the nine. "But they are for my own consumption," I protested. "Surely ——" "The law permits you only ten," he cried. I flung myself back in my seat. The officer drew nearer to the carriage door. Two other men in the Imperial uniform suddenly appeared from nowhere, and upon their shoulders guns were also slung. They glared at me. I still can see their brick-dust faces and arrogant moustaches. The odds were too formidable. "Oh! take the cigars," said I, "take the nine cigars." Instantly the door was flung open, my bag was culled from the back of the einspanner, and I, surrounded by the might of Austria, entered the customs-house. There we fought the battle over again; there my name, occupation, residence, and date of birth were entered upon a long, closely printed yellow document; there my nine cigars were laid out upon a table, and armed Austria gazed from me to them, from them to me. Then followed a pause, broken by the ticking of the clock. I gazed at the nine cigars for which I had paid a halfpenny apiece, and thought of the long journey before me. I replaced them in my bag. Instantly the Enemy moved towards a bureau, a drawer was opened, a document was extracted, a quill pen was freely used—and I was handed a receipt for two shillings duty on nine cigars which had cost me a halfpenny apiece. I paid the money.

Austria unbent, stood at ease, and whisked me out into the Solitude.

Violins.

THIS Bavarian village had, I knew, its place in history, but I could not recall the distinction it had wrested from the ages. The little winding main street, with a miniature river galloping through it, in which women with brown, wrinkled faces were washing clothes, gave me no clue. But when, to escape the sun, I sauntered through a cool, tiled archway which led into an orchard—then I found the clue. From tree to tree, just below the ripening fruit, in and out, round and through, stretched a tracery of ropes, and from the ropes hung, half a hundred of them—violins, drying their varnish, and storing the sun. And through cottage windows, upon the skirts of the orchard, I saw men with bent shoulders and pale faces, each with a violin grasped between his knees, adjusting the strings, and polishing, always polishing. The violins they grasped were mute, but those in the orchard seemed, and it was not hard to believe, alive. They were never still; they moved to the whim of every breeze, this way, that way, backwards, forwards, and each had its own movement, its own birth-murmur of life. Some of the little ones danced madly, but the 'cellos swung to and fro with ponderous harmonies. Each had its own free impulse, and now and again one would swing near to a companion, and hang there a fraction of a second, as if to whisper some secret.

A murmur, rising and falling, filled the orchard. The music makers trembled in the wind, and thrilled in the rich sunshine. I welcomed them. These were not inanimate things. They were alive, and telling one another of the music they had been born into the world to give to man.

Ober Ammergau.

An Impression.

PUSHING itself skywards, high above the other peaks, is a crag of rock shaped like the broad end of a fir cone. It is visible to all the country side, the landmark of a hundred villages: and upon it, in icy isolation, stands a slim cross. Ober Ammergau lies beneath.

Slowly up the mountain roads, winding zig-zag through the pine forests, hanging over ravines, crawl the carriages. And over the hills come the peasants of this land—where religion goes proudly with everyday life—dusty, footsore, their faces all set towards the same goal. In multitudinous life the village is like an ant-heap. The sun blazes down on the white ways. The dust eddies up. Figures lean from the windows of the little houses, on the fronts of which Biblical scenes are painted. Men and women, drawn from many climes, speaking many tongues, linger in the streets watching and wondering at the strange sight. It is the Tower of Babel again, but that one purpose animates them all—to hear these peasants tell once again the most familiar story in the world. As the sun goes down, and the dust-strewn carriages, in interminable line, still creep and crawl into the little village, and one sees the divers types of men and women leaning from them gazing, always gazing, the wonder grows.

Gradually one begins to distinguish between the people that crowd the little curling streets. Gradually one becomes aware of certain long-haired men—grave, detached, pale—in the crowd and yet not of it; men pursuing their ordinary work of driving omnibuses, tending cattle, carrying wood, selling goods from booths, and their hair falls long upon their shoulders. These are the actors, and they are far less self-conscious than the visitors. They express no surprise at this incursion of the world into their peaceful village. They answer questions with grave courtesy; they speak of the parts they fill in the play as if it were something impersonal, just a recurring duty of their simple lives. Their chief desire seems to be that these strangers should be made comfortable, that they should benefit from this performance of the Passion Play. Vanity has never touched them. The day draws in, the streets become almost impassable, and still those grave, long-haired men move silently among the people, never excited, never worried—peasants with whom religion and life are interchangeable terms. The sun goes down on that strange sight, the slim cross sky high on the crag goes out, in a glow of fire, while here below the work of feeding and finding lodging for 6,000 people goes evenly on. There is no confusion, no fuss. If a momentary trouble arises one of the long-haired peasants is at hand to set it right. Truly the genius of these potters and carvers is many-sided. There is little rest in the village this night. An hour from midnight the carriages are still trundling in, and the shops are still open. I buy some fruit and say to the man who weighs it, "Which part do you play?" "Nicodemus," he answers, pausing a moment to give me his full attention. And yesterday morning St. Peter was cutting the grass at the house where I lodged. All night the rumble of carriages continued, and with the early morning came the tinkle of innumerable bells as the cows sought the hill pastures. It was six o'clock. I looked from my window. The way to the church was dark with early worshippers. Soon the whole village was astir, and as the bells chimed half-past seven it was as if the streets that led down to a certain meadow at the foot of the village—moved. Slowly onwards passed the procession in one thick, sinuous line on, on to the huge building that sprawls over the meadow at the foot of the village.

And high overhead, against the sun-filled morning sky, towers that slim cross.

The six thousand have entered. It is eight o'clock. The doors are closed. No one moves; no one speaks. We

sit close together, staring at the stage, leaning forward in our seats, breathless, a strange assembly gathered together from all climes. The grey morning sky arches over the stage, and beyond rises a green hill, where I can see the cattle grazing. A bird flies across the proscenium. A little breeze springs up. Then a gun fires, and on either side of the Eastern buildings and streets that form the stage there is a movement, and the sudden sight of grave figures, in bright garments, advancing slowly and sedately. A shiver of expectancy! We lean forward. The Passion Play has begun.

Correspondence.

The Teaching of English Literature in Schools.

SIR,—All those interested in the literary education of the rising generation must welcome the article which appeared in the ACADEMY for September 15. Many, like myself, deplore the secondary place English literature takes in modern schools. My own school-days came ten years too early to allow me to benefit by the modern revival in women's education. But I had almost written *escape for benefit!* For I do not hesitate to say that I would not give in exchange for all the knowledge of Latin, Greek, and science, and the skill in carpentry and book-binding, that a girl may now gain in school, what I value most in my own education, that is a true love, and a real knowledge, of English literature and of the English language. I am told now that there is no time for such study, and that it can be well left to later years; but I am tempted to think that it is more important to teach a child to love the inside of a book before adorning its outside. In the old day-schools of Edinburgh, and at the finishing classes of more mature years, we did not learn handicraft or how to play hockey and cricket; but we gave up a great deal of time to study and to books. We were not taught scientifically, and I do not remember much about text-books, but I do remember the enthusiasm of our masters and mistresses, and the delight we found in preparing our lessons for their appreciation.

In those degenerate days children were left to prepare their lessons in their own way, and in their own time, and, I am tempted to think, both brains and character were benefited thereby. Nowadays it seems as if the teachers had to do all the thinking, and feed the children with the spoon-meat they have carefully prepared of easy mental digestion. A difficult passage had then to be worried out—we were put on our honour not to receive help at home—the library had to be hunted through and books borrowed from friends, in order to discover what is now learnt at a glance from the note at the foot of the page. Time is no doubt saved, but how much is lost!—above all, the valuable training in solving difficulties and reasoning out obscure points. And what treasures we found while hunting in dictionaries and old books: what a joy it was to go to school with a rare volume to show the master. What a triumph to be the only one in the class to have found out a hidden meaning! No doubt we often sat up too late and grew sleepy over a favourite study, neglecting the more unpopular lessons such as sums and French verbs; yet I cannot believe that we suffered in mind or body. The long rest from Friday night to Monday morning was sufficient to refresh any child's brain, and school life was more leisurely than now.

As I write I more and more realise another, and an all-powerful, element in our literary education. In Edinburgh literature is now, as it has been in the past, a living thing that enters into the life of all its inhabitants. Walking to and from school we passed through streets haunted with

literary memories, and with, perhaps of even greater value, romantic and historic associations. We met and recognised men whom we revered because they wrote books, although, no doubt, we could not have told what the books were about. We looked with awe upon the window where once the shadow of a hand travelled to and fro, weaving the romances we had already learnt to love. Some of us had even talked with certain grey-haired old gentlemen, "the sportive boys" that Sir Walter writes of:

Close to my side, with what delight
They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,
I call'd his ramparts holy ground!
Kindled their brows to hear me speak:
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot, long endure;
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,
You may not linger by the side;
For fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And passion ply the sail and oar.

We thought it worth a walk out to Roslyn to look at the lawn where two poets met so very long ago; and we delighted in the jingling rhyme that commemorates the occasion:

"Welcome! welcome! Royal Ben!"
"Thank ye! thank ye! Hawthorndeu."

It may be impossible to waken up in every child an enthusiasm for literature, but it is possible, surely, to teach them to be intelligently interested in books; and the book handled in the schoolroom derives a certain amount of fascination if the child has some association with its author. To have seen the house he lived in, the hillside he loved, or the church he prayed in, is enough to rouse an interest in what is else but a dull lesson. My letter grows too long, however, as all I would wish to suggest is that more might be done to interest children by teaching them, in their early and impressionable years, that literature is a great deal more than a study of prosy books.—
I am, &c.,
A MODERN ATHENIAN.

September 17, 1900.

"Fulham, Old and New."

SIR,—In justice to myself, you will, perhaps, allow me space for a few brief words anent the review of my book, printed in your issue of 9th inst.

Accuracy should, I think, be a virtue exercised by every man who proclaims himself the critic of other men's work. I do not say that *Fulham, Old and New* is all that it should be, but I emphatically dissent from the opinion of your reviewer that there is any want of clearness in the marginal headings employed. Your reviewer writes:

In the chapter headed "Crabtree" (vol. iii., p. 60), the reader may well be confused between Crabtree House, Lord Peterborough's house called "La Trappe," and Brandenburg House.

If I had ever written anything so nonsensical as to call Lord Peterborough's house "La Trappe," I would willingly plead guilty to the soft impeachment of your reviewer, but, happily, the mistake is his, not mine!

Again, he calls Richardson's house at North End "a fine old red brick Georgian house." Again he falls into error, for the red brick half of the Grange is the one which the novelist did *not* occupy. All this is perfectly clear in my work.

I could point to other mistakes in your article, but let these suffice. It is strange, indeed, that errors like these can appear in a journal such as the ACADEMY. As, how-

ever, the reader may imagine that the misstatements are based on matter to be found in my work, it is only fair to me that these corrections should be pointed out.—
I am, &c.,
CHAS. J. FÈRET.

11, Churchfield Mansions,
Hurlingham, S.W.: September 12, 1900.

[Mr. Fèret avoids our criticism. We said that his otherwise excellent work on Fulham is lacking in clear typographical guidance, and we supported our view more carefully than is indicated in Mr. Fèret's letter. In reply Mr. Fèret convicts us of a slip purely incidental to that criticism, and of another slip that has nothing to do with it.]

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 52 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best poem not exceeding sixteen lines on "The First Fire." Many of the poems sent in are of very equal merit. We award the prize to Miss Edith Empsall, 123, Rathcoole-gardens, Hornsey, N., for the following:

THE FIRST FIRE.

Summer is dead, and this her funeral pyre,
See how the purple blaze leaps higher and higher!
Vanish all sun-born dream and soft desire.

Throw on all memories of pageant flowers,
Of bulbul's song and magic moonlit bowers,
All dear delights of dead, delusive hours!

List to the crackling sound, relentless hiss,
The croak of scorn for all that fond brief bliss;
Grey ashes fall—is life and love like this?

Nay, for my face is flushed by that fell glow,
And—strange!—my pallid hands fresh impulse know,
And in my heart I watch a clear flame grow.

Lo, I am ready for adventure true,
In sterner mood, on rugged highways new;
Farewell, dead dreams! since deeds remain to do.

Other poems are as follows:

The light upon the ashen ground lies chill,
And, in the distance, autumn bonfires gleam;
The sun is sinking like a sun in dream,
And night's slow stain spreads o'er the barren hill.

Pull down the blinds, and let my chair remain
Beside the hearth; and light the house-fire there!
Forget the darkening world and chilly air,
And greet old friends—old books and old thoughts, again

Old thoughts! Ah, God! What ghosts of joy I see—
The robber cave, the goblin in the glare!
The firelight plays upon my mother's hair;
I sit upon my stool beside her knee!

The ruddy coal falls like a crumbling tower—
I see another face of dear delight!
"O sweet! 'Tis not for us to dream to-night.
Go bid the children come. It is their hour!"

[F. B., Milton-next-Gravesend.]

I ruh my hands?—yet not with cold
So much as honest satisfaction
At finding you, my friend of old,
Returned in all your rare attraction.

Dear friend (ay, very dear to-night
To one whose credit's not extensive!),
Once more I'll join you in delight
And follow you in growing pensive.

But now you crack your sparkling joke!
Puff! . . . Well, you beat the cloud I'm blowing!
King Coal, I pray your cousin Coke
May never glower where you are glowing.

Thrice welcome! tho' some flow'rs yet bloom,
Tho' young love sings of "Sweet September."
My lime tree's dropping hints of doom—
But you shall sun me past December!

[J. J. B., Glasgow.]

When acorns from their cups are dropping,
And sportsmen's guns around are popping,
When wood-pigeons in woods are calling,
While September leaves are falling;
When o'er many a mist-grown hollow
Skims the lingering summer swallow;
When robin redbreast sings each morn,
And toadstools dance along the lawn,
Green chestnut burrs show slits of red,
Brown owls at night do wake the dead,
And sheep are driven to the fold
Ere dips the sun his disc of gold:
Now days begin to close in fast,
Autumn's chill breath is felt at last—
The first fire crackles up the chimney wide,
We are content, and wish for nought beside.

[H. F., Exmouth.]

The firelight flickers round the room,
The shadows dance on wall and ceiling,
And through the softly-lighted gloom
A Mozart melody comes stealing.
Before the fender, flanked by screens,
The black cat sits, erect and sober,
And wonders what the weather means,
Seeing the month is but October.
For hark! the bitter winds are shrill
Through double pane and oaken shutter,
And past these, too, the draughts distil
And make your curtains gently flutter;
Bethink you of the coming days—
Do not the First Fire's beauties strike you?
Then, stooping towards the merry blaze,
Say "Welcome! may the rest be like you!"

[W. G., Birkenhead.]

The tired earth is waking now
After her noonday sleep.
The sun goes down more cheerily
Into the golden deep.
The children's voices ring more clear
Into the keener air;
Their footsteps sound more merrily,
The homestead seems more fair.
That generous glow upon the hearth
Means a new life for me.
Old friends have come again to stay,
A goodly company.
The world outside may be unkind,
The world outside is small.
Kings bear me company to-night
And hold High Festival.

[F. M. E., Minehead.]

This ruddy blaze, this genial glow,
Which from my hearth yon log doth throw,
Marks the proud reign of summer done;
The pitiless pomp of noontide sun
Hath passed. Soft-footing, in his room,
Comes sober Autumn, fraught with gloom
Of umber-tinted woods, and frore
Touch in his air, unfelt before.
So let me sit and bask at will
In the good warmth that drives the chill
From studious blood, and watch the play
Of dancing firelight as the day
Dies in the dusk. E'en so may I
Behold with glad tranquillity
Life's Summer into Autumn glide:
'Tis well: I have my warm fireside.

[H. H., Teddington.]

How cold and cheerless seems the grate!
It greets me with a stony stare,
And chills me as, in polished state,
It wears a gloom funereal there.

But lo! a magic wand is mine—
A lucifer is soon applied.
Ah! what a glorious glow and shine—
A welcome meet for Autumn-tide.

The faces in the fire again
Return to set us dreaming—so
We set at nought the driving rain,
And linger in the long ago!

The crocus flames in jocund spring,
We love the celandine's bright stars;
But the first fire rare joy will bring,
When leap the flames between the bars.

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Poems also received from: R. H. S., Fulham; A. E. W., Inverness; H. C., Reigate; B. P. N., Cricklewood; W. K. H., Greenwich; G. R. G., Stoke-on-Trent; A. K. P., Worthing; P. L. B., Tonbridge; A. D., Oxford; A. E. J., Aberystwyth; E. R. C., Devon; H. P. W., Otterburn; D. G. W., Richmond; I. A., Kensington; Mrs. von S., London; J. B., Tunbridge Wells; W. H., Leicester; L. B., Chelsea; "Tone," Chelsea; Mrs. L. M. S., London; K. L. E., Colwyn Bay; A. H., Witton Park; K. E. B., Birmingham; T. C. B., Skipton; J. D. H., London; L. V. S., London; A. F., London; M. G., Kingstons; F. M., London; G. H. H., Streatham; R. W. B., Bury St. Edmunds; E. R. S., Croydon; Miss G., Reigate; E. de M., London; E. B., Liverpool; L. M. L., Stafford; G. B., Edgbaston; J. W. H., Burslem; C. F., Hastings; E. L., Didsbury; E. F., Kensington; F. W. W., London; B. S., Nottingham; G. S. W., Catford.

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RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, September 25. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

New Books Received.

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Dandridge (Dante), Joy, and Other Poems (Putnam's Sons) 5/0
Kenrick (C. W. H.), *Ergo Amiciliae*, and Other Poems (Skeffington) 2/0
Sneath (E. Hershey), *The Mind of Tennyson* (Constable) net 5/0
Calder (Robert H.), *Poems of Life and Work* (Gardner)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Lillie (Arthur), *Buddha and Buddhism* (T. & T. Clark) 3/0
Hamilton (J. Angus), *The Siege of Mafeking* (Methuen) 6/0
Andrews (S. J.), *William Watson Andrews: a Religious Biography* (Putnam's Sons)
Perkins (James Breck), *Richelieu* (Putnam's Sons)
Davidson (Thomas), *A History of Education* (Constable) net 5/0
Grantell (B. P.) and Hunt (A. S.), *The Amhurst Papyrus* (Frowde)
Helen Keller *Souvenir* (Volta Bureau, Washington, U.S.A.)
Irwin (Sidney T.), *Letters of Thomas Edward Brown, Author of 'Fanny's Yarns'* (Constable)
De La Warr (The Earl), *Some Reminiscences of the War in South Africa* (Hurst & Blackett) 1/0
Farrelly (M. J.), *The Settlement After the War in South Africa* (Macmillan) net 10/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Edited by Lankester (E. Ray), *A Treatise on Zoology. Part II.* (A. & C. Black) net 12/6
Haeckel (Ernst), *The Riddle of the Universe* (Watts) net 6/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Torrey (Joseph), *Elementary Studies in Chemistry* (Constable) net 6/0
Rutley (Frank), *Mineralogy* (Murby) 1/6
Monckman (James), *Skertchley's Geology* (Murby) 1/6

JUVENILE.

Cooke (M. C.), *One Thousand Objects for the Microscope* (Warne) 2/6
Hamer (S. H.), *The Jungle School* (Cassell) 1/6
Mayer (Henry), *A Trip to Toyland* (Richards) 6/0
Paine (A. Bigelow), *In the Deep Woods* (Heinemann)
Austin (Stella), *Ben Cramer: Working Jeweller* (Wells Gardner) 2/6
Legh (M. H. C.), *At the Foot of the Rainbow* (Wells Gardner) 2/0
Cobb (Thomas), *The Bountiful Lady* (Richards) 1/6
Carlaw (Rev. W. H.), *Life and Times of Donald Cargill* (Gardner)
Austin (Stella), *Somebody* (Wells Gardner, Darton)
Green (E. M.), *Left to Themselva* (Wells Gardner, Darton) 2/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stapleton (Alfred), *All About the Merry Tales of Gotham* (R. N. Pearson, Nottingham) net 5/0
Bullen (F. T.), *The Palace of Poor Jack* (Nisbet) 1/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Cupples (George), *The Green Hand* (Sampson Low)
Scott (Michael), *Tom Cringle's Log* (Sampson Low)
Melville (Herman), *Moby Dick* (Sampson Low)
Marryat (Captain), *Midshipman Easy* (Sampson Low)
Russell (W. Clark), *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* (Sampson Low)
Cooper (James Fenimore), *The Two Admirals* (Sampson Low) The Set, 6 vols. 21/0
Allen (James Lane), *Summer in Arady* (Macmillan) 3/6
Dickens (Charles), *David Copperfield* (Nelson & Sons) 1/0
Thackeray (W. M.), *The Paris Sketch Book* (Nelson & Sons) 1/0

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The Literary Week.

IN our issue of October 13 we shall publish, following the plan of other years, classified lists of the new books that will be issued during the autumn season. As these voluminous lists will fill many pages of the ACADEMY, the issue in which they appear will be increased to about thrice the size of the ordinary number, and will contain, in addition, some special articles. The lists promise a deal of good reading. In the course of a leisurely glance through them—and such leisurely glances are not among the smallest delights of the bookman's life—we have jotted down the names of some of the volumes one looks forward to reading. They are:

Life and Letters of Huxley. Leonard Huxley.
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Lord Jim. Joseph Conrad.

ONE of the autumn announcements has an interest greater than its title suggests. This is *Biographia Presbyteriana*, by Patrick Walker, edited, with notes, by Dr. Hay Fleming, with an introduction by S. R. Crockott. *Biographia Presbyteriana* contains the Lives of Alexander Peden, Richard Cameron, Donald Cargill, and others, and the two volumes will be uniform with the Edinburgh edition of Stevenson. In one of his letters Stevenson says that he owes his style to Patrick Walker, indeed, he calls him his "real father in style," although Walker's name does not appear in that familiar passage where Stevenson describes how he "played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and to Obermann."

THE list of literary Parliamentary candidates which we gave last week did not profess to be complete. We now add:

Dr. A. Conan Doyle, Unionist candidate for the Central Division of Edinburgh.

Mr. Hubert Harry Longman, Liberal candidate for the Chertsey Division of Surrey.

Mr. H. C. Cust, Conservative candidate for Bermondsey.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE's candidature for the Falkirk Burghs is already a thing of the past. Mr. Hope's health has broken down, and his condition is stated to be "somewhat serious." Although Mr. J. M. Barrie is not a candidate, there is an evident determination on the part of his friends to induce him to stand sooner or later.

ARE angels men? asks Mr. E. B. Triscott in the *Temple Magazine*, and points out that "all the angels one ever reads of are men." We give it up. The question belongs to the same doubt as Elia's: "Whether the higher orders of seraphs ever sneer." Meanwhile it may be noted that in Literature angels are usually men, in Art they are women. The reasons for the difference seem to be literary and artistic.

WE recently referred to a rumour, happily found to be quite baseless, which said that Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, "The Light of the World," had been destroyed as "heretical" by its owner. Its owner is Keble College, which has neither pronounced the picture heretical nor destroyed it. But, in reference to the general question of the safety of this picture raised in our columns by Mr. W. J. Stillman, we have received an interesting letter from Mr. Whitworth Wallis, Director of the Birmingham Art Gallery. Mr. Wallis considers that Mr. Stillman's disquieting doubts were well founded, and that the "scrupulous care" which several correspondents have assured us is bestowed on the picture at Oxford is of very recent date.

"In fact," says Mr. Wallis, "no such scrupulous care has been shown; on the contrary, the famous picture has been badly treated, so much so that it was nearly destroyed by the heat of a flue over which it was placed. Mr. Hunt then, at his own expense, repaired what he told me was 'terrible damage.' Where the picture hangs now I do not know, but the authorities appear to take a delight in hindering the work from being seen. They have further made away with the artist's well-designed and modest frame in which it was first exhibited, and have substituted a new frame without the original title, 'The Light of the World,' and the text, 'Behold I stand,' &c., &c., but with a new text, 'Knock and it shall be opened.' This and other stupidities, as the talented artist wrote me, 'prove that if they did not of express purpose wish to destroy it, they have a determined prejudice against it.' Mr. Hunt was good enough to send me the above information when I was lecturing at the Royal Institution, Dublin, last year, as I thought it well to point out the treatment the celebrated work had received."

MR. WALLIS adds that if the Keble College authorities fail to appreciate the value and importance of the "Light of the World" he will be glad to receive it at Birmingham, and treat it with the unremitting care bestowed upon Hunt's other works in this institution: "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," and "The Triumph of the Innocents."

THE recently published anthology of Canadian verse was, to say the truth, a somewhat weak and premature production; but real importance attaches to the forthcoming American anthology on which Mr. E. C. Stedman has long been at work. This anthology, we learn, will include the entire range of American poetry from 1787 to 1899, and opens with a full and carefully written introduction, which contains a survey of the entire course of American poetry, from its beginnings, in 1787, down to, and including, the closing years of the nineteenth century, with critical comments upon its successive phases. The book will contain short biographical notes on the authors quoted, which should add to the value and usefulness of the work.

THE *Northern Counties Magazine* is out at last. We like its neat grey covers and unpretentious mien. The price is sixpence. The contents are, of course, interesting chiefly to northerners, but Mr. A. Swinburne's verses, "Northumberland," make a wider appeal. We give ourselves the pleasure of quoting a few stanzas:

Between our eastward and our westward sea
The narrowing strand
Clasps close the noblest shore fame holds in fee
Even here where English birth seals all men free—
Northumberland.

O land beloved, where nought of legend's dream
Outshines the truth,
Where Joyous Gard, closed round with clouds that gleam
For them that know thee not, can scarce but seem
Too sweet for sooth,

Thy sons forget not, nor shall fame forget,
The deed there done
Before the walls whose fabled fame is yet
A light too sweet and strong to rise and set
With moon and sun.

Song bright as flash of swords or oars that shine
Through fight or foam
Stirs yet the blood thou hast given thy sons like wine
To hail in each bright ballad hailed as thine
One heart, one home.

Our Collingwood, though Nelson be not ours,
By him shall stand
Immortal, till those waifs of old world hours,
Forgotten, leave uncrowned with bays and flowers
Northumberland.

Not yet is the Editor of the *N. C. M.*, Mr. Howard Pease, represented by one of his racy Northumbrian stories, but Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's tale, "Dead Lad's Rigg," is sufficient in that line. It is very difficult to see why Sir William Eden is permitted to write at large on "Aspects of Modern Art" in a magazine which should be all racy of the soil that bred it. The Editor's statement to contributors, "North-country subjects preferred," should protect him from the general productions of magazinedom. We have good articles on Elswick, Bewcastle Cross, &c., and a North Country Chronicle which at present fills two pages, but which we hope will expand into ten. Mr. Pease may be congratulated, but we hope he will give to his magazine that "idiosyncrasy all its own," which he claims that it must possess.

WE see with regret that the death is announced of Mr. W. E. Townsend, the brilliant young student-interpreter, whose account of the preparations made by the British Legation at Peking just before the siege made such fine reading in the *Times*. Mr. Walter Ewen Townsend, the author of this letter, died at Yokohama last Sunday. He was but twenty-one years of age, and passed only last year into the China Consular service. Young Townsend's letter to his friends at home was quite a model of unsophisticated writing—to use a phrase which, though a

contradiction in terms, carries our meaning. He wrote, for example:

Great things are certainly in the air, and nobody knows what will happen next. I am so jolly glad that I got out here just when I did, or I would have missed all this fun. I am glad you sent me that revolver when you did—such things are greatly in demand just now, and it is always advisable to take one with you outside now. I lent it to Mrs. — last night and my shot gun to —, a fellow who happens to be up here, and had to arm myself with a beastly Government Martini. My post in case of attack is at a corner of the Legation wall, just outside my bedroom windows. I believe that all the ladies are to be sent off as soon as possible, which will be a relief, as we will then be able to enjoy ourselves freely without having to think of them. I bet some of them will kick like fun at having to go. We had an open-air service to-day in one of the big tinghrs, or arches, in the compound, and a jolly good sermon from Norris, one of the refugee missionaries.

A CEREMONY of some interest was performed the other day at Bath, when in continuation of the Corporation's scheme for marking the historic houses of the city Mr. W. Emerson, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, unveiled upon houses in Gay-street and Queen-square tablets to the two Woods—father and son—whose combined genius did so much in imparting to modern Bath its architectural dignity. Among the buildings with which they enriched the city during the last century may be mentioned the Royal Crescent (immortalised by Dickens in *Pickwick Papers* as the scene of Mr. Winkle's midnight escapade with Mrs. Dowler), Queen-square, Gay-street, the famous Assembly Rooms, and the historic mansion of Prior Park on the outskirts of the city, which, during the lifetime of Ralph Allen, its founder, was the resort of the most famous men of letters and distinction of the day. The names of Pope, Mason, Hartley, Richardson, the painters Hoare and Gainsborough, Bishops Hurd, Sherlock, and Warburton, Lord Chatham and the younger Pitt, represent but a few of those who during the latter half of the last century were intimately associated with this classic spot, while Fielding was a regular guest when he lived near, and it is easy to recognise in Ralph Allen, the genial host, the Squire Allworthy in *Tom Jones*.

A VERY pleasing pocket edition of *Cranford* is now included in Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library." Mr. E. V. Lucas has supplied an introduction and many notes. In his introduction, which is an excellent blend of biography and criticism, Mr. Lucas disposes of certain doubtful analogies—and himself suggests a very sound one—between *Cranford* and other works of fiction. He says:

Lord Houghton, in estimating Mrs. Gaskell's work immediately after her death (in a brief notice in the *Pall Mall Gazette*), remarked of *Cranford* that it was "the purest piece of humoristic description that has been added to British literature since Charles Lamb"; but this was not very informing criticism. Some of the figures to which Elia gave life might have lived in the Cheshire town, it is true—Captain Jackson, in particular—but the association of Lamb with Mrs. Gaskell is confusing. They worked in different regions. Lamb sought for oddity in human nature; Mrs. Gaskell was far more interested in the norm. There is a writer now living who, if these parallels must be instituted, approaches the method of *Cranford* more nearly (without imitation or through conscious influence) than any predecessor of Mrs. Gaskell ever did. Those bibliophiles who practise the pleasant habit of ranging their books in sympathetic groups would find that *Margaret Ogilvy* falls into a place by *Cranford* very naturally and comfortably.

THE translation of Komensky's *Labyrinth of the World*, writes a correspondent, which Count Lütgen will probably have ready for the spring, ought to be an interesting book.

Komensky (better known under the Latin form of his name, Comenius) long enjoyed a European reputation for his attempt to give a scientific basis to education, but the *Labyrinth*, which was the imaginative and romantic work of his youth, is, in spite of a German translation, little known outside Bohemia. In Bohemia it is a national classic, and Komensky is a national hero. Every village has a "Komensky-street." He has been described as the Bunyan of Bohemia, but the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Labyrinth of the World*, except as regards their religious earnestness, are rather to be contrasted than compared. Komensky was in touch with a far wider world of knowledge than Bunyan's. For instance, he read everything which his great contemporary Bacon wrote. The Lütgen Chateau in Bohemia is only a few miles distant from the vast, lonely woods of Brandys, in which Komensky conceived the *Labyrinth* while he was hiding from his enemies.

IN a recent issue we quoted a new Byron letter which was reproduced in facsimile by "C. K. S." in the *Sphere*. "C. K. S." now publishes a letter from Mr. Murray, who strongly suggests that this letter, which is now in the possession of Mr. Spencer, of Oxford-street, is a forgery. Mr. Murray says:

I dare say you are aware that a large number of letters were forged by a clever imitator of Byron's handwriting in the early part of the century.

This man also used to purchase books, write Byron's name in them, and make many marginal notes, &c.

Few men were better judges of Byroniana than my father, and even he was taken in once by these forgeries, and purchased a considerable number under the impression that they were genuine. He found out his mistake, and we have kept the books and papers as a warning and a standard to judge by.

I have copied out more of Byron's letters than any man now living, and may claim to have some knowledge of his handwriting. I am convinced that Mr. Spencer's letter is not genuine.

THE humours of examinations never pall, and we welcome a fresh batch, which Mr. E. M. Griffiths sends to the October *Longman's* under the title "A Study in School Jokes." Mr. Griffiths arranges his jokes under five heads. First, there are mistakes of spelling, multitudinous, and as a rule uninteresting, but yielding such treasures as:

The blood in the body is taken by means of tubs to the heart and there detained.

Stored in some trouser-house of mighty kings.

I came sore and conquered.

The second class is labelled "unsuccessful guessing." It gives us some amusing definitions:

Insulators are: 1. "Islanders." 2. "Machines used to freeze cream and other liquids to make ice." 3. "People who insult other people."

A buffer is: 1. "A thing that buffs." 2. "A hard blow." 3. "A wild animal." 4. "A kind of ox used to plough the fields in some countries."

And the following:

Q. "How did William I. put down the rebellions of the English?"

A. "He put them down in Domesday Book."

The third class is anachronisms, of which Mr. Griffiths remarks that "they show how difficult it is for the child-mind, 'moving about in worlds unrealised,' to grasp the idea that things were not always what they now are." Thus:

The priest of Midian reproved his daughter for not inviting Moses to come in to tea.

David bearded with the Witch of Endor.

When Moses' mother laid him in the ark among the bulrushes she did not forget to give the baby its bottle.

The next class of mistakes is one in which "the right idea . . . suffers some distortion when forced to clothe itself in the hard garb of black and white," as in these sentences:

A diplomat is some one who puts true things in a better light, which changes them and alters their sense.

Fiction is something which is believed in but which is nothing.

Lastly we have "howlers," pure and simple. Mr. Griffiths's collection includes these:

A watershed is a thing that when the soil in part of a river stands straight up on one side and slants tremendously the other side, the water is obliged to go up the soil on one side and come slanting down the other side—that is what they call a watershed.

About this time the Pope turned the bull out of the church.

Roman citizenship was a ship on which the Romans went out fishing free of charge.

The Revival of Learning. Colet came into France and was much surprised to see how the people were all raving on learning; they wanted to learn Greek, so that they could read some more about the ancient Britons.

We are very grateful to Mr. Griffiths, whose good things we have only skimmed.

THE technics of writing are always interesting. A correspondent, whose name must be familiar to all our readers, remarks to us in a private letter:

. . . In that connexion I want to tell you an odd thing which is no concern of yours, but which yet might interest you. I believe there's a sense missing in me. There I give you an opening for a smile anyhow. I read of the literary men whose work I most admire, that it is endlessly polished, pruned, and shapened after the first writing. I have often tried to do this sort of thing myself, but have failed signally. Each of my books, such as they are, I have written once, and once only, with hardly so much as a verbal alteration or amendment. . . . Is it not odd that I should be able to alter no word?

THE next Publishers' International Congress will be held at Leipsic in June of next year. The rights and interests of authors and publishers, as well as the technical questions of the trade, will be discussed. This will be the fourth meeting of the Association.

IN reference to Mr. Omond's paper on "The Art of R. L. Stevenson," which we noticed in these columns last week, Mr. R. Shuddick points out that, notwithstanding the pains which Stevenson took to be accurate, they were often unsuccessful. He holds that Stevenson's errors when dealing with the ordinary affairs of life are often "glaring":

Take, for example, *The Wrong Box*, written in collaboration with Mr. Osbourne. This work contains many situations arising out of actions that are altogether at variance with law and custom. Here are three:

(1) A box containing a gigantesque statue of Hercules is shipped from Italy to Southampton, from whence it is carried in the guard's van of a L. & S.W.R. train to Waterloo. In the same van is a water-butt containing the dead body of a man.

(2) Joseph Finsbury makes an assignment of his estate, but continues to draw cheques and bills, and receives payment for them across the bank counter.

(3) Finsbury is owing a sum of money to one Rodgeron on running a/c. Before it falls due Rodgeron assigns the debt to a Mr. Moss, who immediately calls on Finsbury and demands payment. Moss gets a cheque post-dated two months in settlement.

Rodgeron says to Finsbury, when explaining the sale of the debt:

"Well, I got cent. for cent. for it, on the nail, in a certified cheque."

"Cent. for cent. for it," cried Morris (Finsbury). "Why, that's—nearly 30 per cent. bonus. A singular thing; who's the party?"

With regard to—(1) A large case ex-ship would be carried by goods and not by passenger train.

(2) When a debtor makes an assignment he hands over everything to the trustee under the deed, who collects and pays all accounts.

(3) No business man in the whole city of London would give a post-dated cheque for an account that was not due for payment, and no business man could clearly follow the dialogue that I've quoted. What Finsbury means by "30 per cent. bonus" is quite a mystery, speaking from a commercial standpoint.

THE death of the *Elf* ("dead ere his prime") is no sooner chronicled than we receive the prospectus of a new monthly to be called the *Herb o' Grace*, whose editors dwell at Fairseat, Wrotham, Kent. The *Elf* was edited at Peartree Cottage, Shorne, Gravesend, Kent. Ah, these pretty men of Kent! Their intentions are delightful, but their productions too often perish in London air. What room is there here for anything frail, delicate, or sweetly-serious? The guffaws of reading-contractors answer "None!" Still the *Herb o' Grace* will unfold its leaves with the New Year. Its first number is to be dated on "the first Sunday of the first month of the first year of the New Century," and it will "plead, in the whirl and haste of a too complicated hour, for some return to a simpler life." We have heard that pleading so often! If the editors can find sufficient readers to enjoy it (the "pleading" not the "return") they will be fortunate. We shall certainly look at the *Herb o' Grace* with interest. We are promised "new poems, essays, tales and scenes, reflections and appreciations, reminders of forgotten books, and sundry translations from the works of great thinkers." So welcome the *Herb o' Grace* to a grimy world!

ALSO there is to be a new weekly, the *Onlooker*, which is to keep an eye upon politics, science, literature, fashion, and the arts. Hope springs eternal.

Bibliographical.

THE work called *Representative English Comedies*, which is the product mainly of American hands, but which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are to publish in this country, will be welcome to many. There is no other book, or series of books, in England, covering the same ground in precisely the same way. Of the five volumes of *The British Drama* issued in 1804 two were devoted to comedies which might fairly be called representative; but these volumes, of course, are out of print. Hundreds of English comedies are to be obtained in separate form, through either Mr. French or Mr. Dicks. For the student, however, there is at present no such help as *Representative English Comedies* should give him. There is much information and criticism on the subject in the *English Dramatic Literature* of Prof. Ward, and there is much sympathetic and illuminating comment in Hazlitt's *Comic Writers*; but of English comedy, as a whole, there has been, up to now, no systematic and critical history, with illustrative text, such as that which we are now told to look for shortly.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, the American writer whose book on Shakespeare is to appear shortly, ought by this time to be tolerably well-known in this country. More than half-a-dozen volumes from his pen have been put into circulation over here. Copies of his *My Study Fire* were sent over in 1890, and in 1893 it found a London publisher—a second series appearing in 1891. In the same way, his *Under the Trees and Elsewhere* could be read in

England in 1891, and was formally published here in 1894 also. The years 1892 and 1895 were respectively those of the informal and formal publication here of his *Essays in Literary Interpretation*; while in 1896 and 1898 his *Books and Culture* went through the same process. His *Essays on Nature and Culture* belong to 1898; and his *The Life of the Spirit and Other Essays* came out last year. All of these should form a useful introduction for the *Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man*.

Mr. Charles G. Harper continues to illustrate with pen and pencil the beauties, curiosities, and associations of our great provincial highways. First came, in 1892, his volume on *The Brighton Road*; then, in 1895, came *The Portsmouth Road and Its Tributaries*, and, likewise, *The Dorset Road: Annals of an Ancient Turnpike*. In addition to these, Mr. Harper has given us *From Paddington to Penzance: a Summer Tramp* (1893), and *The Marches of Wales: Severn See to the Sands o' Dee* (1894). Now we are to have from him *The Great Northern Road*. Let us hope that Mr. Harper will not stop until he has dealt with all the great roads of the kingdom. He has made literary and pictorial topography a pleasant study.

A *Don Quixote* compressed and simplified for the use of youth—the thing does not, at first blush, seem attractive. The condensation might be pardoned, but why the simplification? Moreover, is Judge Parry, who has subjected *Don Quixote* to both processes, aware that the great classic has already been "adapted for young readers"? This publication appeared some eighteen years ago. About the same time came a selection from the *Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote*; ten years later we were presented with a collection of Sancho Panza's proverbs; and four years ago *Don Quixote* positively gave its name to a Birthday Book! By this time "young readers" must have become tolerably well acquainted with it.

That we are to have the *Collected Poems* of T. E. Brown is good news, because it means that there will now be a chance of Brown's verse becoming known beyond the bounds of a limited circle. Brown published in succession *Fo'e's'le Yarns* (1881), *The Doctor, and Other Poems* (1887), *The Manx Witch, and Other Poems* (1889), and *Old John, and Other Poems* (1893); but by how many people, think you, are these volumes possessed? *The Doctor* was reprinted by itself in 1891 at half-a-crown: that may have introduced the author to some lovers of the *Belles Lettres*; and he had, of course, some sort of tribute paid to him in the *Leviathan Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*. The *Collected Poems* need not make a very bulky volume.

It would not be surprising if the promised *Day-Book of John Stuart Blackie* proved to be the most characteristic product of its author. The Professor published many books, but in none of them was there much of the quaintness and vigour of his public or private speech, in which he most revealed himself. Not even in his book on *Self-Culture* is there so much of the actual Blackie as was to be found always in his public discourse or his private talk. These were always fresh and racy. When he set to work on a book, Blackie became literary and ceased to be "a character."

I see that Bishop Boyd Carpenter is to give us a volume on *The Religious Spirit of the Poets*. It will be remembered that about twenty-five years ago Mr. Stopford Brooke produced a book on *Theology in the English Poets*. "Theology" and "religious spirit" are not precisely synonymous terms; but it will be interesting to note the respect in which the two works differ or agree in treatment.

Announcement is made in the publishers' lists of a volume of *Miscellanies* by Edward FitzGerald, and of some *Stray Papers* by Thackeray. I trust that both books are "official"—i.e., countenanced by the "friends of the parties." Usually "stray papers" are best left in the obscurity to which their author consigned them.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

T. E. B.

Letters of Thomas Edward Brown. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Sidney T. Irwin. 2 vols. (A. Constable & Co. 12s.)

WHEN Mr. T. E. Brown died, in the autumn of 1897, we wrote:

His death removes from the slender ranks of modern poets the strongest, cleanest singer of them all. By the few who know and love his verses the loss will be deemed irreparable, so resolute and clear-sighted was he, so straightforward and joyous.

Speaking of him as a critic, we said:

He wrote little, but it was very good. His was the enthusiasm of the keen taster, who writes but seldom. The pity of it is that so many keen tasters have to write so much. He was moved to write by admiration of his subject; and where criticism in the hands of a wise man has this impulsion, it can be the best reading in the world.

The two volumes of his *Letters*, which have been edited, with an introductory memoir (this might have been better done) by his friend, Mr. Sidney T. Irwin, are invigorating reading: they have pith and marrow, and they reveal a personality so vigorous, so human, so sympathetic, that this poet-schoolmaster takes his rightful place among the few, intimate, friends of the bookshelf.

Schoolmaster and clergyman, yet he was not a man of affairs: his external life was entirely uneventful. He was born in the Isle of Man in 1830; there the latter years of his life were spent; there among his books, with the heather and the mountains at his door, and the kindly faces of the peasants greeting him on his daily rambles—there were centred his affections. Also he had his friends. For many years during the middle period of his life he held masterships at Gloucester and at Clifton College, but by inclination and practice he was poet and man of letters. He was not of those who repine and grumble at the tasks the world imposes. There was his own interior life to live—and he lived it nobly. Those were no idle words that at the age of sixty-three he wrote to an old Cliftonian:

My plan always was to recognise two lives as necessary—the one the outer kapelistic life of drudgery, the other the inner and cherished life of the spirit. It is true that the one has a tendency to kill the other, but it must not, and you must see that it does not.

To that “inner and cherished life of the spirit” his passion for Nature ministered royally; while still at Clifton he had told in the stirring lyric called “Clifton” how the natural things stayed with him and stirred in his blood:

I'm here in Clifton, grinding at the mill
My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod,
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,
And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God!

Pragmatic fibs surround my soul and bate it,
With measured phrase that asks the assenting nod;
I rise, and say the bitter thing and hate it,
But Wordsworth's castle's still at Peel—thank God!

He was a man of simple tastes and habits; a great walker (“I have had a very blessed ramble on Slien Whallian. Soothing, reintegrating, restoring the moral balance, making me young and lusty as an eagle”); a musician; a life-long learner of poetry by heart; a preacher of sermons; but, above all, he was a man of letters, with a fine, scholarly taste, and, rarer still, the gift of literary expression in a marked degree. His style is not for all, with its short, arresting sentences, its classical tags, its pepper of words that have fallen into desuetude, and its thought often packed tight as the cotton on a reel. But it was the man—the style of a lonely man, whose mind

fed on itself and on the past, never on its contemporaries. And, like another, he liked the flick of a slang phrase on the top of an heroic period. Unlike Stevenson, however, he rarely, in his letters, analysed his craft or gossiped about the mechanics of it, for he was the amateur to the end. He was always himself; he looked at books and life through his own eyes—and keen, penetrating eyes they were. It is this that gives such value to his views on books ancient and modern. He approaches a volume as if he were the first man to open the covers. His utterance was direct—“gleg at the uptak,” too, was he. We may not agree, for example, with his denunciation of Mr. Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*; but his views on this, as on other matters, compel respect and attention. *Tess* moved him to an explosion of wrath not usual with him; but in later letters he relents a little: “I don't see *power* in the book, but I do note considerable beauty in parts.”

I can only account for the latter part of *Tess* as a deliberate imitation of the cruelty and defiance of the common sentiment which I find so rampant in Maupassant. It is true the satire of this tremendous person is terrific, but so cold-blooded. By-the-bye, can satire be cold-blooded? That is more like irony. Yes, he uses irony, but for the purposes of satire. Juvenal never cools down to this point of venomous, deadly sting, this cobra of horror. He gives vent to his *saeva indignatio*. Not so Maupassant: he never turns a hair, and on you go! I think his *Bel Ami* one of the most brilliant and annihilating works. A very devil! But, somewhere behind, there is a God, a God that hisses at his own creation, and spits upon the hurly-burly that has escaped from his hands.

He had his day of “my French hobby.” What could be better than this on Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pécuchet*?

After all, do you think *Bouvard et Pécuchet* was his centre of gravity? I fancy it was a marvellously happy tentamen in a new direction: but I must consider the *Bovary* and the *L'Education sentimentale* the essential Flaubert. Casting about for the adequate expression, he made two great lives which were not in the line of his proper motion. One was *Salammbô*, the other *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. They are both magnificent, both quite at right angles to the true Flaubert who walks straight on in the absolutely real life of the *Bovary*. He amazes one with his *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. It is as if a dying man suddenly started up a convulsive athlete, a buffoon of the first rank, and he says, “There! I can do *that* too! You didn't expect it! No?” and a shrug and a shiver, and he falls dead.

His friends sent him the works of certain modern writers, and he spoke his mind freely—very freely on occasion. He thought *The Prisoner of Zenda* “ridiculous rubbish,” and he could speak of “the depth, the reach, the grip, the electric energy, the universal truth” of *The Manxman*. But when he liked a thing he said so with vigour. He never yawned. Hugo gripped him, and he dashed this off:

Victor Hugo! I am one of the Hugo-maniacs, absolutely certain that there has been no poet like him since Shakespeare. It is very curious, is it not? how *absolutely certain* we Hugonians feel about this. It seems to me quite amazing that it is not universally recognised. I know that I ought not to be amazed; but I assure you that I am, most unfeignedly.

When he read Petrarch (*Rime*) “*all through*, the first time I ever did that,” he bounded into this:

Petrarch has sap in him. How all the generations have sucked the juice! There can be no mistake about it. Hang the coffin! *apricos necte flores*: and let them be a garland for grey hairs, but not for death! I believe in the art of medicine rather than in that of surgery as applied to the soul. We must have faith; put into you good and gracious and salubrious things, and somehow or other they shall sweeten your blood, making it perfumed, ichorian. I could write a prescription. *Recipe Petrarchi viii. &c., &c. . . . Capiat.* Fill it up as you will.

Daudet revealed the ambition of this enthusiast of sixty-three:

But I never tire of Daudet's *Lettres de mon Moulin*. You know the short story called "Les Vieux." Ah, that is exactly what I would fain write! Such a merest trifle, but such ineffable loveliness. Doubtless you have read it: you will at once recollect it, when I quote the phrase, "Bon jour braves gens! je suis l'ami de Maurice." The quality! the quality! Oh, do let us aim at that; it is everything. And to think that it should seem so casual, just a drop amongst a thousand others, when it is really the *gutta serena* or a priceless pearl that doesn't drop at all. These things delight me, but they also depress me. They don't perplex me at all. I quite see how natural it is for certain minds to energise in this way: but then I can't; and that is settled for ever, and probably was settled some fifty years ago. In your case, it is not settled. Strive, strive to enter in at the strait gate! Even I (madman that I am!) have not yet given up all endeavour, utterly as I have abandoned hope. The endeavour is to write one poor story of about five, nor more than ten pages, that the world will not willingly let die. What say you? Shall we go in for this? Shall we get the little bit of canvas, and stretch it on an easel that shall be slender as *les fils de la bonne Vierge*, but strong as adamant?

Weir of Hermiston caught his enthusiasm at the flood:

Weir of Hermiston I take to be the most consummate thing that has been written for many years. Don't you agree with me? THAT WOMAN—not Mrs. Weir, though she is marvellously good, but the humble relative who occupies the place of chief and confidential servant!!! No one but a Scot can enter into this character. That I am able so thoroughly to feel it, I consider the strongest proof of my Scottish origin. Such a woman! And yet they said Stevenson couldn't draw a woman. And the passion of love—yes, love; yes, passion—the positive quasi-sexual (or shall I drop the *quasi*?) longing for the young Hermiston. Good God! what depth! what truth! what purity! what nobility! If the century runs out upon this final chord, what more do I want? Let me die with the sigh of it in my ears. It is enough: *nunc dimittis, Domine*. You will go on to other joys: the coming century will bring them to you. But to me—well, well, all right. In heaven I will bless you, Louis Stevenson.

But modern books were only the sweets of Brown's literary menu. He read the classics as most of us read the newspapers, day by day, browsing on a volume when he had a spare hour. One day it is the *Orlando Furioso*—"Have you read it? I think the hard enamel of this Italian reprobate pleases me better than Spenser with his soft velvet carpet, on which you walk ankle-deep in the mass of yielding allegory"; another day it is Swift—"The hearty cursing in his *Tale of a Tub* goes straight to my midriff—so satisfying, the best of tonics"; then Aristophanes—"He has got hold of me. I am reading the Birds. It is simply a portent of vigour and health"; then Dante—"I am at him for the *whath* (!) time. Few joys are to be compared with this"—and so on, and so on. The years never brought satiety or dulled the palate of this ardent bookman.

But T. E. B. was much more than a bookman. He was a poet—some know that well—and he had the seeing eye and the quick comprehension, the heritage of the few. He could phrase an impression or sketch in a character with the best. His letters are full of such memorabilia. And if they seem more vivid than most prose, remember it was a poet who wrote them. It was a poet who wrote this from Italy:

A girl on the Como boat (Whitsun Monday, festa folk) was a marvel of physical beauty. With her was her lover, not handsome, and a goose. But who would not have been a goose for such a face? Still, of tenderness not one suggestion—all fire, and not celestial fire either. Ah, goose! goose! poor singed goose! onion-stuffed perchance! what fate will be his with that splendid salamander?

Au awful climate, isn't it?

A terrible soil that seems to throw out these human pomegranate blooms in a moment. She looked as if she had just been born—bless her—and her goose! nay, a goose must take care of himself. Very different from this fire angel, flame-winged, literally burning coal of beauty, with her pretensions, her mantilla, her ready, prompt meeting of all eyes, was an absolutely celestial creature, that I met the other day, bearing her big basket, containing manure (I think). This girl smiled at me, a distinct good sweet smile—now is it not marvellous? At me. Just like a flower—she saw me before her, no other man—and it was necessary to smile. Derision? Good God! no: like the flowers, Duff, pollen—you know about those things; a natural and most wholesome and lovable expansion. The eyes were of a colour which I cannot determine, and I like such eyes; the fact is, they look at you, they melt down through the whole gamut of colour and leave off with a tongue of the softer fire.

He could paint a scene with a few brush marks. Here is a picture of a congregation from the preacher's point of view:

The church bursting with fire and bright faces: entering at the west door, it looked like a tunnel of flame. The churchyard too was full, a curiously eager "company of witnesses" glowering in upon me. I don't know how to describe it, except by saying that it gave one the idea of a Cyclopiian spiritual smithy, of which I myself was the smith, and the good old parson the bellows-blower. Out flew the sparks, and these blessed old Kelts caught them in their fine raptured faces as children do looking in upon the smitten anvil.

We hope we have said enough to send readers to these stimulating volumes, a purpose which can best be served by quoting from them freely, as we have done. In these times of upheavals, whirling views, chameleon opinions, and counsels of despair, the life of such a man is a beacon: his thought was clear, wholesome, virile, and joyous; he accepted his temperament with a cheer; and he valued above all things nature, books, his friends, and his soul's freedom. He knew himself, and his philosophy stood the test of years. A while before his death he wrote:

In my life I have been so much alone, it cannot be helped. Where is the comrade? I never had one. The absolute self is far within, and no one can reach it. I will not cant, but God reaches it, and He only. I used to envy the surface people, obviously happy, and in their happiness all there, so to speak, the full complete presence of one being to another—no, it is not for men of a certain temperament. Yet we love candour, sincerity, thoroughness, and would fain saturate ourselves with free communication. Poor old Emerson and his over and under soul, he was not far wrong. His friend Carlyle broke down the division habitually—smashed the two souls into one great smudge of discontent. I would not do this. Keep them both going separately. A strong man has strength enough to do this, and all his surroundings benefit thereby. Moreover, in a sweet ancillary way they reflect upon us their sunshine.

An Acting Play.

Savonarola: a Drama. By W. J. Dawson. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

MR. DAWSON, in remarking that he intends this drama as "an acting play," states that "the great figure of Savonarola is one of the most dramatic in history." It may be so; but Mr. Dawson could scarcely have chosen a great figure the incidents of whose career were less suited for theatrical representation. Doubtless the author was captivated by the spiritual intensity, the Apocalyptic flamboyance, the almost hysterical enthusiasm of Savonarola; and it is, of course, very satisfactory to find an author seriously attacking so high and so difficult a theme. Nevertheless Mr. Dawson, who would appear to be quite inexperienced in the technique of the theatre, has been victimised, artistically, by his admiration for the Patriot,

Reformer, and Ascetic. And, moreover, from a chance word which he lets fall, we imagine that his attitude towards the stage is somewhat peculiar, for a dramatist. He writes: "I cannot doubt that in the hands of an efficient actor the character of Savonarola might be interpreted after a fashion that should fulfil the best canons of art *without in the slightest degree transgressing against the reverence due to the religious aims of Savonarola's career.*" We seem to catch in that phrase some echo of the polemics of the County Council Licensing Session.

Mr. Dawson's drama is in prose and blank verse, and in four acts; so far as we can discover, it extends over a period of about a quarter of a century, though on the face of it only nine years are accounted for. Feeling instinctively that his theme was lacking in suitable material, Mr. Dawson has provided Savonarola with a love affair. In the first act we find the hero profoundly enamoured of Felice Strozzi, but ignominiously refused by the lady's father. Felice fruitlessly haunts the play to the end, "in a nun's garb." We do not object to a reasonable exercise of the dramatist's licence, but we think that Mr. Dawson has gone much too far in making this disappointment in love the mainspring of Savonarola's religious career. Immediately after his interview with Strozzi, Savonarola talks with his mother:

SAVONAROLA.

[*Rising from the lute.*] Yes, mother, you are right. We are about to part. All the world has come to an end with me to-day.

HELENA.

Why, what has happened? You went out happy this morning?

SAVONAROLA.

This morning is a long time ago. Mother, have you ever seen the storm-cloud in the Apennines? One moment all is bright, and the next a great black curtain falls over the world, and the thunder calls like a threatening voice among the hills. So the storm-cloud has come upon me. I am alone in the impenetrable darkness. There is a narrow path beneath my feet; it leads up and up, past the Calvary upon the hill, past all the tall crosses on which the pale Christ watches me; up, I know not whither; and yet I know that I must follow this road to the end.

Men of Savonarola's stamp must surely be urged towards their destinies by something more cogent than the inability to obtain a father-in-law.

Mr. Dawson has made fairly good use of the interview between Savonarola and the dying Lorenzo the Magnificent (narrated by Pico de Mirandola, but scarcely a "matter of history"); and the first scene of Act IV., where Savonarola masters a dangerous mob by his eloquence, combined with the happy intervention of a thunder-storm, is also neatly and effectively contrived. We will quote the climax of his speech:

See, the sky is dark,
Already thunder moans along the hills—
Ah, there the lightning flasht—the sword of God!
Thunder of God, behold I challenge thee!
If I have wrought unjustly, if by word
Or deed against this people I have sinned,
Let God's wrath fall upon me in one flame,
Let His bolt smite me, riving me in twain,
As it doth rive the too presumptuous oak
That crowns some proud and heaven-daring hill!

[*The thunder rolls louder. The people groan.*
Hark, how the brazen wheels of God resound
Along the roads of heaven! He draweth nigh,
Dreadful in power, many-charioted,
With all the thousand thousand of His saints.

[*A blaze of lightning.*
Now shall the doors eternal be lift up!
As in the far-off Apennines there bursts
The winter-flood, even so the mighty wave,
Crested with tossing helms and wheeling swords
Of angel and archangel, rank on rank
Rolled endless, fills the heavens, and earth dismayed
Shudders with fear thro' all her heart immense.

[*A burst of thunder.*

That is Mr. Dawson at his best. The remainder of the play is too slight and too episodic. Indeed, scarcely anywhere does the author show a real aptitude for drama. His blank verse is never more than respectable, and his prose has even less distinction. Phrases like "You do but jest," "It cannot be," "Bandy no words with me," "Sir Scholar," "Sir Poet," are utterly effete at this time of day, and when they are juxtaposed with locutions such as "I don't half like it" and "Not in my line," the resulting effect is rather bizarre. Still, to publish a play requires pluck. Mr. Dawson has that.

Wales at Large.

The Welsh People. By John Rhys, M.A., and David Brynmor-Jones, LL.B. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS valuable study, strong alike on the side of actuality and on that of erudition, is an outcome of the Welsh Land Commission. It is a more solid outcome than many Royal Commissions find. The authors were themselves Commissioners, and they conceived the happy idea of working up the historical sections of the Report for which they were primarily responsible into a form at once more popular and more permanent than that of a Blue Book. These sections, together with a valuable chapter on the history of land tenure in Wales, also contributed to the Report by Mr. Frederic Seebohm, LL.D., are the nucleus of the present volume. But they have been considerably altered; much new matter has been added; and the authority of the book is now personal rather than official.

The first three chapters deal mainly with the question of ethnology, and for the treatment of this subject it may be assumed that Prof. Rhys is chiefly responsible. The theory of a pre-Aryan population of these islands, to which he has previously committed himself, is argued at considerable length, and with great learning. On the philological side, at least, it is a most exhaustive statement of the case. The earliest Aryan-speaking dwellers in Britain were undeniably Celts. And of Celtic immigration two successive waves can be traced. The first was probably determined by the great Celtic movements on the Continent during the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. It brought a flood of Celts belonging to the Goidelic branch of the race. The Goidels are sometimes known as Q-Celts, from the fact that in their language, represented by modern Irish and Gaelic, a *Qu* sound, which another branch labialised, or turned into a *P* sound, still survived. The second immigration may be dated in about the second century B.C. It consisted of Brythonic or P-Celts. The Brythons drove the Goidels, probably the more civilised, but far less warlike, people, westwards, into Ireland and the rocky fastnesses of North and South Wales. A wedge of Brythons drove itself through Central Wales to the sea, and some tribes even crossed the Irish Channel. Then began, both in Ireland and Wales, a linguistic struggle between the Goidelic and Brythonic dialects. In Ireland the few Brythonic settlers were linguistically submerged, and learnt to speak Irish. In Wales, on the other hand, the Goidelic tongue continued, up to a comparatively recent date, to hold its own in North and South Wales, side by side with the Brythonic Welsh of Central Wales, to which at last it had to give place. It is on the differences between these two branches of the Celtic speech that Prof. Rhys founds his theory of a pre-Aryan population. Goidelic, he believes, is an Aryan tongue, considerably modified, but more in syntax than in vocabulary, by contact with a non-Aryan people. This people he considers to have been a race of aborigines whom the Goidels found here, and with whom they had practically merged during the centuries that intervened before the Brythonic immigration. The Brythons are, therefore, for him pure Aryan Celts, the Goidels a race mixed both as to

blood and speech, of which the constituent elements are partly Aryan Celtic and partly non-Aryan. He also thinks that some of the non-Aryan inhabitants survived in Scotland in an un-Celticised state, and that in these are to be found the Picts of history. With the assistance of a careful linguistic essay by Mr. J. Morris Jones, he attempts to show, further, that the non-Aryan tongue which influenced Goidelic was probably one having affinities to Berber, Egyptian, Basque, a group of tongues belonging to the Mediterranean basin. All this philological matter seems to us exceedingly well argued, and a real contribution to one of the vexed questions of European anthropology. We are a little less satisfied with a subsidiary line of argument, in which Prof. Rhys attempts to find the non-Aryan element in some fragments of Goidelic mythology and personal nomenclature, which seem to point to an old custom of reckoning kinship through the mother and not through the father. For, as Mr. Lang pointed out in his recent *History of Scotland*, it is by no means so certain as Prof. Rhys assumes it to be that kinship through the mother is not a stage through which the Aryan peoples themselves passed. On the other hand, Prof. Rhys might have considerably strengthened his position by correlating his philological results with those arrived at on other than philological grounds by many contemporary anthropologists. He makes no use, for instance, of the evidence from craniology, or of that afforded by the existence of two well-marked physical types in the Celtic-speaking districts of to-day. The small dark Celt and the tall blonde, or, perhaps, more frequently red, Celt surely point in their juxtaposition to a double ancestry. One can hardly hesitate to identify Prof. Rhys's pre-Aryan or Pictish folk with the *Homo meridionalis* of anthropology, the slight dark man who dwelt on both sides of the Mediterranean and throughout Western Europe in the neolithic age; whose bones fill the "long barrows" of this country; who developed the Ægean and early Italian civilisations; whose speech has been already conjectured to survive in Basque and Berber; and who, though he has learnt the Aryan tongues from the blonde invaders of the North, still forms the substratum of all the populations of Southern Europe.

If the earlier chapters of *The Welsh People* are principally of interest to the philologist and the ethnologist, those that follow appeal to a more varied class of readers. They include an outline of Welsh history from the beginning of things to the present day, a picture of Welsh civilisation as it stood in the twelfth century, just before the conquest by Edward I., Mr. Seebohm's essay on Welsh land tenure already referred to, and a series of closing monographs on "The Religious Movement," "The Educational Movement," "Language and Literature" and "Rural Wales at the Present Day." The last chapter, in particular, is full of the most interesting details of farm life gathered together from the statements made by witnesses before the Land Commission. Wales is a poor country, and the living even of the farmers is described by witness after witness as very hard. "There are many farmers who cannot afford to get a piece of fresh meat once a year," says one: and another, speaking rather of his childhood than of the present day:

For dinner you will see a small farmer have half a salt herring (very poor food for a working man): his wife and family must content themselves with butter-milk and potatoes, or, perhaps, after the farmer has finished his part herring there will be a scramble amongst the youngsters for the bones to suck as a treat. They sometimes have a little skim-milk cheese with oaten bread, some, better off than others, bacon.

Things have, however, improved, if it is improvement, in this respect, and there are farms where the unmarried hands "insist on meat and tarts and pudding at dinner." Characteristic Welsh dishes are *pieus mali* or "shot," a compound of bruised oatmeal cake and butter-milk,

flummary, made of oatmeal soaked to sourness, and *sucan*, which is much the same as *flummary*. Welsh dress has long been assimilated to that of England. The high-crowned hat of the Welsh peasant woman some half a century ago was but a survival of a type of headgear familiar in the England of the Stuarts. The suggestion is made that originally the Brythons wore *bracae* or "breeches," and the Goidels a short apron or kilt like that of the Highland clansmen. Such a garment is displayed by figures on sculptured Welsh stones, apparently of Goidelic origin, and it was known to the primitive Goidels of Ireland as well as those of Scotland. Some mediæval sketches of Welsh soldiers show them, singularly enough, with only one shoe, worn on the left foot. The authors think that a modern Welsh woman, in the quarry districts, dresses with "a natural taste, a sense of colour and proportion which may be sometimes looked for in vain in ladies of a higher position in life in England." This is very possible. As in mediæval Europe generally, and in the Verona of "Romeo and Juliet" in particular, courtship is largely carried on by night. The Welsh name for the custom is *enocio* or *streicio*. The lover taps at his mistress's window, and, if he pleases her, is admitted into the house, where the pair sit up together. There is a similar usage in other parts of England, and it seems to be universal among the Boers of South Africa.

Mark's New Way.

The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg, &c. By Mark Twain.
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

MARK TWAIN, censor and critic, is rapidly taking the place of Mark Twain, fun-maker. But the change need not be deplored, for the new Mark Twain—the Mark Twain of this book in particular—is not a whit less readable than the old, and he is more provocative of thought. And perhaps more than ever is the term humorist applicable; but now meaning one who smilingly understands his kind, rather than of one who merely makes them laugh. But we do not think that it is a good book, all the same, because, like most of Mark Twain's work, it is shapeless and very unequal. Cheek by jowl with such an excellent satire as the title story and such an admirable piece of self-revelation as "My Military Campaign," a valuable reminiscence of the American Civil War fever and its effect on some minds, we have a handful of fugitive scraps from the magazines, little bits of articles not worth reprinting. But Mark Twain is too old an offender in this way for us to scold him now: he has always thrown his wares with both hands, and, after all, there is such a largeness about the man, such a fine, honest independence and so vivid an interest in human nature, that it really matters very little that the gift of self-criticism was, to a large extent, denied him. So much remains to take its place.

The best things in the book we have named. After these the most interesting contributions are the inquiries into Christian Science and into the present state of the Jews. Mark Twain, though he disapproves of Mrs. Eddy with gusto, is yet forced to believe in the future of her creed and, to a large extent, in its efficacy. From "Concerning the Jews" we may quote one passage. "What has become of the Golden Rule?" some one asked Mark Twain, referring to the persecution of the Jews. This is the answer:

It exists, it continues to sparkle, and is well taken care of. It is Exhibit A in the Church's assets, and we pull it out every Sunday and give it an airing. But you are not permitted to try to smuggle it into this discussion, where it is irrelevant and would not feel at home. It is strictly religious furniture, like an acolyte, or a contribution-plate,

or any of those things. It has never been intruded into business; and Jewish persecution is not a religious passion, it is a business passion.

Mark Twain, now that he has given up purely funny yarns, remains as the one man (barring Mr. Dooley) who is encouraged or permitted to say things like this. It is well that someone is on hand to do so.

But Mark Twain has a little of the old frivolity left. In this work will be found a pretty piece of fooling called "The Esquimaux Maiden's Romance," a satirical sidelight on the relativeness of wealth; a monstrous invention concerning Millet, the painter of "The Angelus"; and a most diverting translation into literal English of a French translation of "The Jumping Frog."

One grumbling word: it is time that Mark Twain gave the humours of lying a rest. In future let human nature's incapacity or unwillingness to tell the truth be taken as read: we are a little tired of jokes on so threadbare a topic.

Other New Books.

JOHN RUSKIN:

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY R. ED. PENGELLY.

THIS little volume is not a rival to that of Mrs. Meynell. Mr. Pengelly does not trouble himself with the inwardness of Ruskin's writings, with the correctness of his æsthetic standpoint, with the philosophical and social ideals implicit or explicit in his work, with the permanent value of his studies in the cause and cure of civilisation. But he has compiled, from *Fors Clavigera*, from *Præterita*, and from Mr. Collingwood's biography, a gossipy record of the external circumstances of Ruskin's life, which may possibly find its audience among those who prefer gossip about great men to their works. Mr. Pengelly's original contribution to his subject consists of a few extracts from unpublished letters, apparently written to Mr. Henry Jowett, a member of the firm of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney, who were Ruskin's printers. They are of no very great account, but not uncharacteristic. In one Ruskin complains of "the bestial egoism of the public," who would write to him on business that was not his. Another is a rather pathetic record of distressing infirmities gallantly borne:

MY DEAR J—,—I am getting under sail again—steadily—the chief harm remaining is a sprained wrist, got in fighting one of my men nurses: if the doctor only had had the common sense to get some women nurses, I should have been as quiet as a baby—quieter than most babies I know. But it hurts me in writing still badly. I had the satisfaction of leaving all my keepers rather dilapidated—but it was the worst illness I've had for the pain and sorrow of its fancies.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

On Ruskin's Oxford career Mr. Pengelly rather oddly comments. "Senior Wrangler he knew he could never be; but he felt that he could write poetry, and he meant to achieve what he had set out to do." Naturally Ruskin could never be Senior Wrangler—at Oxford! (Melrose.)

HANDBOOK TO CHRISTIAN AND ECCLESIASTICAL ROME.

BY M. A. R. TUKER AND HOPE MALLESON.

Two parts of this handbook, dealing respectively with "The Christian Monuments in Rome" and "The Liturgy in Rome," have already appeared. The present, and final, instalment, covering "Monasticism in Rome" and "Ecclesiastical Rome," completes the work. Alike to the mere tourist, who desires to be able readily to identify the hundred and eight religious costumes which meet him in the streets of Rome, and to the student puzzled by the intricate ceremonial of the Vatican, or the elaborate divisions and sub-divisions of the great Orders, it may be highly commended. The arrangement is lucid, and

the learning is real and based upon the best authorities. In particular, the account of the rise and growth of monasticism is an excellent sketch, quite free from the triteness of an ordinary guide-book. There are some good illustrations, including a score of the more important religious habits, plans of the Vatican and of a typical Carthusian cell, the arms of the Popes, and so forth. Under the head of "Monasticism" the authors give details of the history, costume, and way of life of the various orders of monks, friars, canons, sisters of charity, and clerks regular. Under that of "Ecclesiastical Rome" they describe the organisation of the Vatican and the functions and privileges of the Pope, the Cardinals, and the various ecclesiastical orders. A full account of the Sistine chapel, the library, and the other buildings of the Vatican is included. (Black.)

COLERIDGE'S THE RIME OF THE
ANCIENT MARINER.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HERBERT COLE.

The critic's business with this presentation of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* is with the illustrations, these being the only addition to the text. We do not think that Mr. Cole's efforts are wholly successful, but then he has essayed a most difficult task. The more important illustrations are etchings, and these are cleanly pieces of work. As interpretations, the *Ancient Mariner* stopping "one of three," in the frontispiece, seems to us to lack power; he suggests a poor old man desperately demanding a shilling. It surprises us, too, that Mr. Cole elected to illustrate the line, "He holds him with his skinny hand," instead of the line in the next verse, "He holds him with his glittering eye." This surely was the moment to seize; on the power of his eye depended the *Ancient Mariner's* audience. But Mr. Cole's efforts are obviously careful, and in his etching of Death and the woman playing dice on the spectreship Coleridge's weird imagination seems really to find the assistance of art. The book is very elegantly produced. (Gay & Bird.)

WILD SPORTS OF BURMA
AND ASSAM.

BY COLONEL POLLOK AND
W. S. THOM.

Colonel Pollok was the pioneer of big game shooting in Lower Burma, and what he did for Lower Burma was done for Upper by Mr. Thom. Both were busy men, Colonel Pollok being of the Staff Corps, Mr. Thom Assistant District Superintendent of Police; but with that characteristic passion for dangerous sport which Englishmen carry with them, all over the world, as part of their necessary outfit, they succeeded in finding time for an enormous amount of slaying. The spirit of these records, which consist mainly of extracts from diaries, is admirably simple and free, and there is nowhere the smallest attempt either at fine writing or blood-curdling adornment. We have bare statements of facts, no more; there are thrills in plenty, but these are not produced by the art of the writers. It is a compliment to them to say that they have no art of the pen; theirs was the art of resource, of wire nerves, of the steady eye:

I was not twenty-one years old [says Colonel Pollok] when I went to Burma: I possessed the constitution of a buffalo, I had private means of my own, and drew exceptionally good pay from Government, and I was, to all intents and purposes, my own master.

With this happy equipment Colonel Pollok began his career as a big game sportsman, shooting, as a rule, from elephants, which the nature of the country made necessary. The range of sport in Lower Burma is unusually wide; there are tigers, leopards and panthers, the buffalo, rhinoceros, gaur, gayal, and tsine; of the deer tribe some half dozen varieties. Of the rhinoceros Colonel Pollok states that in Assam forty-four fell to his own gun, and that he lost, wounded, as many as he killed. In Upper Burma Mr. Thom was responsible for twenty-two elephants. It

is interesting to note that Colonel Pollok altogether discredits the legend that man-eating tigers are old and mangy brutes who take to homicide when they are unable to pull down game or cattle; his experience is that they are often young, sleek, and particularly vicious. There is, we believe, a theory which seeks to account for the manginess on the score of the deleteriousness of human flesh on the tiger's constitution; but this would not manifest itself until the brute had taken a long course of his unholy diet.

There could hardly be a better guide, to those who contemplate a year or two's big game shooting, than this book. The sportsman in Upper and Lower Burma and Assam will find a glut of game hardly, now, to be found elsewhere, and the climate is by no means deadly to men who take reasonable care of themselves. Mr. Thom gives an exhaustive summary of a complete outfit, from servants to meat-saws, from coffee-extract to "battery." So equipped, and with a pliant banking account, let the keen sportsman take ship for Rangoon and thence sail up the Irrawady to Mandalay. (Hurst & Blackett. 16s. net.)

ALTDORFER.

BY P. STURGE MOORE.

This study of the "Little Albrecht" is sympathetic and well informed, though somewhat rambling in manner and marred by digressions. In a volume where narrowness of space should suggest compression we could very well spare such a question as this: "And now can we not reform this demand, that art should seek to improve, by saying that art seeks to reveal beauty, and that contemplation of beauty exhilarates, refines, and elevates?" Of course, one of the objects of art is to reveal beauty; we are not aware that it has ever been seriously disputed. It is as though one should ask, May we not say that bread is intended for food?

Altdorfer was born towards the end of the fifteenth century, probably about 1480, and was registered a burgher of Ratisbon in 1505. His life was lived during a period of noble traditions in art, and his career was happy and successful. Burgher patrons, rich and complacent, swarmed in Ratisbon. Altdorfer's work was wonderfully fresh and buoyant, but we are not quite convinced that it was truly great: its occasional dignity of conception appears fortuitous, almost, one might say, an accident of his theme rather than an essential radiating to its utmost limits. But Altdorfer has his place, and that no low one, in the roll of artists who wrought faithfully and with a sense of beauty serenely confident. (Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

LORD ELGIN'S

BY THE LATE

SECOND EMBASSY TO CHINA
IN 1860.HENRY BROUGHAM LOCH
(LORD LOCH).

There is a terrible vitality in the story of human suffering, and it is not surprising that Lord Loch's account of his detention in a Chinese criminal prison should have brought the "personal narrative" containing it into the third edition. An advertisement of the first edition appears, by the way, in the third number of the ACADEMY. Lord Loch's work was held, at the time it came out, to afford excellent evidence of the Abbé Huc's representation of Chinese character and manners. It will be remembered that Mr. Loch (as he then was) was taken prisoner in violation of a flag of truce and incarcerated in a gaol in Peking. It was a fearful experience. He had been so tightly bound that on his arrival at the gaol he had lost all sensation in his left hand, and he probably owed the reanimation of the member to a hair of the dog that bit him.

Just as they were about to clasp the irons on my wrist they observed the ring on my finger. . . . It excited the cupidity of one of the gaolers, who, finding in the then swollen state of my hand that it could not be got off,

rubbed and sucked my finger in his mouth, munching it gently with his teeth until it was sufficiently softened to get the ring off.

Thus the circulation was restored.

Among its sad traditions the *Times* can have none sadder than the death of its correspondent Bowlby, who perished in a manner too horrible to set forth here, through his excessive zeal for their readers.

At this date it is not perhaps unfair to suggest that, since the cause of Lord Elgin's second embassy was practically the violation of the treaty of Tien-Tsin in 1858, it was scarcely logical of the authorities to allow Mr. Loch, Mr. Parkes, and their comrades to put their heads into the jaws of a dragon thus proved untrustworthy.

For the rest, this narrative throws into relief the curious irresponsibility of the Chinese. They will kick a prisoner one moment and politely put his hat on his head the next. They will load him with chains and thrust him in an insect-infested den, and then, if he asks for water, they give him a nice cup of tea. They are experts alike in the superciliousness of the Southern planter of the slave-days and the grovelling humility of a convicted Monmouth. They vacillate through fear until they itch with evil intentions. They lie because they believe that to lie is functional. Lord Loch believed in their capacity for "great things if wisely governed"—so his widow tells us. One is tempted to believe he was sorry to see them taught wisdom by the destruction of a palace such as the Yuen-Ming-Yuen, and one fails to understand how they could have learned anything but injustice by the conduct of the Allies at Peh-tang, where the inhabitants were ejected from their homes, with the consequence of "an immense amount of suffering."

The moral of the book is obvious—no European should allow himself to be "bottled up" in Chinese China. Chinese promises are Chinese—which is a drawback. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

Fiction.

The Soft Side. By Henry James.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. JAMES'S later manner is more difficult than his earlier, and there are critics in a hurry who find in this a symptom of sheer perversity. But they err—these critics err; rather, to be precise, they intrude. Because such stories are not written for them. First they are written for Mr. James; incidentally a few friends are invited to enjoy them—patient, alert spirits, full of faith. For it is not at the first excursion that you reap the reward of your—yes—labour. The landscape at first view is about as intelligible as to the wandering cockney is one of Turner's water-colour sketches. Too often "she wonderfully answered," "she magnificently said," is the handle of a remark at which we can but glare in vain for a hint of what we have magnificently missed. There are moments when you are tempted to doubt whether perhaps it is not just a game of bluff that the Master is unworthily playing—whether in particular this and that upon which you lay a denunciatory finger does not in fact mean just nothing at all. But if you hang on to it like grim death, as one of Mrs. James's astonishing ladies might say, queer lines and scratches and splashes do focus themselves into a picture. Line by line, interjection by interjection the dialogue comes to life; and just beyond the plane of the print real people suffer and act. And what a queer lot they are! So like the people one knows, yet so altogether different—more definite, more real! And their strange mixed jargon that is neither slang nor literature, but partakes of the qualities of both—the freshness of the one, the felicity of the other.

With regard to the dozen of tales contained in this

volume we are unable to say what it is in virtue of their having precisely in common their author has invented for the book the title it bears. Some figure there must be in the carpet, but we decline to commit ourselves to a description of it. Individually "The Great Condition" takes one back to earlier days and "The Siege of London"; so, a little, does "Miss Gunton of Poughkeepsie." "The Given Case" is in manner contemporary with *The Awkward Age*. "Maud-Evelyn" is of the *Two Magics* stamp; so is "The Real Right Thing." "John Delavoy" is a singular picture of the perfect magazine-maker: "There was not a thing in the world—with a single exception, on which I shall presently touch—that he valued for itself, and not a scrap he knew about anything save whether or no it would do. To 'do' with Mr. Bostern was to do for *The Cynosure*. The wonder was that he could know that of things of which he knew nothing else whatever." The restfullest story in the world is "The Great Good Place"; life, as you read it, is tepid and pale-green. It is the creation, by reflex activity, of a brain harassed by the recurring obligation to unloose with tired fingers the little, tight, hard knots of the meshes of professional and social duty:

Oh, the deep, the deep bath, the soft cool plash in the stillness!—this, time after time, as if under regular treatment a sublimated German "cure" was the vivid name for his luxury. The inner life woke up again, and it was the inner life, for people of his generation, victims of the modern madness, mere maniacal extension and motion, that was returning health. He had talked of independence and written of it, but what a cold, flat word it had been! This was the wordless fact itself—the uncontested possession of the long, sweet, stupid day. . . . Slowly and blissfully he read into the general wealth of his comfort all the particular absences of which it was composed. One by one he touched, as it were, all the things it was such rapture to be without.

"The Tree of Knowledge" tells of a sculptor who can't, and a loving circle that sacrifices itself to maintain his delusion that he can. The other stories are "The Abasement of the Northmores," "Europe," "Paste." The first treats of the posthumous Nemesis that made merry with the reputation of a pompous Success. "Europe" we are not sure that we have mastered. As to "Paste," if Mr. James had not thought it good to do, we should have doubted whether it was intrinsically worth while. Being done, it becomes its own justification.

The Courtesy Dame. By R. Murray Gilchrist.
(William Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. GILCHRIST'S present fame is that of a short story-writer. If we except *The Rue Bargain*, which was a novelette in dimensions, the whole of his best work is comprised in some fifty short stories. Now he comes forward with a proper novel. It was decidedly an adventure on his part to write a novel, for his aptitude for the short-story form is so plain that it might well have excluded an aptitude for any other form. The adventure, however, is a success. Considered as a technical achievement, *The Courtesy Dame* shows few flaws or shortcomings. It is admirably constructed, well wrought, and thoroughly homogeneous. Mr. Gilchrist's theatre is again the Peak district of Derbyshire, but the characters are less simply rustic than he has accustomed us to. In the beginning of the book Lord Bostern, that ailing, but fiercely masculine, peer, puts up at an inn on his travels, and rescues therefrom a beautiful scullery-wench, Anne Witchett. This girl with the singularly pretty name becomes the heroine of the tale. Lord Bostern takes her on the European tour, and arranges her education. She returns with him to his Peakland home, and quite excusably the neighbourhood calls her the courtesy dame; the Bosterns had been addicted to courtesy dames. The

relations of these two were, nevertheless, pure, and remained pure, till Lord Bostern expired of his incurable complaint, and she on his breast. He had wished her to marry, first an illegitimate connexion of his own, Stanley Palfreyman (offspring of a previous Bostern's courtesy dame), and then the old lover of her kitchen days, Whittingham. But she would have neither.

Mr. Gilchrist in this book has imposed a drama factually improbable, but full of essential truths, upon a background of rural life and character. That any kitchen-wench could be transformed into the adorable, lightsome, strong-souled creature which the author has drawn we cannot believe; and we cannot believe that any Lord Bostern and any Anne Witchett could behave quite as these behaved. The charm of the book never flowers gaudily in a phrase, for Mr. Gilchrist deals not in phrases. Rather, it dawns quietly on the mind at the end of a chapter or an episode.

There are many country episodes to which we might refer—of harvests, fairs, carol-singings, courtings, and all the broad, simple, communal life of a self-contained district—but space forbids. We will say, in conclusion, that *The Courtesy Dame* is a notable book.

FitzJames. By Lilian Street.
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

THIS, which is quite the briefest six-shilling novel that we have seen, appears to have been written for the young woman of eighteen or so with a luscious-passionate temperament and a tendency to French. It is Ouida simplified. French phrases like *camaraderie*, *ce soir*, *à demain*, *à demi-voix*, *ma chère*, and *éperdument amoureux* (for which the English language has, of course, no equivalent) ornament nearly every page. The hero is gorgeous:

Galt FitzJames was in his forties. Known far and wide as a poet, a consummate artist, and critic, he was greatly loved and greatly feared. He had an atmosphere that was unique, electric, stimulating; and the secret lay not so much in his genius power as in his bewildering personality. He was kind and gay, splendid and gallant, fierce and self-mocking. His humorous eyes were dark blue; he was clean-shaven; his features irregular and strong; his big head he carried high; his hair was iron-grey. In figure he was tall and imposing. . . .

Stories were rife of his forty years, and some, when they touched on bitter suffering, passionate struggle, and unconquerable courage, were not far short of the truth. Others, told to prove he was mortal, never by one iota lessened the dignity of his character.

But this was not all. He was a compelling god at the piano:

Ruth, at the window, begged for Chopin. Chopin was a mystery to her, and instinctively she knew this other poet would discover him.

But it was Galt FitzJames that reached her in the music—not FitzJames the genius and hero she had worshipped from girlhood, but FitzJames the *man*. . . . He drew her, drew her to him . . . and she felt herself going gladly, gladly. . . . There was nothing else possible . . . possible. . . . He stopped, and she clutched at the window-fastening, faint and dizzy.

Subsequently Ruth nursed him through a delirium, and said that another woman had done it—an impossible "Milly" who gambled at Monte Carlo while her husband lay dying. In the end, however, FitzJames discovered the truth, and we are led to believe that Ruth had the ecstasy of matrimonially accepting the hand of the great poet, artist, critic, and musician, with all his dizzying qualities.

The story is ridiculous, but it is ridiculous in a perfectly simple and unaffected manner. Approach it in the proper spirit, and you will enjoy it.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A BREAKER OF LAWS.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

The cover of Mr. Ridge's new story is adorned with a criminal's coat-of-arms—a shield on which are impaled a dark lantern, a pair of handcuffs, a bunch of skeleton keys, &c.; and the story opens delightfully with a comic burglary at Blackheath by Mr Alfred Bateson—with whose fortunes and with whose "own little Keroline" the book is concerned. (Harper's. 6s.)

THE DEVIL'S HALF-ACRE.

By "ALIEN."

The opening scenes of "Alien's" new novel are laid in the Otago goldfields, where John Jermyn, an unconfessed and unsuspected murderer, has tried to expiate his crime, labouring to save life as an atonement for one taken. He is conducting a camp-meeting, to which the leading characters stray. (Unwin. 6s.)

CYNTHIA IN THE WEST.

BY CHARLES LEE.

A clever story of artist life in Cornwall, by the author of *The Widow Woman*. We are introduced to a regular colony of artists, and to some capital native types. Old Sampy's views on impressionism are entertaining. "Mr. Gibbs, he painted a picksher last year—picksher av a gate 'twas, and a man standing by. Gate was all right—drawed proper, that gate was—five bars all complete; as pretty a gate as ever I see. But the man! If you'll believe me, that man hadn' got no face!—no nose, no mouth, no eyes, no nothing—just a dollop av yaller paint." (Grant Richards. 6s.)

PHILIP WINWOOD.

BY ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS.

The sub-title of this novel is explanatory in the good old-fashioned way: "A Sketch of the Domestic History of an American Captain in the War of Independence; Embracing Events that Occurred between and during the Years 1763 and 1786, in New York and London: written by His Enemy in War, Herbert Russell, Lieutenant in the Loyalist Forces." There are five good illustrations, a portrait of the hero, and a few notes at the end. (Chatto. 6s.)

IN MALE ATTIRE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

The title of this story by the author of that capital piece of melodrama, *By Order of the Czar*, promises adventure and incident. The first few pages fulfil that promise, for we have Zella Brunnen defending herself in a lonely New York street against a drunken ruffian's bowie knife. This is only the first thrill. Others lurk under such chapter headings as "And Jealousy Winked at Murder," "The Fateful Festival of Blind Man's Drift," "Zella Leaves Prudent's Gulch for London," &c., &c. A stirring story of to-day. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE MARBLE FACE.

BY G. COLMORE.

Creepy was the word for the author's *Strange Story of Hester Wynne*. Creepy is the word for this story of a blighted life and a marble face, in which mystery broods over all. The story is taken alternately from "The Diary of Darnley Cotterel" and "The Narrative of Laura Lequesnay." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

KATHLEEN.

BY MRS. G. FORSYTH GRANT.

An immense novel of visits, balls, small talk, diversified by a carriage accident, and culminating in a cricket match. The characters move about in solid blocks: "The Vernon household," "the Wood family," "the Traquair family," "the Cochranes," "the Ainslies." When they are excited they say, "Blow you!" or "*Jehoshaphat!*" The hero is credited with a mania for quoting Shakespeare, though he seldom does so. "'Frailty, thy name is woman!'"

quoted Ronald, his eyes fixed upon Kathleen. "Shakespeare says that, and St. Jerominy! he's jolly well right!" The story is laid in Edinburgh. (Paisley: Alex. Gardner. 6s.)

DAUNAY'S TOWER.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

A will story. The will—Stephen Daunay's—of course miscarries, and there is an important and mysterious child, who grows more beautiful every day in the remote Cumberland village where the story is laid. The plot is well worked out. Two of the heroines are named, like Poe's creations, Annabel and Lenore, and there is something Poesque about Daunay's Tower itself, in its heterogeneous vastness, looming in the night and breathing old traditions. (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE VICAR'S ATONEMENT.

BY J. HARWARD PONTING.

The atonements of vicars are popular, we believe, in fiction. This unhappy cleric is married in the second chapter. He does not tell his bride that it is for the second time, nor that his first wife had eloped from him, and was drowned. The acted lie becomes dangerous, even at the altar, where, under the veil of his bride, he sees, by hallucination, the lineaments of Mary Brandon. For his improbable secrecy the vicar pays an improbable price in suffering; the drowned wife turns up; there is a murder; and a theatrical "atonement." (Marshall & Son. 6s.)

A SUBURBAN VENDETTA.

BY JOHN K. LEYS.

"'It will come,' said the General, 'if at all, on the tenth of June.'" The General referred to a peril that had hung over him and his since Mutiny days, when—it goes without saying—he had tried to rob a Hindoo temple of its jewels. Hence the vendetta, and the interest surrounding the Rajah of Nagore when he arrives as guest at Seacombe Towers and promptly proposes to the General's daughter. If "Forewarned" and "Trapped" did not appear as chapter headings in this story we should marvel, but they do. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE DISHONOUR OF FRANK SCOTT.

BY M. HAMILTON.

Frank Scott's dishonour arose out of his absent-minded infatuation for one young woman what time he was engaged to another. It was a bad case, and Frank's cowardice went to the length of concealing from one woman his marriage to the other. The developments are, of course, tragical. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

MAB.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Mr. Lindsay's field is Methodist life, with its bigotries and sanctities, upon which some rude breath of the world is usually allowed to play. Thus Mab, a foundling of the sea, is Methodised as long as possible by her foster-parents. She becomes an actress, loses her sight, achieves success as an author, and is re-Methodised, cured of her blindness, and married to a minister amid the gruff plaudits of old bronzed fishermen like Zadok Parrington. A good story of its type. (Horace Marshall & Son. 6s.)

WAGES.

BY L. T. MEADE.

Mrs. Meade's present concern is with the evil of surreptitious drug-taking by neurotic Society women. Morphia and eau-de-cologne, brandy and laudanum, do their fell work in these pages; and the lesson is heightened by the circumstance that the hero, a Harley-street specialist in nerve diseases, is himself a victim. (Nisbet. 6s.)

THE CROSS TRIUMPHANT.

BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

This story, by the author of *Paul*, opens seventeen years after the Crucifixion, and embraces the over-running of Palestine by Vespasian, with its attendant horrors. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

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The Author of "The Master-Christian."

An Enquiry.

SIZE is the quality which most strongly and surely appeals to the imagination of the multitude. Of all modern monuments, the Eiffel Tower and the Big Wheel have aroused the most genuine curiosity and admiration: they are the biggest. As with this monstrous architecture of metals, so with the fabric of ideas and emotions: the attention of the whole crowd can only be caught by an audacious hugeness, an eye-smiting enormity of dimensions so gross as to be nearly physical. The unrivalled vogue of Miss Marie Corelli is partly due to the fact that her inventive faculty has always ranged easily and unafraid amid the largest things. Even in the early days, a single world did not suffice her fancy; she needed two. Then, when humanity had proved too small a field, she dreamt of a divine tragedy, and awoke to conjure up the devil. After the devil, the devil's antithesis: it was bound to come, and it has come. Barabbas, Satan, Christ: who can say that there will not yet be a fourth term to this gigantic proportion sum?

The daring brain which could conceive Jesus making the European tour at the heels of a Cardinal of the Roman Church has used no half-measures in the execution of the idea. If the theme is immense, crude, and obviously staggering, the treatment suits it. Unite the colossal with the gaudy, and you will not achieve the sublime; but, unless you are deterred by humility and a sense of humour, you may persuade yourself that you have done so, and certainly most people will credit you with the genuine feat. Such is the case of Miss Corelli and *The Master-Christian*. From the moment when the good Cardinal Felix Bonpré finds the Divine Child, Manuel, shivering under the barred porch of Rouen Cathedral, to the grand climax of that same Child dialectically withering the Pope in the Vatican, there is no intermission of "big" situations. Manuel works miracles, curing lameness, stopping and annihilating bullets, and even raising the dead. He ascends the tower of Notre Dame, and stretches out his arms toward the city. "What dost thou see?" asks the good Cardinal.

"Paris!" replied the boy in strangely sorrowful accents, his young, wistful face turning towards the Cardinal, his hair blown back in the light wind. "All Paris!"

He was about to see a lecherous priest, worth five millions of francs, all but murdered by his illegitimate son before a churchful of *ecottes*. Later, Manuel journeys on to Rome. He and the Cardinal discuss the sights:

"St. Peter's!" answered Manuel, with a thrill of passion in his voice as he uttered the name. "St. Peter's—the huge theatre misnamed a church! Oh, dear friend!—do not look at me thus. . . . Surely you must know that there is nothing of the loving God in that vast Cruelty of a place. . . . Oh, what a loneliness is that of Christ in the world! What a second Agony in Gethsemane!"

In the Vatican, Manuel, not stopping at words, proceeds to glances:

"As One having authority—and not as the scribes!" said Manuel, with a swift, flashing glance, which, like a shaft of lightning, seemed to pierce through flesh and bone; for, as he met that radiant and commanding look, the jewel-like eyes of the Pope lost their lustre and became fixed and glassy—he put his hand to his throat with a choking gasp for breath—and, like a dead body which had only been kept in place by some secret mechanical action, he fell back in his chair senseless, his limbs stretching themselves out with a convulsive shudder into stark immovability.

Coming to London, Manuel presided at the heavenly translation of the good Cardinal, and arranged there for "a marvellous vision!—a Dream of Angels."

"Manuel!"

"I am here," answered the clear young voice. "Be not afraid!"

And now the music of the unseen choir of sound seemed to grow deeper and fuller and grander, and Felix Bonpré, caught up, as it were, out of all earthly surroundings . . . saw the bare building around him beginning to wondrously change. . . .

So much for Manuel. As the author says, "The personality of the little fellow was intensely winning." In regard to the human characters, they are sharply divided into two groups—the sheep and the goats. To be a sheep is to possess striking artistic and personal gifts; to be a goat is to have mistresses and bastards: there is no middle course; a middle course leads neither to the colossal nor the gaudy. Angela Sovrani, the heroine, was the greatest (moral) painter of her time, and, "unlike any other woman in the world," "a creature apart," "true, womanly in every delicate sentiment, fancy, and feeling, but with something of the man-hero in her scorn of petty aims." "Her laughter, sweet and low, thrilled the air with a sense of music." She painted a symbolic canvas, entitled "The Coming of Christ," which the United States nation bought, by cable, for a hundred thousand dollars. Her *fiancé*, an Italian prince, and also a painter (with a paramour), killed her out of artistic jealousy, and Manuel brought her to life again. Aubrey Leigh, the *jeune premier*, was "a brilliant scholar," and an ardent democrat; he would have become "supreme in histrionic art" had he not been repelled from the theatre by "the painted drabs called 'ladies of the stage.'" He was "the finest shot in England," and could improvise divinely on the organ. He wrote a book, and "found himself—like Byron—famous." He also "flung thunderbolts of splendid defiance at shams, with the manner of a young Ajax defying the lightning." He fell in love with one Sylvie Hermenstein, and Sylvie, "who seemed, by her graceful and *mignonne* fascinations and elegant toilettes, just a butterfly of fashion and no more, was truly of a dreamy and poetic nature—she had read very deeply, and the griefs and joys of humanity presented an ever-varying problem to her refined and penetrative mind." Mdlle. Hermenstein had a literary friend, the Princesse D'Agrament, and "the *Figaro* snatched eagerly at everything" written by this lady; while Angela had a literary friend, Cyrillon, "a daring writer who has sent his assumed name of 'Gys Grandit' like a flame through Europe."

The goats of the narrative are, with the exception of Angela's *fiancé* and a curate, all Roman Catholic priests, the book itself being, *inter alia*, what the gifted authoress intends for an exposure of the Roman Catholic Church. Angela's *fiancé* kept a mistress. The curate declined to bury the child of a hapless girl whom he had seduced. The catalogue of sinful priests is a long one. The Abbé Vergniaud was father to the flame-like "Gys Grandit." Claude Cazeau, an Archbishop's secretary, seduced a girl named Marguerite; she went mad of her shame; one night she grappled with him ("he turned

a livid white in the moonrays"), and they perished together in the Seine. Monsignor Gherardi, that powerful and august prelate, had a *petite maison*, "a superb villa, furnished with every modern luxury and convenience, . . . where a beautiful Neapolitan *danseuse* condescended to live as his mistress." Gherardi also made infamous proposals to Sylvie Hermenstein, "in low, fierce accents"; but, later, when "Gys Grandit" crushed him in argument by referring to his family of bastards, "he reeled back as though he had been dealt a sudden blow, and over his face came a terrible change, like the grey pallor of creeping paralysis."

Perhaps the most wonderful thing about this book is that the author has faith in her work. By a thousand indications we are convinced that she truly believes it to be sublime. *The Master Christian* is a perfectly honest revelation of a personality. Egotistic, theatrical, vindictive, obtuse, and perhaps vain, that personality is nevertheless not a mean one. It is distinguished by a ferocious hatred of shams and by an earnestness almost terrible. Miss Corelli has the not-ignoble passions of the reformer. She must tilt or she will die. That her tiltings are farcically futile is due neither to lack of energy nor lack of sincerity, nor diffidence in attack, nor doubts, but simply to a complete absence of humour and artistic feeling, and her rhapsodic ignorance of life. Invincibly self-possessed and self-satisfied, conscious of power, and, above all, conscious of rectitude, she revels gorgeously in her lyric mastery of the commonplace, deeming it genius, and finds in the fracas of pamphleteering fiction an outlet and satisfaction for all her desires.

Such a personality could not fail to arouse opposition, and, indeed, the feud which exists between Miss Corelli and those who actively interest themselves in modern literary art may be accounted for without difficulty. It is due not to the appalling and absolute wrongness and badness of Miss Corelli's books considered as works of art, but to the authority and acceptance which she has achieved among the multitude. Try as you may to ignore the multitude you cannot. Numbers will tell, and it is right that they should. There is not a writer living to-day who does not envy Miss Corelli her circulation; and it is just that circulation which the artists of literature cannot understand. Is it possible, they ask in sad and angry amazement, that people can be imposed on by *this*? And they have an impulse to fling down the pen and take to grocery. But of course it is possible! That the question should be put only shows that in the world of books, as in every other world, one half does not know how the other half lives. In literary matters the literate seldom suspect the extreme simplicity and *naïveté* of the illiterate. They wilfully blind themselves to it; they are afraid to face it. Let us point out here that the wants of those readers who happen to be without taste are seldom met exactly, for the reason that nearly every writer has some sort of taste, some feeling for the refinements of his art. The readers without taste usually read, therefore, work which is a little beyond their proper grasp. They do the best they can for themselves, but their normal reading condition is one of muddle and mystification, more or less acute. When an author comes along who can exercise force, fluency, and sincerity at the bidding of preferences precisely similar to their own, then it is that the illiterate gather together, and by the shoutings of their acclamation make themselves so painfully obvious to the literate. Then it is that the literate, awakened to the realities of the world, cry: Is it possible? Is it possible that Miss Corelli is regarded by tens of thousands of people as a profound philosopher and a beautiful writer? Let them ponder the two following passages:

The toy called the biograph, which reflects pictures for us in a dazzling and moving continuity, so that we can see scenes of human life in action, is merely a hint to us that every scene of every life is reflected in a ceaseless moving panorama *Somewhere* in the Universe, for the beholding of *Someone*—yes!—there must be *Someone* who

so elects to look upon everything, or such possibilities of reflected scenes would not be—*inasmuch* as nothing exists without a Cause for existence.

Angela did not reply—her hands had unconsciously wandered into the mazes of a rich Beethoven voluntary, and the notes, firm, grand, and harmonious, rolled out on the silence with a warm, deep tenderness that thrilled the air as with a rhythmic heat of angels' wings.

Let the literates ponder those two passages, and assimilate the stupendous fact that there are multitudes of persons—you can see them in the streets behaving quite nicely—who will accept the one passage for profound philosophy and the other for beautiful writing. And, perhaps, the fact is not so stupendous after all, but just an ordinary, self-evident fact, one of a series. The very man who is shocked that "people" should be deceived by *The Master Christian*, may himself be the ignorant victim of a kind of music or a kind of painting not superior to the kind of literature to which *The Master Christian* belongs.

It has been stated that this huge fiction (it contains a quarter of a million of words—especially such words as sublimity, majesty, radiance, flashing, infinitely, thrilled, indefinite, elfin, *Hélas!* luminance, grand, exquisite, frightful, overwhelming) has succeeded—in the commercial sense—beyond any other English novel ever published at six shillings or any other price. That success, however, had been reached before the public had read a line of the book, and was due partly to the author's previous works, partly to splendid advertisement, and mainly to the official assertion, some time ago, that Miss Corelli had not written a novel entitled *The Sins of Christ*. But let us grant that the book has found favour with the majority of its purchasers; let us say that a hundred thousand immortal souls have been truly refreshed by it. This vast army of the simplicities would comprise the following classes:

1. (Overlapping the other classes.) Those who accept the gaudy colossal for the sublime.
2. Those who never miss "disclosures" about the Roman Catholic Church, who attend lectures by escaped nuns, and who say *Romish* when they mean *Roman*.
3. Those who only condescend to read fiction which "teaches," and who would doubtless be uplifted by the didactic harangues which the leading characters are made to declaim at every crisis in the story.
4. Those who enjoy witnessing any sort of "attack," even a street-fight.
5. Those neutral and sheepish minds who always contrive to like what a sufficient number of others like.

It remains to say that these persons might have favoured a more contemptible book. *The Master Christian* is absurd past all telling, but it has homogeneity, and with such a tremendous theme and scene, only a distinctly clever and audacious brain could have achieved that most difficult quality. The thing is serious and sincere; it shows a creditable and rare interest in large affairs; it is no mere weaving of a set pattern in fiction, such as contents many writers of genuine fine talent. It is ridiculous, but it is alive. And if you have no sense of the ridiculous, if you belong to the hundred thousand, you may well regard it as an impressive and magisterial work.

Things Seen.

The English Way.

HE came into the restaurant car on a German railway, let the door slam behind him, smiled, sniffed, said "Oh!" and threw open one of the windows. We stared, for a German railway, where every station-master suggests imminent martial law, is not the place for the flaunting of an independent spirit. We—a little company of various nationalities, united only by a tacit servility to wait

patiently till it should please the waiter to attend to our wants—stared. The new-comer, a mere boy, but tall, treated the place as if it were a Duchy and he the Duke of it. He tucked his long legs under a table, and shouted in a high, pleasant voice: “*Kellner!*” to which, after a few seconds, he added the word *schnell!* Those were the only two German words he knew, and he used them frequently, with varying degrees of emphasis. Strange to say, the waiter answered the call, and took his leisurely order. He gave him his entire attention, just as if the boy were a duke and we subjects. His dinner was served while we still waited, and while he ate I talked to him. He had been with his “people” at Hom-burg, and now he was on his way back to a public school in England. Later he was going into the Army. This he told me while he ate his dinner, and chirped criticisms of German ways. When he had finished his meal, he threw himself back in his chair and cried: “*Kellner, bill! schnell!*” The waiter heard, and came to him, down the whole length of the carriage. The bill was presented. “Look here,” said the boy, “the service is bad. I’m going to back this bill.” He wrote his complaint (it was not very well spelt) in a large, round caligraphy, folded it, and dropped the document into the official box attached to the wall. Then he rose, said: “Bring my coffee into the smoking-room,” smiled generally at the company, and strolled to the door. He paused there a moment, said: “Look here, *schnell!*” and disappeared.

I began my dinner. I ruminated. His behaviour was inexcusable, and yet—. Well, he carried it off. It was not underbred—it was English. I ruminated, and thought of the map of Africa and the domination that was spreading down from the North and up from the South. I did not approve, but, as I ate my tardy dinner, I think I understood—the English way.

At Sea.

LAST night a woman in the steerage died, and this afternoon she was to be buried. It was a day of fog and fine rain, with a chill in the air that made one’s bones feel brittle. The sea was a dirty gray, fading at a hundred yards into dull white mist.

The body lay on a hatching, wrapped in a Union Jack, for she was an Englishwoman coming home. There was nothing garish in the broad bands of colour, and down at her feet was a swelling beneath the cloth that we knew was a forty-pound shot. Round the hatching was a ring of sailors, bare-headed men with bronzed faces, the name of the ship written in white across their blue jerseys. Behind them stood a crowd of passengers, the men with their hats in their hands, fingering the brim; the women with shawls over their heads.

Suddenly the engines stopped. A strange stillness ensued. The only sound came from the water washing along the smooth iron side.

Somewhere in the crowd a baby wailed, and I saw a woman whispering to something she held hidden under her red shawl. Then a priest came forward, a black velvet cap on his head, and mumbled some prayers—in Latin, I thought, but his voice was very low. He finished, and stood aside. The sailors stooped, carried the hatching to the side, and tilted it. There was a moment’s pause, and then the bundle shot overboard. It was a great drop to the water. The bundle struck the water flat, with a great splash. There was a sound in the crowd like a sudden drawing in of breath. Suddenly, far overhead, the fog-horn burred, and at the same moment the bell jangled in the engine-room for full speed ahead. I felt the wire rigging in my hand tremble at the first drive of the piston.

An Enthusiasm that Was.

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, being a boy of twelve, I carried sundry coins to Mr. Franklin’s bookshop at the corner of St. Nicholas’s-square, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and exchanged them for a copy of the *Critical and Historical Essays* of Lord Macaulay. I could show you the very spot in Neville-street where, walking homeward, I stopped to take a deep draught of rhetoric from that podgy volume in a gamboge binding. Has justice been done to Macaulay as the literary mentor of boys under fourteen? I doubt it, the debt is so large. There is a class of books from which bookish boys draw their first literary nourishment, and although these books are not the same for every boy, yet there are certain books which really form a group of this nature. Washington Irving’s *Sketch Book* is one, and Macaulay’s *Essays* is another. From these, and from Lamb, and from Addison’s *Spectator*, boys draw green knowledge of the moods and capabilities of literature. They learn how sarcasm can gall its victims, or argument crush them; and hugely they enjoy such spectacles. They easily delight themselves with the broad effects of good prose: a flowing style, a richness of allusion, clever antithesis, ingenious similes. Moreover they learn names—nothing haunts a boy like names—and on these they build castles of surmise very pleasant to behold. Great among such writers is Macaulay of the *Essays*. I could have said this last week, but it was only yesterday that I realised how strong was the spell that Macaulay threw over me in that gamboge volume. Casually I had picked up the new edition of the *Essays* issued in the “Temple Classics” series, and casually I opened it at a page in the article on Machiavelli. To my no small astonishment I could hardly read it with a dry eye. For I had lighted on a passage which I had roared to the wind on sea-shores, in railway-carriages, and wherever the glory of words could add a joy to life, or relieve some boyish bitterness. The passage was this:

From the oppressions of illiterate masters, and the sufferings of a degraded peasantry, it is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened States of Italy, to the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort or luxury, the factories swarming with artisans, the Apennines covered with rich cultivation up to their very summits, the Po wafting the harvests of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the palaces of Milan. With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence, the halls which rang with the mirth of Pulci, the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian, the statues on which the young eyes of Michael Angelo glared with the frenzy of a kindred inspiration, the gardens in which Lorenzo meditated some sparkling song for the May-day dance of the Etrurian virgins. Alas, for the beautiful city! Alas, for the wit and the learning, the genius and the love!

Le donne, e i cavalier, gli affanni, e gli agi,
Che ne’n vogliava amore e cortesia
Là dove i cuor son fatti sì malvagi.

A time was at hand when all the seven vials of the Apocalypse were to be poured forth and shaken out over those pleasant countries, a time of slaughter, famine, beggary, infamy, slavery, despair.

The secret of Macaulay’s hold on the literary boy is plain. A boy with any taste for literature always deals in bombast; he loves the mouth-filling word and the rolling period. Does he glory in stately words and cloth-of-gold phrases? He is your budding writer. Those splashings and revellings in the sea of speech declare the swimmer who one day will cut the waves with a clean stroke and an economy of spray. Macaulay’s style is not bombast, but to many a boy it is the foamy and resonant out of literature.

The more I dip into the Essays, the more I doubt whether this is not their greatest use and their greatest merit—that they shout so splendidly round the boy, and cast such treasures at his feet. Macaulay's delight in a full world, a thriving society, and an advanced culture; his prodigious knowledge, his memory, his vocabulary, his health—these are elements in a style that lures the young mind by the broad vigour and symmetry of its operations. Of sentiment and subtlety there are just enough in the Essays to please a boy, which is to say that there is very little of either. Macaulay's grand catalogue of the things that are relieved to just the right extent and in just the right way. A boy had as lief read in Macaulay of the end of London as of the glory of Rome. Hear him take on his lips the famous passage on the permanence of the Roman Catholic Church:

She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple at Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

Macaulay gloated on these vast operations of Time. He wrote, in the essay on Machiavelli:

All the curses denounced against Tyre seemed to have fallen on Venice. Her merchants already stood afar off, lamenting for this great city. The time seemed near when the sea-weed should overgrow her silent Rialto, and the fisherman wash his nets in her deserted arsenal.

And, again, in the "Sir William Temple":

Lewis and Dorothy are alike dust. A cotton-mill stands on the ruins of Marli; and the Osbornes have ceased to dwell under the ancient roof of Chicksands.

Always concrete, rhetorical, and brilliant, always the easy master of his thought—no wonder Macaulay is worshipped by boys. To see him take off his coat to thrash a poet like Montgomery, or a critic like Croker, was sheer ecstasy. So many processes, horizons, relationships, were flashed upon the mind as incidents in the glorious bout; such far glimpses, and such vast suggestions, were opened on every side. You learned by excitement, you grew wise in battle. And then the cult of the "hit," the joy of sarcasm, and—the feelings of Mr. Montgomery!

We would not be understood, however, to say, that Mr. Robert Montgomery cannot make similitudes for himself. A very few lines further on, we find one which has every mark of originality, and on which, we will be bound, none of the poets whom he has plundered will ever think of making reprisals:

"The soul, aspiring, pants its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount."

We take this to be, on the whole, the worst similitude in the world. In the first place, no stream meanders, or can possibly meander, level with its fount. In the next place, if streams did meander level with their founts, no two motions can be less like each other than that of meandering level and that of mounting upwards.

To see Mr. Croker pounded in page after page of cumulative muscle, cumulative scorn, and all in a blaze of erudition beyond the dreams of schoolmasters! How one loved even the minutiae of the onslaught.

Mr. Croker states that Mr. Henry Bate, who afterwards assumed the name of Dudley, was proprietor of the *Morning Herald*, and fought a duel with George Robinson Stoney, in consequence of some attacks on Lady Strathmore which appeared in that paper. Now, Mr. Bate was then connected, not with the *Morning Herald*, but with the *Morning Post*; and the dispute took place before the *Morning Herald* was in existence. The duel was fought in January, 1777. The "Chronicle" of the *Annual Register* for that year contains an account of the transaction, and distinctly states that Mr. Bate was editor of the *Morning Post*. The *Morning Herald*, as any person may see by

looking at any number of it, was not established till some years after this affair. For this blunder there is, we must acknowledge, some excuse; for it certainly seems almost incredible to a person living in our time that any human being should ever have stopped to fight with a writer in the *Morning Post*.

All this does not seem too fair now. And really one blushes for the cruelty of the epigram:

It is not likely that a person who is ignorant of what almost everybody knows can know that of which almost everybody is ignorant.

But a boy enjoys this as he does a knock-down blow with the gloves; and he frankly accepts the Titan's explanation:

We did not open this book with any wish to find blemishes in it. We have made no curious researches. The work itself, and a very common knowledge of literary and political history, have enabled us to detect the mistakes which we have pointed out, and many other mistakes of the same kind. We must say, and we say it with regret, that we do not consider the authority of Mr. Croker, unsupported by other evidence, as sufficient to justify any writer who may follow him in relating a single anecdote or in assigning a date to a single event.

Moved by a memory, I have but touched on Macaulay's attraction for boys. His wealth of proper names and allusion is dazzling. Poor Southey's philosophy might stand or fall, but to see that remote scheme condemned by remoter standards was a treat. "A mere day-dream, a poetical creation, like the Domdaniel cavern, the Swerga, or Pandalon." W.

Correspondence.

"On the Eve."

SIR,—Your reviewer, in his notice of Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North* is hardly fortunate in choosing *On the Eve* to bear out his contention that the finest of Turgenev's novels deal but little with love. *On the Eve* is primarily a poignant love story. In none of his books does Turgenev analyse more minutely the heart of a woman who loves. Had your reviewer pointed to *Fathers and Children* or *Virgin Soil* or even *Rudin* he would have been nearer the mark. Obviously he does not know his Turgenev.—I am, &c.,

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN.

7, Smith-square, Westminster: September 23, 1900.

[Mr. Christopher St. John is, of course, entitled to his views about *On the Eve*. If, however, he is unable to perceive that the political significance of that novel is paramount over everything else in it he is singularly unfortunate. His concluding remark is a hasty and gratuitous assumption on which I will express no opinion.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

Mr. Eric Mackay.

SIR,—As I am sole possessor of all the letters and legal papers pertaining to the family of the late Dr. Charles Mackay, you will, perhaps, allow me to point out that I am not "wrong in my chronology" with regard to the statement I have made respecting Dr. Mackay's second son, George Eric Mackay. He was born in 1835 (not 1851) and he died in his sixty-fourth year (not at forty-seven). His elder brother is still living and is settled in America with a large family of children and grandchildren, and his own son (living in Italy) is now about forty years of age. And it is quite true that I never made his acquaintance till he returned to his father's house on the failure of his two newspaper ventures, the *Roman Times* (in Rome) and *Il Poliglotta* (in Venice). I was then, as I have stated, a child, studying lessons with a daily governess, and he was forty-five. I regret to trouble you with these personal details, but your correspondent's misleading

remark seems to make it necessary, though I venture to think that the private affairs of a family are out of the province of polite journalism.—I am, &c.,

September 24, 1900.

MARIE CORELLI.

[We regret that we were misled by our correspondent, who, however, seems to have been, in his turn, misled by a work of reference in which the date of Mr. Eric Mackay's birth was incorrectly given as 1851 instead of 1835.]

"The Minimum of a Decent Personal Library."

SIR,—In all probability it was not Mark Pattison who put the minimum at a thousand volumes, neither was it he who was responsible for the *obiter dictum*: "No one can be said to have a Library at all unless he has at least ten thousand volumes." But if your correspondent will turn to Augustine Birrell's Essay on "Book-Buying" (*Obiter Dicta*, Second Series, pages 263-4), he will find the passage he no doubt has in mind: "To be proud of having two thousand books would be absurd. You might as well be proud of having two top-coats. After your first two thousand difficulty begins, but until you have ten thousand volumes the less you say about your Library the better. Then you may begin to speak."

In the same delightful Essay Mark Pattison, who had 16,000 volumes, is quoted as saying: "That he had been informed, and verily believed, that there were men of his own University of Oxford who, being in uncontrolled possession of annual incomes of not less than £500, thought they were doing the thing handsomely if they expended £50 a year upon their libraries."—I am, &c.,

September 24, 1900.

JOHN H. RADFORD.

Our Celtic Fringe.

SIR,—It is possible that you have more readers than one within the "Celtic Fringe" who find themselves shut out from your Literary Competitions. In the place I write from our communication with the rest of the world is maintained by one boat daily. The ACADEMY does not reach me until Monday at mid-day; and, at the very earliest, a letter sent from here on Tuesday could not reach London before Wednesday. Is it possible to give us an even chance sometimes? Can you favour us with an opportunity of the chastening penance of failure?—I am, &c.,

CHAS. SMITH.

Macleans Land, Tarbert, Lochfyne: Sept. 25, 1900.

"An Inexact Synonym."

SIR,—I think perhaps "plesionym" may meet the requirements of your correspondent who desires a single word to express an inexact synonym.—I am, &c.,

CLEMENT GUTCH.

Holgate Lodge, York: September 26, 1900.

[Another correspondent suggests "nighrede," "skionym," "skialogue," or "paralogue."]

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Her hand was still on her sword-hilt—the spur was still
on her heel—

She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel:
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold, and
browed,

Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode to
be crowned.

The Young Queen came to the Old Queen's presence
"in the Hall of One Thousand Years," crying "Crown
me, my mother!"

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous
circlet prest,

Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the
gold of the West.

When the Young Queen "asked for a mother's blessing
on the excellent years to be," the Old Queen apostrophising her as "daughter no more but sister," makes reply:

"I have swayed troublous councils—I am wise in terrible
things—

Father and son and grandson I have known the heart of
the Kings.

Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom or the gift all wisdom
above?

Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's love:

Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or vows,
Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house—
God requite thee, my Sister, through the strenuous years
to be,

And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved me!"

To us the poem seems in parts a little too reminiscent of "Dagonet." The *Daily Chronicle*, a journal not often given to phrases, finds the first stanza we have quoted "crammed with the somewhat hypertrophied muscularity of the uncrowned laureate."

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Still baffled here and barred without Jove's portal,
While you a crown
Of laurel incorruptible are wearing,
And at the gods are staring.
I want to say the gratefulness I feel
For lines like ocean-breezes,
Whose freshness heals the heart's diseases;
For lines you write so strongly,
In spite of shock we cannot take you wrongly—
Their daring pleasures;
Ringing we hear them echoed through the air,
The world is fair! is fair!
And the deep founts of hidden feeling,
Beneath your master-touch
The swelling sorrow stifled over-much
Forth from the darkness breaks,
And blessed tears relieve the heart that aches;
Your power is such,
The rock you strike, like Moses, with your rod,
Yields waters from the wells of God.
We see 'the ephod of the unseen altar,'
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In priestly raiment dressed;
An 'Exile' now no more. The gates
Of Heaven are passed, and thou hast found thy mates.
The Father's breast
Receives the Son who here did understand
The speech of that great land."

MR. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON'S new romance, "Chloris of the Island," which has run through the *Graphic* this year, will be published this month here and in America by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Owing to an unfortunate accident the American edition has gone to press without correction by the author. It is hoped that the second edition will embody all the necessary alterations.

LAST week we wrote of two amateur Kentish magazines. To-day, also out of Kent, comes a third magazine, called *The Tulip*. It is published by Martin Klingender, at Shortlands, and it is a large square magazine of poetry, sketches, and wood-engravings, printed on one side of the page only, and "got up" with creditable care. With the contents we are not much struck. Some of the engravings pass our understanding. "A Church Tower" on page 11 is not like a church tower, nor like any other building; it is not beautiful; it is an engraved blot with a few meaningless lines added. The same is true of "The Cathedral," in which two objects, purporting to be spires, rise above a mass of blackness, purporting to be foliage. The coloured engravings are better, but they are only eccentric derivatives of eccentric models. We are not hostile to amateur magazines—they are signs of life; but with the amateur magazine without merit we have small patience.

On the authority of a newspaper, we spoke last week of the *Elf* as a magazine of the past. We are glad to hear that the *Elf* is still a magazine of the future. It is not discontinued.

The *Dome* now appears quarterly, in triple numbers; thus, the new volume contains the numbers for May,

June, and July. It is an interesting budget of esoteric writing and wood-engraving. Mr. W. B. Yeats has an article on "The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry," in which he claims great things for Shelley that are hidden from ordinary minds: Mr. Yeats believes, for Shelley as for himself, that "the imagination has some way of lighting on the truth that the reason has not, and that its commandments, delivered when the body is still and the reason silent, are the most binding we can ever know." We cannot here summarise Mr. Yeats's conception of Shelley's philosophy of intellectual beauty, but we will quote his concluding paragraph for its own sake.

I have re-read his *Prometheus Unbound* for the first time for many years, in the woods of Drim-da-rod, among the Ech Tge hills, and sometimes I have looked towards Slieve-nan-Orr, where the country people say the last battle of the world shall be fought till the third day, when a priest shall lift a chalice, and the thousand years of peace begin. And I think this mysterious song utters a faith as simple and as ancient as the faith of those country people, in a form suited to a new age, that will understand, with Blake, that the holy spirit is "an intellectual fountain," and that the kinds and degrees of beauty are the images of its authority.

A WRITER in the October *Lippincott* tells one or two stories of James Russell Lowell's "faculty of perpetrating puns redeemed from reproach by their impish ingenuity and unexpectedness." The three examples he gives are certainly amusing:

Coming into his class-room one day, he announced to his students that wings were being added to the ugliest house in Cambridge, "and," he continued devoutly, "I hope they will fly away with it."

Again, after exposing the ridiculous blunders of the editor of certain old plays, he concluded with the remark: "In point of fact, we must apply to this gentleman the name of the first King of Sparta." No one remembered, of course, what this was, but when they looked it up they found it was Eudamidas.

At the time Prof. Horsford believed he had successfully identified Norumbega—the place where the Norsemen are said to have first landed in America—with Cambridge, and there was much talk regarding his supposed discovery and the monument he erected to signalise it, a club was being started in the town, and two questions concerning it were awakening animated discussion—what the name should be, and whether it should dispense spirituous liquors. "Why not solve both questions at once," said Mr. Lowell, "and call it the 'No rum begar!'?"

MR. F. R. BENSON'S company will produce at the "Comedy" the following eight plays, beginning on December 19 next: "Hamlet," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Richard II.," "Henry IV." (part 2), "The Taming of the Shrew," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," or "Coriolanus."

IN the Philadelphia *Conservator* we find the following report of a conversation between Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller, to which the writer, Mr. Leon Mead, was privileged to listen. The conversation took place in Whitman's rooms at Mrs. Moffit's caravansary, in Bulfinch-place, Boston. There Joaquin Miller and Mr. Mead had called in a casual way, and after the greetings, and the introduction of Mr. Mead to Whitman, the conversation ran as follows:

Whitman: I'm real glad you dropped in, Miller, old fellow. Why, you're looking as fresh as a ruby. Getting fat, too. The waters of the Pierian spring agree with you.

Miller: You old rogue, Whitman, I'd give the planet Jupiter, if I owned it, in exchange for your physique, your white mane and god-like brow. Well, how are you, anyway?

Whitman: You find me in linen fresh this morning, yet wet as water. I'm in a good old-fashioned perspiration—

a luxury I was afraid I'd not get in Boston. Do you know, a man who never sweats is generally a hard-fisted, miserable kind of a fellow. I never had any sympathy with a dry-skinned man. He will turn coward if you give him the slightest provocation. By the way, I went out to Concord yesterday to see Emerson.

Miller: Indeed; how is the darling old man?

Whitman: Pretty feeble. Yes, I stayed to luncheon with him and we had a mighty sociable time. He took me for a walk through his garden and grounds. Occasionally a fitful gleam of his former self would creep into his eyes, when some reference was made to his old friends who have passed away. His memory is quite treacherous. He began several stories that he had to leave unfinished—he was sure to forget the salient point.

Miller: That is very sad. By the way, the other day I put in a couple of hours with Longfellow.

Whitman: I want to know!

Miller: We had a square you-tell-me-and-I'll-tell-you talk about American poets and we agree tremendously. Your name was mentioned.

Whitman: Was it?

Miller: And we raked you over the coals for quite a time.

Whitman: Well, now, Miller, candidly, what does Longfellow think of me? Honest Indian?

Miller: He told me he considered you a genius.

Whitman: No!

Miller: Yes, and moreover he said that you are not only a bright particular star but a fixed planet of the first magnitude. He said you are a broader poet than the whole lot. He likes you, Walt.

Whitman: Now, you don't know how that pleases me, Joaquin. I always had an idea that Longfellow didn't care a rap for me. God bless him! [At this point tears were visible in the speaker's eyes.] Do you think he meant it all?

Miller: Most assuredly he did. He referred to your "Song of Myself" as a deep, esoteric gem. He expressed the regret that you are not more generally understood and appreciated.

Whitman: I have tried all my life to write for the masses.

Miller: Old boy, you and I are over the heads of the rabble. We stand on an eminence of our own making, and look down when we wish to see the world. In a word, we know we are great, and if other people don't know it, it is their own fault.

THE Bashkirtseff-Maupassant letters are begun and ended in this week's *Gentlewoman*, forming the final chapter in the series of Marie Bashkirtseff's diaries and letters which are to be published under the title, *The Story of a Woman's Soul*. The most interesting thing in this correspondence is Marie Bashkirtseff's frank account to Maupassant of the effect produced on her mind by a re-reading of his works:

I have profited, sir, by the leisure of Holy Week to re-read your complete works. You are a gay dog, incontestably. I had never read you *en bloc* and right off. The impression is, therefore, fresh, and that impression . . . It is enough to turn all my pupils inside out and to upset all the convents of Christendom. As for myself, who am not at all bashful, I am confounded—yes, sir, confounded—by this intense preoccupation of yours with the sentiment that M. Alexandre Dumas *fil*s named Love. It will become a monomania, and that will be regrettable, for you are richly dowered and your peasant tales are well sketched. I know that you have done a *Life*, and that this book is stamped with a great feeling of disgust, sadness, and discouragement. This feeling, which leads one to pardon the other thing, appears from time to time in your writings, and leads people to believe that you are a superior being who suffers from life. It is this that cuts me to the heart. But this whining is, I fear, only an echo of Flaubert.

In fact, we are brave simpletons, and you are a good *farceur* (do you see the advantage of not knowing one another?) with your solitude and your beings with long hair. . . . Love—it is still with that word that one gets

hold of the whole world. Oh, la! la! Gil Blas, where art thou? It was after reading one of your articles that I read the *Attaque du Moulin*. It was like entering a magnificent and fragrant forest where birds sang. "Never did larger peace fall upon a happier spot."

That is very interesting, as is the whole of this brief correspondence. But every sentence sighs for its native French.

MR. JOHN MORLEY's biography of Oliver Cromwell is brought to an end this month in the *Century Magazine*. It has been divided into twelve papers and forty-two chapters. Mr. Morley ends on this temperate estimate of Cromwell's personality:

It has been called a common error of our day to ascribe far too much to the designs and the influence of eminent men, of rulers, and of governments. The reproach is just and should impress us. The momentum of past events, the spontaneous impulses of the mass of a nation or a race, the pressure of general hopes and fears, the new things learned in "novel spheres of thought"—all have more to do with the progress of human affairs than the deliberate views of even the most determined and far-sighted of our individual leaders. Thirty years after the death of the Protector a more successful revolution came about. The law was made more just, the tribunals were purified, the press began to enjoy a freedom for which Milton had made a glorious appeal, but which Cromwell had dared not concede, the rights of conscience received at least a partial recognition. Yet the Declaration of Right and the Toleration Act issued from a stream of ideas and maxims, aims and methods, that were not Puritan. New tributaries had already swollen the volume and changed the currents of that broad confluence of manners, morals, government, belief, on whose breast Time guides the voyages of mankind. The age of rationalism, with its bright lights and sobering shadows, had begun. Some ninety years after 1688 another revolution followed in the England across the Atlantic; and the gulf between Cromwell and Jefferson is measure of the vast distance that the minds of men had travelled. With the death of Cromwell the brief life of Puritan theocracy in England expired. It was a phase of a movement that left an inheritance of some noble thoughts, the memory of a brave struggle for human freedom, and a procession of strong and capacious master spirits, with Milton and Cromwell at their head. Political ends miscarry, and the revolutionary leader treads a path of fire. It is our true wisdom to learn how to combine sane and equitable historic verdicts with a just value for those eternal qualities of high endeavour, on which, amid all changes of fashion, formula, direction, the world's best hopes depend.

WE could hardly desire a better account of Fenimore Cooper than that which Mr. Mowbray Morris has prefixed to the new edition of *The Last of the Mohicans*, which Messrs. Macmillan have just added to their series of standard novels. We will quote two salient passages against and for Cooper's achievement:

What we call style—I do not mean the gibberish which too often goes by that name now, but the art of using the right words in the right places—may come by instinct, or may be laboriously acquired. It certainly did not come by instinct to Cooper, and as certainly he gave no pains to acquire it. Perhaps no writer who has ever made a lasting name for himself wears his faults so plainly on the surface as Cooper. It is idle to look in his pages for any of those qualities which, if the newspapers are to be believed, go to the making of a literary reputation to-day, but which may possibly tend less surely to its preservation; we shall find in them no elaborate analysis of character, no juggling with words, no niceties, and assuredly no nastinesses, of dialogue. And it must be added also that we miss in them many things which they would be the better for; his few attempts to be humorous are woeful; passion is as foreign to him as sentiment, and, to do him justice, though, unfortunately for him and for his readers, he must occasionally try the latter, from the former he rigor-

ously and wisely abstains; his writing is almost always careless, often slovenly, and of his plots he is as careless as of his grammar. But what Cooper could do no man has ever done better.

And now for Cooper's achievement :

In drawing Nature he certainly showed some of the finest qualities of the artist. He never overloads his picture with details; nothing is wasted, and nothing is forgotten. But it is in what he leaves to the imagination even more than what he brings before the eye that the secret of his power lies. The pleasure of the pathless woods, the rapture of the lonely shore, the silence of the starry sky, all the mystery and magic of the primeval world—one has to go to the poets to find fit words for the impression left on the mind by these haunting scenes. What wonder if in the majestic presence of Nature the figure of Man should seem at moments small, his movements ungainly, and his language mean?

The edition, we may add, is capably illustrated by Mr. H. M. Brock.

THE following epigram appears in the *American Bookman* :

TO JAMES LANE ALLEN.

The "Reign of Law"—
Well, Allen, you're lucky;
It's the first time it ever
Rained law in Kentucky.

Bibliographical.

I SEE an American firm promises the *Complete Works* of Mr. T. B. Aldrich in seven volumes. They will be complete, of course, up to date. It is only three years since Mr. Aldrich's *Complete Works* appeared in eight volumes. His *Poems and Novels* were issued in six volumes in 1885, which year also saw the issue of his *Poetical Works*. It is always, I think, foolish to advertise the *Complete Works* of an author who is still alive, and likely to add to the number of his writings. To what extent Mr. Aldrich is known and appreciated in England it is difficult to say. His literary output ought to be familiar here, for during the past twenty years some twenty of his publications (including the collections named above) have been circulated in this country. I suppose we may assume that most reading people have made acquaintance with his *Marjorie Daw*, his *Prudence Palfry*, his *Stillwater Tragedy*, his *Story of a Bad Boy*, if not with his *Sister's Tragedy*, his *Judith and Holofernes*, his *Later Lyrics*. My first acquaintance with his poetical work was, I remember, due to the good offices of a living English poet, who praised him warmly.

The American firm to which I refer also announce *The Complete Works*, in seven volumes, of Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, another Transatlantic worthy, who, however, has always stuck to prose. He is known in these islands as the writer of *Short Studies of American Authors*, of a *Young Folks* (and a *Larger*) *History of the United States*, of monographs on Margaret Ossoli and Wendell Phillips, of a book of *Reminiscences of Contemporaries*, and of various volumes of essays and tales, of the former of which the most widely-spread, apparently, are *Common Sense about Women*, *Women and Men*, *Book and Heart*, *The Procession of the Flowers*, *Cheerful Yesterdays*, and so forth. Only last year three of Mr. Higginson's books were issued in England; yet how many English people can place their hands upon their hearts and assert positively that they ever heard of Mr. Higginson, much less ever came across his publications? And yet, obviously, Mr. Higginson must have his admirers; else why take the trouble to publish him in Great Britain?

We are to have a new volume of poems (*The Finding of*

the Book) from the venerable Archbishop of Armagh, now in his seventy-sixth year. It will be welcome to many. The general level of Dr. Alexander's poetical products is not, perhaps, particularly high, but occasionally he is very felicitous in phrase. I am thinking especially of his elegy on Matthew Arnold, which is admirable both as poetry and as criticism. Dr. Alexander published a volume of verse in 1886, having made his poetical *début* as far back as 1853 with his "Installation Ode." Curiously enough, he has been followed in the see of Derry and Raphoe by a brother poet, the Right Rev. Dr. Chadwick, who also announces for publication shortly a book of verse, chiefly sacred.

Unless I am very much mistaken, a well-known *littérateur* has been described as having in preparation, for a certain series of biographical monographs, a little book on Mr. Thomas Hardy. Now we are told that Sir George Douglas has in the press a volume on the same interesting subject. One wonders how Mr. Hardy himself feels about it. It is just six years since two books about him appeared in successive months. The year was 1894, and in October came *The Art of Thomas Hardy*, by Mr. Lionel Johnson, and in November, the *Thomas Hardy* of Miss Annie Macdonell (assistant editor of the *Bookman*, and daughter of the James Macdonell of whom Dr. Robertson Nicoll has been the biographer). Even Mr. George Meredith has not suffered quite so much in this way as Mr. Hardy, though he has had his trials.

Mr. Henry Attwell has always been fond of compiling books of *Thoughts* by this person and that person, and his latest achievement in that way will have John Ruskin's works for its material. There can be no great objection to this, for the *Ruskin Birthday Book* dates back to 1883, and the *Selections from John Ruskin* to 1893. In this particular department Ruskinism seems not to have been overdone. Anyway, one can "enthuse" more over such a compilation than over a "Birthday Book" of thoughts by the author of *Isabel Carnaby*. This is promised us, and it will contain a concentrated extract of wit and humour derived not only from *Isabel* but from the other two masterpieces by Miss Fowler.

A correspondent reminds me that I did not include in my last week's list of books on Oliver Cromwell the recent work of Mr. Firth. It was because Mr. Firth's book was so recent, and therefore so obvious, that I did not mention it. I see, by the way, that a forthcoming volume of verse will include *Cromwell: a Dramatic Poem*. There seems no end or limit to the interest excited by the "Great Protector." Matthew Arnold made him the subject of his *Newdigate Prize* poem in 1843; and here we are—at it again, in 1900!

Mr. Du Chaillu once wrote a book which he called *The Land of the Midnight Sun*. He now announces one which he has entitled *The Land of the Long Night*. It was only the other day that we were reading Mr. Cook's *Through the First Antarctic Night*. And, all the time, one has been unable to forget that Mrs. Lynn Linton was the authoress of a novel which she christened *Through the Long Night*. A little bit confusing, is it not?

To his forthcoming book, *The Bystander*, Mr. Ashby Sterry has given the sub-title of "Leaves for the Lazy." He seems fond of the last-named word—his book of verse is called *The Lazy Minstrel*. And yet there never was, perhaps, a minstrel less lazy than Mr. Ashby Sterry, who is known to be one of the most industrious of penmen.

Last week a literary contemporary included in its list of current fiction the *Non Sequitur* of Miss M. E. Coleridge. It so happens that that book is of essays all compact; but then Miss Coleridge's reputation, hitherto, has been that of a novelist: hence the blunder.

Messrs. Gay & Bird are to give us what is likely to be a curiosity in its way—namely, an edition of Walton's *Compleat Angler* "in modern English" [*sic*!] This will deserve study.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Still to be Written.

Samuel Richardson: a Biographical and Critical Study. By Clara Linklater Thomson. (Horace Marshall & Son.)

"RICHARDSON'S life," says Mr. Birrell, "admirable as is Mrs. Barbauld's sketch, cannot be said to have been written." Richardson shares with Steele the affront of omission from the *English Men of Letters* series, and in his case the omission has not been remedied by inclusion in the series of *Eminent Writers*. Nor has any such exhaustive biography of him as Mr. Aiken's *Life of Steele* ever appeared. Miss Thomson has now published a volume of 291 pages, of which seventy-six are devoted to the biography of Richardson, forty-three to an account of his friends, twenty-two to "the development of the novel," and 152 to accounts and criticism of Richardson's work. Now in the matter of criticism Richardson has already been dealt with in a most illuminating manner by Mr. Henley, Mr. Traill, Mr. Birrell, and Mrs. Oliphant. But of the material left by himself, the mass of correspondence lying in the library at South Kensington—of which Mrs. Barbauld's six volumes are but a selection—none of these critics appear to have made use. There the letters lie, their ink yellowing, their excellent greyish paper cut into gaps where seals have been excised, some of them endorsed in the neat and legible handwriting for whose badness Richardson so often and so unnecessarily apologises, some copied by one or other of his daughters in the small, pointed, young lady's hand of a hundred and fifty years ago, all full of interests, hopes, and customs that have died. Surely there was room for at least another, if not a larger, selection than Mrs. Barbauld's—room for a biography in more than seventy-six pages. The flutter of forgotten love affairs, the little airs of Miss Highmore upon the cheerfulness of Mr. Duncombe in her absence, the singing of Miss Mulso, the conflagration of a lady's curl-papers, the wine-growing enterprises—at Plaistow, of all places!—of the too sanguine Aaron Hill, whom Pope so unjustly included in the *Dunciad*, the epistolary coqueries of the sprightly Lady Bradshaigh, the rather fulsome compliments of Mrs. Chapone the elder, the difficulty of conveying, per carrier, hares and hams and sage-cheeses—all these lie enshrined in the volumes of Mrs. Barbauld and the MSS. at South Kensington. It is a whole picture of life in an upper middle-class circle, touching, on one side, bishops, ladies of title, and the Speaker of the House of Commons; on the other, printers, poor dependents, and City tradesfolk. Many of the persons with whom Richardson corresponded enjoyed in their own day a more or less deserved eminence, and of his nearer intimates all seem to have been refined, intelligent, cultivated, and of high principle. From these old letters rises the perfume of a life singularly honourable, industrious, liberal, and benevolent, a little formal, perhaps, a little enclosed, though full of interests, a life as blameless as was ever lived by any citizen of London from the days of Whittington downwards. This perfume, it must be said with regret, is not preserved in Miss Thomson's volume. She is everywhere careful and painstaking; she has evidently gone to the authorities at first-hand; but she never makes us feel the pulse of life, still less the warmth of Richardson's delightful kindliness. We look in vain for any of those flashes of sympathetic comprehension which make Mrs. Barbauld's pages still alive: "The fault of his mind was rather that he was too much occupied with himself than that he had too high an opinion of his talents." "He loved to complain, but who that suffers from disorders that affect the very springs of life and happiness does not?" From Miss Thomson's pages we should never guess that Richardson was a man pre-eminently lovable, still less that he was one who saw the

full humour of a joke against himself. She actually quotes with a shade of reprehension his smiling account of how a certain master-carpenter, whom he had sent for to be scolded for delays, managed to make the unconscious Mrs. Richardson compliment him on his speed, whereby the husband was made to appear unreasonable, "and the wife, who knew nothing at all of the matter, went off at her honest man's expense with the character of a very reasonable, courteous, good sort of woman." In short, Miss Thomson seems rather to have set herself to write about a man not sufficiently known than to write because she feels the charm which Richardson exercises over some of us who read our *Clarissa Harlowe* and our *Sir Charles Grandison*, not once in a lifetime, but once every year or two, and to whom even Miss Byron's "correcting" Uncle Selby is a person as real—and in the circle of the initiated as often quoted—as Sam Weller. Like other human beings, Richardson must be loved to be understood, and a biographer who loved him should be able to see, for instance, something other than mere jealousy in his disapproval of Fielding, and to believe, with Mr. Birrell, that he might have hated "Fielding's boisterous drunkards" almost as much if their creator had "not been a rival of his fame."

The critical examination by which so large a part of the book is occupied is, to speak frankly, the criticism of the ordinary reader. It never touches the how and why, never flashes into that glow of enthusiasm which makes Mr. Henley's couple of pages about *Clarissa* almost lyric, never gives even the impression of a genuine enjoyment. To explain or understand Richardson's work it is necessary to realise the two stages of its composition. He first laid out a general—very general—outline, the essence of which was some plain moral; then he proceeded to write without any further fixed plan, and being (whether he knew it or not) a realist of the deepest dye, made his people such as they must have been in order to bring about the given situation. In *Pamela*, for instance, the aim was to show "virtue rewarded" in the person of a young woman who, by resisting her master's efforts at seduction, brings him to marry her. No doubt the virtuous young woman was also designed to be sympathetic. Unfortunately the two aims are incompatible. It is essential to the plan that the marriage should be regarded by the heroine as a reward; and the woman who regards it as a reward to marry a man who has used every kind of endeavour to possess her without marriage can only be even pardonable on the ground that she was wildly in love with him. If her love had been strong enough to outweigh her sense of his faults she would have fallen a victim to him; on the other hand, her sense of his faults being stronger, she forfeits our sympathy by consenting to marry him. We ought not to complain of *Pamela* for being what she is, rather we ought to admire the art which makes her the only sort of person to whom the story could have happened. Why, then, it may be asked, choose that story to write? And to that question the most ardent of Richardsonians can but answer with a sigh, Why, indeed?

Clarissa Harlowe stands on a different plane. It is one of the great things of the world—great both because of absolute originality, and great also because of achievement. Moreover, though nothing in Miss Thomson's account of it would lead her readers to think so, it is one of the most engrossing books that was ever written. To Richardson its persons were as much alive as any of those to whom he spoke and wrote. He quoted the words of *Clarissa* as he might have quoted the words of Miss "Hecky" Mulso; his correspondents understood him, and felt with him; but too many later readers see nothing in his attitude deeper or more subtle than vanity. Too many of them, too, following Sir Walter Scott, cry out upon the story as impossible, and talk of *Clarissa's* foolishness in failing to appeal to that active police magistrate, Mr. Henry Fielding. Mr. Henry Fielding himself, when he wrote about the

book in his own paper, made no such complaint; nor, apparently, did any contemporary critic. The truth is that *Clarissa* was not, as Miss Thomson calls her, a woman of independent character; she was only a woman of absolutely immovable principle. In matters where she had not principle for a clear guide she was undecided, and she had by nature and habit neither enterprise nor initiative—qualities, indeed, much discouraged by the education of a young lady in her day. It should be remembered that until the fatal 10th of April, when she was deluded—as a woman of independent character or indeed of wider experience never would have been—into going away with Lovelace, she had never walked alone, never travelled alone, never decided any important matter without permission.

The character of Lovelace appears to Miss Thomson impossible: “a bundle of contradictions, of conflicting qualities that could not possibly co-exist in the same person. There is, of course, much that is absurd in this conception, much that must strike any reader with a sense of humour as irresistibly comic.” We might make similar observations—as an earlier critic has happily pointed out—about Iago. Lovelace, like Iago, remains, in spite of them, one of the great living figures of literature. “Is there anything better than Lovelace in the whole range of fiction?” says Mr. Henley; “Lovelace, so immeasurably the highest achievement of the author’s genius,” said Mr. Traill. Lovelace, indeed, is that very rare person in fiction—a seducer who is seductive. He need only be compared with any of the fine gentlemen of the early comedy, with the Lothario upon whom some persons have supposed him founded, or with the ruffianly Mr. B. of *Pamela*. What avails it to say that he does not exist as long as we feel that he does?

Dr. Jowett, it appears, said that *Sir Charles Grandison* was the longest of novels and one of the best. If he had said one of the most agreeable he would have touched the mark precisely. It has all the pleasantness of a fine and spacious old country house where everything proceeds methodically, where there is always room enough, and never any hurry. As for Sir Charles himself, he is, considering how every person and every circumstance conspire to spoil him, an amazingly pleasant, good-tempered, sensible young man. His fault is really that, like Tom Jones, he has not a spark of imagination. Here again Richardson is faithful to the exigencies of his scheme, for no young man with a spark of imagination could arrive at the age of six-and-twenty without having ever deviated by a hair’s-breadth from the line of propriety. Moreover, only a man without imagination, or a man with an excess of imagination, could manage to be so evenly in love with two ladies at the same time. Clementina is a heroine of a somewhat obsolete pattern, who probably receives less than justice from the modern reader; but even the modern reader cannot but remark how, without a word said on the subject, Clementina is always on a slightly higher social plane than Harriet. The effect is so subtle, so delicate, so complete, that Mr. Henry James himself could not have given it more perfectly.

Finally, will this latest volume help to make Richardson better known? Will it bring fresh readers to *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison*? Will it in any measure call to life the persons buried in the many volumes of correspondence? Alas! it appears sadly improbable; for in it both the man and the work assume an aspect of stiffness, hardness, and formality—an air of the old-fashioned “superior person”—which is particularly unattractive to contemporary readers, and which, like a portrait by an unskilled artist, has at the same time a horrible likeness to the original. As we lay down the book Mr. Birrell’s words come back to us. No; Richardson’s life cannot be said to have been written.

A Group of Perfect Worldlings.

The Pageantry of Life. By Charles Whibley. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

WE do not quarrel with Mr. Whibley for what he is not. We are grateful for what he is—a critic with brains. He has no enthusiasms; he abhors rhetoric; romance never creeps into his page; sentiment is alien to him, although when it goes with truth he is quick to seize its import, as when he quotes the dying speech of the courtier “young Weston,” killed in youth to satisfy “the dour temper of the corpulent monster” Henry VIII.: young Weston, detailing his debts, remembered one “to a poorer woman at the Tennes play for bawles I cannot tell howe much.” But Mr. Whibley’s passionless prose rarely touches the sensibility; rather, it titillates the intellect. He has his subject always well in hand, methodically he pursues his way (relieving it now and again by swift probings that find the truth), artless on the surface, but, in reality, the result of a fine artifice. Those who know their Pepys will appreciate the intelligence of the following criticism. It occurs in one of the papers in this volume on “The Real Pepys”:

Even his good resolutions are made but to be broken. “I have made an oathe,” says he one day, “for the drinking of no wine, &c., on such penalties till I have passed my accounts and cleared all.” And in a week he confesses that he has broken his oath “without pleasure.” “Without pleasure”—that is the one phrase in the book that one is persuaded to mistrust. For the first and last time Pepys seems to be posing, to be cutting an antic before a mirror. Had he said the wine was bad, you had understood him. But were the wine good, you know that, oath or no oath, Pepys would have delighted in it.

We like, too, Mr. Whibley’s grave and impersonal seriousness about trifles. He never, to use an expressive vulgarism, “gives himself away.” No imp of a second self ever peeps out to laugh at his elder brother, the way of many humorists. Having chosen his subject, Mr. Whibley treats it with the respect a devotee gives to his creed. Is there not something magnificent about such sentences as the following, which occur in his picture of George Brummel:

The cravat of Brummel was the envy of crowned heads, yet nothing could have been more simple.

Starched cravats and varnished boots might seem to be within the reach of all men; yet in these accomplishments Brummel was without a rival. His cravat was perfect because he touched it with his own magic fingers.

1835 was his Waterloo. In that year he was arrested, and, worse still, obliged to dress before the police. This might have seemed the last insult to anyone who had never revealed the secrets of his toilet to any save his own Prince Regent.

This volume might have been called “A Group of Perfect Worldlings.” It consists of an Introduction, and studies of nine men, such as Sir Kenelm Digby, Pepys, Saint Simon, Beckford, and Barbey D’Aureville, who devoted themselves, “with that perfect consistency which marks only the greatest men,” to the unique cultivation of themselves. Not the least interesting of the nine studies is that on “The Caliph of Fonthill”—William Beckford, author of “the sublimely humorous fable which is *Fathek*.” Mr. Whibley is clearly among those who have succeeded in making their way to the end of *Fathek*.

If *Fathek* do not rank among the greatest works of the world, it is still a miracle of grim wit, caustic humour, contemptuous irony; and once more Beckford distinguished himself—an Englishman—from all his fellows by giving a masterpiece to the literature of France. Some few burlesques, now sliding into forgetfulness, were dictated by the same spirit of careless satire, and if the earliest book of travel be a lyric expression of himself, the

latest is a reasoned expression of his art. But his real life lay as far apart from literature as from Spain. Fonthill was Beckford made concrete. There he attempted to create a false world, to translate into practice an imaginative ideal. That he failed was his loss rather than ours. The twelve-foot wall shuts out the Abbey from prying eyes as sternly to-day as it did near a century ago. We can only catch sight at a distance of the Gothic tower, and marvel that his vast resources of wealth and taste could produce no better effect. We can but attribute a furtive confusion between Wardour-street and the perfect collection to the influence of his generation, which, despite his own valiant theory, warped his judgment. But without reserve may we admire a courteous gentleman, splendid in prosperity, brave in adversity, who hated the world's interruption as heartily as he despised its malice, and who, notwithstanding the load of wealth and sycophancy, yet carved his life into a definite and a personal shape.

But the book is more than a clever series of historical studies. It is an aid to that most difficult of all tasks—a task strangely neglected, a task demanding untiring energy, and the absorption of every moment, a task where the "smallest action is an added touch, a fresh detail in the vast design"—the Art of Living. We need hardly say that, coming from Mr. Whibley, the analysis of the lives of these splendid worldlings is unmoral. They are his choice. In his ironical, detached way he sympathises with them, but that is his affair. We are only concerned to say that he has done his work with art, with humour, and with a cheerful spirit. The clouds roll away, whiffs of a delight in life that, alas! is not too common now blow across the ages as we read. They took the world in their two hands, they pecked at it, and left what they did not want. *La Joie!* that was the end of their ambition, "as it was the end of Pepys's ambling curiosity, and, alas! it is an ambition which in these days has yielded to the harder lust of gold the keener pleasure of advancement." So we bid good-bye, for the present, to these dandies and perfect worldlings who "shook footstools if they left thrones secure." Yet they will outlive many who shook thrones. How it would have amused them could they have known that we take their philosophy of life seriously.

The Wandering Army.

Tramping with Tramps. By Josiah Flynt. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

"To watch in thought," writes Mr. Flynt, in that section of his book called "Children of the Road," "the long and motley procession marching along is to see a panorama of all the sins, sorrows, and accidents known to human experience. Year after year they trudge on and on, and always on, seeking a goal which they never seem to find. Young and old, man and woman, boy and girl, all go on together; and as one wearies of the march another steps into his heel-tracks, and the ranks close up as solidly as ever."

We have had many books devoted to the vagabond and the criminal, to the outcast and the victim of the *Wanderlust*. Most of them have been written from specialist or amateur points of view, often misleading, often productive of inevitable insincerities. The specialist, as a rule, studies the incarcerated criminal, who is a person very different from his free self; usually something of an actor or a master of humbug. The amateur sees, but overstates; has an eye too keenly set upon the picturesque, and frequently misses the inwardness of his subject. Mr. Flynt does not profess to be a criminologist, which clears the ground wonderfully; and although he was an amateur tramp he was one for months on end and was accepted as of the elect of Hoboland. And when we say an amateur we do not mean that he merely dressed as a tramp, boarded freight-cars, and caught a smattering of the lingo; he actually lived the life, felt the vermin, begged his food, and served time. Therefore his book is a genuine

contribution to the literature of a subject profoundly interesting alike to governments and individuals. Our only regret is that Mr. Flynt saw so little, comparatively, of English trampdom; during a longer stay he might have encountered better—and worse—types than came in his way.

The American hobo, says Mr. Flynt, is, as a rule, a discouraged criminal. He has tried the higher walks of swindling, and either been unsuccessful in them or lost his nerve. The man who gets the "shivers" is undone, and he generally gets them after ten or fifteen years behind prison bars. If the "shivers" become chronic he is unfitted even for a decent road-man, and drifts to the dregs of being in the unutterable ranks of the "tomato can vag.," which individual picks his living from the "slop-barrels and tomato cans of dirty alleys." But the criminal class is by no means responsible for the whole of the noisome army; its ranks are swelled by the purely lazy, the instinctive born vagabonds, and the enticed. The pity of it is that the enticed are children who dream adventure, and catch from the "jocker's" snaring voice the thrill of adventure accomplished:

It is really one of the wonders of the world, the power that this ugly, dissipated, tattered man has over the children he meets. In no other country that I have visited is there anything like it. He stops at a town for a few hours, collects the likely boys about him at his hang-out, picks out the one that he thinks will serve him best, and then begins systematically to fascinate him. If he understands the art well (and it is a carefully studied art) he can almost always get the one he wants.

And, being so secured, the unfortunate youngster marches away into the slavery of the "prushun," a slavery only to cease, probably, when he himself becomes an "ex-prushun," and gets even with the world by enticing a child himself. This is the deadliest thing in American trampdom; recruits never fail, and the new blood takes its colour from the worst of the old. Once in that fell fraternity these boys are kicked into obedience, bought and sold, and taught every variety of vice and villainy. Here, surely, is a traffic for suppression by a vigorous and uncompromising law.

Of the tramp upon the road Mr. Flynt writes simply and convincingly. We see him in his hang-outs, on his begging rounds, in low-down saloons, in filthy lodging-houses. The creature lives well, if he is good at the game; it takes three hot meals a day to satisfy him, with snacks between. Less than that gives him occasion to rail at the community which he defrauds. There are tramps of so nice a gastronomic turn that they will decide upon what they want for dinner and make it their business to get it. We doubt whether this would be possible in England; our tramps are hardly so jauntily professional, being, indeed, mainly of the "poke-out" variety. The American tramp is, unquestionably, the most successful of his class, and he boasts that he has Irish blood in his veins. Mr. Flynt lost some caste on account of his inability to make this claim. But the English swindling vagabond—the fish-hammer, the widow-petitioner, and the like—we imagine still holds his own with his American brother. Only the other day the "Soap Fits King" was in the dock once more; after a time he will be foaming in the Strand again.

Distinctions of class in Hoboland are not less sharp than among those whose way lies not between the kip-house and the casual-ward, the hang-out and the gaol. The tramp community has its methods and its unwritten laws, its benevolences and its justice. The "poke-out tramp" is superior to the "tomato-can vag.," the true hobo to the "gay-cat." Mr. Flynt says of the "poke-outs":

They are constitutionally incapacitated for any successful career in vagabondage, and the wonder is that they live at all. Properly speaking, they have no connection with the real brotherhood, and I should not have referred to them here except that the public mistakes them for the general hoboes. . . . The hobo is exceedingly proud in

his way—a person of susceptibilities—and if you want to offend him, call him a “gay-cat” or a “poke-outer.” He will never forgive you.

Now the “gay-cat” is one who sometimes degrades himself by work.

In America a rule of the road is that a hobo shall help a hobo, in England a moocher helps a moocher, in Russia a gorioun helps a gorioun; but in Germany a *chaussée-grabentapezir* does not often feel called upon to help a *chaussée-grabentapezir*. That is a most unworthy trait in the vagabonds of the Fatherland. Mr. Flynt tells a pathetic story of “the Cheyenne Baby,” a child born on the road, which became the pet of Hoboland. The mother stipulated that the boy should be taught nothing bad, and the men were so struck with the humour of the idea that they respected it. Therefore, though his vocabulary was packed with curses, he was instructed that they represented the nicest possible things. The child was killed with his mother in a railway smash, and all that was left of him, a right arm, was buried on the prairie and honoured with a wooden slab.

Mr. Flynt devotes an extremely interesting section of his book to the “Tramp and the Railroads.” Writing of America he says:

Taking this country by and large, it is no exaggeration to say that every night in the year ten thousand free passengers of the tramp genus travel on the different railroads in the ways mentioned [boarding freight-cars, &c.], and that ten thousand more are waiting at watering-tanks and in railroad yards for opportunities to get on the trains. I estimate the professional tramp population at sixty thousand, a third of whom are generally on the move.

This free travel system practically does not exist in England, and a universal vigorous policy on the part of the American railway companies would soon end it there. No more deadly blow could be aimed at the heart of Hoboland.

Of the English tramp, as we have said, Mr. Flynt had no extended experience, and he tells us little which the casual student of the subject, added to some actual intercourse with tramps, might not have gathered for himself. But, as a whole, the book is of searching interest, and the author's details and conclusions are so temperately stated as to demand the attention due to an impartial investigator. He approaches the subject with a mind free from prejudice, with ample sympathy, and, so far as we can gather, unhampered by the literature, so often merely sordidly picturesque, which has accumulated about his theme. The tramp, in effect, is a nuisance to society, and in the majority of instances has no claim upon society whatever. He is a wastrel, a fraud, and a potential criminal. He appeals to sentiment, and to sentiment he will continue to appeal so long as the law lets him off with light punishments. The main roads in England, particularly within a radius of forty miles from Charing Cross, are infested with him. His toll upon private charity, in the shape of food and money, cannot amount to much less than a pound a week. Is he, as an institution for frightening women and children, worth so much? We think not.

Astrophel and Stella.

Sonnets and Songs of Sir Philip Sidney. Edited by Philip Sidney. (Burleigh. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. SIDNEY'S excuse for this new edition is that hitherto Sidney's *Sonnets* have never been published “at what may be considered a popular price and in a popular form.” The phrases will hardly bear pressing too closely. Certainly, Mr. Sidney's notion of a popular price differs from ours, for his volume is published in purple cloth at seven and sixpence net. For seven-and-sixpence, and nothing said about the net, you can purchase the elegant and scholarly

little edition done in 1888 by Mr. A. W. Pollard. That we have always looked upon as a model of good editing, and it is hard to see in what respect Mr. Sidney betters it. We should be sorry to think that a book was the more “popular” merely in proportion to the inferiority of its editing. True, Mr. Sidney has modernised the sixteenth-century orthography; but he has not done so correctly, for he leaves such forms as “stile” for “style,” “poesie” for “poesy,” “hie” for “high,” “captainesse” for “captainess,” “frys” for “fries.” Nor was it worth doing, for the orthography of “Astrophel and Stella” is so little divergent from modern usage that it really offers no puzzle to any reader not absolutely illiterate. On the other hand, the interpretation of the Sonnets does present considerable difficulties; and here Mr. Sidney's thin and scrappy introduction, which, after an ugly fashion set by Dr. Grosart, he chooses to call a “Memorial Introduction,” contrasts ill with Mr. Pollard's judicious, sympathetic, and in no way pedantic discussion of the points of literary history and biography involved.

The precise amount of the personal element in “Astrophel and Stella” is, of course, as with most of the other great love-poems of literature, matter for dispute. Many of the sonnets are undoubtedly exercises in modish versifying. In the tradition of Petrarch, of Desportes. Yet of the underlying human drama, the real passion and the real tragedy, no competent reader, himself sincere, can fail to be convinced. That Sidney saw Lady Penelope Devereux marry Lord Rich without more than a conventional emotion; that he greeted her maturing beauty at court with a conventional homage; that before many months had passed the conventions fell away, and left the consciousness of an irreparable mistake; that passion culminated in proposals gently repelled; that ultimately the stern fibre of the man triumphed over his weakness—these are the human material wrought by the healing gift of imagination—“emotion remembered in tranquillity”—into imperishable poetry. The ordering of the story; the how, the when, and the where, as it is reflected in the Sonnets, has been fully told by Mr. Pollard. One little bit of evidence has cropped up since he wrote, which Mr. Sidney might have garnered, but, somewhat characteristically, has missed. It concerns the circumstances under which Stella's marriage to Lord Rich took place. She had been half-betrothed, as a child, to Sidney; and it has generally been assumed that when Sidney's chances of succeeding to his uncle, Lord Leicester, were vanishing, Stella's relations interfered, and insisted, to his disappointment, on a better match. This is not quite consistent with the language of the Sonnets. Astrophel says:

I might!—unhappie word—O me, I might,
And then would not, or could not, see my blisse;
Till now wrapt in a most infernall night,
I find how heav'nly day, wretch! I did misse.
Hart, rent thy selfe thou doest thy selfe but right;
No lovely Paris made thy Hellen his,
No force, no fraud robd thee of thy delight,
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is;
But to my selfe my selfe did give the blow,
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me,
That I respects for both our sakes must show:
And yet could not, by rising morne foresee
How faire a day was neare: O punisht eyes,
That I had beue more foolish, or more wise!

The natural interpretation of this is that Sidney's own unwillingness had much to do with the fact that Lady Penelope Devereux married another. And this view is confirmed by a passage in a letter written in 1687 to John Aubrey, and published in Mr. Clark's recent edition of the “Brief Lives.” The letter concerns the personages of the “Arcadia.” Philoclea is said to be Lady Rich,

beloved by him, upon whose account he made his “Astrophel and Stella. . . . Lord Rich being then his friend, he persuaded her mother to the match, though he

repented afterwards; she then very young, and secretly in love with him, but he no concern for her. Her beauty augmenting, he says in his 'Astrophel and Stella,' he didn't think 'the morn would have proved soe faire a day.'"

Of course, this is not contemporary evidence. But the writer, one "D. Tyndale," claims to be "conversant among his [Sidney's] relations." We take him (or her) to have belonged to the family of old Mr. Thomas Tyndale, who was well known to Aubrey, and is described by him as "an old gentleman that remembers Queen Elizabeth's raigne and court." He died in 1672, but was not improbably the source of "D. Tyndale's" information.

In yet another point a knowledge of Aubrey's "Brief Lives" would have kept Mr. Sidney from going wrong. He rather plumes himself upon an identification of a certain "H. S.," who signs an "epistle to the reader" in the "Arcadia" of 1593 with Sir Henry Sidney of Walsingham, in Norfolk, a kinsman of Sir Philip. Unfortunately, Aubrey, in his *Life of Lady Pembroke*, is quite explicit as to who "H. S." was. He says: "Mr. Henry Sanford was the Earl's secretary, a good scholar and poet, and who did penne part of the 'Arcadia' dedicated to her (as appears by the preface). He has a preface before it with the two letters of his name."

Other New Books.

The War.

THE six War books which we review below are a miscellaneous aftermath, rather than a new crop. We have two books on Mafeking, and we remember that it is nearly three months since we reviewed Major F. D. Baillie's spirited book on the same episode. A book of "South African studies" has a strong affinity to Prof. Keane's work, *The Boer States, Land, and People*, which we reviewed seven months ago. The Earl of Rosslyn's *Twice Captured* seems a late arrival, judged by Mr. Winston Churchill's narrative, which appeared in June; a comparison of the periods covered lessens the difference only a little. The Earl De La Warr's narrative is a personal record down to last May, and a tiny point of interest about his modest volume is that it is called "Reminiscences." To that word we have come—after how many publications? In a slower age men would have begun with it, and would be even now only sorting their papers and mending their quills.

THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING.

BY J. ANGUS HAMILTON.

Of necessity one account of the siege of Mafeking must be somewhat like another, and Mr. Hamilton's story, written for the *Times* and *Black and White*, tallies frequently with Major Baillie's *Morning Post* narrative, published in July. But where Major Baillie mentioned a minor event Mr. Hamilton will often describe it. If we remember rightly, the first writer just names the execution of a native spy, which the other describes in detail. Mr. Hamilton's account fills two pages, but his descriptive touches are not placed in the best order. In an abbreviated form this *chose vue* is as follows. The native, it may be explained, was a Baralong who had been caught trying to enter the town as a spy. It was in vain that he pleaded that his spying had not begun when he was arrested. He was condemned to be shot.

Last night the shooting party came for him. . . . The prisoner, supported on either arm, stumbled in the partial blindness of the bandage, seeming, now that his last hour was at hand, to be more careless, more light-hearted than any of the party. He shook his head somewhat defiantly, but his lips moved, and in his heart one could almost hear the muttered curses. . . . There was a moment of intense silence as we waited for the sun to set, in which the nerves

seem to be but little strings of wire, played upon by the emotions. Unconsciously, each seemed to stiffen, as we waited for the word of the officer, feeling that at every pulsation one would like to shriek "Enough, enough!" As we stood the prisoner spoke, unconscious of the preparations, and the officer approached him. He wanted, he said, to take a final glance at the place that he had known since his childhood. His prayer was granted, and, as he faced about, the bandage across his eyes was, for a few brief minutes, dropped upon his neck. In that final look he seemed to realise what he was suffering. The stadt lay before him, the place of his childhood, the central point round which his life had turned, bathed in a sunset which he had often seen before, and which he would never see again. There were the cattle of his people, there were the noises of the stadt, the children's voices, the laughter of the women, and there was the smoke of his camp fires. It was all his once—he lived there and he was to die there, but to die in a manner which was strange and horrible. Then he looked beyond the stadt and scanned the enemy's lines. Tears welled in his eyes, and the force of his emotion shook his shoulders. But again he was himself: the feeling had passed and he drew himself erect. Then once more the bandage was secured, and he faced about. The sun was setting, and as the officer stepped back and gave his orders, a fleeting shudder crossed the native's face. Bayonets were fixed, the men were ready, and the rifles were presented. One gripped one's palms. "Fire!" said the officer. Six bullets struck him—four were in the brain.

Mr. Hamilton's book is improved by fifteen illustrations and two plans. The photographs opposite pages 144 and 146 show the effects of shell-fire on a building to a nicety, being taken just before and just after the catastrophe. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

The marrow of this book is the march to Mafeking of Mahon's flying column. The long vexed tramp from Kimberley, through Taungs to Vryburg, and across the Molopo River to the relief, is described by Mr. Young with uncommon spirit. After a ten minutes' hail of Boer bullets we read: "It was not the men lying stark and still in the grass that made one astonished; it was the sight of people walking about and talking that made one wonder whether or no one had been dreaming." Mr. Young's note is his selection of the cheerful and humorous incidents of war. The pride and interest shown by our soldiers in their wounds, and in the operations they underwent, is noted by Mr. Young with the remark: "An illness or a wound is often the first view an ignorant man gets of Nature's ingenuity displayed in the construction of his own person." Mr. Young sketches these invalids very happily:

One of them—a man who looked as strong as a horse—was explaining to an admiring group how he came to be alive at all. A bullet had passed through the rim of his helmet, entered his left temple, passed behind his nose, through the roof of his mouth, and out through the lower part of his right cheek. First he would show us the dent in his temple; then describe, with many strange words, the inward passage of the bullet; and then, emerging into the sphere of common things, wind up with: "and came out of my blooming cheek." Then he would show the dent in his cheek, and pass his helmet round for all to see, as a conjurer does. I moved round with this man, and heard him recite his tale three times, and every time he used just the same form of words, which he repeated pat like a lesson. His corruption of "cerebral" was amusing: "Nearly scattered the cerveral nerve, so help me!" he said.

A very readable book, this; and it is free from rash judgments. Mr. Young was for the *Manchester Guardian*. (Methuen. 6s.)

TWICE CAPTURED.

BY THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

As a plain-sailing though rather awkwardly-written account of personal experiences in the Boer War this book is good reading. The author, who represented the

Daily Mail and *Sphere*, expressly asks his critics to take it not as the efflux of a clever pen but as a true description of personal adventures. Those adventures were varied enough, and included nine weeks' imprisonment at Pretoria. Whether that imprisonment was merited according to the rules of war we shall not undertake to determine. But the author's allegation that he owed his confinement to Mr. Richard Harding Davis is to be taken with some reserve. We had better quote the passage from the Earl of Rosslyn's prison diary:

We had a visitor to-day. Who do you think the visitor was? None other than Richard Harding Davis, the American novelist. Not only had he reached Pretoria (I saw him last at Ladysmith), not only had he obtained a pass to visit our prison, not only had he got the indecency to do so without inquiring for any individual, but he insulted us by refusing to answer any questions, cracking up the Boers under our noses and those of the guards who accompanied him, and telling us plainly that in conversation with Melt Marais, the field-cornet of Pretoria, he had agreed that I was rightly detained as a combatant officer! And yet this is a man whom my family, and myself, delighted to honour in our own country when he first came over. I hope he feels like the Pharisee, and thanks God that he is not like other American men are! Now I know why I am here; it was my diary first, and now it is Richard Harding Davis's untruthful information that I held a commission in Thorneycroft's Horse at the time of my capture. I don't think Mr. Davis had better come here any more during his visit to Pretoria.

That is the whole passage. We have no concern to defend Mr. Davis, but we do not think much of the above statement. Mr. Davis was acting as the representative of an American newspaper; and silence must have been the first condition of his professional visit to the Pretoria gaol. As for the "untruthful statement" about the author's connexion with Thorneycroft's, it is only necessary to state that the Earl of Rosslyn began his adventures with a commission in Thorneycroft's Horse, and that Mr. Davis might well be ignorant of the fact that the Earl's resignation had preceded his arrest. After this we attach little importance to the Earl of Rosslyn's criticisms of British generals and other officers in the chapter called, not inaptly, "Idle Reflections." (Blackwood. 10s. 6d.)

SOUTH AFRICAN STUDIES.

BY ALFRED HILLIER.

"Sixteen years' participation in South Africa" undoubtedly gives Mr. Hillier a claim to be heard on such subjects as "South Africa, Past and Future," "The Native Races of South Africa," "Boer Government in the Transvaal," "Before the Jameson Raid," "Issues at Stake in South Africa," &c., &c. On all these Mr. Hillier's information and reflections are worth perusal. We are not greatly struck, however, by his defence of the capitalists. Take this sentence:

For a desperate evil a desperate remedy was sought, and the capitalists, once having taken to politics, decided to "spare no expense," and in conjunction with Mr. Rhodes financed the Jameson plan.

The satin phrasing of this sentence amuses us. Twenty years hence a reader might pass it by without ever scenting blood, or realising the real desperateness of the "plan." By all means let justice be done to the capitalists, if there is still justice due to them, but let plain words be used. Not that we dispute Mr. Hillier's general rightness of view. We merely point out that whatever is wrong in his view seems to reveal itself in his curiously cautious phraseology. (Macmillan.)

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE
EARL DE LA WARR.

The author sent these letters from the front to the *Globe*, and was wounded and invalided home last May. Reprinted

in limp covers, the record cannot be said to present any special features, but it is eminently modest and business-like. The *Globe* was fortunate in possessing a correspondent who was present at many of the most stirring struggles of the war—including Magersfontein and Spion Kop. In his account of the last-named affair we have a picture in a sentence:

It was a heart-breaking sight watching the two processions filing up and down the hill—one consisting of hearty, jolly men going up full of dash and eagerness, the other chiefly consisting of dead and wounded, carried down under the greatest difficulties on stretchers, which were often in a perpendicular position.

(Hurst & Blackett. 1s.)

SHOULD I SUCCEED IN SOUTH AFRICA?

BY A SUCCESSFUL COLONIST.

A sensible little handbook that should find many readers. The author explains the chances and conditions of South African life with knowledge. He gives a list of fifty sorts of men who can do well there, and twenty who will do better at home. Among a hundred pieces of information we note that only first-class millinery hands have any prospects in Cape Town, Kimberley, and Johannesburg, for "the latest Paris and Regent-street styles are worn." The author denounces the drinking and gambling habits of colonists in Johannesburg and elsewhere, but looks for a general purification. (Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.)

We have received two more volumes in Prof. Edward Arber's "British Anthologies"—those treasure-houses of the minor poets of many centuries. These are *The Surrey and Wyatt Anthology* (1509-1547), and *The Goldsmith Anthology* (1745-1774). The next, or tenth, volume will be *The Cowper Anthology*, which will close the series. (Frowde. 2s. 6d. each.)

Sailor Songs (Warne) is a pocket shilling collection, edited by Mr. J. E. Carpenter. The selection appears to be good, but for the amazing omission of "Wapping Old Stairs."

New editions are plentiful. Of these, the most interesting are the late Mr. J. A. Symonds's *Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama* (Macmillan), and Pierce Egan's *Life in London* (Chatto, 6s.). The letterpress of Pierce Egan's work is faithfully reproduced, so faithfully as to include a tantalising list of illustrations which appeared in the early editions, but which—with the exception of a frontispiece—are absent from this. As a budget of faded London delights the book has a lasting interest.

We have also received a "popular edition" of Sir Wemyss Reid's *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair* (Cassell, 7s. 6d.); the eighth edition (revised and enlarged) of the Rev. Malcolm McColl's *The Reformation Settlement* (Longman's 3s. 6d. net—a very cheap volume); the fourth edition of Mr. E. Griffith-Jones's *The Ascent Through Christ* (Bowden); the second edition of Mr. Arthur W. Jose's *The Growth of the Empire* (Angus & Robertson); the third edition of Mr. F. W. Puller's *The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome* (Longmans, 16s.); the third edition of Major W. H. Turton's (Royal Engineers); *The Truth of Christianity* (Jarrold); and a sixpenny reprint of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella* (George Newnes), issued by arrangement with Messrs. Smith, Elder. Lastly, we have a new translation of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, by Miss Beatrice Marshall (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.)—a handsome volume, worth almost any dozen modern "children's books."

Fiction.

Wounds in the Rain: Stories Relating to the Spanish-American War. By Stephen Crane. (Methuen.)

No one can escape, in reading this last of Mr. Crane's extraordinary work, from the reflection that it ridiculously resembles his first. Almost every impression was preconceived in *The Red Badge of Courage*, and for verisimilitude the author might have stayed for the one as for the other in his own armchair, and never have gone at all to the wars. This might lead to either of two conclusions: that the reporter was obsessed by the author's battles in the brain, or that the author had successfully divined truth which the reporter's observation could but verify. Which, it were not easy to decide; especially because a large part of the observation, and that the most characteristic, is concerned altogether with the inner man. The objective operations are of secondary importance, and, as Mr. Crane tells them, are not always easy to follow; that which mainly interests him is the variation, under certain abnormal conditions, in the fundamental conceptions of time and space, the sharpening of the senses or their temporary anaesthesia, the effects of fear, the strange sources from which in emergency courage may derive; and what he is interested in, that he desires to express. "The battle broke with a snap far ahead. Presently Lige heard from the air far above a faint, low note as if somebody were blowing in the mouth of a bottle. It was a stray bullet that had wandered a mile to tell him that war was before him." Then what? It may be observation, but the author of *The Red Badge* would easily have divined it: "he nearly broke his neck in looking upward." Forthwith the Spanish guns become as it were articulate. "Ss-sa-swow-ow-ow-pum"—that is how they talk; also "flut-flut, flut, fluttery-flut-fluttery-flut," they say. Bullets sing, sping, spang, snap, snatch, shiver, sneer. The war correspondent in the derelict steel boiler meanwhile "dreams frantically of some anthracite hiding-place, some profound dungeon of peace, where blind mules chew placidly the far-gathered hay." With nerves (to use his own phrase) standing on end like so many bristles, he writes like a man hag-rid by a terror of common things:

Lying near one of the enemy's trenches was a red-headed Spanish corpse. I wonder how many hundreds were cognisant of this red-headed Spanish corpse? It rose to the dignity of a landmark. There were many corpses, but only one with a red head. This red-head. He was always there. Each time I approached this part of the field I prayed that I might find that he had been buried. But he was always there—red-headed.

Mr. Crane preserved to the last his Japanese-like sensitiveness to the paradox of perspective. Over and over again he points to it with a worried griu.

There was a man in a Panama hat, walking with a stick! That was the strangest sight of my life—that symbol, that quaint figure of Mars. The battle, the thunderous row, was his possession. He was master. He mystified us all with his infernal Panama hat and his wretched walking-stick. From near his feet came volleys and from near his side came roaring shells, but he stood there alone, visible, the one tangible thing. He was a Colossus, and he was half as high as a pin, this being.

His description of the return of Hobson, of *Merrimac* fame, to the army, is a piece of saner observation:

Most of the soldiers were sprawled out on the grass, bored and weary in the sunshine. However, they aroused at the old circus-parade, torch-light procession cry, "Here they come." Then the men of the regular army did a thing. They rose *en masse* and came to "Attention." Then the men of the regular army did another thing. They slowly lifted every weather-beaten hat and dropped it until it touched the knee. Then there was a magnificent silence, broken only by the measured hoof-beats of the company's horses as they rode through the gap. . . .

Then suddenly the whole scene went to rubbish. Before he reached the bottom of the hill, Hobson was bowing right and left like another Boulanger, and above the thunder of the massed bands one could hear the venerable outbreak, "Mr. Hobson, I'd like to shake the hand of the man who——."

To our mind the finest work in the volume is the last story, "The Second Generation." It is of wider scope than the rest, treating with serious purpose and in less unmeasured language of the consequences of inherited wealth and position. On the whole, however, this posthumous volume is a brilliant last word from one who had discovered himself completely from the beginning.

The Shadow of Quong Lung. By Dr. C. W. Doyle. (Constable. 6s.)

"Of course," writes Dr. Doyle in his preface, "the best thing to do with Chinatown would be to burn it down." And we have the honour politely to disagree with him. First, because in that case we might not reasonably hope to have from his pen any more stories about it; and in the second place, because the existence in the midst of San Francisco, or of any other Anglo-Saxon burgh, of a colony of people of such exquisite courtesy and tact cannot but have an improving effect on the social atmosphere.

Quong Lung, the bully of Chinatown, was a gentleman in all his ways—a *sing-song* of the finest water. Even his victims and tools could not but make such report of him. Thus, when once his silk handkerchief had been snatched by a police officer from his hand to cleanse the pavement upon which he had spat:

It was great to see and hear Quong Lung! He never showed that he felt the insult put upon him. Drawing a gold piece from his purse, he thus addressed the mau of authority: "Thou wast right in what thou didst. If Quong Lung offended against the laws of this city, it is but right that the law should be vindicated, and he herewith inflicts on himself the penalty required by the law in such cases. Bestow this, thou Worthy Officer, where it belongs; and know that no one is a stouter upholder of the law than Quong Lung." . . .

We regret to add that this engaging scoundrel came to an unhappy end, being "electrocuted" in a snare he had laid for another.

But there is pathos in these stories too. This book, though by no means of equal excellence throughout, is written by one who knows.

The Valley of the Great Shadow. By Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton). (Heinemann. 6s.)

AN Alpine health resort populated by doomed consumptives is necessarily rich in pathos, yet one must complain that Mrs. Lee-Hamilton exacts too much tribute of it. Frankly, we do not believe in the genius who was belated in a three-mile walk with a child of six and perished of his fatigue in carrying her through a snowstorm. Nor are we impressed when Miss Blake attempts to toboggan out of this world because she is hurt in her self-respect and disappointed in her affections. And then, when we are asked to weep over what may be called "Dodo" pathos—the giddy mother and the sick child "curtain"—we loose our patience. For be it remarked that the author does not work up, as she might have done, a supreme pathos out of the normal conditions of such a place as "Mittenplatz." She sugars her book through and through with detached anecdotes of artful pathos, pathos of the boards. Life is not enough for Mrs. Lee-Hamilton, though she spells it frequently with a capital L. At the same time, here is a woman who can both write and feel. Moreover, she can paint character. Pass by her "intense" types, which are choke-full of her emotions, and there is much to reward you.

Yes, there are smiles even in *The Valley of the Great Shadow*, and the end is really surprisingly cheerful.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

QUISANTE.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

This latest story from the pen of Mr. Anthony Hope is of English life at the present day, and is mainly concerned with the career of Alexander Quisante, member for Denstead, a prominent politician. It relates how he made his way, married Lady May Gaston, was much in the public eye, and how at last, "being faced by a great alternative, he chose what was to him a necessity, and how the choice fell out."

THE HEART'S HIGHWAY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

From New England, where she has entertained us so long and pleasantly, Miss Wilkins takes us to Virginia—Virginia in the seventeenth century, when Jamestown was in all its pride of name and priority, and tobacco and love were all. (Murray. 6s.)

TONQUES OF CONSCIENCE.

BY ROBERT HICHENS.

Mr. Hichens's new book is not a single novel but a group of five stories under one title. The first, "Sea Change," opens at nightfall in East London, where the Rev. Peter Uniacke has a cure of souls near the Docks. This vicar, a skipper, and an artist are the chief characters. In the second story, "William Foster," we are concerned with a morbid writer who uses this *nom-de-guerre*. The third, "How Love Came to Professor Guilden," brings that gentleman into intimate relations with Father Murchison. "The one was all faith, the other all scepticism." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. Pemberton is still, for purposes of fiction, in Russia. In the prologue to *The Footsteps of a Throne* Lord Dane meets the beautiful Princess Fëkla, "richest of all the women who, in our capital, have the disposition of their own fortunes." And "her uncle, General Prezhnev, would sell his soul to the devil for ten thousand roubles." The story gallops through Russia, which means intrigues, arrogant officials, and the menace of Siberia. But all is well in the end, for Mr. Pemberton is kind, if a little breathless:

"Fëkla, beloved, mine, mine! I will not say good-night to you."

"Ivor—husband—the night is no more." (Methuen. 6s.)

CHARMING RENÉE.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

Miss Kenealy writes with a purpose. When we read the first sentences of this novel: "The girl had come home finally from school. The question was what to do with her," we divine at once that we are "in for" a study of female development, despite her mother's dismay at finding her daughter splendidly and athletically beautiful. "There wasn't a man in the place," she reflected, "who would cast anything but attention as distinct from intention upon this enchanting young beauty. One cannot entertain a goddess in a suburban villa." And this was after Renée had been deliberately "toned down." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

PETERSBURG TALES.

BY OLIVE GARNETT.

Miss Olive Garnett, who is a daughter of Dr. Garnett, has written under the above title four stories, called "The Case of Vetrova," "Roukoff," "The Secret of the Universe," and "Out of It." All the stories are animated by knowledge of, and sympathy with, New Russia. (Heinemann. 6s.)

SERVANTS OF SIN.

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

Mr. Bloundelle-Burton has written both romances and novels of to-day. This is a romance, and it has been dramatised and produced for copyright purposes. "Snow! snow! snow! Always snow!" exclaims the first character. He is looking through a *tourelle* window, "from which the Bastille might be seen frowning over the Quartier Ste. Antoine a third of a mile away." But the story is not, as may be supposed, of the French Revolution; it opens in the winter of 1719. (Methuen. 6s.)

EDMUND FULLERSTON.

BY B. B. WEST.

"Halchester lies, as everybody knows, on the banks of the River Yarnold. We are concerned with two old-established families, "allied at every turn by inter-marriages," and greatly admired by the author, who, however, keeps disaster up his sleeve, until he remarks: "Very reluctantly, and with the gloomy conviction that I have no alternative, I am compelled to tell of—THE CRASH." (Longmans. 6s.)

THE HEIRESS OF THE FOREST.

BY ELEANOR C. PRICE.

A romance of old France; or, precisely, "A Romance of Old Anjou," opening with pleasing conventionalism of four giants and a dwarf in the Forest of Montaigne, with foresters, woodmen, feudal customs, the autumn wind, and a boy's voice singing:

Écoute, belle!
Réveille-toi!
Mon cœur t'appelle:
Viens dans les bois.

(Isbister. 6s.)

We have also received *For Lack of Love*, by Lillias Campbell Davidson, a love story with chapter headings like "Love Crowns," "The Time of Roses," "Who Doubteth Love Can Know Not Love," and "Rhoda Decides" (Horace Marshall & Son. 6s.); *Monica*, by Evelyn Everett-Green, a good story of the "family reading" order, introducing "The Trevlyns of Trevlyn Castle"; *The Order of Isis*, a Story of Mystery and Adventure in Egypt, by James Bagnall-Stubbs, culminating in the battle of Omdurman (Skeffingtons. 6s.); *The Boers' Blunder*, a Veldt Adventure, by Fox Russell, in which the author, "although strictly adhering to fiction," bases some of his incidents on facts within his personal knowledge (Wells Gardner. 6s.); *A Twentieth Century Parson*, by Rev. E. H. Sugden, an episodic story of clerical work in all its phases, laid in "Bradford," a factory town of 10,000 population (Skeffington. 3s. 6d.); *The Secret of the Crater: a Mountain Moloch*, by Duffield Osborne, a story of a mislaid island in the Pacific, in which priests and volcanoes play their tragic parts, and massacre and mystery fill the picture (Putnam); *My Afterdream*, by Julian West, a sequel to *Looking Backward*, supposed to be written by Julian West (Unwin. 6s.); *Barcali the Mutineer*, by C. Dudley Lampen, a "Tale of the Great Pacific," opens with "a ghost in the engine-room . . . that most modern department of a modern iron steamship!" (Everett. 6s.); *In White Raiment*, by William Le Queux, postulating and showing that "in the wild whirl of social London there occur daily incidents which, when written down in black and white, appear absolutely incredible" (F. V. White. 6s.); *The Baron's Sons*, another translation from Maurus Jokai, to whose historical romances there seem no end (Macqueen. 6s.); *A Modern Suburb*, by R. A. Sinclair, a story of family and church life in the West of Scotland (Alex. Gardner); *An Obstinate Parish*, by M. L. Lord, a somewhat similar story of English life, laid at "Carchester" (Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

* * * Owing to the heavy arrivals of new novels, we are unable to print notes on a dozen novels besides the above.

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A Word to the Aspiring.

IN surveying those wandering fields of literary foam which are called Fiction, we sight many a novel which we are loth to neglect, but to which we cannot give the space which is due to definitely good work. To "slate" such a novel is poor sport. To praise it faintly is waste of time. The best course seems to be to take one of these novels from time to time, and discuss it as a type. There may be difficulty in finding a novel sufficiently typical; but once it is found the object-lesson it affords ought to be of some little value. It happens that we have alighted on such a novel, one with brains in it, and written with evident care, purpose, and patience; but exhibiting, like a "perfect" hospital case, some of the most current vices and insufficiencies of these spacious days of authorship. The novel in question is called *A Son of Austerity*. It is written by Mr. George Knight, and is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock. If we seem to treat it unkindly, we can only say that unless we recognised its good points we should not publish an article on its bad ones.

Let us say at once that Mr. Knight sins through being too literary. It is not a question of style alone. His whole view of the characters and world he has created is distorted, we think, by an excessive love of literary expression and intellectuality. The plot of *A Son of Austerity* needs little indication. Paul Gotch is the twenty-four-year-old son of Selina Gotch, a soured woman who was deserted by her husband while her son was yet unborn, and who, by hard worldly abilities, and fierce devotion, has established herself in a brick-making business and given Paul a good education. Paul, in fact, is the most educated, assertive, long-winded, and philosophising young man we ever encountered in fiction. The story opens in the Gotches' brickfield residence one afternoon when Gotch père suddenly turns up to try conclusions with his wife, see his son, and ascertain—after twenty-four years' total neglect of his family—his family position. To a hayloft, where Paul is reading Goethe, comes Mrs. Gotch, shaking with, and shaken by, this arrival, and consumed with jealous forebodings about the probable relations of the son she has reared to the father she will never forgive. And presently we have this situation:

"You surely don't imagine he's here for my sake," she snapped.

Regardless of the gibe, Paul began to descend the hidden stairway. He halted abruptly, and returned, his face alight with a dreamy simplicity.

"What is my father like?" he inquired.

His mother lifted her hand and struck him upon the cheek—a desperate, vicious blow, that stamped a quadruple bar of scarlet on a saffron ground. Paul's clenched fingers leapt to a level with his elbow; then dropped.

"I think you forget yourself," he observed icily.

It will be noticed that Mr. Knight, too, has forgotten himself; though we have no wish to say it icily. He has a literary, but not a moral, understanding of the situation he has created in these lines. Murder is lovely and pleasant compared with a blow on a man's cheek struck

by his mother in vicious anger and jealousy. We doubt whether the situation is ever required—is ever justified—in fiction or drama. But waiving that, what are we to say of the art which thinks it is fulfilling itself by adding in one breath that the blow "stamped a quadruple bar of scarlet on a saffron ground"? And yet Mr. Knight has only committed, in exemplary degree, an error that is nearly as common as ink. It is the fallacy of sight. It is the tyranny of the thing seen. The notion that because a thing is seen it may be fitly written has been fostered in late years to such an extent that it threatens to annihilate moral, as distinct from physical, vision. It also produces a thousand vulgarities and unseemlinesses by unhappy accident. "Paul's clenched fingers leapt to a level with his elbow; then dropped"! So we are spared fisticuffs, when we should have been awed by the tragedy and pitifulness of human hearts.

We spoke of the tyranny of the thing seen, meaning precisely its tyranny, not its assured helpfulness and just authority. Mr. Knight does not always err. He can see things when they may properly be seen, and describe them when they may properly be described. We not only say this, but we will prove it by these sentences from the description of the dreary funeral of the elder Gotch:

At the border of the clayfield was a hearse and a single carriage. A little crowd marked, with its opposing groups of spectators, the way to the two pompous equipages. The coffin slid shriekingly between the planes of frosted glass and shining enamel; Paul mounted into the lumbering ark behind, there was a clatter of hoofs, and the wheels, clearing the kerb, settled into those slow revolutions which, all too quickly, devour the Last Journey.

That is good. Again, when Hero comes back from her first London visit:

Hero, left alone, looked out of the window and pouted the harsh browns and greens of the prospect. The pug-mill was thudding monotonously; the sunshine danced on the windy surfaces of the mimic meres; some juvenile anglers, tattered and barefoot, were bobbing for "jack-sharp" in the dusky water.

"If I don't have the dismsals before I'm much older," reflected the spectator, candidly, "my name is not Hero Gotch."

That also is serviceable. We could multiply such instances of Mr. Knight's competence; it is only "bitter constraint sad occasion dear" that prevents us.

The disastrous effect of word-mania and rampant intellectuality may be more closely indicated. They may cause an author to guy or destroy his own drama. So resolved is such an author to put down every thought that flits through his brain, that he turns his best characters into beasts of burden, making them say things which he wants said, but which they—being sane—would never say. Thoughts which in the writer are clever and helpful may, on the lips of a character, become irrelevant, vulgar, or screamingly funny. You may recognise a writer's thought to be good, but be consumed with laughter by its improper dramatisation. Mr. Knight—again in common with scores of writers—is a prey to this confusion. No estimate we can form of Paul Gotch's natural priggery can reconcile us to some of the speeches he addresses to his sweetheart and his mother. In a heart-to-heart explanation between him and his mother, shortly before that lady's death, we have this bit of dialogue:

Mrs. Gotch touched the brimming tears from her lashes; she could not speak.

"Because," said Paul, still stroking the fine, strong fingers, "because you are my mother, and desolate; because life has been bitter in your mouth—but most of all because, while my heart is breaking for a woman who is nothing to you, your heart, forgetting itself, bleeds for me. There is a language of gesture, it has told me this. And now I know that I love you, you grey, grave paradox of warm blood and cold lips. Ten minutes from now I

shall be ashamed to have told you so, and you will wonder if you have dreamed it. But ten years hence there may be balm in the memory of this odd moment."

Had Paul's mother cuffed him with quadruple-scarlet effects when he called her a grey grave paradox we should have felt no surprise. It is, we fancy, in sheer prepossession with the writing of his story, instead of with the thinking of it out, that Mr. Knight makes his Paul say, "Hero—I may call you Hero, may I not?" *after* he is betrothed, *after* she has come under his mother's roof, and—actually—at the moment when he is handing her fifty pounds in bank-notes to buy her trousseau.

If words and literary ideas can cloud an author's vision of life, they are none the less to be condemned for their smaller mischiefs, done to style itself. Mr. Knight's book is a veritable jungle of clever but needless phrase-making. Take a sentence at sheer random. It is from that scene in the hay-loft, from which mother and son are now descending:

Both encountered at the base of the slope, and mounted together the acute scarp that led to a trapezium of unspoiled turf, whereon was perched a single white cottage.

Here the taste for words assumes control over the pen, which should be controlled always by a higher power of which this delicate taste is only the lieutenant. And as is very usual, pride goes before a fall. The writer will not say that mother and son "met" at the base of the slope, though "met" is actually the better word, because "encountered" carries the idea of an unexpected meeting (which it was not), or—but this we have nothing to do with—a meeting in battle. The right and simple word was "met." The writer prefers the verb encounter in its somewhat rare intransitive use, which is yet familiar in the speech of the First Lord in "Timon of Athens," when he meets the Second Lord and presently remarks: "Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered." But mark how Mr. Knight's unnecessary quest of a rare word betrays him. Full of "encountered," he gives it an incorrect nominative—"Both encountered." He should have written "They encountered." The whole mission of the pronoun "both" in the English language is to indicate two people, neither of whom is excluded from a given act or state, though either might be so excluded. Its bottom is knocked out of it in "both encountered" not less completely than if one said of a bride and bridegroom that they were both wedded at the altar. This may seem trivial criticism. But it is not trivial; it concerns the whole art of writing. For we are almost certain that it was a zeal for the rare "encountered"—a zeal more holy than discreet—that relaxed Mr. Knight's hold on the meaning of the simple word "both." But the affectations of this sentence do not end here. For why, in the name of unspoiled English, a trapezium? A trapezium is a geometrical figure of four sides, no two of which are parallel. That is all. Try making trapeziums on a sheet of paper, and you will find that the figure is the most indefinite in the world. And yet there is a notion abroad among young writers that such a word as "trapezium," because it is demonstrably correct, is the "inevitable" word in such a connexion as the above. It is forgotten that the mind has no thanks for such an excursus into geometry, when all it wants is a general idea. It is forgotten, also, that the mere apparition of a word like "trapezium," in a common connexion, is disconcerting, and that it starts an unnecessary train of thought. It is in the nemesic fitness of things that, having showered strange words on us in a sentence of less than four lines, Mr. Knight should employ the easy expression, "perched a single white cottage"—thus denying to his sentence even the grace of homogeneity of style. We must end abruptly, after confining ourselves to one or two pages of a novel which we have twice read. Mr. Knight should feel encouraged. But let him strive to see life as it is, and not love unwisely the inidescant pother of words.

Things Seen.

Parson's Green.

As I alighted from the train, a girl—demure, quietly dressed, pale—just one of a type, nothing more, made a grab at the carriage. Whereupon I lingered a moment, just to imply (in all men the schoolmaster is engrained) that her feverish haste could expedite her nothing. I alighted, and was gone a dozen paces along the platform when the patter of feet, into which a timid voice broke, arrested me. It was the demure girl. "Your umbrella—," she began, nodding wildly towards the train that had already begun to move. With a fire of thanks I made a dart for the nearest carriage, which, unfortunately, was not the compartment I had occupied. But as my umbrella was not flying away from me, curiosity as to how the kind little lady had fared propelled me, as if shot from a catapult, to the window. Flushed and disconsolate she was standing on the platform. She had lost the train, and I—my umbrella and I—were being whirled away from our comfortable home to—Parson's Green. Surely something was wrong. A kind action, unselfish and unpremeditated, should not cause acute discomfort to two people. I sat down to think it out. The solution became clear: it was due merely to a lack of grey matter—kindness without brains—the cause of much of the friction and many of the disappointments of communal life. If she had thought a moment, how simple was her procedure. She might have called me, she might have tossed the umbrella from the carriage. Instead of which she alighted, full of good intentions, but without the umbrella. "Kindness without brains, kindness without brains," the words buzzed themselves into the rhythmic roar of the train. "And where on earth is Parson's Green?" I asked myself.

The Candidate.

CURIOSITY sent me last night to that unknown land we call the East End of London. There, an hour before midnight, I came upon a huge, gloomy open space, alive with a swaying mass of men, listening and gazing. They gazed towards a brewer's dray at the far end of the square, upon which a naphtha lamp flamed. The candidate stood against the lamp. His voice was thin and hoarse, like a corn-crake with a cough, and half the notes were stifled before birth. Still he persevered. He stood between me and the naphtha flame, and when he raised his hands to invoke the brooding mass that confronted him the red blood gleamed between his fingers. At intervals his wife handed him a cordial, and, when he had drunk, the flaming naphtha picked out the drops glistening on his beard. His audience was silent and indifferent. The dull and incessant toil of their lives was such that this business of parliamentary representation was too remote to move them. Wars, Australian Federation, grievances of Uitlanders—what were such things to men who were Uitlanders in their own parishes? What was all the big talk of Imperialism to men whose lives were summed up in three words—work, squalor, sleep? Just there and then the moment of insight came to the candidate. Suddenly he broke off in his set harangue. He paused, he threw up his arms in a gesture that embraced the mighty congeries of mean houses and meaner hovels that slunk from the light of day through uncharted miles; he paused, then he spoke, and for these few words the full volume of his voice returned to him. "Men of —," he said, "we 'ear a deal of talk about Africa and China and Australia, but what I say is, 'ow about 'ome sweet 'ome?" Then they awoke, and others surged into the meeting to know what the shouting meant.

In the Manner of the Amir.

THE instalment of naïve autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan, in the first number of *The Monthly Review*, which we commented upon in our issue of September 22, seems to be setting a fashion in literature. So we gather from the brief passages which follow, giving, as Abdur Rahman did, details of daily life. The fact that the contributor from whom the MS. comes vouches for their genuineness leaves us (who know this contributor too well) without any doubt on the matter.

Mr. Guy Boothby.

As habit is second nature, it has become a habit of mine that even when I am ill, when I cannot move from my bed, I still keep on working as usual at writing new stories. Those who have seen me at such times know how hard I work, and they have often heard me say that, if my hands and feet cannot move from my bed, I can still go on moving my tongue to dictate stories, several at a time, to those about me. It is no trouble to me to invent new stories; on the contrary, I love it, and I never feel tired, because I am fond of such labour. There is no doubt that every person has some sort of ambition, and this is my ambition: to have a new story running in all the magazines at once.

The more I see of other writers running fast in the manufacture of books, the less I can rest and sleep; the whole day long I keep thinking how I shall beat Richard Marsh and S. R. Crockett, and at night my dreams are just the same. There is a saying that the cat does not dream about anything but mice; I dream about nothing but the multiplication of new stories.

The following people are always in attendance upon me, from the time that I awake until I go to sleep: Romeik Khurtis (officer who brings me all newspaper cuttings relating to myself), Watto Pinka (literary agent, with whom I consult regularly), Ukhant Seehim (officer who interposes himself between my person and the interviewers, and gives them the required information), six phonograph assistants, six typewriters. There are also body servants, tobacco-bearer, and the keeper of the bulldogs.

Mr. Joseph Conrad.

It is a curious thing that the harder I work on *Lord Jim* the more anxious I am to continue working, instead of getting tired. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon! *Lord Jim* began as a sketch, but I sometimes think it will go on for ever. It was to run through two numbers of *Blackwood*, and it has now run through ever so many.

To those who would like to know some particulars of my daily life I would say that I have no fixed time for sleeping, nor any definite time for taking my meals; sometimes my meals are kept on the table in front of me for many hours, while I, being absorbed in *Lord Jim*, forget all about them. So deeply do my thoughts take possession of me when I am planning to end *Lord Jim*, that I do not see any of the people who are in my room. Many nights I begin reading the back numbers of *Lord Jim*, and wondering when the thing will stop and how long it would be if it were really a novel and not a sketch; and I do not raise my head until I see that the night is past and the morning has come.

I go on working at *Lord Jim* from morning until evening and from evening until morning like any labourer. I eat when I am hungry; and some days do not remember that I have not eaten my meals—I forget all about it, and ask suddenly, raising my head from writing: "Did I eat my dinner to-day, or not?"

Mr. Winston Churchill.

I am always ready, as a special correspondent and non-combatant on the march to a battle, in such a manner that I could start without any delay in case of a telegram from the *Morning Post*. The pockets of my coats and trousers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food; this bread is changed every day. Several guns and swords are lying always by the side of my bed or the chair on which I am seated, within reach of my hand; and saddled horses are always kept ready in front of my residence. I have also ordered that a number of gold coins should be sewn into the saddles of my horses when required for a journey; but there is a chance that this order may not be carried out. Meanwhile, I have got in for Oldham.

Mr. Andrew Lang.

My entertainments are very simple: throughout the whole of the time I am working, at intervals of a few minutes after I have finished answering a letter or a piece of work, I stop for a moment and talk with members of the Folklore Society and members of the Society for Psychical Research. The professional cricketers and professional golf players play their games before me; I watch them sometimes, and sometimes I will play myself, though this is not often.

I do not go to sleep directly I lie down in bed; but the person who is specially appointed as my reader sits down beside my bed and reads to me from some new book, as, for instance, histories, books on geography, biographies, and novels. While he is reading I review them for all the papers. I listen to this reading until I go to sleep, when a new official takes his place and reads the latest minor poetry from presentation volumes. This is very soothing, as the constant murmur of the reader's voice lulls my tired nerves and brain. It is, I think, the only use of minor poetry. There is another advantage in sleeping through the droning noise of minor poetry read aloud—namely, that one gets accustomed to noise, and I can now sleep soundly in a South-Eastern Railway carriage.

Correspondence.

Expression in Poetry.

SIR,—I am a simple person, and although I enjoy reading poetry for myself, I am always pleased to have it explained to me by other people who understand it better; and therefore when I found in the current number of the *National Review* an article by the Rev. H. C. Beeching on "Expression in Poetry" I was very glad. It is so nice to be taken behind the scenes and shown how the effects are produced; and I felt, as I read, something of the pleasure which the frequenters of the Alhambra must derive from the latest exploit of the cinematograph, whereby they are enabled to see the whole of the movements of a celebrated dancer from the moment that she enters at the stage door until she actually bursts from the flies, with all her no longer mysterious preparations completed.

But, sir, I was just at the end of the article—*jam tuta tenebam*—when I was suddenly hurled from this apparently secure vantage point of observation into a positive slough of perplexity, and that by the very hands of the writer himself. Mr. Beeching had approved Milton and Wordsworth, and had disclosed one by one the cosmetics of Tennyson's best make-up. I was about to retire to rest with the conviction that the secret of poetry lay in the proper use of monosyllabic verbs of motion, had not Mr. Beeching—not he unmindful of the pleasant shades of Yattendon, loved of the Muses—felt called upon to add that to Mr. Robert Bridges alone since Tennyson had the proper

use of monosyllabic verbs of motion been vouchsafed; and he proceeded to say that he held Mr. Robert Bridges's representation of "a modern steam-thresher," for instance, to be as near perfection as one could wish; and he went on to quote the following lines:

And from the barn hard by was borne
A steady muffled din,
By which we knew that threshèd corn
Was winnowing, and went in.

Now, sir, I have a horrid suspicion that "went" is one of those monosyllabic verbs of motion, and that Mr. Beeching derives a special satisfaction from referring it to the corn going into the machine, whereas it refers to Mr. Bridges and his friends going into the barn. But there is worse to come. Will it be believed that those four lines are not, in truth, any part of any description of a "modern steam-thresher" at all? They come from a very charming poem called "The Winnowers," in the course of which Mr. Bridges is careful to specify the man who turns the handle. There is no threshing, there is no steam; for aught I know the machine may be of great antiquity; and, indeed, in any case a steam-thresher neither looks nor sounds nor smells like a hand-winnowing machine. This is surely very serious; for either there must be something wrong with Mr. Beeching's canons of expression or Mr. Bridges was describing "a modern steam-thresher" all the time, and ought at once to change the title of his poem, and make the man who turns the crank into the man who stokes the fire or the man who oils the wheels or whatever the corresponding occupation may be. Something ought to be done, or what is the humble student in these matters to think?—I am, &c.,

DISCIPULUS.

Style.

SIR,—As the improvement of style has occupied the columns of your paper for some weeks past; I think the following extract from the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin will add some interest to that subject:

I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, try'd to compleat the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavoured to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and compleat the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.

Whether this method is worthy of imitation or not, I leave it to the reader's estimation.—I am, &c.,

Cork: September 25, 1900. HUGH W. FLANAGIN.

Education and Family History.

SIR,—In this great day of education, with the present century shortly drawing to its close, permit me, as one who has had some experience in the study of human pedigree, to call attention in your columns to what appears to me a subject sadly lost sight of in the past, and which, I trust, will claim at least some position in the code of education in the future. I refer to the study of family history and pedigree, with due consideration and analysis of their influences and bearings. This, surely, should not be a mere personal or private matter. It is a subject of the highest and widest order; of the utmost importance to the nation and to the world at large, but the utter indifference and ignorance of the subject are really surprising. A large amount of time and attention are given to the investigation of beings and objects of centuries ago, and the utmost care and scrutiny bestowed upon tracing the history and pedigree of the dog, horse, or cow, while the human animal upon which so much depends is entirely forgotten. Even in the all-important subject of marriage, it is a matter of pounds rather than of pedigree, the latter being almost completely ignored save so far, perhaps, as outward appearances and position are concerned. Knowledge is power, and the proper study of mankind is man, and this study should begin at home; the study is invaluable, showing as it does the why and the wherefore of certain effects, what to stimulate and what to avoid, and if reduced to a science endless physical and mental mistakes might be avoided. Man is a bundle of habits, and these are traced down from one generation to another, and no knowledge is of such vital importance to the human race as the careful analysis and understanding of the laws of pedigree. Lunacy is proved to be largely increasing, and no wonder when such ignorance prevails; the very keystone to its prevention and treatment is to be found in this study and in this study alone. The very gist of success depends upon detection of the real cause. What is born in the bone need not come out in the flesh. I know as a fact that members of certain families have been plunged generation after generation into helpless lunacy—every case of which might have been absolutely avoided had their first indications of eccentricity been attributed to their true causes, and, by skilful manipulation, diverted in their courses and nipped in the bud. The weak points have been clearly brought to light, when, alas! it has been too late, upon simple investigation of early pedigree and history, but from lack of knowledge of the true causes the axe has never been laid to the root of the evil. I repeat that the most mysterious mental and physical complications which have puzzled alike parson, philosopher, and physician, have been made as clear as the sun at noon-day when viewed by the penetrating Röntgen Rays of family history. I maintain that this study duly considered may become one of the mightiest levers for the development and improvement of the human race. It is never too late to mend, and if we have to remain largely in the dark from lack of adequate statistics in the past, we may at least help future generations by a better education upon the subject, thus handing down for the guidance of our progeny some intelligent basis for the delineation of their family history, with its particular characteristics and proclivities.—I am, &c.,

T. THATCHER.

44, College Green, Bristol.

Mr. Murray Gilchrist.

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. Gilchrist's latest book in your last issue inadvertently suggests that this graceful writer is now adventuring for the first time on a long novel. Perhaps he is better known as a writer of short stories; but he published a novel, entitled *Willowbrake*, some time ago with Messrs. Methuen & Co. which was decidedly above the ordinary run of such things, and was,

I think—I speak from memory only—applauded by the ACADEMY, as well as other organs of literary opinion which grind less readily and, perhaps, more steadily than the daily press.—I am, &c.,
 VERNON RENDALL.
 123, Gower-street, W.C.: October 3, 1900.

A Word to an Editor.

SIR,—That same work of reference to which you refer on p. 267 of this week's ACADEMY makes a still more singular blunder in the case of W. L. Murdoch. This world-renowned cricketer is stated to have been born in 1885, and to have come over with the first Australian Eleven in 1878.
 R. T.

September 29, 1900.

"Cold" or "Pure"?

SIR,—Mr. Colvin, in his *Life of Keats*, thus quotes the last sonnet:

The moving waters at their priest-like task
 Of cold ablution round earth's human shores.

Is there any authority for the word "cold"? It sent a chill through me. "Pure" is the word that I find in the text.—I am, &c.,
 JOHN B. TABB.

St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md.:
 September 24th, 1900.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 54 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best address to the electors of Bookland. We award the prize to Mr. Archibald Gibbs, 2, Lynton Place, Cheltenham, for the following:

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to offer my candidature for your acceptance. If elected to sit in the Mother of Parliaments, I shall do my utmost to forward, in a general sense, the interests of Literature and Literary People, but more particularly I shall concern myself with—

(A) A reform in the present unsatisfactory legislation governing Copyright, by which rascally, foreign Barabbases—to speak Byronically—are able to pirate an author's work and render him absurd and inferior into the bargain.

(B) I shall concern myself with endeavouring to improve the status of the journalist (journeyman and freelance) who has now become such a power in the land. Journalism ought, I conceive, to be regarded as a liberal profession, and the Institute of Journalists endowed with similar powers of examination, emoluments, cashiering, &c., as the Incorporated Law Society.

(C) I shall concern myself with an alteration of the present condition of things relating to the Poet Laureateship. I consider, gentlemen, that the time has come either for this office to be abolished or that distinguished prose authors should be equally eligible with bards for laureation.

(D) And finally, I shall concern myself with an alteration of the law relating to libel, with a view of affording more protection than is at present the case to respectable newspaper proprietors from adventurers and men of straw who seek notoriety. I shall feel myself more particularly nerved to action when I recall the views on this matter held by so great an authority as the late Lord Russell.

These seem the salient points for our consideration.

I have the honour to remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
 ARTHUR PENDENNIS, JUN.

Other replies are as follows:

GENTLEMEN,—I stand before you as the embodiment of your yearning. Let me not be misunderstood. You, citizens of Bookland, have long yearned for a representative to guard your interests, and air your grievances. Until now your yearning has assumed no concrete form. Gentlemen, I am the "concrete form, I am the embodiment of your yearning, I address you as a brother. My name is not unknown in Bookland. I am one of you. Your pains my pains; your triumphs, my triumphs.

By the activity of your brains, by the enormous output of intellect, fluent and unflagging, by which you earn your bread, you are, consciously or unconsciously, the moulders of public opinion. Yet you have no representative! Is it not strange that public opinion should go unrepresented?

I venture to assert that your intellects and mine would constitute a dominant force in modern affairs. Will you throw your combined grievances into the expanded end of a funnel, as it were, so that a steadier and more concentrated expression of them may issue from the narrow end? Will you elect me your funnel?

Beyond being a general champion of the aspirations of the enlightened persons whom I am privileged to address, I may state that the principal planks in my platform are:—

(A) The total reinstatement of the Minor Poet.

(B) The absolute annihilation of Barabbas in favour of a "Combined Authors' Publishing House," engineered solely by authors, with myself at the head.

(C) Drinks, at the expense of the Government, for inspiring purposes.

These, gentlemen, are my main planks, combined with, I repeat, a general appreciation of your wants—and mine. It remains with you to do your duty. Will you do it? [H. A. M., London.]

GENTLEMEN,—Parliament having been dissolved, I beg to submit myself, at the request of the Literary Council, as candidate for the representation of this division in the House of Commons.

Amongst the questions by which we are at present affected perhaps the first place must be given to the price of fiction. Many have considered the six-shilling novel as most unsatisfactory, and reforms have been attempted, only to result in failure. I shall give my most strenuous support to a price upon which author, publisher, bookseller, and the reading public shall substantially agree.

I advocate the repeal of the Public Libraries Act. It is unfair that that portion of the public, uninterested in literature, should submit to taxation for the benefit of that portion therein interested; and the rural districts, where the Act is not practicable, afford sufficient proof of its undesirability, for although the communities are poorer, no one objects to an expense by which he alone must benefit. I also object to an Act which will ultimately end the useful and honourable career of the bookseller and threaten the publisher with ruin. I would not allow any tradesmen, other than the bookseller, the liberty to sell books. This would mean the extinction of the piratical publisher, and the end of the cheap and nasty editions sold in drapers' establishments.

I would not have fiction debased by questions of a theological or sexual nature; and I deplore the influence of those sensation-mongers who have now a terrible notoriety, but no true eminence.

I am in favour of greater reforms in the laws of international copyright; of placing a needed restriction on the output of minor poetry; and of submitting the election of poet laureate to yourselves.

I am, gentlemen, yours obediently,

GENTLE READER.
 [A. H., Durham.]

Replies also received from: M. A. W., London; J. L. C., London; V. E. J., Stratford-on-Avon; K. E. T., Bristol; T. C., Buxted; J. D. A., Ealing; C. D. F., Liverpool; F. W. S., London; J. R. W., Worcester; H. W. D., South Tottenham; L. K., London; "A. Dunderhead."

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Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, October 10. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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The Literary Week.

THE new House of Commons is not yet complete, but glancing over the biographies of those members who have been already returned, particularly the miniature biographies in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, always smart, and often witty, we have been struck by the number of members who have a connexion, of some sort, with literature or journalism. The list includes:

Mr. John Morley, Mr. Lecky, Mr. James Bryce, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Sir R. C. Jebb, Mr. Gilbert Parker.
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Sir J. Gorst. Edited a New Zealand Paper.
Sir Michael Foster. *Text-Book of Physiology*.
Mr. George Wyndham. Edited *North's Plutarch, Shakespeare's Poems*, &c.
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Sir W. R. Anson. *Law and Custom of the English Constitution*, &c.
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Mr. J. C. Rickett. *The Christ That Is To Be*, &c.
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Mr. W. R. Cremer. Editor *Arbitrator*.
Mr. Winston Churchill: War Correspondent. *The River War*, &c.
Mr. James O'Connor. Was connected with the Fenian organ, the *Irish People*.
Sir J. Kennaway. *On Sherman's Track*.
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Sir John Leng. *America in 1876*.
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Mr. H. C. Cust. Ex-Editor *Pall Mall Gazette*.
Mr. William Allan. *A Book of Poems*, &c.
Mr. Murray Guthrie. Founded *The Grant*.
Mr. S. Buxton. *Handbook to Politics*.
Mr. T. R. Dewar. *A Ramble Round the Globe*.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN will contribute to the forthcoming issue of the *Agnostic Annual* a paper on "The Triumph of Rationalism."

THE publication of children's books, and books for Christmas presents, has begun early this year. We have already received enough volumes to cover the walls of a roomy nursery.

THERE is not the slightest foundation for the report, published in several newspapers, that Mr. Henry James intends ceasing to reside in this country.

THE books that are sent to a literary paper for review are obviously as varied as the faces of their writers; but not often are we greeted by such a mixture of titles as those belonging to the books mentioned below, which happen at this moment to lie in a group upon our table:

History of the Devil. Illustrated.

Mary's Menagerie. Illustrated.

The Bible True from the Beginning. Vol. VII.

Dr. Johnson's Table Talk.

Atlantis: The Book of the Angels. Illustrated.

The Resurrection of Peter. By Princess Catherine Radziwill.

The Lively City o' Legg. Illustrated.

WE wish that all the letters we receive could be answered as easily as this inquiry: "DEAR SIR,—I notice that in writings on book illustrations distinction is often drawn between wood-engravings and wood-cuts. Will you kindly get one of your experts to explain the difference to one who is—PUZZLED?"

There is none.

CHAUCER has waited five hundred years to be honoured by that City of London of which he was a citizen and officer. A bust of him is to be placed in the Guildhall. In Southwark more elaborate honour is to be done to the poet of the Tabard. A memorial window, picturing the Canterbury Pilgrims starting from that inn for the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, will be unveiled by Mr. Alfred Austin in St. Saviour's Collegiate Church on October 25th, which day will be the 500th anniversary of Chaucer's death. Little by little this noble church is gathering literary associations—or rather, these are increasingly recognised. The bones of John Gower lie here, and his tomb bears his own quaint lines:

En toy qui est Fitz de Dieu le Père,
Sauvé soit qui gist sous cest pierre.

Here, too, are buried the poet Dyer and John Fletcher and Philip Massinger; and here is the nameless tomb on which are the lines often attributed to Quarles:

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,

Even so is Man; Man's thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

Four more memorial windows are proposed, each celebrating the connexion of a great man with the church and parish; one to Gower, one to Johnson, one to Goldsmith, and one to Sacheverell.

WHATEVER monuments may be raised to the memory of John Ruskin, the block of Borrowdale stone, which was placed last Saturday on Friar's Crag, is likely to be, in some respects, the most interesting. Standing in the midst of scenery he loved, it stands also on the spot where Ruskin's consciousness of Nature may be said to have begun. "The first thing I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag, Derwentwater." That there may be no mistake, these words are incised on the stone which, however, bears, as its principal inscription, this from *Deucalion* :

The spirit of God is around you in the air you breathe
His glory in the light you see, and in the fruitfulness of
the earth and the joy of His creatures. He has written
for you day by day His revelation, and He has granted you
day by day your daily bread.

On the opposite side of the monolith, facing the lake view which Ruskin described as "one of the three most beautiful scenes in Europe," is a bronze medallion, by Signor Lucchési, representing Ruskin in his prime. The head is in profile and in high relief; a crown of olive is seen in the background over the head, and among its leaves is introduced Ruskin's motto: "To-Day." The inauguration of this finely conceived memorial was as simple as we could wish. The unveiling was done by Mrs. Severn.

THE picture of this monolith, so gloriously placed and envired, yet so devoid of unreal or insincere pomp, reminds us—by mere association—of a splendid passage in Flaubert's *Par les Champs et par les Grèves*, on the tomb of Chateaubriand. We are tempted to quote it for the sake of its suggestive bearing on the Lakeland stone :

There he will sleep, his head turned to the west, in the tomb built on a cliff, his immortality will be like his life, deserted of all and surrounded by storms. The waves with the centuries will long murmur round this great monument; they will spring to his feet in the tempests, or in the summer mornings, when the white sails are spread and the swallow comes from beyond the seas, loving and gentle, they will bring him the voluptuous melancholy of distances, and the caress of the open air. And the days thus slipping by, while the billows of his native beach shall be for ever swinging between his birthplace and his tomb, the heart of René, cold at last, will slowly crumble into nothingness to the endless rhythm of that eternal music.

EVERY week we seem to chronicle the birth of a new paper. The latest is *Talent*, of which the first number appeared on Wednesday. The editor is Mr. Edwin Drew, the periodicity is once a month; and the price is three-pence. The editor's bow is a deep one. Here is part of it :

I take "Talent" in a rather broad aspect. I do not confine my attention to the Drama and the Platform. I add the open air, and in all conscience that is fairly universal. I add Art, Literature, Lecturing, Conversation, Music, &c., though over it all is the dominating idea that the noble and picturesque monosyllable "Art" embraces the lot.

From the rest we cull these flowers :

My prayer, in taking up this pen to write you a letter, is that I may lessen the thorns and multiply the roses in life's path. The mission of Art is to every soul.

Perhaps I am a bit eccentric.

We imagine that any man who starts a new magazine is "a bit eccentric." We wish Mr. Drew success.

WHEN Ouida writes on literature it is not with surprise that one finds Mr. Andrew Lang writing on Ouida. He

has done so this week, in the *Daily News*, and with the playfulness that scathes :

She wants to know why so many bad books are published, and we presume that the answer is simple. Many foolish persons pay for the publication of their own books, and some publishers find it profitable to gratify the vanity of these feeble folk. "Man," says Ouida, "is a ravenous and insatiable brute," and such a fellow will even publish novels at his own expense. We regret that it is so . . . ; but, with her theory of human nature, she should not be surprised that all authors are not on a level with the author of *A Dog of Flanders*. Why, she asks, do shilling novels appear, later, in cheap editions? Well, to suit a less opulent class of readers, we presume. And the reason why novels do not appear in paper covers, as in placid and philosophic France, is that the public does not like to be at the trouble of having them bound. This may be contemptible, or even ferocious and brutal, but such is life.

Cruel, too—having regard to Ouida's foreign sympathies—is this: "Ouida thinks that 'some unwritten law should prescribe and limit the license of [English] caricature.' We interpolate 'English,' as probably French caricature needs no discipline."

Greybeards at Play, issued this week by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, is ostensibly a children's book, but there is a good deal of pleasing satire lying round loose in it; and the nonsense is of a kind that we enjoy. The author, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, dedicates his pages to "E. C. B.," in a poem which begins touchingly :

He was, through boyhood's storm and shower,
My best, my nearest friend;
We wore one hat, smoked one cigar,
One standing at each end.

And the inversion is pleasing which gives us :

Far, far behind are morbid hours,
And lonely hearts that bleed.
Far, far behind us are the days
When we were old indeed.

TURNING to the book itself, we like Mr. Chesterton's natural history :

I know the strange tale of the Slug;
The Early Sin—the Fall—
The Sleep—the Vision—and the Vow—
The Quest—the Crown—the Call.

The verses on "The Disastrous Spread of Æstheticism in All Classes" are of a distinctly Gilbertian flavour, but there is something more than this in the "Envoy," wherein the Greybeard author interviews a little child :

I looked into his awful eyes:
I waited his decree:
I made ingenious attempts
To sit upon his knee.
The babe upraised his wondering eyes,
And timidly he said,
"A trend towards experiment
In modern minds is bred.
"I feel the will to roam, to learn
By test, experience, *nous*,
That fire is hot and ocean deep,
And wolves carnivorous.
"My brain demands complexity."
The lisping cherub cried.
I looked at him, and only said,
"Go on. The world is wide."

A tear rolled down his pinafore—
"Yet from my life must pass
The simple love of sun and moon,
The old games in the grass;

"Now that my back is to my home
Could these again be found?"
I looked on him, and only said,
"Go on. The world is round."

THERE are many ways of approaching an editor, and one of them is to get him to mistake you for a namesake of proved literary ability. It is a method, however, that is best left to chance. Mr. Alfred Church has been telling in the *Critic* how he became a regular contributor to the *Spectator* through Mr. Hutton mistaking him for R. W. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. In the same article Mr. Church relates how Hutton himself became connected with the paper. He had taught mathematics and written stray articles when in 1861 came his opportunity:

Early in that year, Mr. Meredith Townsend, who had for some years been editor of the *Friend of India*, returned to England, and purchased the *Spectator*. This journal (first issued in July, 1828) had had a time of prosperity, but was then in an almost moribund condition. For about six months Mr. Townsend "ran" it alone. This he found exhausting work, and looked out for help. Mr. Hutton, introduced by a mutual friend, called at the office, and an agreement was arrived at. As he was going away, Mr. Townsend called after him: "Have you any money?" Hutton explained that he could find some. A joint proprietorship was then arranged, with a clause in the deed which gave the original owner the final voice in any matter where there might be a persistent difference of opinion.

Mr. Church concludes his recollections of the partnership thus formed as follows:

The two editors had each an easily distinguishable style of his own. Mr. Townsend's sentences are short, clear, incisive. Mr. Hutton's, to borrow the language of a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "went tottering on, bent double under all their burden of thought." And yet, when one or other was on his annual holiday, no one could detect which hand had ceased to contribute.

A triumph of editing.

THE ordinary contributor, who has no clever namesake with whom he may be beneficially confused, must adopt more prosaic methods. Unfortunately he is rarely very happy in his choice, and there is therefore some point in the mock-serious advice tendered him by the editor of an American magazine, who is evidently a little embittered. Among his maxims are these:

Write and ask him if you may call to talk over literary projects with him. That will oblige him to dictate a polite note saying that you may.

Begin the interview by saying that you have not thought of any subject to treat of yourself, but you hope that he may have something that he wants written up. It is well to add that it is almost impossible to get ideas, as all the articles seem to have been written already. Being in hourly dread of turning down a future genius, he will labour patiently to make you betray a spark of ability.

Explain to him how you came to take up literary work, setting forth at length your financial difficulties. He is paid by the week, so his time is not important to him.

Ask him if he knows that his magazine printed a portrait of Li Hung Chang over the title of Mrs. Burke-Roche several months before. He has already received ten thousand letters on the subject, but will no doubt be glad to explain for the ten thousand and first time just how it happened.

As you rise to go (if you ever do) produce a MS. poem and ask him to write you frankly what he thinks of it. Do not leave a stamp; he will gladly pay two cents to get it taken away.

Explain that you have never happened to read his magazine, but are going home to do so at once, in order to see just what sort of things he wants. Cheered by this sign of intelligence on your part, he will doubtless present you with a copy.

MR. CHARLES FERET still disputes our criticism on his work, *Fulham Old and New*, that it is somewhat lacking in clear typographical guidance. We did not say this idly,

or captiously, and we cannot recall the remark. But we willingly print Mr. Feret's defence:

I maintain that there is not a particle of ground for your statement that *Fulham Old and New* is wanting in clear typographical guidance. Each side-heading, which is printed in heavy type, governs the text down to the next side-heading. No arrangement could well be clearer. Where two or more names describe a site or a building, or a building which in course of years may have been rebuilt and been known by sundry names, such appellations are given in the side-headings which are placed at the commencement of the account. Take your reviewer's quotation of one of these side-headings—viz., "Brightwell's—Parson's Green House—Villa Carey—Peterborough House." Now, these names applied to a particular site or to successive buildings on such site, and, as such, are collectively dealt with. I have given the history of this estate, covering a period of five centuries, and I have, of course, introduced, in the text, the names in the order in which they obtained currency. True, I have not given the actual years in which one name died out and another came in for the all-sufficient reason that it is not possible to supply such facts. The text, however, clearly shows the periods during which each name was in general use, while, as I have already stated, the side-headings further give the reader the names in correct historical sequence. Added to all this there is a voluminous index, which will, in a moment, refer a searcher to any name of place or person which he may want. What more is needed in the way of guiding the reader it is difficult to conceive.

SOME interesting information concerning the library which the late Mr. Henry Spencer Ashbee bequeathed to the British Museum is given by the *Daily Chronicle*. A City man, fervent in business, Mr. Ashbee was also an ideal book-collector, a keen antiquary, and a traveller who had literally surveyed mankind from China to Peru. That he was rich goes without saying. His tastes and wealth were both reflected in his splendid library, containing many thousands of books, every one of which was worthily bound. His speciality was editions of *Don Quixote*, of which he had a noble collection. They are described in his *Iconography of Don Quixote* literature, published in 1895. Extra-illustration he did not despise and a grangerised copy of Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes* which he constructed was extended from nine to thirty-four volumes by the addition of more than 5,000 portraits, views, &c.

THE probable value of Mr. Ashbee's bequest to the British Museum is assessed in these general terms by the well-informed *Chronicle* writer:

So far as the British Museum is concerned, the great value of the Ashbee library will lie in the section of French books, printed chiefly in small numbers for the members of several short-lived "bibliophile" clubs. These books rarely appear in the market, and the funds of the British Museum do not allow the authorities to indulge in "luxuries." Now, however, Mr. Ashbee's bequest renders the Museum not only complete in this respect, but far ahead of any other public library. Not only this, but Mr. Ashbee had several of these exquisitely-produced books specially illustrated, commissioning eminent French book-illustrators to execute a given number of drawings in water-colours, &c., and having these original designs bound up with the book which they illustrate. . . . Only a catalogue could do justice to the richness of the Ashbee Bequest, for the "unique" and very rare books may in this collection be numbered by hundreds. Many, of course, are already in the British Museum, and having regard to the congested condition of our national library it seems a pity that the bequest should be tantamount to accepting all or none. But there can be no manner of doubt about the decision of the trustees.

A CORRESPONDENT questions a point of grammar in one of the extracts which we made last week from Mr. Knight's novel, *A Son of Austerity*. He asks whether it was correct to write:

At the border of the clayfield was a hearse and a single carriage.

We think this was correct. The hearse and the carriage belonged strictly to each other; collectively they were the funeral *cortège*, and only collectively did they need to be considered. Therefore the singular verb is true to the spirit, while a plural verb would have been only pedantically, and even misleadingly, true to the letter. Exactly the same point has been raised about Mr. Kipling's line in "The Recessional":

The tumult and the shouting *dies*.

This, oddly enough, is dealt with this month by a writer in *Munsey's Magazine*, who says:

Mr. Kipling is right. The figure of speech known as "hendiadys" is defined as "the use of two words connected by a copulative conjunction to express a single complex idea." In the verse under discussion "tumult and shouting" might almost have been hyphenated to indicate that the condition expressed was conceived by the poet as a single entity.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN has done a logical thing. As a publisher, it is to his interest that books should be written. He has therefore published a pen. It is called the Literary U, and its purpose is to encourage the Literary Ego. Mr. Unwin's retained poet sings:

The new U Pen is quite unique,
It can do everything but speak.
For Christian, Pagan, Turk or Jew
There's but one Pen—and that's the U,
Which quietly without a fuss
Assists the brains of genius;
So smooth the flow of this new pen
The joy of literary men.

We have tried the U and like it.

Bibliographical.

To the making of anthologies, apparently, there is no end. We are threatened with at least four this season. One is Mr. Quiller-Couch's—*A Treasury of English Poetry*, which is to include verse by living writers. In this work Mr. "Q." must needs traverse again a good deal of the ground he covered in his other collection—*The Golden Pomp*. Then there is the *Treasury of Irish Poetry* (poetry written by Irishmen in English) promised us by Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. T. W. Rolleston. The appearance of this will be a very effective criticism upon the *Book of Irish Verse* issued a year or two ago by Mr. W. B. Yeates—an obviously inadequate performance, bound to be speedily superseded. From another editor will come *An Old English Anthology*, which I take to mean an anthology of Old English verse. To me, I confess, this does not sound promising. As for *The Troubadour*, which is to see the light through the agency of Messrs. Cassell, I "admire" (as Mr. Lang might say) the taste which could conceive such a title, so alien to the spirit of English poetry.

Great praise and glory to Macmillan & Co., inasmuch as they promise us, in the "Eversloy" series, more letters of Edward FitzGerald's, and, in the "Golden Treasury" series, a collection of his *Miscellanies*, such as "Euphranor," "Polonius," and the like. To do this latter is to do especially well, because for some years past the public has been led to regard FitzGerald as the translator-adaptor of Omar, and that only—except so far as it has been able to approach and appreciate him in his Letters. We have to thank the same firm for also including in the "Golden Treasury" Cicero's discourses on Old Age and Friendship, as translated and edited by Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh, to whom we owe (or shall owe shortly) the Englishing of the whole correspondence of Cicero, in chronological order.

Poor Tennyson! Not only is he about to figure in a series of "Saintly Lives," but a writer (wisely anonymous) announces yet another "critical study" of him, and we have just had a volume on *The Mind of Tennyson*, of which

the title is, I suppose, a sort of echo of the title of Prof. Dowden's well-known book on *Shakespeare's "Mind" and Art*.

It never rains but it pours. The Rev. J. H. Batt is to bestow upon us a book concerning the late Mr. D. L. Moody. As if that were not sufficient, the Rev. J. W. Chapman is to produce a volume on *The Life and Works of D. L. Moody*, and a Mr. R. A. Torrey is to distill for us the *Lessons from the Life and Death of D. L. Moody*. That is pretty well to go on with.

Mr. Frank Murray, publisher, Derby, announces as "nearly ready" a Bibliography of Austin Dobson, "attempted" by "Francis Edwin Murray," who may, or may not, be Mr. Frank Murray himself. There will be fifty large pages, and five hundred ordinary copies for English consumption—ten of the one and fifty of the other being allotted to America (a not extravagant number). Some "Notes for a Bibliography of Austin Dobson" appeared a few years ago in the columns of the *Bookman*. That Mr. Frank Murray should have been led to make a volume out of the subject speaks eloquently for the popularity of Mr. Dobson—a popularity thoroughly well deserved. If I remember rightly, the writer in the *Bookman* dealt only with Mr. Dobson's verse; Mr. Murray has extended his labours to Mr. Dobson's prose also.

Do we want another Life of Sir Walter Scott? We are to have one, it seems, from the pen of Mr. W. H. Hudson, hitherto known chiefly as the writer of such books as *The Naturalist in La Plata*, *Birds in a Village*, *Lost British Birds*, *Idle Days in Patagonia*, and *Birds in London*. But Mr. Hudson is also the author of a book on Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy, and of another on Keats, Clough, and Matthew Arnold (*Studies in Interpretation*). It is through these, no doubt, that we arrive at this latest study of the "Great Magician."

Centenary celebrations of authors do at least some good: they lead usually to the popularisation of the authors' works. Thus, the recent mild exploitation of James Thomson, of "The Seasons" fame, has been followed by the inclusion of his Poems in the "Canterbury Poets" series, which will present the only cheap edition available. The Aldine edition costs five shillings. I am presuming that the "Canterbury" edition will be "complete."

Miss Olive Birrell has given to her forthcoming novel the title of *Lore in a Mist*—a pretty title, and "alluring"—possibly new to the world of narrative fiction, but assuredly not new to that of dramatic fiction, inasmuch as it was the name which Mr. Louis Parker gave to a play of his which saw the light some half-dozen years ago.

With reference to the forthcoming new edition of John Heneage Jesse's anecdotal histories and biographies, some of my readers may like to have the dates of their first appearance:—*The Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts* (1840), *The Court of England from the Revolution to the Death of George II.* (1843), *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries* (1843), *The Pretenders and their Adherents* (1845), *Richard III. and Some of his Contemporaries* (1862), *The Life and Reign of George III.* (1867), and *Celebrated Etonians* (1875). I suppose that Jesse's "historical drama on the Battle of Bosworth" will be reproduced with the *Richard III.* Jesse rather fancied himself as a poet, and published three books of verse; but I doubt if they will ever be reprinted.

There does not appear to be much ground for the production of a new edition of Puckle's *Club*. The book, *me judice*, has little literary merit, and it was reprinted so recently as 1890, with the illustrations by Thurston, which first saw the light in 1817. Previously to that, we had the edition of 1834, prefaced by Samuel Weller Singer. First issued in 1711, *The Club* was reproduced in 1713, 1721, 1723 (revised by the author), 1733, and 1734. Mr. Austin Dobson, its latest editor, has already written about it in the pages of *Bibliographica*.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Book by Itself.

Thirteen Stories. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. GRAHAM, we may remark, is not a new-comer. To go no further back than last year, we had his *Mogreb-el-Aksa*, which was published as a book of travel in Morocco, but is treasured by the discerning as a satire on things done in Mayfair and Mincing-lane. The same unfettered wit is abroad in these pages. In *Mogreb-el-Aksa* there was a constant playing-off of British character against the types of Morocco under a convention of social and political equality as between us and them. It was as though Mr. Graham refused to distinguish between the two humanities except for tricky purposes of his own. But in his new book of South American reminiscences the satire is not only less, it is different. It merges into pathos. The juxtaposition is not that of prosperous judges, clergy, and stockbrokers with prosperous emirs, sheikhs, and cut-throat tribesmen—it is the juxtaposition of the prosperous Briton and Spaniard with the poor Indian, who wavers and sickens when he has looked for a little time into the white man's face. And these dusky fools have a place in Mr. Graham's heart, such as the butcher's son and the boy who drove the milk-cart have in yours, though you may not remember what has happened to them since they bumped you over an orchard wall. Years ago he knew them, and their life, and gathered memories of them from their gay oppressors. His book is steeped in memories; the ache of many nostalgias is in its bones. It is like Mr. Graham to carefully emphasise this in his Preface. He has learned to distrust readers. "Let there be no mistake; the writer and the reader are sworn foes." "Therefore"—after suitable jibes—"why strip the soul stark naked to the public gaze without some hesitation and due interval, by means of which to make folk understand that which you write is what you think you feel; part of yourself, a part, moreover, which once given out can never be recalled?" That is finely, if rather crazily, said. It is, we say, a bit of Mr. Graham's character that he puts a tranquil law of literature as a highly specialised personal grudge. He does the right academic thing, and makes a sore point of it. He writes travel as it ought to be written, and says he has done it in lieu of kicking you for a book-sniffing ingrate. All of which shows how these times do embitter and arride the writer who has something to say, and knows it.

If our design were the vulgar one of winning readers for Mr. Graham we should stir his pot and display his tit-bits; we should inform the reader that "Cruz Alta" is a tale of horse-driving and horse-bargaining between Uruguay and Brazil, with interludes of very mixed dancing and very mixed love-making, and maté drinking in lonely *fazendas*, and night-chases after runaway horses; we should insist that "The Gold Fish" is a capital story of a Moorish runner's devotion; that "A Hegira" is a story of man-hunting in Mexico second to none in its kind, and that "Victory" and "Rothenberger's Wedding" are very strong meat. But we deem the sentiment of the book more precious than its constructive interests. What a fine welter of minor humanity is here. What little lands and peoples, what skills and traditions, what a coming and going in remotest inns and market-places of lauds whose names are hid in gazetteers. The fine thing is that Mr. Graham writes so familiarly and with such heart and with such back-flung irony of these Brazilian, Uruguayan, Paraguayan folk—these lost Gauchos, negroes, cattle-farmers, "China" girls, British wastrels and polygamists, pious horse-copers, sooty missionaries, revolutionists with song and knife equally ready—all that Spanish-negro fringe of humanity, hot of blood and petty of achievement,

that litters South America. We are delighted by the zest with which the author's thoughts fly from London to some remote Brazilian town, like flat-roofed, sandy High Cross, stored with hogsheds of sugar and bales of black tobacco from Bahia. Even there they wander speculatively back to old Jesuit days—dim origins and formative politics:

It may be that the Rood set up on high was but a landmark, or again to mark a frontier line against the heathen to the north, or yet it may have been the grave of some Paulista, who in his foray against the Jesuits in Paraguay died here on his return, while driving on before him a herd of converts to become slaves in far San Paulo, to the greater glory of the Lord. All these things may have been, or none of them; but the quiet, sleepy place, the forests with their parrots and macaws, their herds of peccaries, their bands of screaming monkeys, the bright-striped tiger-cats, the armadillos, coatis, capibaras, and gorgeous flaming "seibos," all intertwined by ropes of living cordage of lianas, and the supreme content of all the dwellers in the district with God, themselves, their country, and their lives, still after twenty years is fresh, and stirs me, as the memory of the Pacific stirs a reclaimed "beach-comber" over his grog, and makes him say, "I never should have left them islands, for a man was happy in 'em living on the beach."

And again, at Santa Rosa—reached along a palm-bordered trail, where faith is dead but where the Angelus, "much more important," remains:

To this day, when in our hurried life I dream of peace, my thoughts go back to the old Paraguayan Jesuit "capilla" lost in the woods of Morosomo, Curupay, and Yba-hai, and with its two tall, feathery palm-trees rustling above the desecrated church; to the long strings of white-robed women carrying water-jars, and to the old-world life, perhaps by this time altered and swept away, or yet again not altered, and passing still in the same quiet fashion as when we were there.

Sometimes it is a mere solitude that comes back, but a solitude full of history:

We passed by palm-groves and deserted mandioca patches, reed cottages in ruins, watched the flamingoes fishing in the lake, the alligators lying motionless, and saw an Indian all alone in a dug-out canoe, casting his line as placidly as he had lived before the coming of the Spaniards.

Sometimes it is all history, and crude at that, as in the mouth of Xavier Fernandez, retired slave-dealer and mule-dealer, versed in all points of mules and negroes:

Most graphically did he tell how the last Indians were hunted down with dogs, and in a pantomime he showed how they jumped up and fell when they received the shot, and putting out his tongue and writhing hideously he imitated how they wriggled on the ground, explaining that they were worse to kill than is a tapir, and put his father and the other patriots to much unnecessary pain. And as he talked, the fields, the river and the plain bathed in the sun . . . great lizards drank its rays, flattening themselves upon the stones in ecstasy, humming-birds quivered at the heart of every flower; above the stream the dragon-flies hung poised; only some "infidel" whom the patriots had destroyed seemed wanting, and the landscape looked incomplete without a knot of them in their high feather crowns stealthily stealing round a corner of the woods.

In "A Hegira" we do not merely hear of such killing; we witness it. Three Apache Indians, escaped from prison, are pursued across hundreds of miles of country in rage and deadly fear by a party of heroes to whom the word Apache is as an absolution from courage as from mercy. Town after town, plain after plain, were traversed, and still these three lone figures—a man, his squaw, and a boy—were ahead, and with them a little white dog.

So Monterey became a memory; the Cerro de la Silla last vanishing, when full five leagues upon the road. The dusty plains all white with alkali, the grey-green sage-

bushes, the salt and crystal-looking rivers, the Indians bending under burdens, and the women sitting at the cross roads selling tortillas—all now had changed. Through oceans of tall grass, by muddy rivers in which alligators basked, by "bayous," "resacas," and by "bottoms" of alluvial soil, in which grew cotton-woods, black-jack, and post-oak, with gigantic willows; through countless herds of half-wild horses, lighting the landscape with their colours, and through a rolling prairie with vast horizons bounded by faint blue mountain chains, we took our way.

The Indians were starved, yet if they could but reach the tribe they were safe. At last the Santa Rosa chain of mountains rose in front. "I knew that in the mountains the Indians were safe. . . I wished them luck after their hegira, planned with such courage, carried out so well, had ended, and they were back amongst the tribe." Alas! this was early reckoning:

Just outside Cruceitas we met a Texan who, as he told us, owned the place, and lived in "kornkewbinage with a native gal," called, as he said, "Pastory," who it appeared of all the females he had ever met was the best hand to bake "tortillers," and whom, had she not been a Catholic, he would have made his wife. All this without a question on our part, and sitting sideways on his horse, scanning the country from the corner of his eye. He told us that he had "had right smart of an Indian trouble here yesterday just about afternoon. Me and my 'vaquerys' were around looking for an estray horse, just six of us, when close to the ranch we popped kermash right upon three red devils, and opened fire at once. I hed a Winchester, and at the first fire tumbled the buck; he fell right in his tracks, and jest as I was taking off his scalp, I'm doggoned if the squaw and the young devil didn't come at us jest like grizzly bars. Wal, yes, killed 'em, o' course, and anyhow the young 'un would have growed up; but the squaw I'm sort of sorry about. I never could bear to kill a squaw, though I've often seen it done. Naow here's the all-firedest thing yer ever heard; jes' as I was turning the bodies over with my foot a little Indian dog flies at us like a 'painter,' the varmint, the condemnedst little buffler I ever struck. I was for shootin' him, but 'Pastory'—that's my 'kornkewbyne'—she up and says it was a shame. Wal, we had to bury them, for dead Injun stinks worse than turkey-buzzard, and the dodgasted little dog is sitting on the grave, 'pears like he's froze, leastwise he hasn't moved since sun-up, when we planted the whole crew."

Of Mr. Graham's philosophy of life, as exhibited once more in these pages, we will say nothing. It lies about casually; it is generous; it is just; and it is full of bias towards the natural man. Failure alone is interesting, not successful generalship, not going to the colonies with a half-crown and returning rich:

But those who fail after a glorious fashion, Raleigh, Cervantes, Chatterton, Camoens, Blake, Claverhouse, Lovelace, Alcibiades, Parnell, and the last unknown deck-hand who, diving overboard after a comrade, sinks without saving him: these interest us, at least they interest those who, cursed with imagination, are thereby doomed themselves to the same failure as their heroes were. The world is to the unimaginative, for them are honours, titles, rank and ample waistbands; foolish phylacteries broad as trade union banners; their own esteem and death to sound of Bible leaves fluttered by sorrowing friends, with the sure hope of waking up immortal in a new world on the same pattern as the world that they have left.

A hatred of all commerce and a love of all courtesy are not the smallest ingredients of our author's philosophy. His is the talk of a man of the world, who has so completely cleared his mind of ordinary cants that he is in danger of entertaining a cant of his own. Still, Mr. Graham is one of the wittiest commentators on civilisation, imperialism, and the trading spirit in our midst. And his method—you see his method?—he is not merely caustic; he appeals to the rude man in us all. Rolling a cigarette with an aslant, upward, kindly look, he makes us sigh for the desert and weep for the Indian.

Close-Packed History.

A History of Greece to the Death of Alexander the Great.
By J. B. Bury, M.A. (Macmillan.)

AN independent history of Greece, by one of the most solid and brilliant of living historians, the author of *The Later Roman Empire*, the editor of Gibbon, is naturally a considerable book. The volume before us will admirably serve a double purpose. It will be, probably for many years, the leading text-book of the sixth form and university student, the peg which will hold together his ethnology, his epigraphy, and his "Hellenic studies," his interpretations of Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Aristotle, and his complementary readings in Abbott, Holm, Busolt, Beloch, Duncker, Curtius, and Grote. At the same time it will be for the general reader an adequate exposition of the whole matter, rendered equally instructive and fascinating by Prof. Bury's sound erudition, sane judgment, and thorough command of vigorous and, at times, picturesque English. Among many other merits we are particularly struck by the author's subtle and sympathetic criticism of Athenian politics and personalities, by the skilful use he makes of such stories as that of Pheidippides, treating them neither uncritically as gospel, nor contemptuously as merely idle legend, but scientifically as throwing real light upon the conditions of popular sentiment out of which they arose, and by his wise determination to exclude the special treatment of literature and art, philosophy and religion, except in so far as this can be worked into the general texture of his narrative. "The interspersions," says Prof. Bury, "in a short political history, of a few unconnected chapters dealing, as they must deal, inadequately with art and literature seems useless and inartistic." It is true, and we recall the oases of aridity which such chapters present in many otherwise respectable treatises.

One point in the book we cannot but regret, and that is its extreme compression. This is deliberate. Prof. Bury tells us that while it would have been "natural and certainly easier to allow it to range into several volumes," he thought that compression would produce a more useful book, and therefore undertook "the more laborious task." That it was the more laborious task we feel sure, and only Prof. Bury's lucid and nervous style, and his gift of putting into a few telling sentences the upshot of much investigation, could have enabled him to triumph, as he has triumphed, over the difficulties in the way. And still we are not quite satisfied that the result is the more useful. At the best such closely-packed matter makes exigent reading. The extreme compression sometimes necessitates at least an appearance of dogmatism where the conclusions advanced are, after all, not quite certain, and the student and general reader alike are excluded from the mental benefit to be derived from seeing the *pros* and *cons* of difficult problems fully set out by the hand of a master. Then, again, there is, of course, no room for foot-notes. A few terminal pages of references to archaeological and other authorities make the mouth water for more; and in the remembrance of the careful analysis and criticism of the "Sources" for the history of the Byzantine period which Prof. Bury wrote for his Gibbon, the regret that he has not been able to do the same thing here for the Hellenic period is redoubled.

It is, of course, in dealing with the earliest epochs of Greek history, the epochs before Herodotus, or indeed any written texts except Homer, begin to be of service, that a tentative rather than a dogmatic method is essential. In recent years anthropological and archaeological research has thrown a flood of light upon the long period of wide-spread Mediterranean and Ægean civilisation out of which Hellenism, as we know it, slowly grew. Prof. Bury's work is far more up-to-date on this subject than any other Greek history known to us—naturally so, as the evidence is

accumulating from day to day. His account of the various types of pre-Mycenæan and Mycenæan culture in Greece, Asia Minor, and the isles; his discussion of the ethnical relations of the Aryan Greeks to the peoples among whom this civilisation was developed, represent the best that is known or conjectured at the present moment upon these difficult questions. How tentative it all is, Prof. Bury himself is well aware.

Prehistoric Greece cannot be treated satisfactorily except by the method of discussion, and in a work like this, since discussion lies outside its scope, a writer can only describe the main features of the culture which excavation has revealed, and state with implied reserve the chief general conclusions which he considers probable as to the correlation of the archaeological evidence with the literary traditions of the Greeks.

An example of the revolution in archaeological knowledge which a turn of the spade may produce is ready to hand. Prof. Bury points out the possibility of much new light to be derived from excavations in Crete. Before his prophecy was printed it was fulfilled. Last winter Mr. A. J. Evans unearthed a magnificent palace at Cnossus, the traditional city of Minos. The discoveries made there sound like the Arabian Nights. Thrones and frescoes have stood untouched for 4,000 years. A great bull, naturalistically modelled in painted plaster, recalls the legend of the Minotaur. The intricate corridors of the palace recall the famous labyrinth. A series of clay tablets, both in hieroglyphic and linear script, appear to contain correspondence and records of the treasure-house. These carry back the history of writing in the Mediterranean at least six centuries beyond all previous records. Unfortunately they are at present untranslatable, for no man knoweth in what tongue they are written. Probably it is a form of that language spoken all round the shores of the Mediterranean before the Aryans came, which appears to be represented by modern Basque and Berber, and which, according to Prof. Rhys, considerably affected the Celtic of these islands. In any case, should it ever be deciphered, one result, among others, will be that Prof. Bury will have to rewrite the first chapter of his history.

His Collected Poems.

The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

CLOSE on the heels of T. E. Brown's *Letters*, which we reviewed in our issue of September 23, comes his *Collected Poems*. It is a volume of 736 pages in Messrs. Macmillan's green-cloth, uniform edition of the poets. "Once," records Mr. Irwin, "when I remarked on the omission of Brown's name in an article on 'Minor Poets,' in one of the magazines, he said with a smile, 'Perhaps I am among the major.'" That smile, adds Mr. Irwin, "had just sufficient irony—no more." T. E. Brown is No. 7 in this edition of the poets. His predecessors are Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, and Lowell. The longer narrative poems fill three-fourths of the volume, the remaining quarter comprises Lyrical Poems and Poems of Aspects and Characters.

To a few these poems—racy, rushing, pathetic, ironic, humorous, as the mood took him—have been long familiar; the remnant who love fine poetry have a keen intellectual and emotional pleasure awaiting them. His was a teeming brain; his poems never give the impression of artifice, although it is on record that he was a conscientious literary craftsman, as became the son of a father so fastidious about composition that he would make his son read some fragment of an English classic to him before answering an invitation. Like his own Tom Baynes, Brown favoured the asynartete

octosyllable. Turn to the series of "Fo'e's'le Yarns." It is his rollicking mood:

First comes Tom Baynes among these sorted quills,
In asynartete octosyllables.
Methinks you see the "fo'e's'le" squat, the squirt
Nicotian, various interval of shirt,
Enlarged, contract—keen swordsmen, cut and thrust:
Old salt, old rip, old friend, Tom Baynes comes *fust*.

By way of contrast read that lovely lyric, "My Garden":

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contentends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

The note of his poetry, a note which distinguishes and lifts him from the ranks of modern versifiers, is the conviction it produces in the reader that it had to be written. Behind every poem, however slight, the impulse to sing shows. He did not say to himself: "I feel in the mood to write poetry. Now, what shall my subject be?" No! We seem to see him breaking off from another occupation to dig his thought upon paper. At heart he was a patriot, a Manx patriot, with a fierce love for his native island, its people, its customs, its language, its legends—all that thereunto belonged. He had, too, an abounding pity for all things human, and a religion that was half entirely orthodox, and half wholly pantheistic. His verse changes with his mood. Now it is the racy, racing dialogue of "Fo'e's'le Yarns"; now a poem travelling under the cloak of Browning's rugged religiosity; now one breathing the sane, large utterance of Whitman; now a lyric, and now a mourner's cry. Other of his poems go at a run—thus:

Now the beauty of the thing when childher plays is
The terrible wonderful length the days is
Up you jumps, and out in the sun,
And you fancy the day will never be done;
And you're chasin' the bumblees hummin' so cross
In the hot sweet air among the goss,
Or gath'rin' blue-bells, or lookin' for eggs,
Or peltin' the ducks with their yalla legs,
Or a climbin' and nearly breakin' your skulls,
Or a shoutin' for divilment after the gulls,
Or a thinkin' of nothin', but down at the tide
Singin' out for the happy you feel inside.
That's the way with the kids, you know,
And the years do come and the years do go,
And when you look back it's all like a puff,
Happy and over and short enough.

Also he had a good, grim grip of words, and when he was in a mood he could pack them in a sentence with the best—pack them like herrings in a barrel. Mr. Kipling would appreciate this picture of a certain schooner:

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled:
Then one the tiller took,
And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled;
And one the canvas shook
Forth like a mouldy bat; and one, with nods
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit-end, and called
And cursed the Harbour-master by his gods.
And, rotten from the gunwale to the keel,
Rat-riddled, bilge be-stank,
Slime-slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel,
And drag her oozy flank,
And sprawl among the deft young waves, that laughed,
And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel,
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

But such passages (and there are many of them) may be regarded as literary exercises in which the capable workman delights to show his strength. It is in his elegiac poems that Brown finds his way to the hearts of those whose appreciation of poetry is emotional rather than

artistic. There are many such poems in the book. Here is a little sheaf of them :

Dead !

Dead, say you ? " Yes, the last sweet rose
Is gathered "—Close, O close,
O, gently, gently, very gently close
Her little book of life, and seal it up
To God, who gave, who took—O bitter cup ! O bell !
O folding grave—O mother, it is well—
Yes, it is well. He holds the key
That opens all the mysteries ; and He
Has blessed our children—it is well.

She knelt upon her brother's grave,
My little girl of six years old—
He used to be so good and brave,
The sweetest lamb of all our fold ;
He used to shout, he used to sing,
Of all our tribe the little king—
And so unto the turf her ear she laid,
To hark if still in that dark place he played.

O God to Thee I yield
The gift Thou givest most precious, most divine !
Yet to what field
I must resign
His little feet
That wont to be so fleet,
I muse. " O, joy to think
On what soft brink
Of flood he plucks the daffodils,
On what empurpled hills
He stands, Thy kiss all fresh upon his brow,
And wonders, if his father sees him now !

Best known, and deservedly, of his elegiac poems is the beautiful " *Epistola ad Dakyns*." A little longer, and differing from it inasmuch that it is the expression of a great sorrow that is past, is the poignant " *Aber Stations*." In this lament over the death of a child, the grief that palpitates in the written words is so vivid as to be scarce bearable. We quote the " *Statio Septima* " :

The heavens are very blue
Above the western hill ;
The earth is very still—
I will draw near, and view
The spot
Where he is . . . not.
But O dear cliff, O big, good-natured giant,
I think some delicate dint must still remain
On your broad surface, from the strain
Of limbs so sweetly pliant.
Behold !
The lamb ! the lamb ! fallen from the very rock !
Cold ! cold !
Dead ! dead !
His little head
Rests on the very block

That Braddan trod—
Dear lambs ! twin lambs of God !
Old cliff, such things
Might move some stubborn questionings—
But now I question not—
See, see ! the waterfall
Is robed in rainbows—what !
Our lambs ? My Braddan shall have charge
Of him, and lead him by the marge
Of some bright stream celestial.
Braddan shall be a happy shepherd boy ;
No trouble shall annoy
That soft green pasture—Ah, Murillo, saint !
Kind friend ! that for all sorrowing hearts didst paint
John Baptist and the Lamb—those arms thrown round
That neck ! Forgive me, God, that I have found
Some comfort in this little parable—
It gives me strength to climb the hill,
And humbly so return—
God bless the merry burn !
I have no will
But thine, O God ! I know that Thou art true—
Be blue, O heavens, be blue !
Be still, O earth, be still !

More War Books.

Ian Hamilton's March. By Winston Spencer Churchill. (Longmans. 6s.)

How We Escaped from Pretoria. By Captain Aylmer Haldane. (Blackwood. 1s.)

From Aldershot to Pretoria. By W. E. Sellers. (Religious Tract Society.)

THIS, Mr. Churchill's second book on the Boer War, is a continuation of his *Morning Post* Letters, and describes his various experiences, between the relief of Ladysmith and the fall of Pretoria. It is written with a running pen, by one whose enterprise and good luck was always leading him into adventures, and enabling him to be present at critical moments. In Chapter V. Mr. Churchill is as near death as a man could be, and saved only by the coolness and bravery of a scout ; in Chapter XV. he and the Duke of Marlborough have the joy of being the first two men to tell the prisoners at Pretoria that the British are in the town. One of the features of this campaign is the way special correspondents have taken certain generals under their wing. Now it is Lieutenant-General Ian Hamilton's turn. The book is mainly an enthusiastic account of his fine march on the flank of Lord Roberts's main army from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. On that march ten general actions and fourteen smaller affairs were fought, and five towns were captured. After the fall of Johannesburg Mr. Churchill had an interview with Lord Roberts. Here is a pen picture of " Bobs " :

His eye twinkled. I have never seen a man before with such extraordinary eyes. I remember to have been struck with them on several occasions. The face remains perfectly motionless, but the eyes convey the strongest emotions. Sometimes they blaze with anger, and you see hot yellow fire behind them. Then it is best to speak up straight and clear, and make an end quickly. At others there is a steel grey glitter—quite cold and uncompromising—which has a most sobering effect on anyone who sees it.

And here is a passage that brings home the danger that Lord Roberts faced to win :

I cannot end this letter without recalling for one moment the grave risks Lord Roberts bravely faced in order to strike the decisive blow and seize Pretoria. When he decided to advance from Vereeniging without waiting for more supplies, and so profit by the enemy's disorder, he played for a great stake. He won, and it is very easy now to forget the adverse chances. But the facts stand out in glaring outline : that if the Boers had defended Pretoria with their forts and guns they could have checked us for several weeks ; and if, while we were trying to push our investment, the line had been cut behind us, as it has since been cut, nothing would have remained but starvation or an immediate retreat on Johannesburg, perhaps on the Vaal.

The volume also contains a vivid account by Lieutenant H. Frankland of his experiences while prisoner of war at Pretoria.

Captain Haldane was a fellow-prisoner of Mr. Winston Churchill at Pretoria when that war correspondent made his successful escape from the Model School at Pretoria. He tells us :

In order to conceal the sudden departure of the special war correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and obtain for him as long a start as possible, we made up a dummy figure which, placed in his bed, had such a natural appearance that early on the morning of the 13th it was invited to accept a cup of coffee by a soldier servant.

The ruse served its brief purpose. Captain Haldane's own escape, in company with two others, was no such sudden dash for liberty, but a long game of patience. They led their gaolers to believe they had broken out, while they were really in hiding under the floor of the gymnasium. There they remained, moving on hands and knees,

bumping heads, restraining coughs and sneezes, and receiving food from above. After eighteen days of intolerable life under the floor the adventurers had the unspeakable satisfaction of learning that a general removal of prisoners from the gaol, a step on which they had been calculating, was about to take place. They heard the commandant go his last round, and the last sentry quit his post. Escape was then comparatively easy. The story is told very briskly, and is a notable addition to the annals of prison escapes. Captain Haldane's companions were Lieut. Le Mesurier, of the Dublin Fusiliers, and Lieut. Breckie, of the Natal Carabineers. The story is issued in paper covers, and is the best shilling's-worth of Boer war adventure we have seen.

Mr. Sellers has written this record of Christian work among our troops in South Africa, and of soldierly godliness, at the instance of the Religious Tract Society; and has compiled it from reports received from chaplains at the front. The most interesting page in the book is that on which appears the "Short Prayer for the Use of Soldiers in the Field," which the Primate of Ireland composed, and which—acting on no precedent that can be found in the annals of the British Army—Lord Roberts circulated among the troops with an expression of his hope that they would find it helpful. This is the prayer:

Almighty Father, I have often sinned against Thee. O wash me in the precious blood of the Lamb of God. Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit, that I may lead a new life. Spare me to see again those whom I love at home, or fit me for Thy presence in peace.

Strengthen us to quit ourselves like men in our right and just cause. Keep us faithful unto death, calm in danger, patient in suffering, merciful as well as brave, true to our Queen, our country, and our colours.

If it be Thy will, enable us to win victory for England, and, above all, grant us the better victory over temptation and sin, over life and death, that we may be more than conquerors through Him that loved us, and laid down His life for us, Jesus our Saviour, the Captain of the Army of God. Amen.

The Little Touches.

A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. (Methuen. 6s.)

GRADUALLY, but surely, as Mr. Jacobs adds to his slender supply of stories, there is coming to be a Jacobs world—as definite a Jacobs world (though infinitesimal by comparison) as that which we call the Dickens world. Its boundaries are on the west the Pool of London, and on the east certain sleepy riverside villages in Essex and Suffolk; and its inhabitants are simple-minded elderly mariners, simple-minded comfortable old ladies, simple-minded irascible skippers of amatory disposition, sardonic irascible mates, ironical crews, very sharp boys and pert maidens. Of such is the Jacobs world composed. It is a world not only of simple folk, but of a non-resisting folk. In the Jacobs world to see a pretty girl is to fall in love with her, to see a public-house is to go inside it and probably drink too much, to see something provocative of sarcasm is to be sarcastic, and to disapprove angrily is to fight with fists. Whether the Thames is really populated in this way we do not know, and probably Mr. Jacobs has no critics among literary men that do know. Personally we have our misgivings; we are disposed to think that an idealist has been at work. If so, why we would struggle to be supercargo on a coaster to-morrow.

After all, fidelity to every fact matters very little, provided there is fidelity to some important ones; and when a humorist like Mr. Jacobs offers a representation of life

it is, of course, life so specially selected to please his own whimsical taste, as to be very unlike life as we know it. The people are right, their behaviour is right, the accessories are right; but there is too much laughter to the square inch. Yet there are signs in this book that Mr. Jacobs could write a very faithful novel if he permitted himself. For ourselves we hope that he will never do it: the other thing is too good. But he has the power. The Wheeler family is done so well, Miss Poppy Tyrell is done so well, the mate Fraser, within certain limits, is done so well, and the atmosphere of Poplar and Seabridge is done so well.

Mr. Jacobs has two great gifts: one is the power to place a simple-minded man in a corner, excite our sympathies for him, magnify his embarrassments, and keep us engrossed all the time. To do this the author requires no violences, no black passions, no supernatural happenings, such as other novelists find so useful. If he is interested in the fracture of any commandment it is the tenth, in its application to handmaidens and wives; but he can be independent even of this. With very unusual and masterly skill in making the most of a normal difficulty of quiet life, Mr. Jacobs can hold a reader in as firm a grip as if he dealt exclusively with blood and mystery, and give the reader a much better time. It is this power that makes for the enthralling interest of *A Master of Craft*, which, though it is the record merely of the escapades of a too affectionate skipper who was engaged to three women at once, is no more to be set aside than Gaboriau's finest detective mosaic.

But we do not consider that herein lies Mr. Jacobs's special distinction. After all, the construction of a story can, to a certain extent, be acquired, and to make the most of amatory embroilments is within the power of any farce writer. It is in his eye for character, his knowledge of a certain kind of human nature, his genius for the little touches, as we prefer to call them, that Mr. Jacobs stands out so notably. No one now writing can manage the little touches as Mr. Jacobs can, at once so naturally, so truthfully, so usefully, and so joyously. By little touches we mean such generous gratuities from Mr. Jacobs's store as these which follow, all of which might have been omitted by a less patient and conscientious writer. None of them actually helps the plot, but every one of them is so much added to the characters and conditions of the story. Without them, we mean, Captain Fowler's troubles would not be a whit less acute or his story a whit less engrossing.

[On the morning of the wedding] ladies with pins in their mouths wandered about restlessly until coming into the orbit of one of the brides they stuck one or two into her, and then drew back to watch the effect.

Captain Barber came out of church with a buzzing in his ears and a mist before his eyes. Something was clinging to his arm, which he tried several times to shake off. Then he discovered that it was Mrs. Barber.

He had to go over his adventures again and again, Captain Barber causing much inconvenience and delay at supper time by using the beer-jug to represent the *Golden Cloud*, and a dish of hot sausages the unknown craft which sank her. Flower was uncertain which to admire most—the tactful way in which Mrs. Barber rescued the sausages or the readiness with which his uncle pushed a plate over a fresh stain on the table-cloth.

Mr. Jacobs also has a true humorist's appreciation of surprise. Speaking of his captain's betrothed, Joe says: "She's that sort o' young lady that if she come up now and told me to jump overboard, I'd do it." "You could swim ashore easy," assented Mr. Green.

We trust that Mr. Jacobs will never permit the importunities of his public to deprive him of the gift of patience, which is at the back of his admirable quiet humour.

An All-Round Mountaineer.

Among the Himalayas. By Major L. A. Waddell. Second Edition. (Constable. 6s.)

"In a hundred ages of the gods I could not tell you of all the glories of the Himalaya," cried an old Sanskrit singer. He would have been amazed to see what has been accomplished by Major Waddell—to whom we owe the quotation—within the limits of a single volume. In spite of the many bold spirits who have brought us knowledge of this remote region—from Sir Joseph Hooker, who published his *Journal* in 1854, to Dr. and Mrs. Workman, whose promised book is eagerly awaited—it is still, in a sense, an undiscovered country, from whose bourne any traveller returning is sure of an enthusiastic reception.

Major Waddell deals especially with the Himalayas of Sikhim, among which he has "lived in tents for four or five months of several successive years," and portions of which he has "traversed nearly every year for the past fourteen years, sketching, shooting, collecting, and especially exploring the customs of the people on the frontiers of Tibet and of Nepal," accompanied, it should be added, by such a host of native porters—and their wives—as no European mountaineer would dare to be responsible for. Of mountaineering proper, however, there is next to none in the book, though in every other chapter we are higher than Mont Blanc. The difficulties are not so much cold and snow and ice as heat, malaria, and insects, tropical forests, unbridged rivers and hostile tribes, food, shelter, and transport.

The author is artist, scientist, and humanist, and combines the enthusiasms of them all. His pages teem with minute observation pleasantly recorded of outlandish men and outlandish things; and though to some readers the interest of his story will culminate in his account of those unconquerable giants, Everest (29,002 ft.) and Kanchenjunga (28,150 ft.), the long, slow journeyings to and fro across their stupendous flanks—ground largely untrodden hitherto by Europeans—will have even for them an irresistible fascination. Many, tied by circumstance to commonplace pursuits and commonplace pleasures, will be caught up into another world, if only they can be induced to open this volume, and some, accustomed to see no further than their own tills, will be touched, it may be hoped, to a sense of England's responsibility towards the dark-skinned peoples over whom she has stretched out her hand. The climber will be disappointed that Major Waddell made no climbing record, and never got within twenty miles of Kanchenjunga or within sixty of Everest. But it is no small thing to be transported even within eye-shot of perhaps the highest peak in the world—the Tibetans maintain that some of their "sacred mountains" in the unexplored country to the North are still higher—and to be enabled to survey its approaches, its contour, and its surroundings under capable guidance. It is something, too, to realise that there are "new roads" which bring the glaciers of Kanchenjunga within five or six days of Darjeeling, and so within a week of Calcutta.

It may be a source of surprise to those who only know the mountains of Europe that there should be passes of 18,000 ft. without snow in June, and that Major Waddell and his companions should have enjoyed a comparative immunity from mountain-sickness, but it will but add to the zest of future explorers to learn that the demons and dragons so long banished from the Alps are still lords of the Himalayas.

Except that it is considerably cheaper, this second edition of the book does not materially differ from the first edition of last year. Binding, paper, and margin have suffered somewhat, and the large map is no longer coloured, but text and illustrations are unchanged—with the single exception that "the splendid" Siniolchu Peak, the reference to which still stands in the Preface, has disappeared from the title-page.

The Man in Red.

Richelieu, and the Growth of French Power. By James Breck Perkins, LL.D. (London and New York: Putnam's Sons. 5s.)

"Voilà l'homme rouge qui passe!" cries Marion Delorme at the close of Victor Hugo's thrilling tragedy. The "man in red"—otherwise Armand du Plessis, Cardinal de Richelieu—passes very clearly and arrestingly before our eyes in these pages of Dr. Perkins, which belong to the "Heroes of the Nations" series. At the same time, as his sub-title implies, we have a few of the important developments of France—internal and external—of which Richelieu was the cause and worker-out. Save the crafty and cruel Louis XI., no man so transformed France as Richelieu since the time of Charlemagne, who, after all, belongs as much to German as French history. He said himself to Louis XIII.:

When your Majesty called me to your councils, I can truly say that the Huguenots divided the state with you; the nobles conducted themselves as if they were not subjects, and the governors of provinces as if they were independent sovereigns. Foreign alliances were despised, private interests preferred to public, and the dignity of your Majesty so abused it could hardly be recognised. I promised your Majesty to use all my industry and power to ruin the Huguenot party, lower the pride of the nobles, lead all subjects to their duty, and restore the nation's name among foreign nations.

He did all he promised. The Huguenots, who formed a state within the state, were crushed without persecution, the turbulent nobles were made obedient as children, Austria and Spain were brought low, and France made the first power in Europe. And this was done, although Richelieu depended on a king more weak, dissimulating, capricious, and unreliable than our own Charles I.; a king jealous and suspicious. The man who accomplished it was a singular mixture of subtlety and courage, strength and wile. He intrigued his way to rule by the arts of the woman, and ruled with the strong hand of the man. He attained power like the serpent, and used it like the lion. He was neither cruel nor merciful, without vindictiveness and without forgiveness. No personal enemy of his suffered, and no public enemy escaped. Perhaps he could not afford clemency. The great princes could not believe that the right of rebellion was taken from them, and the only way of bringing conviction to heads turned with power and impunity was to strike some off. They never ceased plots to shake down his power, and each plot only shook down their own heads. These plots, and Richelieu's narrow escapes, are matter of romance no less than history. The very end of his life saw the most dangerous and best known of them. He lay ill at Narbonne; the king was at Perpignan, worked upon by his boyish block-head of a favourite, Cinq Mars. The Duke de Bouillon and others joined the plot, and all believed that Richelieu's favour was gone. A plan of assassination was laid, and Gaston d'Orleans, the king's brother, was privy to it. Then Richelieu recovered. A treaty which the conspirators had secretly made with Spain fell into his hands. Forthwith he sent it to the king, the cowardly Gaston turned informer, and Cinq Mars and his friend De Thon went to the scaffold. Dr. Perkins's book is worthy of its theme, and does much to obliterate the Red Bogey of the romancers.

Other New Books.

THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION. BY THOMAS DAVIDSON.

This volume is no dry as dust production, a wearisome repetition of an oft-told story, but a learned, original, and fascinating introduction to *The History of Education as Conscious Evolution*. It is an attempt to correlate each system of education with the age in which it is formulated, and to connect the systems in such a way that their historical and philosophical evolution becomes evident.

The most difficult chapters are the first two, which, however, will repay careful study; and perhaps the most valuable deals with Muslim education, in which it is shown how profound a part Islâm played in building up mediæval scholasticism and mysticism. The significant ideas in the teaching of Rousseau, Lock, Pestalozzi, Herbart, Froebel, and Rossini are brought out succinctly, the merits and defects of each being hit off swiftly and with precision. Of Froebel, Mr. Davidson observes that the minor weaknesses of his system were compelling children to learn consciously what they would learn unconsciously and without effort; and that in confining their attention exclusively to things about them there was a tendency to stunt the imagination. We have only left ourselves space for a single criticism. On page 238 the author writes: "We should never forget that unconscious learning is the best." Surely this generalisation needs serious modification to come within the truth; but it is a peculiarly unfortunate remark in a book which has for its main thesis that all progress in education has been the result of "conscious" evolution. Not the least useful part of the book are the bibliography and the quotations (intended as texts for discussion) at the head of each chapter. The author's death at Montreal last month withdraws a great figure from the teachers' world. (Constable. 6s.)

THE STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS. BY J. STODHART-WALKER.

Most of us are or have been "aspirants for success," and Mr. Stodhart-Walker, therefore, makes a wide appeal. He is a member of the medical profession in Edinburgh, and, as might be expected, lays great stress on the advantage of choosing a calling suitable to one's physique. Thus, if you have rheumatic tendencies avoid being a farmer or agricultural labourer; and if you suffer from phthisis it is not good to be a bargeman. Other tit-bits of advice culled from a book that ranges far and wide is that the said aspirant may say "dancin'" and "singin'," but ruin is inevitable should he say "singging," and "many a worthy aspirant has been banished into uttermost darkness for wearing a "jemima"—whatever that may be. From his own practice it would appear that a writer may quote Greek and split his English infinitives, while no more exactitude in quotation is required than to render a famous line "Far better a day of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." But, judging from his extracts, he is more deeply read in Mr. Robert Buchanan than in Tennyson. In delivering his soul on so many topics Mr. Stodhart-Walker gives vent to several curious opinions. For instance, he will have it that the citizen, to qualify as a registered voter, should answer a series of questions of which the following is a specimen, the italics being ours: "What were the *resultant factors* in the repeal of the Corn Laws?" "Resultant factors" is a shibboleth indeed for the illiterate voter. Despite these quaintnesses, however, there is a great deal of shrewd, interesting conversation—we can think of no other term—in this book. Most of it deals with the more important issues of life, but the author has so little sense of proportion that he seems to attach as much importance to the wearing of a "jemima" as to the greatest of the eternal verities.

AUTUMNS IN ARGYLSHIRE WITH ROD AND GUN. BY THE HON. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY.

This volume is a collection of descriptive papers which have appeared elsewhere, in which are recounted experiences with rod and gun during thirty years on rivers and hills from the Border to Sutherland. Its name, obviously, is derived from many autumns spent at Poltalloch, in Argyleshire, a sovereign place for mixed shooting as well as for salmon streams. Our author's observant manner, both as a sportsman and as a naturalist, and his flexible literary style, enable the reader to share with him the delights of his many highly privileged days. Whether with deer, snipe, grouse, seal, or salmon, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy must have proven to associates a very pleasant companion, for the catholicity of a rare temper is all through these pages. Their illustrations, by Mr. Archibald Thorburn, sustain the refinement and good taste with which the records of many happy hours during all these years are set forth. It will interest Mr. Gathorne-Hardy to know, in return for his allusiveness, that, at any rate in south-west Perthshire, the wild cat is by no means extinct, and that there also the golden eagle has its eyries. The present writer saw both a few days ago. Like all manly hunters, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy reluctantly views diminution of species, about which in many instances there is only too much reason for well-grounded alarm. But on the frontiers of Argyle- and Perth-shires owners of estates are at length doing something in defence of the fauna, so that, generally speaking, since the old Poltalloch days, that which most ails is the salmon unaccountably disappearing from all the Scotch rivers. It would be impossible now to write that rich "Nil Desperandum" chapter at monarchical Poltalloch. (Longmans.)

TRAVELS IN THE EAST OF NICHOLAS II. BY PRINCE E. OOKHTOMSKY. WHEN CESAREWITCH. VOL. II.

This is the second volume of the really gorgeous work in which is enshrined, for English readers, the experiences of the present Czar when he was Cesarewitch, in his great educative tour through Asia in 1890 and 1891. The author, Prince E. Oookhtomsky, accompanied his royal master. He writes in a naïve and picturesque way—yet always in the way of a courtier. The translation has been done by Mr. Robert Goodlet, and the work, as edited by Sir George Birdwood and published in folio by Messrs. Constable, is simply magnificent in its visual features. The "gorgeous palaces" and "solemn temples" of the East have been recorded by artists and wood-engravers of distinction, and occasionally by the finest photogravure. As a mere picture-book this royal itinerary is almost above praise. Such engravings as those of the "Primeval Forest in Ceylon," "Storm in a Siberian Forest," "On the Orion, the Cradle of Girghiz Khan," and "Bangkok from the Golden Hill," and such photographic reproductions as "The King of Siam's Gondolas" and "South Indian Sanctuaries," are intrinsic works of art as well as triumphs of illustration. The gorgeous effect of the whole is not easily expressed, but as we turn these pages there somehow runs in our mind these sumptuous lines from one of Lord Beaconsfield's poems:

Jewels from the furthest Ind,
And silks from dusky Samarcand.

Unfortunately there is that in the book which will diminish an English reader's delight. It is the author's frank, not to say brutal, patriotism, and his unceremonious, not to say unfair, treatment of British rule in India. Again and these elements are present. Prince Oookhtomsky thus again exclaims:

The farther the Cesarewitch penetrates into the East,
and the more complex our protracted journey becomes,
the greater is the author's difficulty: first, in restraining

the expression of his patriotic feelings. . . . The journey of the Cesarewitch through the civilised countries of the East is full of deep significance for Russia. . . . We ourselves, as a nation and a state, do not fully comprehend their full meaning and the duties they entail on us, both in our home and foreign policy.

There is no need to examine all this special pleading, which, after all, adds to the informing character of his work. We know—or may guess—what is in the hearts of Russian politicians of this Prince's stamp. (Constable. £2 12s. 6d.)

SPORT AND TRAVEL: EAST
AND WEST.

By F. C. SELOUS.

Everybody knows that Mr. Selous is a great traveller and a mighty hunter, but most people imagine that he has confined his energies to South Africa in general and to Rhodesia in particular. How wide is his knowledge of sport the present book will show, for it contains the record of his expeditions in search of game in Asia Minor and in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Selous went to Asia Minor in 1894 after the large long-faced red deer and the magnificently horned wild goats, which last he shot on the Maimun Dagh. In 1897 he went out to the Rocky Mountains after the big game still left there, and returned in the following year, as he had not been quite satisfied with his sport. To the sportsman the book is a most fascinating account of the pursuit of game, which every man who has handled a gun would like to participate in. It is a capital book for the country house in the long winter evenings. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

WILLIAM COTTON OSWELL, HUNTER
AND EXPLORER.

By W. E. OSWELL.

A precursor of Mr. Selous was Mr. William Cotton Oswell, who was a companion of Dr. Livingstone in his South African exploration, although his fame has been overshadowed by that of the better-known traveller. Mr. Oswell was at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and afterwards entered the H.E.I.C.'s service. In 1848 he was at the Cape, and the next year set out on a journey into the interior. He was joined by Livingstone, and penetrated to Lake Ngami, where he spent a year shooting and exploring. In 1851 he shared in the discovery of the Zambesi in those regions, and during the Crimean War he was actively engaged at the front. Mr. Oswell appears to have been, as General Fred Cotton described him, "one of the most really noble of men"; and we can only regret that questions of space prevent us from dealing at greater length with this most interesting record of a notable explorer and lovable man. The book is admirably illustrated with sketches, photographs, and plans, and should be read by all interested in South Africa. (William Heinemann.)

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY,
GREENWICH.

By E. W. MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

Greenwich contains the most famous observatory in the world, and yet it is to be feared that but few Londoners, or even visitors to London, realise the fact. Mr. Maunder is a member of the staff of the Observatory, and has consequently been able to write a very full account of the history and working of the great institution which gives the longitude, and in many cases the time, to the civilised world. The interior of the Observatory must always be more or less an unknown spot to the majority of mankind, for the rules regarding visits are very stringent, as "the work carried on therein is too continuous and important to allow of interruption by daily streams of sightseers." This little book, then, is intended as a substitute for a personal visit, and describes in detail the important work done in connexion with navigation, the fixing of time, and the various departments connected with the ceaseless study of the heavens day and night. Mr. Maunder's monograph has all the fascination which astronomy possesses, even for those who understand nothing about it. (The Religious Tract Society.)

JANE THE QUEEN.

By PHILIP SIDNEY.

Mr. Sidney's biographical narrative of Lady Jane Grey may serve as a popular account, but it has little historical or literary value. The writer is evidently interested in his subject, and has done his bookmaking to the best of his ability, but he has not the necessary equipment for a critical biography. His method of quoting his authorities does not inspire confidence, and he has few gifts or graces of style. (Sonnenschein.)

Mr. Frederic G. Kitton continues his enthusiastic quarrying in the Dickens mine. He now gives us, in the "Book-Lover's Library," a "bibliography and sketch" of *The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens* (Stock). A complete survey of Dickens's smaller work from 1833, when his first paper appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, to his death in 1870, is essayed by his indefatigable commentator.

Topical patriotic verse enshrines itself in Mr. Harold Begbie's *The Handy Man, and Other Verse* (Richards, 3s. 6d.). The handy man is told that he keeps his left for hitting and his right for guard—"But there comes a time, my hearties, and the sailor isn't loth, When you sling two iron fists in, when you slog and slam with both."

The Royal Historical Society adds to its publications, through Messrs. Longmans, *The Despatches and Correspondence of John, Second Earl of Buckinghamshire, Ambassador to the Court of Catherine II. of Russia, 1762-1765*, in two volumes.

German enterprise is shown in the publication in English of the *Official Catalogue* of the German Exhibits at the Paris Exhibition. The volume is a beautifully produced quarto, but why is it printed throughout in Gothic lettering? If our speech is considered, why not our eyes?

The Sanitary Publishing Co. send us *Essays on Consumption*, by Dr. J. Edward Squire, M.D., and with an introduction by Sir William Broadbent. Dr. Squire addresses himself particularly to the discussion of preventive measures.

Among new editions, Mr. Murray issues a handsome fifth edition, at fifteen shillings, of Mr. Whympers *Scrambles Among the Alps* in the years 1860-69. Messrs. Isbister re-issue, in two delightful little volumes, leather-bound, the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's *Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life*, first published in 1894. In a new series of pocket reprints, Mr. John Lane sends us an outwardly pretty *Lavengro*. But the type is too small, the lines too close, the paper too transparent.

Fiction.

The Novel of Middle-Age

The Infidel. By M. E. Braddon. (Simpkin. 6s.)

The Fourth Generation. By Sir Walter Besant. (Chatto. 6s.)

The New Order. By Oswald Crawford. (Richards. 6s.)

To Pay the Price. By Silas K. Hocking. (Warne. 6s.)

NONE of the four novels before us is of so dubious a perfection, but all are plainly the products of middle-age. Of these sobriety is an occasional one. The middle-aged man or woman is a fool who has not learned that still waters run deep, that much cry may mean little wool, and that too many cooks spoil the broth. Such facts belong to the elements, but youth is slow to detect them. The maker of more than sixty novels has achieved sobriety; let us give thanks. Lady Audley no longer beckons us to the sepulchral well, Jasper refrains at last from washing his hands in blood. *The Infidel* is a study in development of character. A woman, romantically widowed, lovely, and of deep philanthropy, reads Voltaire and is bomb-proof to Whitefield. Braddonians of the *ancien régime* will scent in this situation another "Tyrone ghost story," unimpaired by conflicting "real particulars." They will err. From the altitude of middle-age, every step of it

climbed, even a novelist perceives no ghost confiding the truth of revealed religion to agnostical ears. Miss Braddon's heroine receives grace, but John Wesley is the minister, and her husband, ominous of adventitious action though he was upon his deathbed, rests in peace. *The Infidel* is a mere novel in the sense that its spiritual interest is not the interest of exploration and discovery, but the interest of sentiment. The reader feels that it was "nice" rather than essential that Antonia should be converted, and at the end it seems to him that she had mistaken sympathy for conviction. The satisfaction that he obtains by her loyalty to the husband of an hour points to the true significance of the story, which the doctrinal element merely confuses—namely, that the reward of virtue lies wholly in the perfecting of souls. Middle-age is pathetically inclined to the agnosticism which yearns towards the peep of day. It dare not suppose that the monster audiences of a Whitefield may be mistaken, that one salient lie could be affirmed in all the languages of the world. This timidity is touching, but it renders philosophical literature nugatory.

And so, being both sober and timidly yearful, *The Infidel* boasts both a virtue and a weakness of middle-age. But it has another virtue: it patiently erects itself; it is not flimsy. The period—that of George the Second—is carefully studied. The revivalist movement, Richardson's novels, the taking of Quebec, Ranelagh, Mr. Garrick, fall into place unobtrusively as they might in a contemporary memoir. The style is singularly finished. It were to be wished that many a young impressionist showed the feeling for good English which is a Braddonian tradition. Some of the crackers of youth are still left for display on the peak of middle-age. Here is a small one: "To be in the fashion . . . to be mobbed in the Park . . . to introduce the latest mispronunciation, and call Bristol 'Bristo,' is it not the highest prize in the lottery of woman's life?"

And so we leave Miss Braddon—the *prima donna* of our quartet—the only one of the four who does not betray the great defect of the middle-aged novelist—indolence. Indolence comes when a man has found his public, and the public mechanically buys his novels as they come out, because it also is indolent and finds it easier to go to the same old shop. Sir Walter's indolence is not betrayed in a slovenly style; he writes excellent, brisk English. It is betrayed in the growing insipidity of his stories. We cannot but tire of the fabulous riches of uncertain destination with which he persistently endows them. Even the ingenuous girl of independent views begins to pall. She is less human because less realised than of yore. Diluted Dickensian types do not, for all their Jack-in-the-box alertness, compensate for the lack of wireless bipeds. A problem of heredity is presented with excessive picturesqueness in *The Fourth Generation*. The patriarch who lays on himself a doom of silence for scores of years has, of course, committed a crime, and the crook of character which led to this phenomenon was productive in his kindred of other instructive results. Finally, the daughter of the man he murdered cries out: "Oh, we have all forgiven you! . . . At last—at last—forgive yourself." It is pathetic on this page, but in the book it has the artificial effect of a statue in a park. It did not grow there; it was imported. Pathos recognisably "arranged" is inconceivable. Yet to arrive at effects without the obtrusion of artifice often means the expenditure of considerable exertion. Indolence forbids. Indeed, it is possible to love artifice for its own sake. Did Sir Walter cherish this love it would be an irony indeed, for his plots are as ingenuous as plate-glass. He beams with sympathy for the bourgeoisie, and, like Mr. McCarthy, he is inherently too good-natured to evolve a criminal type. He dallies with the humours of chicane, and a *soi-disant* lawyer whose income is derived from supplying "stickit" orators with speeches leads him unerringly to a laugh. To use the obvious adroitly is one of the talents of middle-age. The

young fumble for new ideas: they seek the *felicitas curiosa*; they despise the obvious. But it is the obvious that tells. Laughter is already mortgaged to it. Burnt cork or a spotted mask is a signal that never fails. Sir Walter is too urbane to be uproarious, but he is by no means unwilling to falsify life for the sake of a laugh. To write *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* he tramped all over the East End. But you can falsify life in an easy chair, and middle-age has a *penchant* for easy chairs. And so in Sir Walter's latest novel a solicitor observes, by way of deprecating cadging, to a Member of Parliament who has partaken of cake in his house: "You will acknowledge that it was a noble Tea." We laugh—knowing that no solicitor ever spoke so—and shrug our shoulders.

Mr. Oswald Crawford differs from Miss Braddon and Sir Walter inasmuch as he writes like an enthusiastic amateur. *The New Order* is a suet pudding of theory plummed with fantasy. Farmers and artisans, who must have been uncommonly intelligent, are represented as having been "startled" by the remark, "Political economy must now make way for political adjustment." A German savant has been "startled" to see us hold "an envious and irritated world . . . at bay" during the Anglo-Boer War; and ourselves are perhaps mildly startled to read at this date a plea for the reinstitution of the Corn Laws. The plums of fantasy belong to the order of athletic romance. The hero takes "his opponent heavily with the point of his left shoulder at a spot just below the frontal juncture of the ribs"; the heroine fences superbly, and there is scientific cudgelling in the tale to boot. Mr. Crawford seems indeed to represent middle age asserting an indomitable youthfulness. He is in love with motion, whether of fist or sword or butterflies. His optimism, which is flagrant, savours less of the club than Sir Walter's. Of artistic form he has hardly a notion, though he may possibly achieve the symmetry of a bundle of wood tied together with a piece of string. "Don't you remember," says one of his characters, "an Irishman always takes the first word to hand, and then, as often as not, has to carve his real meaning out of the wrong expression?" Mr. Crawford is something like the Irishman. He has taken the first plot, or rather the first bundle of melodramatic situations he could lay his hand on, and whoever dislikes his argument for a temporary tariff on foreign corn can easily relieve his feelings by ridiculing the inconsequence of his narrative.

We follow the old order and keep the worst wine till the last. *To Pay the Price* has nothing that announces the estate of a man who has climbed to maturity except its trite, trite moral, "Honesty is the best policy." Forgery and murder are here, and the suggestion of a girl's shame. But there is no life in the terrible things that pop in and out. The story goes like a whirring toy wound up with a key. One does not stop to criticise this or that inconsistency. One asks a root-question instead, "To what end was this farrago compiled?" There is no knowledge in it, no probability. It dangles before the eyes a series of ugly *sgorbs*, none of them real. It is, indeed, an irony. Every weekday for the whole of Mr. Hocking's past life the newspaper has served up daily its budget of veritable iniquity, of historical sin. And yet even iniquity, even sin, have their natural squint distorted in Mr. Hocking's laboratory. We shake our sides at them. Yet this man knows the hideous dialect of the Londoner, and how he says "raud" for "round," and "sty" for "stay." But so does the newsboy; so do we. The only thing that excuses the perpetration of an unpleasant fiction is art; it is the one thing needful. Mr. Hocking has it not. Beside him Miss Braddon is a great master.

And so we close sadly. Mr. Hocking has written many novels, and this is the latest. It is clear that middle-age is no talisman against literary jerry-building. In its wadded comfort middle-age is easily proof against conscience pricks. It is even capable of appealing to its

circulation as an excuse for its offence, although that is the very thing which aggravates it. But the knowledge that comes of increased experience, the skill that comes of repeated attempts, the patience and sobriety that come of seeing less before than there is behind, and the clairvoyance born of the subsidence of the passions—of these is middle-age the rightful heir. It is consoling to know that there are some who look to their inheritance.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE BRASS BOTTLE.

By F. ANSTEY.

A long, humorous story by an author who can always count upon a welcome. But *The Brass Bottle* is not in the manner of those admirable tales *The Giant's Robe*, and *The Pariah*. It is a story of modern life, with fantastic and supernatural elements. The worker of mischief is a Jinnee who emerges from an "antique brass bottle, very rare," which the hero buys at a sale. The story ran serially in the *Strand Magazine*. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE DISSEMBLERS.

By THOMAS COBB.

Mr. Cobb has a facile, amusing pen, but he is in danger of admittance to the "prolific set." He published a book a fortnight ago. *The Dissemblers* is a light, clever tale of modern life. (Lane. 6s.)

MANSFIELD THE OBSERVER.

By EGERTON CASTLE.

A collection of studies of character and action. "Mansfield the Observer" is Mr. Castle's "Sherlock Holmes." His object is "to study and know," and he has been good enough to tell these tales to the author of *The Bath Comedy*. (Macmillan. 6s.)

RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

The writer's name is warrant for expecting a pretty love-story, in which the right quantity of cloud will be dispelled by the right quantity of sunshine. The heroine, Valerie, is just complex enough, and she is a young widow. September and a cathedral close, in the second chapter, may suggest the tone of quiet interest pervading the story. (Macmillan. 6s.)

JOAN BROTHERHOOD.

By BERNARD CAPES.

A characteristic novel, unlike any other novel, except a novel by Mr. Capes. We shall deliver ourselves upon it later. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE CONSCIENCE OF CORALIE.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Coralie's conscience is, of course, chiefly engaged in deciding between the claims of her suitors. You observe her on the cover, in throes of doubt as she reclines in the correct attitude of perplexity on a sofa. The story is social, political, and wholly entertaining. The Minister of the Annexation Department a promising character, also Bernard Mott is a socially successful Socialist, who "would not feel hurt if an enemy had made the attempt to calumniate him by calling him a gentleman." (Pearson. 6s.)

MODERN BROODS.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Miss Yonge's works fill three pages of advertisement at the end of the volume. *Modern Broods* is a story of the relations between a lady not old, but old-fashioned, and her four young step-sisters, who have received part of their education at a high school. Some of the names familiar in the *Daisy Chain* and the *Pillars of the House* reappear in these pages. (Macmillan. 6s.)

MEN OF MARLOWE'S.

By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.

A new novel by the author of *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken*—that study in suburban pessimism. This story

introduces us to Inn-life in London, Marlowe's being an Inn of Law off Holborn inhabited by bachelors and cranks. We are much in Bloomsbury, and we do not disdain Theobald's-road. There is intellect, and there is Music Hall-ism. (Long. 6s.)

THE WORLDLINGS.

By LEONARD MERRICK.

The Worldlings opens at Kimberley, but long before the war. To a young Englishman "paid to watch twelve Kaffirs and Zulus, who broke the lumps of diamondiferous soil into smaller pieces," and hating the loathsome life," came a temptation. He succumbs, and is made rich. England receives him. Then the story—Mr. Merrick's seventh. (Murray. 6s.)

THE SLAVES OF SOCIETY.

By "THE MAN WHO HEARD SOMETHING."

"A Comedy in Covers," on one of which, in strong black and white, is a foot-boy in cockaded hat, standing at the salute. "'After all,' sighed the Marchioness, as she conveyed a three-cornered piece of muffin from the silver chafing-dish to her mouth, and nibbled delicately at one of the corners, 'after all, what are we but slaves of Society?'" (Harper. 6s.)

THE HALF-HEARTED.

By JOHN BUCHAN.

As in his last novel, Mr. Buchan plants us on the Border. But the sheepfolds of Etterick give place to the valleys of Kashmir; and there is a flavour of things literary. "Lewis Haystoun?" he asked. "What can he know about such things? A wandering dilettante, the worst type of the pseudo-culture of our universities. He must see all things through the spectacles of his upbringing." (Isbistor. 6s.)

THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN.

By JOHN JONES.

Apart from its love interest, or its pictures of smart life, this is a novel of the House of Commons. It opens in the dining-room of the House, and contains a speech delivered in its legislative chamber. There is a rather humorous account of Aubrey Fitzgerald's candidature at Southborough. (F. V. White. 6s.)

A FURNACE OF EARTH.

By HALLIE ERMINIL.

A delicate love-story beginning with boy and girl, with a Maeterlinckian fragrance. Miss River, the heroine, desires spirituality and permanence in love, and makes great sacrifice of her happiness because she does not find it. The story is uncommon, and is told with picturesqueness and power. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE CHASE OF THE RUBY.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Mr. Marsh exhales novels; no pun or offence intended. This one is about ghosts. Ghosts where? Why, in Africa, of course. "The will is plain English. You are to obtain a certain ring from a certain lady and deliver it to me within a certain time. If you do so you are your uncle's heir; if you do not, Mr. Horace is." (Skeffington. 3s. 6d.)

We have also received *In Sheep's Clothing*, by Hume Nisbet, a glorification of Queensland—"Golden Queensland," as this colony has been called by Mr. Philip Mennell; the "crime-encrusted soul" of John Lupus gives shadow to the story (F. V. White, 6s.); *The Brand of the Broad Arrow*, by Major Arthur Griffiths, who never disappoints the lovers of prison romance (Pearson, 6s.); *The Murder*, by John Ackworth, the author of *Clog Shop Chronicles*, dealing cleverly with the "Courtship, Call, and Conflicts" of John Ledger, "minder" and minister in a Lancashire mill town (Marshall & Son, 6s.); *The Plunder Ship*, a story of adventure, by Headan Hill (Pearson, 6s.); *The Madness of David Baring*, by Joseph Hocking, with "nice" pictures (Hodder & Co., 3s. 6d.); and *A Sugar Princess*, by Albert Ross (Chatto, 3s. 6d.).

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Then and Now.

IN glancing through the full and systematised list of autumn book announcements which we give elsewhere in this issue, every reader will be struck by the remarkable number and variety of the volumes promised. That is obvious and inevitable. As the years go by, we all note and comment upon the steady (though it may be slight) increase in the literary production of the country. Broadly speaking, each succeeding twelvemonth "goes one better," in this respect, than its immediate predecessor, and, with painful regularity, one finds oneself wondering where purchasers are to be found for the multitudinous wares submitted.

The mere extent of our annual book-production is not, however, of much interest except as testifying to the growth both of the reading and of the writing population. That growth has indeed been great. Some of us can lay claim to an intimate acquaintance with the published literature of, say, the past twenty-five years. Travel back in memory over that quarter of a century, and what does one find? In the year 1875 there was no such stir and stress in the book-world as we see and feel in the book-world of to-day. The Education Act of 1870 had not had time to add appreciably to the normal number of readers, and the writers of that time catered for a comparatively small public. There were "popular" authors then as there are "popular" authors now, but they could not command either the sales or the prices which fall to the lot of "popular" scribes in 1900. The reading world of 1875 was not only smaller but quieter and more leisurely than that in which we now live and move. The voice of the boomster was not heard in the land. Literature and men of letters were not then at the mercy of the paragraphist and the interviewer. Reputations were not made and unmade in a season. The writers of 1875 appealed for the most part to an educated constituency, which had learned not only how to read but what to read, and was not given to the encouragement of mere "side" and quackery.

Looking over the names of the authors who were producing work in the year we have chosen to consider, one is struck, of course, by what we have lost in the interval through the hand of death. In the realm of poetry—Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Morris, and Miss Ingelow; in that of fiction—Ainsworth (who belonged really to the previous generation), Anthony Trollope, Whyte Melville, Wilkie and Mortimer Collins, Henry Kingsley, William Black, James Payn, Blackmore, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Henry Wood, and Mrs. Craik; and in that of the *belles lettres* generally—John Forster (who in 1875 was engaged upon the *Life of Swift* which he was destined never to complete), E. A. Freeman, J. A. Symonds, Henry Morley, and so forth. All of these have left behind them work which (in varying degrees and within certain limits) may be described as permanent. Thus, whatever literary criticism may have to say (and it has a good deal to say) about *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and *East Lynne*, there seems to be no likelihood that those *ad captandum* stories will ever wholly cease to attract people, and notably women, of a certain temperament.

On the other hand, there were, twenty-five years ago, some literary reputations off which time has rubbed a little of the bloom. Take, for example, the poetic vogue, such as it was, of W. C. Bennett, Dora Greenwell, and Menella Bute Smedley. These names have practically no meaning or significance for present-day readers. In the department of fiction, what has become of the stories of Thomas Adolphus Trollope and Mrs. Trollope? Who now peruses the tales of Dutton Cook, of Julia Kavanagh, of Anna Drury, of Anne Beale, of Mary Cecil Hay—all of them very much to the fore in 1875? Who now takes up a volume by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, one of the most successful of successful bookmakers? It says a good deal for the spread of genuine literary appreciation that, apparently, there is no room in the book-world of 1900 for a writer with the methods and the style of the author of *Spiritual Wives*. Yet how "popular" he once was! The demand for his books at Mudie's was "immense." He knew how to sway the ladies of the middle classes, and so secured fame and fortune—for a time.

Twenty-five years are a large slice out of life, and it is not surprising that so many of those who were active in 1875 should now be resting on their oars, or using them but rarely. We cannot expect to have from our veterans very much more imaginative work, if any.

It was in 1875 that Mr. George Meredith brought out his *Beauchamp's Career*, in which, one remembers, there was more than a dash of politics—it was, in fact, his Election novel, as *Felix Holt* was George Eliot's. In the same year Mr. Hardy had on the stocks his *Hand of Ethelberta*, not published in volume form till 1876. Mr. Leslie Stephen had just issued one series of his *Hours in a Library*, and was on the eve of issuing another. In like manner, Mr. John Morley had just produced his book on *Compromise*, but was to give us nothing further in book shape for a year or two. Robert Browning, in 1875, tendered to us one of the least popular of his poems—*The Inn Album*; Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, too absorbed in theology to write or print much poetry, concentrated his energies upon *God and the Bible*, with what results we know. Of those still left to us, Miss Thackeray, though she writes occasionally on general subjects, and has not long concluded her delightful prefaces to her father's works, seems, alas! to have done finally with novel writing. And, indeed, it is a far cry now to the *Miss Angel* of 1875. Nevertheless, of some of those who were writing in that year, the staying power has proved conspicuously great. Among the most widely-read novelists twenty-five years ago were Ouida, Miss Broughton, Miss Braddon, Miss Sarah Tytler, Miss Annie Thomas, Mr. Farjeon, Mr. Baring Gould, and Mr. Robert Buchanan; and most of these can still be depended upon to produce at least one story annually. Miss Braddon, very wisely, has dropped the "sensational," and turned her attention to historical fiction, in which she has made of late quite a new reputation. Miss Broughton, too, has of recent years considerably subdued the effervescence of her early manner. Ouida, meanwhile, remains very much what she was, though her pictures of English society (as seen from Italy) have even less verisimilitude than they formerly possessed. Mr. Baring Gould seems inexhaustible. He is only sixty-six, and may make numerous additions to his works, already voluminous. In 1875 Sir Walter Besant was represented only by his *French Humourists*, but his partnership with James Rice had begun a few years earlier, and from him, also, much fiction is yet to be looked for. In 1875 a certain Mr. John Dangerfield brought out a story called *The Fool of the Family*. "John Dangerfield" was one of the many *noms-de-guerre* of Mr. Oswald Crawford, who, within the last few weeks, has resumed the business of novel writing, dropped by him some years ago. In 1875, again, a tale called *Comin' Through the Rye* was generally attributed to

Miss Rhoda Broughton, who had set the fashion of christening novels by means of well-known phrases. The actual author of the book, as the world soon discovered, was Miss Helen Mathers, who is still a candidate for the favour of fiction-lovers. On the continued vitality of Mr. Swinburne as a producer of verse we need not dwell. He is now engaged in preparing a collected edition of his poems. His rhythmic work has not the arresting quality which it once had, but his ingenuity and facility as a metrist is obviously as great as ever.

There are many minor respects in which the year 1875 must be memorable to all students of Victorian literary history. If it seems strange to us now that Ainsworth should be publishing a romance in that year, it is no less strange that Longfellow should be publishing a poem—"The Masque of Pandora." To us, nowadays, Longfellow seems so far off—his fame so distant—his influence so characteristic of an earlier day. Even in 1875 the announcement of a new book by him produced no thrill; how very little excitement would it cause in these so much more advanced times! Again, it was in the year named that George Henry Lewes brought out his volume on *Actors and the Art of Acting*—one of the very few classics of dramatic criticism. George Eliot did not publish anything within that twelvemonth, but from Lewes she is inseparable in the literary mind and conscience. How would a new novel by George Eliot fare at the hands of the extant reviewer? How would it please the crowd which delights in a story by Miss Corelli? In 1875 James Greenwood issued his "*Low Life Deeps*." May we not fairly regard him as the *fons et origo* of the modern "slum" novel? Surely the "*Amateur Casual*," with his descriptions at first hand of the London poor, paved the way for Mr. Morrison and Mr. Whiteing? Twenty-five years ago the best-beloved of writers for the young were "A. L. O. E.," Mrs. Ewing, and Lord Brabourne. "A. K. H. B.," active in 1875, has left no successor in the domain of amiable platitude, though the lack of such must have pressed hardly upon the occupants of a good many blameless parlours. It may be pointed out, further, that Prof. Dowden's *Shakespeare: his Mind and Art*, belongs to the twelvemonth, a quarter of a century ago, which we are discussing. The book is a landmark in the history of English Shakespearian criticism, to which it gave an immediate and useful impulse. Owing, admittedly, a good deal to German labours in the same direction, it quickened the intellects of many, and helped to make possible the subsequent Shakespearian revival in the study and on the stage.

The changes in Periodical literature are quite beyond the scope of this article. But one remembers the *New Quarterly* which Mr. Oswald Crawford made eminently interesting, but which, unfortunately, has not descended to to-day. No more has *Fraser's Magazine*, which, potent in 1875 as in previous years, has long been only the shadow of a name. The *New Quarterly*, perhaps, was before its time; but *Fraser* ought to have been able to hold its own, even in these days of magazines at fourpence-halfpenny. Perhaps *Fraser* would have been alive now had it fallen latterly into the hands of editors more in sympathy with the current taste of the public.

Into the vicissitudes of publishing during the last twenty-five years we need not enter. The firm of H. S. King & Co., vigorous in 1875, has long been merged in that of Kegan Paul. That of Samuel Tinsley has vanished, along with that of Tinsley Brothers, of whom, we gather, Mr. William Tinsley is to be the historian. Publishing, like literary production, is not what it was. New times, new methods. The trail of the novel is over us all. Twenty-five years ago all forms of literature had their opportunities. Now the romancist is cock of the walk, and knows it. Let us pray for the poor poets and essayists; they need our prayers.

The Marquis of Bute in Fact and in Fiction.

THE Marquis of Bute had nothing but goodwill for Lord Beaconsfield. At the same time he had only amused contempt for *Lothair*, so far as the hero of that book was supposed to be a portrait of himself. Lord Beaconsfield made no such claim for it. But he took the accidents of the career, he threw in the trustees and other persons-in-waiting, he even spelled, by accident or design, the name of his Monsignor Catesby as Capel on one page of his first edition; and he left out all intimate character-drawing, and this for the best of reasons, that he had really no acquaintance with the young man who, having enormous possessions in this world, set his thoughts at once upon another. Lord Bute was a very shy man. He combined hesitations and a huge physique. "Oh!" was an exuberance with him. Twice repeated, and he felt he had been talkative. On only one occasion, before he wrote *Lothair*, did Lord Beaconsfield meet Lord Bute; and, as it was on a public platform, phrases were not necessary and confidences were out of question. Lord Bute, born a Presbyterian, baptised an Anglican, and, becoming a Roman Catholic as soon as ever he attained his majority, had crowds of serious thoughts, not to be bought off by the acceptance of Lady Corisande's rose. Persistent and original, he saw himself exposed to the world's eyes as a weakling. He was strong enough not to mind. Subsequent courtesies passed between himself and the creator of his double who was really not even half of him. Lord Bute bade Lord Beaconsfield to his wedding. Lord Beaconsfield made Lord Bute a Knight of the Thistle; and, whatever might be thought of *Lothair*, nobody who knew Lord Bute said of him then that it was no good giving him the Thistle because—he would only eat it.

Coming into his great possessions and innumerable titles when he was a baby one year old, Lord Bute went to Harrow and Oxford, by order of the Court, and against the will of one of his trustees, a lady and a relative, who seemed to fear for him a contact with the liberal world. His allowance was £7,000 a year, and more than ten times that sum accumulated against his coming of age. Already he had begun his subsidies to church restorers; and though he took no degree before he left Christ Church, he had become a good student, which, indeed, he long remained, learning Coptic, for instance, when he was thirty years old. At Cardiff, soon after he attained his majority, he became connected with the press—and a troublesome association he found it—so that before long he ceded the *Western Mail* to one of its staff. Later in life he thought a quarterly might be more tolerable; and he had a hand in the *Scottish Review*. His favourite studies began to find expression in lectures, which he hated to deliver, and in books, every detail of the publication of which he investigated and controlled—the price of the printing to a penny, the precise arrangement of the type, and the shade of the paper in particular. The Marquis of Bute on St. Brendon, the Marquis of Bute on William Wallace, the Marquis of Bute on Idwelyn, the Marquis of Bute on Libraries, the Marquis of Bute on the Language of Tenerife, the Marquis of Bute on the Origin of the Chaldees—these are but a sample of the subjects to which his name seemed to give an interest, in Cardiff, at St. Andrews, or in Glasgow, to the man in the street. Only once his courage failed him; it was before an address he had been announced to deliver in Dundee. He cancelled the appointment in a letter which enclosed a fine of £1,000. "Perhaps it is better," he said, "as it will do more permanent good than half-an-hour of, say, indifferent talk."

In 1879 Lord Bute's translation of the Latin Breviary appeared in two small volumes—the year's spiritual reading of the Roman clergy, done into English for daily

use. It represented nine years of hard labour, not of translation only, but of annotation. At first people either smiled or frowned. Had a marquis nothing better to do with his time—on the turf (where his cousin, the Marquis of Hastings, had gone to destruction), or at one of the dozen clubs of his he hardly ever entered, or in the House of Lords, where the ins and the outs dully wrangled? The frowners had some mutterings of anathemas hurled by the Church herself against any unfilial hand that should reduce her Office to the vulgar tongue. Smiles and frowns alike were transitory, and anybody sent by a footnote in *Robert Orange* in search of Lord Bute's Breviary must have found himself forced to pay a fancy price for a stray copy of a long-since-exhausted issue. When Lord Bute compiled a *Form of Prayers* for the use of people who cannot hear mass on Sundays, he, in fact, gave to the public what he had intended only for himself and his friends.

Perhaps no man ever united so perfectly as Lord Bute great skill as a yachtsman with great scholarship in Scripture. The two qualifications are not waywardly forced into strange companionship. For it was while he was on a yachting cruise round Patmos that he made observations of real account to the student of the Apocalypse. The white stones upon its beach, with their red veins forming themselves into names and words at the bidding of the finder's fancy, suggested to Lord Bute, and may have suggested to St. John himself, the promise of the text that to the true lover and believer would be given "a white stone with a name written thereon which no man can read save he that receiveth it." Commentators have failed before the awful phrase, "there shall be blood up to the bridles of the horses." But Lord Bute, standing where St. John had stood, beheld the bay at sunset as it were a bath of blood; and there in its midst were rocks with something of the form of horses, and from their necks hung immemorial seaweed as it were bridles that surged to and fro upon that crimson flood.

The New Battalions.

WHEN a people reach the top of a hill

Then does God lean toward them,

Shortens tongues, lengthens arms.

A vision of their dead come to the weak.

The moon shall not be too old

Before the new battalions rise—

Blue battalions.

The moon shall not be too old

When the children of change shall fall

Before the new battalions—

The blue battalions.

Mistakes and virtues will be trampled deep,

A church and a thief shall fall together,

A sword will come at the bidding of the eyeless,

The God-led, turning only to beckon.

Swinging a creed, like a censor,

At the head of the new battalions—

Blue battalions.

March the tools of Nature's impulse—

Men born of wrong, men born of right,

Men of the new battalions—

The blue battalions.

The swish of swords is Thy wisdom,

The wounded make gestures like Thy Son's,

The feet of mad horses is one part,

Aye, another is the hand of a mother on the brow of a son.

Then swift as they charge through a shadow,

The men of the new battalions—

Blue battalions.

God lead them high, God lead them far.

Lead them far, lead them high,

These new battalions—

The blue battalions

STEPHEN CRANE.

Things Seen.

The Monument.

HE thought to raise himself a monument that would last for ever, and yet—

Dusk was gathering as I stepped into the Franciscan Church at Innsbruck, and there before me loomed the mighty figures that Maximilian I., nearly four hundred years ago, decreed should immortalise his memory. His own huge monument is in the middle of the nave, and on the marble sarcophagus he, wrought in bronze, kneels. On either side stand the twenty-eight great bronze figures of his ancestors and contemporaries, mourners and torch-bearers, mute witnesses to the arrogant vanity of the kneeling monarch. Clovis of France, Philip of Spain, Rudolph of Hapsburg, Theodoric King of the Ostrogoths, Arthur of England, Eleonora of Portugal, Charles of Burgundy—how the names roll off the tongue! And in their midst, towering above them all, kneels the proud monarch who decreed that these effigies of human splendour should, in his honour, dominate the house of God. It came to pass that, four hundred years later, I, a chance traveller, found myself in this church musing on the littleness of human greatness. I hardly looked at the sarcophagus of the Emperor, with its twenty-four reliefs in marble, "representing the principal events in his life." That seemed insignificant before the solitary, virile flanking figures. My eyes roamed from emperor to pope, from queen to king: then suddenly one figure rivetted them. He looks towards the East, his eyes glance upwards, his hands are raised, his brows show the stigmata of suffering of this king who "refused to wear a crown of gold where his Saviour had worn one of thorns." The artist has wrought into the bronze of his massive face a light that does not shine on the faces of the monarchs who stand by him. Of all that great company he alone marches, living, through time. Something more purdurable than bronze, something stronger than death, animates this figure of Godfrey de Bouillon crowned with thorns.

The Guide.

OUR Siyott guide, weeks out of his reckoning, had thrown up the sponge. Saddle-bags had shrunk like our camels' humps. Our small stock of water looked but a few pints as it swung in the flabby rubber bag from my camel's neck.

We had passed through the morning's usual monotonous round of thought, when presently out from under the sun appeared three small black specks; glasses resolved them into animals, and, later, nearer, into—dogs. An hour brought us up to them, three poor little brown, ungainly, starved puppies, with hunger written on their ribs. They would not be carried, but struggled painfully after us until we reached our mid-day halt, a parched patch of mimosa scrub, marked on our chart—Water. A stone well was found to contain but an inky liquid, and our party—now increased to six—had to rely on the water-bag.

The place had evidently been deserted for some five or six weeks, and it seemed impossible that the dogs could have existed so long in such a place. Taking them on with us was out of the question; feeding them equally so. After the little fellows had thirstily lapped up the last of their allowance of water, they were taken a few yards away and each little tragedy of a life snuffed out with a revolver bullet. So we thought. Not so our guide; for while we were repacking our foolish silver ingots, he was over by the little family of three, sitting down, and earnestly talking to them, while from his breast he drew forth his last little hoard of food, a small piece of dried meat. Cutting this into three portions, he gently placed one into the mouth of each dead puppy: "In the next life they shall not hunger, Lord Buddha."

For a Little Clan

SHORTLY after Mr. Pater's sudden death it was the present writer's bitter-sweet privilege to examine much of his unpublished and unfinished MS.: fragments of rich treasure were there, unfulfilled promises to us of fresh delight in the perfected achievements of his lovingly laborious art. It had been less sad to have seen nothing; to have been untantalised, unprovoked, by the revelation of what might have been but for that swift intervention of death. Fifty-five years of life, some thirty of literary labour: it affords room for production in goodly quantity when, as in this case, there are also leisure, felicitous circumstances, scant hindrance from the pressure of the world. Yet Mr. Pater published but five works. Since his death there have been published three volumes—or, if we take note of a privately printed little volume, four. Only one of his works is of any considerable length, designed upon an elaborate scale. *Gaston de Latour*, which would have been, in that and other respects, a companion of *Marius the Epicurean*, is a fragment. To the reckoners by quantity this does not seem a notable tale of work achieved, designs accomplished. True; but to the worker himself, in the first place, and secondarily to all who knew him, it represented as great an amount of intellectual and emotional toil and pains as those thirty years could contain. The fruits of them are presently to be offered to us in an especial form of honour, in an *édition de luxe*.

Certainly, if jealous vigilance on behalf of artistic purity, and the utmost strenuousness of æsthetic self-examination, ever had their consequence in work worthy of distinguished honour, Mr. Pater's work is the consequence of those disciplinary virtues. The edition will present its possessors with nothing of "happy negligence," easy inaccuracy, blemishes of haste, or indifference or ignorance or sloth. The athlete, whether of Greek games or of philosophic study, or of religious passion, or of artistic devotion, was ever an image dear to Mr. Pater; asceticism, in its literal and widest sense, the pruning away of superfluities, the just development or training of essentials, the duty of absolute discipline, appealed to him as a thing of price in this very various world. He wrote with certain literary virtues, in what theology calls the "heroic degree" of virtue, and was obedient to "counsels of perfection": the right word for the right thought, the exact presentation of the exact conception, matter and manner "kissing each other" in complete accord, and truth throughout prevailing. With what austere patience, what endurance of delay, he wrought for that, content with nothing less, even physically hurt and vexed by less! To disentangle good from evil in the conduct of life, to be a master of honest casuistry in the matter of moral right and wrong, tasks the holiest of men hardly; and Mr. Pater, beyond most writers of his time, felt the hardness of the kindred task in art. Clearness of vision, integrity of thought, he held difficult of attainment, exacting ideals. We find him always striving to disintegrate, to set free, in dealing with an age or a temperament or a work of art, that soul of value which makes it what it is, makes it important, considerable, vital. Others might think themselves "born free" of the kingdom of art; with "a great sum," at a great expense of the spirit, distrustful of light first impressions, Mr. Pater acquired his freedom; and so, little modern writing is so remarkable for its air of finality; his reader may dissent, but can never doubt that Mr. Pater has expressed what, for himself at least, is the last truth, or a part of the last truth, about Wordsworth or Botticelli or Lamb or Plato; never doubt that every sentence, in its every phrase and word, represents a profound quest after exactitude, and had its discarded predecessors. Had he, as the saying goes, had "nothing to say," such intensity of workmanship would have perforce been ranked beside the foolish and vain kinds of Alexandrianism, Ciceronianism, Euphuism. Having had much to say, his zealous

resolve to say it in a form of ultimate precision did but mean that to his mind anything short of entire correspondence between the things to be said and the mode of saying them was an injury and an insult to those things. To any readers, should any still exist, who conceive of Mr. Pater as primarily an artificer in words, let us commend the consideration of this fact: that wherever a sentence or a paragraph fails in part to please, it is never through an affectation in language, some excess of curiousness and strangeness in the use of words, but always through a too great compression of meaning, assemblage of ideas. We do not claim perfection for Mr. Pater; but when we seem to take less than our customary delight in some page of his writings, it is because the man with much to say has been too much for the man who says it. Wealth of thoughts, not of words, is to blame for any falling away from lucid grace in Mr. Pater; and such falling away is very exceptional and rare. Perfect correspondence between conception and expression was ever his aim, and miraculously well he was wont to find it: it was what he prized above all artistic excellences of a wayward and casual character. Writing anonymously, we do our modesty no violence by quoting some words of generous praise in a letter from Mr. Pater to ourselves; deserved or not, they express his instinctive relish of "congruity" between matter and form. "By the way," he wrote, "I was much pleased with a poem of yours I read in the ——. A certain firmness and definition in the sentiment there expressed, congruous with the thoughtful finish of the manner, mark it very distinctly."

FitzGerald, writing to an American friend, confesses more than once that he cannot appreciate Hawthorne, cannot take to him comfortably, though he feels that Hawthorne is a writer of distinction. These repugnances, or, in milder phrase, ineffectual attempts at admiration and enjoyment, are matters of temperament. We can drill and school ourselves into respect for a writer, seldom into genuine pleasure in his writings. Mr. Pater brought to bear upon his large scholarship and various culture a personality of exceeding distinction, an individuality most unmarked. His works have plenty of pathos, plenty of humour, an abundance of human sympathies; he can dwell upon "little" common things with no less pleasure than upon the Roman Catholic Church or the genius of Michael Angelo. It is wholly a misconception to conceive of him as confined to the chambers and precincts of a palace of art, shudderingly averse from the spectacle or the intrusion of the "vulgar" world. Yet, if his inevitable mode of presenting life and thought distress you, if his style, which is himself, displease you, you will with difficulty see the rich appreciation of life in his books, his faculty of intimacy with the ways of life and feeling among many various vanished generations of men. We speak of writers who make an "universal appeal." The phrase is very questionable, even when applied to Homer, Shakespeare, the Bible, to Rabelais or Cervantes. And assuredly it is no reproach to any writer that he is not, probably will never be, widely popular. Messrs. Macmillan's *édition de luxe* of Mr. Pater is to consist of less than a thousand copies; that number, for certain, does not profess to represent the number of those who honestly delight in him, of those to whom his genius is a friend and full of charm. But, if it did, were that anything against him? To court obscurity by wilfulness is not the same thing as to accept it upon the dictates of conscience, by obeying the *daimon* within you and "hearkening what the inner spirit sings." Mr. Pater kept the laws of his literary conscience as the monk keeps the rules of his order; their rigour was often burdensome, but relaxation would have been treason. They limited his productiveness and the number of his readers, but they were imperative; self-dedicated to his art, he accepted its limitations. If he died "leaving great" prose "unto a little clan" of appreciators, "a little clan" sure of increase and of successors, *satís est*, for him as for them.

"It is not to be thought of" that Marius and Sebastian van Storck, and Duke Carl and Denys of Auxerre and Emerald Uthwart, should fade from sight with all their plenitude of bright wistful youth; that the portraits of Ronsard and Montaigne, Marcus Aurelius and the Christians of Rome, should lose their poignancy and fascination. None will surpass in nobility of interpretation those lectures upon Plato and Platonism given at Oxford: few will with greater subtlety of skill pluck out the heart of the secret than he who explored and expounded the secret of Coleridge, Sir Thomas Browne, Winckelmann, Giorgione. Courtliness, suavity, an elegant severity, an excellent persuasiveness, are qualities making for life in literature; they are preservatives against decay, a "savoursome" salt. And Mr. Pater could be, in a peculiar and characteristic way, almost homely also, with little confidences and asides to his reader. Many pages, to some honoured with his friendship, recall the gravely measured voice, in which there was often an undertone of quiet humour, gentle irony, delightful and bland. Learned as he was, he wore his learning lightly. It is possible to read *Marius* over and over again, and at each reading to discover some fresh proof of those toils and studies whence sprang the book, but which were carefully bidden to conceal themselves. If there be weight in all his writings, there is no touch of pedantry; that was as far from him as slovenliness and flippancy. He will live, indeed, by virtue of much else, but in great measure by virtue of the loveliness, the winning personality, of his gracious writings. There is a sedulous avoidance of "I" in them, yet they have some spiritual affinity with Montaigne and Lamb. They will live, "if precious be the soul of man to man." Their *édition de luxe* will prove no sumptuous casket enshrining fine gold waxen dim, scentless spices, and treasure turned to dust. J.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

Léa, the sequel of M. Marcel Prévost's striking *Frédérique*, is perhaps a more deeply interesting study than the former. The first volume treats of the start of the Feminist struggle, breathes of all the hope, strength, and enthusiasm which serve to carry forward a new idea or movement on an impetuous wave. In *Léa* we see all the fatal obstacles destined to produce lassitude, depression, the despairing conviction that the forces of society, the Church, and all that represents the existing state of things, are inevitably leagued against progress and the triumph of individual effort. We witness the breakdown of varied temperaments in the crucial test of arbitrary discipline, the revolt of young blood and nerve against an unwise opposition to natural law. M. Prévost cherishes an unexpressed belief that celibacy is impossible for young and ardent natures without producing insanity or consumption. He does not definitely say so, but it is the moral of his powerful story. But the normal life of woman is there to disprove his theory. All the convents of the world where celibacy is practised are not peopled with lunatics or phthisical subjects. All the old maids of irreproachable lives are not fit subjects for La Salpêtrière. But, apart from this difference, I have nothing to complain of in the book. What interests is the masterly tale of womanly effort and masculine persecution and hostility. Ah, the author is not kind to his own sex! He shows us with terrible conviction and a poignant satire that women who wish to live apart from men, and work on their own account, will never succeed because men will never forgive them and will unscrupulously and mercilessly persecute them. What, after all, do these young women ask of men and of society? The right to live to themselves, to lead chaste lives, and bring up little girls to be virtuous, independent, free, and active. They

are young apostles, with a passionate desire to improve the lot and nature of woman. Like all dreamers, apostles, and reformers, they are at loggerheads with actual facts, at war with reality. How are they treated by those in power to do them harm? Because the beautiful and haughty *Frédérique* would not become the mistress of their landlord, a capitalist, he decides on the ruin of the Feminist College, which, had she become his mistress, he would have protected with all his might. Because these romantic enthusiasts decline to have a priest attached to their college, and assert their intention to walk independent of the Church as well as of society and men, the Abbé Minot works their ruin by means of anonymous and calumniating articles in the clerical papers. These were the tactics of the clerical party in the *Affaire Dreyfus*, and M. Prévost has dexterously used them here. Through intrigue and anonymous calumny, this hateful and far too familiar type of priest breaks the lives and hearts of a group of noble women for no other reason than that they declined his interference in their affairs. Then the State pronounces against them because their leader, Romaine Pirnitz, decides that they shall be independent of the State too, and will not hear of the school cringing to a minister. The minister, who would have been delighted to patronise and protect them, regarded himself as flouted, and he, too, had a personal slight to revenge. So with the angry capitalist, the angry priest, the angry minister, and a hostile neighbourhood, "The School of Women's Arts" was foredoomed. In *Léa* the double interest lies in this long agony of an interesting enterprise and the long agony and revolt of a temperament. The charming, tender, and rather weak *Léa*, in spite of a passionate striving after forgetfulness, cannot forget the lover she renounced at the bidding of her implacable sister and her leader, Romaine Pirnitz: the hour of revolt, we understand, preludes the hour of death. The slow dying of a heroine is a difficult thing to make original and poignant, but M. Prévost here draws us a new and profoundly true picture of a slowly dying life. The revolt of the united lovers is finely revealed: "Georg had known *Léa* so overflowing with young health! In London, while he himself suffered from a kind of nervous languor, was she not a fountain of joy at whose source he drank? Child of the melancholy north, by her had he learnt the taste of life, of movement; by her had he obtained a glimpse of love." Their brief marriage is a long unsleeping anguish, waiting for the inevitable they feel every hour to be closer upon them; and now and then the sunshine of hope brightens, and *Léa* seems to promise amendment. All this is told with extraordinary strength and vividness and a charm new in the work of M. Prévost. Torquay is delightfully described; and one feels, in reading these delicate and mournful pages of a love so futilely, so misguidedly interfered with, the misery, the uselessness of this eternal struggle of the sexes. Man is not perfect, neither is woman, and the best both can be taught, since the one lives by the other, is to make the best of each other. "I think," says *Léa* to her husband, looking gravely across the sea, "that at this moment Pirnitz and *Frédérique* are struggling against harsh obstacles to free women from the authority, the protection, and love of men. They believe that such is their duty. I myself for long held such a belief. Now I am sure that my duty is to remain near you and to love you." But she does not renounce the old belief unreluctantly, for there is nothing coarse or commonplace about her. She is a fragile and lovely flower, meant by nature to shed perfume and joy around her. Dying, she avers that the two conflicting truths, that of yesterday and that of to-day, engender no hate or revolt within her. Her best reward is to love worthily, for her husband, Georg, is both noble and generous, full of chivalry and delicate sentiment. All these last pages of *Léa* are beautiful, instinct with poetry, with fervent hope, and a magnanimous conception of humanity. H. L.

Beating the Bacon by a Neck.

THE inevitable has happened, the pre-ordained has eventuated: the *Isabel Carnaby Birthday-Book* may now be had of all booksellers. Last May, in dealing with *The Farringtons*, we quoted this sentence from p. 185 of that novel: "She had run downstairs at full speed in order to enter the dining-room before the dishes, completing her toilet as she fled; and she had only beaten the bacon by a neck." This seemed to us the supreme example of Miss Fowler at her most characteristic—*beaten the bacon by a neck*. The phrase still haunts us when we turn the pages in which Miss Edith D. Berrington has segregated the good things in "those delightful books"—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, *A Double Thread*, and *The Farringtons*. These extracts read like one long defeat of the bacon—they are so breathlessly smart, so thumpingly effective in their own kind. To the present writer they bring back a remote personal experience. He stayed for a week in a Margate boarding-house—that is to say, of course, in a Cliftonville boarding-house. The suburbs simmered and simpered round the punctual table; and the internal arrangements of semi-detached London villas were touched on by their chatelaines. Only one thing relieved their competitive allusions and their silent assessment of each other's incomes. This was a flow of drollery from a young woman who talked pure carnaby, or, as you may say, the finest double thread. She was really very droll and valuable. Her wit was miraculously adapted to the company. They turned to her for a comment, and she uncorked their laughter each time. At that very moment, we fancy, *Isabel Carnaby* was being written. How delightful are such thoughts!

He who would talk or write carnaby must grasp its simple canon, which is this: to level ideas down. Connect the Parthenon with the pantry, or love with lozenges, or Shakespeare with boots, and you are safe. This kind of wit is not necessarily contemptible. It has its place in the world, and even in literature. But it should stand alone, and be scarce. As the woof of a dramatic representation of life, it is rather terrible. Consider the effect on one's birthday of any one of the following sentences:

It must be delightful to care for a man so much that one would even wash one's face with yellow soap to please him.

I always pray that I may never outlive my illusions or my front teeth, though all else may fail me.

Admiration is like porridge—awfully stodging, but you get hungry again almost as soon as you've eaten it.

A good nose is an abiding resting-place for . . . vanity. You know that it will outlast your time, . . . and that age cannot wither nor custom stale its satisfactory proportions.

There must be something wrong with your back if "God save the Queen" does not send a thrill all down it.

You may change his haberdasher; but you cannot change his nature.

The quality of mercy should not be measured out by teaspoonfuls in a medicine glass, but should be sent round in a watering-cart by the County Council.

Under the date, November 4, we read:

There are few things in the world more heartrending than a humorous recitation—with action. As for me, it unmans me completely, and I quietly weep in a remote corner of the room until the carriage comes to take me home.

Alas, even that relief is denied us. But not always are we domestically witty; we are sometimes churchily witty. On Sunday we dangle our gloves up Streatham-hill in a certainty of roast beef. And then we remember comfortably that:

Everything will come right somehow. There is plenty of time between now and the other end of Eternity.

Or we reflect that:

What you call art, is the worship of beauty by the human mind; what you call love, is the worship of beauty by the human heart; and what you call religion, is the worship of beauty by the human soul.

Or we translate the sermon:

You haven't any faults; not a single one. But your virtues are rather overcrowded, and would be all the better for a little thinning out.

After sermon, dinner, and we remark, apropos of both:

They've no sense, men haven't; . . . The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs; and they fancy that they are a-wrestling with their doubts, when really it is their dinners that are a-wrestling with them.

We now indulge in such open pleasantries as are not discordant with the rustle of silk. As this:

I feel sure I shall become an old woman before my time, through suffering agonies of indecision as to whether I shall take my waterproof to church or not.

Or this:

It is the duty of all women to look happy; the married ones to show that they don't wish they weren't married, and the unmarried ones to show that they don't wish they were.

Or this:

I have kept my eyes open. Nevertheless there are two things which I have never been able to find out—namely, why people fall in love, and why *Punch* is published on a Wednesday.

Or this:

I mean to fall in love because every one does, and I hate to be behindhand with things.

Sh-sh-sh! This is Sunday, my dear.

Correspondence.

Lowell's Puns.

SIR,—I fear the writer in *Lippincott* who records Lowell's puns has heard them very "second hand." That on Eudamidas I heard him make, and unless my memory is worse than that of the *Lippincott* writer, he spoke of "the brother of Agis, King of Sparta." I have not (living in the country and with a very limited library) a biographical dictionary at hand, but I fear that some of your correspondents may, on the strength of the passage in question, accuse Lowell of ignorance of history, and as he was the very opposite of a random or careless maker of historical allusions, I will run the risk of inaccuracy myself rather than allow Lowell to be accused of a false reading. What I am certain of is, that he did not speak of "the first King of Sparta."

I fear the story of Horsford and the Norse landing is equally incorrect. I knew Horsford intimately, and have talked with him at length on the landing of the Norse, and I never heard him speak of Cambridge as their first landing-place; and as it is miles from the sea, on a stream navigable only by row-boats, we should never have heard the end of students' jokes on the "landing at Cambridge" had he done so.—I am, &c.,

W. J. STILLMAN.

Deepdene, Frimley Green, Surrey:
October 6, 1900.

The Public Eye.

SIR,—I hope you will not consider me hypercritical if I venture to point out, with all deference, what appears to be a curiously-mixed metaphor in the current issue of the *ACADEMY*. In the paragraph on the first page referring to

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Mr. Gilbert Parker's latest book, *The Lane that Had No Turning*, the book is stated to contain twenty-six stories and sketches, "gleaned from the well-harvested levels of the Pontiac mine." Would it not have been better to have written either of the following phrases—viz., "quarried from the rich levels of the Pontiac mine," or "gleaned from the well-harvested fields of Pontiac"?—I am, &c.,
London, W.: October 6, 1900. D. H. A.
[It would.—Ed.]

An Abuse of "R."

SIR,—There has been an increasing tendency in modern England to refine away the emphatic, original sound of the letter *r*, with the effect of softening it down when it precedes a vowel, and very frequently of annihilating it when it occurs at the end of a word. The earlier pronunciation still prevails on the Continent and in certain districts of the British Isles, but this is no longer the recognised English usage.

At the present time, however, an inclination to go a step farther has developed itself. It having become understood that *ar* in such a word as "part" has the sound of *ah*, the deduction is now often made that, conversely, the sound *ah* may be expressed in print by *ar*. Thus, one may see the Indian *khaki* spelt as *kharki*, although the true *r* sound is wholly absent from the word. Similarly, in a dialect story which I have recently seen, the broad Scotch pronunciation of "crab" is expressed by the spelling *crarb*, instead of by *crabb*, *craab*, or *cráb*. (The author, of course, was English.) Perhaps as good an illustration as any is the phonetic rendering, by several English writers, of the gypsy word for "yes," which is *ah'wa*, or *ah'wali*. This becomes *our* and *ourli*.

In all of these cases the letter *r* is regarded as nearly equivalent to *h*, and its true sound is completely lost.

Curiously enough, this refining away of the trill in *r* does not proceed from any inability to pronounce the letter; because we find many of the people who ignore its value in one instance deliberately introducing it in another where it is not wanted. For example, the same person who scarcely pronounces, if he pronounces at all, the final letter of *fear* and *near* will voluntarily transform *idea* into *idear*, more especially when it is followed by a word beginning with a vowel. There is here, in fact, a remarkable distinction. An Englishman who invariably says *idear* is, beyond all doubt, underbred. But many Englishmen who pronounce "idea" quite correctly will speak of "the idear of," in obedience to a phonetic instinct which is exhibited in the German "daran" and the French "a-t-il." It is astonishing how many English people of excellent education add this phonetic *r* in certain connexions. I remember, many years ago, hearing a former Chief Secretary for Ireland, the late Mr. W. E. Forster, speak of "the West Indiar Islands." This was in the course of a lecture delivered before an Edinburgh audience, and a faint shudder ran through the assembly as the words were uttered. Because—although many Scottish people speak the English language in a defective way—this misplacement of *r* is not one of their peculiarities, and they are apt to regard it as *invariably* a sign of low breeding.

The gradual modification of *r* has long been accepted in England; but what is to be the fate of the extreme move illustrated by *crarb* and *kharki*? The previous stages are quite intelligible, and may be defended; but when it is proposed to represent the sound *ah* by the symbol *ar*, surely it is time to call a halt?—I am, &c.,

DAVID MACRITCHIE.

4, Archibald-place, Edinburgh: October 6, 1900.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 55 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best suggested new paper or magazine which should fill a definite and undoubted gap in periodical literature. The replies are numerous and interesting. There is, in particular, a demand for (a) a magazine devoted to poetry; (b) for a paper in which two writers of opposite opinions should be engaged to deal with each subject; and (c) for new literary papers in the interests of the amateur. But, in our opinion, the most conspicuous gap would be filled by a new half-penny daily paper, such as is described by two competitors, Mr. E. W. Hendry, 27, Central-road, Manchester, and Mr. Lewis Longfield, 1, Thyra Villas, Ramsgate. We have decided to divide the prize between these two competitors, and we would express our sense of the interest and originality which characterise many other suggestions.

Mr. Hendry writes :

A halfpenny morning paper written in English, not journalese, printed on good paper, in clear type : its news at least founded on fact, not imaginative, and not consisting of scraps and snippets : its politics a very *sane* Imperialism : its illustrations few, but clearly engraved : its serial story, if it have one, written by some novelist worthy of the name, and not in the style of the penny novelette. At least a quarter of a column should be reserved for verse. Criminal and divorce news should be compressed as much as possible, and not written in pseudo-humorous style. One column should be set apart for intelligent literary criticism, or a literary article written by a man with a mind above the level of the ordinary reader, and its dramatic criticism should not be scamped.

The paper would be content to appeal to the public by its own intrinsic merit, and would not aim at a largest-circulation gained by self-advertising pushfulness. In time it would appeal to that no small portion of the public that has a soul (but not a pocket) above sensational yellow journalism.

Mr. Longfield writes :

Wanted—a halfpenny daily for the masses ; with a conscience ; that shall not be as extreme as the poles ; that shall make accuracy of news its greatest object ; shall taboo log-rolling advertisements, and view politics from the standpoint of moderation ; whose colour shall be white—not yellow.

(Other replies are as follows :

No magazine as yet exists, to my knowledge, wholly devoted to poetry, wherein a wide field is open. New poets can be brought to light, unknown ones unearthed, and translations can be made from the works of contemporary foreign poets. A paper such as this would give the aspirations of young poets a hearing and encourage poetry for its own sake. The magazine would, of course, include prose articles on poetry, poets, &c. [G. E. M., London.]

Considering the low ebb at which poetry now is, I think that a small periodical, issued monthly, and devoted not to poetry merely, but to all branches of literature and art, would be an important step in reviving it. One thing it must be, and that is—homely ; a sort of fireside journal, in which young and old of any rank can delight. Anything that would excite in people a love of poetry and its sister arts could be inserted. [L. F., Manchester.]

A daily paper, called *Both Sides*, the *Arena*, or *Fair Play*, to be run on impartial lines, where people can get the best that can be said on both sides of a question. All articles and reviews to be signed. No advertisement of any kind, except theatrical announcements. Some good fiction always running—subscribers to choose the author of this by ballot. [E. S. C., Redhill.]

I suggest a new weekly paper for the discussion of literary, social, and political topics (after the manner of the *Spectator*), which shall place before its readers opposing points of view, written by men who are considered the ablest to do so. For example, a *Times* leader against a *Daily News* leader in parallel columns.

With regard to literary matters, a book or literary movement should be dealt with from the aspect of each recognised school of criticism. [M. H. H., Sheffield.]

Let the magazine which is meant to fill a place not occupied already be published on the fifteenth day of each month. In each number should be given the name of a subject upon which two writers will express their opinions in the next issue. Both should be authorities upon that class of subjects, but should hold widely divergent ideas thereon. Thus the public will obtain expert views from the opposite poles of thought. [F. P., Kirton-in-Lindsey.]

A paper to be entitled the *Imperialist*, where Mr. C——n will advocate the extension of England to the planet Mars, and the annexation of the moon, amid unbounded enthusiasm. [C.]

New weekly paper : the *Literary Competition*. Prospectus sets subjects for competitions in first number. Competitions to be literary in style, but not necessarily in subject. Utmost variety of subjects to be set, so as to secure as many contributors—and purchasers—as possible. Cookery and fashions, for instance, to be prominent subjects. Prospectus to point out, not too apologetically, that the greatest writers have written their best on eating and dress. Such subjects to be treated as a branch of aesthetics, in deference to the fact that questions of taste are capable of indefinite discussion and infinite variety of treatment. [J. D. A., Ealing.]

The new publication I should advocate would be a monthly *Journal of Fiction*, to do for the great art of novel-writing what the *Journal of Art* is supposed to do for Art. [R. E. T., Bristol.]

The *Literary Passport*. Contents : To consist of articles, stories, &c., from totally unknown authors, upon whose efforts no success has hitherto accrued (of course, this would not entail the insertion of matter devoid of interest and merit). Upon acceptance, the work to be paid for in a sum adequate to the labour and thought involved, and the author's name or *nom-de-plume* to be given prominence on publication. The editorial office to be available as a bureau where aspirants may, at little expense, seek all reasonable help, advice, and information. [E. St. C., Cheltenham.]

I suggest a new weekly journal to be called the *Scrap Book*. Its contents to consist of extracts from the daily newspapers such as a man of cultured and literary tastes would cut out and paste in his scrap book if he had time to look for them.

[A. M., London.]

There seems to me to be a want for a really good weekly periodical for young people. The existing ones, such as the *Captain* or the *Girls' Realm* are all very well in their way, but they are very limited and narrow in their scope. Most girls and boys, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, take an intelligent interest in subjects that these periodicals do not write about ; I therefore suggest that a paper, to be named *Youth*, should be published weekly with good articles on politics, literature, science, music, &c., written from different points of view, and in a manner to make them interesting and easily understood.

[Mrs. H., St. Leonards.]

There is a distinct "felt want" in the case of youths between fifteen and eighteen years of age, and a magazine entirely devoted to their requirements would assuredly be a grand success.

A periodical to be called either the *Crocheteer*, *Cranks' Review*, or *Grievance-Monger*, last for preference. A suitable editor might, methinks, be found beachcombing at Brighton, or wandering disconsolately, his *vis comica* temporarily eclipsed, about the lanes of Cockermouth, or run to earth at the office of the Fabian Society. At the start, paper might be published at the *Whirlwind's* old premises in the Strand, if rooms unoccupied.

[A. G., Cheltenham.]

A reliable Sunday evening paper.

[A. H. L., London.]

I would suggest that a daily paper, which I would call *Big Print* or some similar title, would be largely bought by people who, like myself, desire to know the morning's news, but find the type of the ordinary daily paper somewhat trying. [T. W. W., Handsworth.]

Other replies received from : C. S., Tarbet ; E. L., Didsbury ; "Without Fear or Favour" (no name or address) ; L. C. J., Edinburgh ; H. J., London ; M. C. N., London ; A. M., Glasgow ; H. S. W., Durham ; A. R. P., Worthing ; H. R. C., Egham ; M. H., Hampstead ; T. C., Buxted ; H. A. M., London ; J. W. H., Stoke-on-Trent ; J. J. B., Glasgow ; Mrs. S., London ; C. W., Hull ; G. R. W., Cambridge ; W. S. B., London ; M. H., Waleham St. Laurence.

Competition No. 56 (New Series).

We publish this week a special supplement, containing publishers' announcements for the autumn season. From the lists therein printed we ask our readers to pick out what, in their opinion, promise to be :

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To the competitor whose selection most nearly resembles that produced by a collation of all replies received a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, October 17. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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The Literary Week.

IN our Competition column will be found the results of a plébiscite which we have taken on the question, Which are the most interesting books announced by publishers this autumn? The combined opinions of our competing readers are embodied in the following list of announced books, which are placed in the order of their ascertained popularity, and with the number of votes received by each:

L. Huxley	Life and Letters of Macmillan.
	Huxley
D. Morley	Oliver Cromwell
Dr. Doyle	The Great Boer War
J. McCarthy	The Four Georges
E. S. Grogan and
A. H. Sharp	From the Cape to Cairo
Henry James	A Little Tour in France
Principal Fairbairn	Philosophy of Christian
	Religion
F. T. Bullen	With Christ at Sea
J. M. Barrie	Tommy and Grizel
Mrs. H. Ward	Eleanor
A. Lang	Grey Fairy Book
Author of Elizabeth
and her German April Baby's Book of
Garden	Tunes

OF Chaucer celebrations there will be many next week. We have already referred to the Chaucer Exhibition at the British Museum; this should not be missed by those interested in the poet. Next week's celebrations will serve a very useful purpose, but the real appreciation of Chaucer that exists to-day is already embodied in Dr. Furnivall's edition of the *Tales*; in Prof. Skeats's complete edition of the poet's works; and in the Kelmscott Press Chaucer, with its ornaments by Morris and its pictures by Burne-Jones.

LAST week-end was no time for novel reading. Dr. Morrison's account of the siege of the Peking Legations was begun in the *Times* on Saturday, continued on Monday, and added to on Tuesday. In all, there were nearly twenty-four columns of thrilling reading.

THE long-expected *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, in two large octavo volumes, unobtrusively handsome in their dull red covers, will be published on Monday. The illustrations, mostly in photogravure, are numerous. The first volume contains, among other portraits, that of Emily Augusta Patmore, the poet's first wife, and the heroine to some extent of *The Angel in the House*. The extent to which Mrs. Patmore was portrayed in that poem has been frequently exaggerated. Of direct portraiture there is little. "This view," says Mr. Champneys, "is confirmed by the fact that none of the very few people living who knew Emily Augusta Patmore well can point to more than a few passages in *The Angel* which appear to them to represent her personality. I also find in a diary of Patmore's, written after her death, the following heading: 'Passages of *The Angel in the House* which more particularly describe or apply to her.' This is all:

the passages were never transcribed. But the entry appears to me to imply—a very moderate space being left between this and the next—that he would have found but few quotations which embody direct portraiture."

IN connexion with the vexed question of cut *versus* uncut edges, Mr. Murray has devised a means by which all books can have open and yet not smooth cut foredge and tail; and this with no more cost than that of trimming as at present. The result is attained by the simple expedient of so "imposing" that the "bolts" fold out (instead of in as formerly) and are opened by the circular trimming knife acting in the usual way, but cutting off the closed bolts instead of the open edges. Mr. Murray hopes that now everyone will be satisfied, since the top will be smooth cut to keep out dust and enable the leaves to be turned readily, the foredge and tail open to satisfy the busy man, and yet left rough to please the eye of him who loves, and will now be entirely deprived of, the joy of the paper knife.

ON Wednesday the 31st Mr. Stephen Phillips's poetical drama, "Herod," will be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre. A great deal of interest centres in this event, especially as Mr. Phillips has been disappointed hitherto of seeing "Paola and Francesca" staged. The new play has but one scene, and little "scenery." The play will emphatically be the thing, the play and the players. That "Herod" will contain many beautiful lines is to be expected; but the purely literary beauty of the drama is not the most important consideration; the questions to be answered are: Has Mr. Phillips developed a true dramatic sense? and, Can he, working in such fine material as his poetical instincts lead him to select, obtain a hold on playgoers?

MR. HAROLD GORST asks us to say that, having resigned the editorship of the *Review of the Week*, he is no longer responsible for any further issues of that paper.

THE supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which is now being prepared, will be published next year. A supplemental volume to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, bringing the work up to the end of 1900, is also in preparation.

THE work on *Egypt and the Soudan* on which the late Mr. H. D. Traill was engaged for some time before his death will be published almost immediately.

TO the list we gave last week of newly-elected Members of Parliament who have some connexion with literature, the following additions must be made:

Mr. R. B. Haldane, *Studies in Philosophic Criticism*.
Col. A. M. Brookfield, *The Speaker's A. B. C.*, and novels.
Sir J. T. Brunner, interest in the *Star and Speaker*.
Mr. J. W. Crombie, contributor to *Edinburgh Review* and periodicals.
Mr. F. S. Stevenson, *Life of Bishop Grosseteste*.

THERE seems to be a good deal of misapprehension about the new Stevenson book, *In the South Seas*. This is not a new work, though it is a comparatively unknown one, being accessible only in the Edinburgh edition. Moreover, the series of letters forming the book was published in New York four years ago by Messrs. Scribner. We understand that these letters were the result of three voyages—one of seven months, from June, 1888, to January, 1889, in the yacht *Casco*, which embraced a trip with San Francisco as a starting-point to the Marquesas, to Paumotu, Tahiti, and northward to the Hawaiian Islands, where the *Casco* was paid off, the next six months being spent at Honolulu. The second voyage, which was taken in the trading schooner *Equator*, was from Honolulu to the Gilbert Islands; while the third voyage, which lasted from April to September, 1890, was taken in the trading steamer *Janet Nicoll*, starting from Sydney to Penrhyn in the Eastern to the Marshall Islands in the Western Pacific. Before starting on these voyages Stevenson had made arrangements for the serial publication of the letters which go to make up the volume, a portion of which originally appeared in London in the pages of *Black and White*, February to December, 1891, the letters as a whole appearing in the columns of the New York *Sun* during the same period.

MANY of Stevenson's letters, as edited by Mr. Colvin, contain descriptions of the same tour; but we do not know whether the book announced by Messrs. Chatto & Windus will embody any of these. Among these letters is the draft of a dedication to John Addington Symonds, which was intended for the Scribner volume, but was never used. The following is part of it:

You are to conceive us, therefore, in strange circumstances and very pleasing; in a strange land and climate, the most beautiful on earth; surrounded by a foreign race that all travellers have agreed to be the most engaging. . . . It was you, dear Symonds, who should have gone upon that voyage and written this account. With your rich stores of knowledge you could have remarked and understood a thousand things of interest and beauty that escaped my ignorance: and the brilliant colours of your style would have carried into a thousand sick rooms the sea air and the strong sun of tropic islands.

This is certainly not up to Stevenson's level in dedications.

It is curious that two men so closely associated with Dickens as Mr. John Baird, of Chatham, and Mr. George Dolby, Dickens's secretary, should have died within a few days of each other. Mr. Baird was Dickens's double; Mr. Dolby was his shadow. It is suggested that the resemblance between Mr. Sapsea and the Dean of Cloisterham, in *Edwin Drood*, was suggested to Dickens by the likeness between himself and Mr. Baird. Possibly. Mr. Baird was an estimable man, pardonably proud of a likeness to Dickens so complete that his six-year-old daughter once mistook the novelist for her own father!

THE Society for the Protection of Birds is offering two prizes, of £10 and £5 respectively, for the best papers on the protection of British birds. The mode of dealing with the subject is left entirely to competitors, but certain suggestions are made by the Secretary, who may be addressed at 3, Hanover-square, W.

WE are pretty well hardened to the adventures of authorship, we are not easily surprised, but we confess that our breath is taken away by *The Nineteenth Century: a Poem*, written by Mr. J. Rutter, and published by Mr. Burleigh. The mere appearance of the book is out of the common; its oblong shape, card-board covers, and red backing give it the appearance of a book of statistics, or a commercial diary. But it contains a poem in twenty-nine cantos. Twenty-nine cantos on such subjects as

"Agricultural Depression—Old Times—Remedies," "The Masses—the Working Man—Strikes," "Review of the Anglican Church Generally," &c., &c. Mr. Rutter tells us that his poem was not written of "set purpose," but has "grown like a tree during the last twenty-three or twenty-four years—portions having been written from time to time without any plan, as the thoughts occurred." We are abashed by the magnitude of a poem in which the interests of a century are surveyed, and if we quote it must be at random. This is how Mr. Rutter disposes of Volapuk and rival schemes for a universal language:

The brand-new language just complete
For human favour to compete,
And fit for international use—
Up starts some aggravating goose
And rakes his brain to make another,
And emulate his learned brother.

Thus two new languages are found
Contending for the envied ground.
Alas for universal speech!
I know not when the goal you'll reach.
I should not wonder if at last
Babel yet held the fortress fast.

Seeing our fruitful English race
Fills o'er the earth each vacant space,
Whole continents has colonised,
With force by no means minimised,
And spreading, ruling, still prevails,
Whatever foe her march assails—
If any tongue shall stand in force
For international discourse,
To bind in one for common good
The universal brotherhood—
I rather think we soon shall see
The ENGLISH language that will be!

The poem is "wholly composed of lines like these."

THE editor of *Crampton's*—formerly *Chapman's Magazine*—makes frank confession this month of his inability to hold his subscribers by that exclusive diet of short stories with which they have hitherto been satisfied. Henceforth *Crampton's Magazine* is to be stiffened with articles of serious interest. The editorial mind is not often unbattered so freely as in the following pronouncement:

Crampton's had a special characteristic; fiction monopolised its space. If it succeeded as a "magazine of fiction"—and sixty-five numbers are evidence on that point—why should it not continue to succeed by the same policy? Alas! as the potter's song hath it—

All things must change
Nothing that is can pause or stay.

Blame the public mind, if you will, and not only the philistine part of it. *Chapman's* (as it was first baptised) rose upon the wave of interest in the New Short Fiction that reached its height five years ago. Modesty forbids that we should attempt to say how this single publication has managed to survive the death of that fashion. Where are all the brave young *conteurs* of that swelling-time? Has the success of Kipling and Conan Doyle and Marie Corelli killed them? Where are Mr. Lane's Yellow-Book makers, where the lions cub of the *National Observer* and *Pall Mall*, the sugary eroticisms of Richard Le Gallienne, the savage analysis of George Moore, the breezy Cornish sketches of A. T. Quiller-Conch, the minor notes of the newly-arrived London Irish, and the crabbed imaginings of John Davidson? Gone, with the snows of yester-year. It is best to face the fact that the impulse has worked itself out. Short-story writers remain; short-story writers of a sort are more plentiful than ever. But the movement is at an end. Exceptions there are, and it will be our endeavour no less than heretofore, to catch and constrain them into these pages. Fiction will still be their chief, though no longer their only constituent. The short-story is a genuine and permanent literary form, but a monthly limited to short fiction is a pretence to an inspiration which, in fact, has passed away.

We do not necessarily subscribe to all the adjectives in the above extract. But the magazine in its new form has our

best wishes. A feature of the present issue is an interview with the Chinese Ambassador, Sir Chi Len Fo Leng Luh.

THE National Home Reading Union is active again. It propounds for its winter season courses of English History, Modern English Literature, Shakespeare, Browning, Mediæval and Early Renaissance Literature, British Colonies and Dependencies—India, French History, &c., &c. The home-reader takes his choice. He next consults the list of books (a) required and (b) recommended for the course he selects. It may be of interest to give the list of books for the Modern English Literature course. The books *required* for this course are :

Macaulay's Essays.	Matt. Arnold's Poems.
Carlyle's Hero Worship.	Romola.
Lowell's Study Windows.	In Memoriam.
Browning's Poems (Selections).	Diana of the Crossways.

The books *recommended* are these :

Clough's Poems.	Saintsbury's Corrected Impressions.
Morris's Life and Death of Jason.	Scherer's English Literature.
C. M. Rossetti's Poems.	Seeley's Lectures and Essays.
D. G. Rossetti's Poems.	Stephen's Hours in a Library.
Mrs. E. B. Browning's Poems—Selections.	Swiuburne's Studies in Prose and Poetry.
Swiuburne's Poems—Selections.	Garnett's Life of Thomas Carlyle.
Watson's Lachrymæ Musarum.	Tennyson's Lord Tennyson, a Memoir.
Gosse's Modern English Literature.	Cross's Life of George Eliot.
Oliphant's Victorian Writers.	Sharp's Life of Robert Browning
Arnold's Essays in Criticism (2 vols.).	Letters of R. and E. B. Browning.
Balfour's Essays and Addresses.	Blackmore's Lorna Doone.
Birrell's Obiter Dicta (2 vols.).	Brontë's Shirley.
Church's Essays.	Dickens's David Copperfield.
Davidson's Prolegomena to In Memoriam.	" The Pickwick Papers.
Dowden's Studies in Literature.	Gaskell's Crauford.
Lang's Letters in Literature.	Kingsley's Two Years Ago.
Maurice's Friendship of Books.	Oliphant's Salem Chapel.
	Reade's Cloister and Hearth.
	Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
	Morley's Studies in Literature.

The list is long, but it is intended only as a well from which the reader may draw as much good water as he wants.

WE agree with the *Daily Chronicle* in thinking that the Society of Arts has worded the inscription it has just placed on the Ruskin birthplace in Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, without much regard to the man in the street. The inscription is :

JOHN RUSKIN,
ARTIST AND AUTHOR,
BORN HERE.
B. 1819 — D. 1900.

It was not the least tragedy of Ruskin's life that he could not win the description "Artist and Author," but had to be, in his own and the world's estimation, Author and Artist. As the *Chronicle* says, the future man in the street who reads the tablet in Hunter-street may easily be led to look for Ruskin's pictures in the National Gallery, instead of applying for his books at the Free Library.

THE new threepenny society paper, the *Onlooker*, prints a story, from its Paris correspondent, "Adrienne," of Marie Bashkirtseff, whose final letters and diaries have just been published in the *Gentlewoman*. The writer knew Marie Bashkirtseff, and admired her beauty and wit;

nevertheless she has no scruple in saying that Marie was "an impertinent minx." She tells the following story :

I often met her in the house of a mutual friend, who one day gave a little *fête* in his country seat near Paris. Marie Bashkirtseff and Bastien Lepage graced the party, and the lovely Russian girl, who, with her halo of pale blonde hair and her clinging soft white frock, looked like a Druidic priestess, began the day in the most triumphant mood—for was not she the star, nay, the sun, towards which we all turned our eyes, blinking before so much loveliness! Bastien Lepage, her somewhat heavy but decidedly quaint adorer, was walking in her train, the fumes of incense were rising around her, she was in her own element, and her little feet did not touch the ground to which we, simple mortals, were attached.

It happened, however, that myself and a friend had just returned from Venice, and a few words were said at lunch about the city so dear to all artists, and which Bastien Lepage had just then the intention of visiting. So, a little later in the afternoon, as we had both gone to sit under a shady tree somewhat apart from the noisy rest, the young painter came, bringing with him a rustic seat which he installed near ours, and began asking questions about Venice. He grew interested, and I may as well confess that we fell quite under the charm of his original mind, and that the conversation lasted a good three-quarters of an hour, if not more. Suddenly a most perfect little haud fell heavily on the young man's shoulder, and I saw Marie Bashkirtseff, white, and trembling with rage, looking at us with the eyes of a cat who sees her kittens in danger. She unceremoniously pulled the chair under Bastien Lepage: "Eh bien!" she cried, hoarsely, "have you nothing more interesting to do than lose your time with old women?" (To shelter our feminine vanity, let me say that the elder of us was scarcely above thirty.) Bastien Lepage got up; he could not help it, for his seat was upset on the grass: "No, nothing more interesting, mademoiselle," he answered, frigidly. A flood of tears came to the large eyes of the violent little witch, and—let those who have never loved throw the first stone—Lepage became red to the ears, turned on his heels, and left us "in the lurch."

To the *Agnostic Annual* Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes a striking paper, called "The Triumph of Rationalism in Religion." He suggests that much that has ceased to be dogma may, perhaps, be retained as symbols, and concludes an article—which we do not attempt to summarise—in these words :

To "prove" a religion would be as irrelevant as to prove a poetry. An unbeliever may listen to the music of the mass, and set it to what words he pleases. It may stimulate emotions of love or reverence, of joy or sadness; and they may be associated in the mind of each hearer with an entirely different set of concrete images. If to the believer it suggests the Christian legend, it may call up to others any series of events, real or imaginary, by which his deepest emotions are aroused and stimulated. If the divine were to accept such a position, he would have to resign the claim to govern the intellect: but, when no longer troubled by that unruly faculty, he might reign the more securely in the sphere of the imagination. Theology would be no longer the "queen of the sciences," but might be the highest of the fine arts. No doubt certain difficulties suggest themselves which need not here be considered. I only venture to throw out the hint because it often seems as if the substance of much modern apologetic really pointed in this direction, and that a good many divines would say pretty much the same if they could speak quite plainly. But I admit that a long time will probably pass before they perceive the tendency of their teaching.

THE joint-winner of our Competition last week, whom we named as Mr. G. W. Hendry, was Mr. G. W. Hendy, who informs us that "Hendy" is West Country, whereas "Hendry" is "merely Scottish."

WE have received from an unknown source a prospectus of a story of Highland life by a professor in a German university, whose book ought to make some of our kail-

yard writers tremble in their shoes. The table of contents is so rich in suggestion that we cannot forbear quoting portions of it:

Chapter I.—Saved from Starvation—"We must not Emigrate!"—How They used to Live in "Auld" Scotland—Music and Song in the "Highlands"—Shepherd-Poets and Composers—Pretty Lass with a Sweet Voice: Musician, Poetess, Preacher and Declamator—Curious Guitar—Quaint Girl in Boy's Clothes—Darling of the People.

Chapter XI.—A Grand Future—"You Cannot Wash a Gypsy Clean"—Villa Casati—Gypsy Love and Devotion—Handsome Booty—Credulous Widow.

Chapter XIII.—The Earthquake—Interview in a Dark Wood—Stumbling over a Grave—What a Gypsy Saw by a Flash of Lightning.

Chapter XVI.—Five Years Later.—Proud Governess—Dangerous Rival—Despair—Regret—Young Lady arrested for Theft—Two Valuable Relics—Forsaken by Friends and Dismissed from Situation—Grand Flower Show—Lovers' Dialogue Overheard—A Tipsy Gentleman—Insulted Out Walking—Sad Sight of an Inebriate Father—Filial Affection—Repentance—The Bird Flies Away Again—Irretrievable—Conclusion.

The author is circularising schoolmasters in the hope that they will give readings from his work in their schools or literary institutes.

Bibliographical.

WE are not told whether Mr. Walter Raleigh's approaching book on Milton is to be a biography or a criticism, or both. One could wish that it might prove to be a criticism only, for of critical comment upon Milton there has been, of recent years, but little. Macaulay's famous essay still survives, for it was reprinted as lately as the spring of last year. Johnson's memoir also has been reproduced within the last five years or so. *The Age of Milton*, again, has been made the topic of a volume which is not without utility. Meanwhile, Mark Pattison's monograph in the "Men of Letters" series was the handiest we possessed till we received from the American Professor, Mr. W. P. Trent, a *Short Study of Milton's Life and Works*, published by Macmillan's in July, 1899. I have not forgotten Mr. Robert Bridges's discourses upon Milton's prosody and blank verse; these, however, do not come under the head of general estimate or "appreciation." There is room, it will be seen, for a quite new summing-up of Milton's claims to recollection and to gratitude.

I was attracted the other day to a book simply and solely because of its title. I saw that, though (perhaps because) it was published in London by "Simpkin's," it was of provincial origin; but that did not matter. It was called *The Witchery of Books*, and I could not resist dipping into it. Unhappily, my first dip occurred at page 14, whereon I found the following, in small type:

All the charm of all the Muses
Often flowering in a single word.

How often, I wonder, is Tennyson's lovely line going to be misquoted in this fashion, even by people who apparently have a real feeling for literature? If I had as big a majority as Lord Salisbury has, in both Houses, I would make the misquotation of great verse punishable by law.

The history of English literature which (as we learn on the best authority) is being written for Mr. Heinemann by Dr. Garnett and Mr. Gosse must needs be interesting, and perhaps valuable in parts; but are there any two men—any four, five, six, or any dozen men—living who, collectively, can lay claim to having mastered English literature as it should be mastered by those who venture to pronounce upon it? English literature should be dealt with

as English biography has been treated in Mr. George Smith's monumental work. It should be put into the hands of experts on every section of the subject—as, I understand, has been the case with the new edition of Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, on which many busy pens are now engaged.

It seems that we shall have to wait some little time for the promised new edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence—an edition which, happily, is to contain so many unpublished letters of his. It will be welcome when it arrives. There is the *Selection* edited by Mr. C. D. Yonge, and republished so recently as August, 1898, and there are the *Passages* from the letters, chosen by L. B. Seeley and reprinted so lately as 1895. But who wants Horace Walpole in *Passages* or a *Selection*? One wants everything or nothing. I suppose that the edition of the letters brought out by Peter Cunningham in 1857 is practically unobtainable.

Poor George Dolby—what a fate was his! He has, of course, a place in all the biographies of Dickens, to whom he was ever loyal, and who, moreover, fully recognised his loyalty. Dolby's well-known book—*Charles Dickens as I Knew Him: the Story of the Reading Tours in Great Britain and America* (1866-70)—did not come out till fourteen years after the novelist's death (1884), a "popular" edition of it being issued in 1886. At present, I fancy, it is out of print. It is by no means a catchpenny or trivial thing, but does actually contribute to the general knowledge and estimate of Dickens.

Mr. Mowbray Morris's introduction to the new edition of *The Last of the Mohicans* reminds one that the writer has done less in the book-world than might have been hoped for. It was he—was it not?—who accused the theatrical critics of being amenable to the influence of "chicken and champagne." I have on my shelves his *Essays in Theatrical Criticism* (1882), but he seems to have ceased for some time to write about "the play." In the department of the *belles lettres* he has given us an anthology called *The Poets' Walk*, and it will be remembered that he contributed a monograph on Montrose to the "Men of Action" series. This, I think, exhausts the list of his publications.

Mr. Whibley's promised book on Thackeray should be refreshing, for in it we ought to find, at any rate, Thackerayan criticism "up-to-date." What are the young men thinking about Thackeray? To be sure, it does not matter very much; but one's curiosity is mildly stimulated. A *Study of Thackeray*, by Mr. A. A. Jacks, came out in 1895, but I am obliged to confess that I did not read it. Of other recent analyses of Thackeray's performances I am equally ignorant. If I were asked to recommend a work on the subject, I should point to James Hannay's *Studies on Thackeray*, which I dare say is difficult of access save at the British Museum and the second-hand booksellers'.

The *Life of Francis Parkman*, of which announcement is made, will no doubt have many readers on this side of the Atlantic. One would not have supposed that Parkman enjoyed much popularity among us; yet it is a fact that Messrs. Macmillan published, so recently as last year, new editions of several of his works. *The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War, France and England in North America, A Half-Century of Conflict, The Jesuits of North America in the Seventeenth Century, La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West, Montcalm and Wolfe, The Old Régime in Canada, The Oregon Trail, and Pioneers of France in the New World.*

Glancing through Mr. William Tinsley's *Random Recollections of an Old Publisher*, I came across the name of a "Mr. Eraud" printed thus more than once. At first I was puzzled, but at last it dawned upon me that the author was referring to the late J. A. Heraud, journalist and dramatist. But, really, Mr. Tinsley ought not to drop his h's in this way!

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Dr. Pusey's Love Story.

The Story of Dr. Pusey's Life. By the Author of *Charles Lowder*. (Longmans.)

AFTER the author of *The Ecclesiastical Polity*, Dr. Pusey holds probably the foremost place among the apologists of primitive Anglicanism; among such of them, at any rate, as maintained to the last their faith in the Church of their baptism unmoved.

The history of the movement in which he played so important a part has been written and written again, not only in the lives of Newman and Ward, who found at last the actual conditions of Anglicanism subversive of their theory as to its ecclesiastical character, but in the life of Dean Church, and particularly by Liddon in his masterly history of Pusey himself. In availing himself for the most part of the materials from which Liddon worked, the author of the present memoir has aimed rather at a personal presentment than at a critical history of the important events with which the name of Pusey is associated: as he modestly writes by way of introduction, he has attempted a kind of handmaid of Liddon's great biography.

An excellent understanding, extraordinary industry, and a narrow outlook were the instruments or conditions of Pusey's successful career. It is seldom that so great a flood runs in so narrow a channel and remains always so obedient to its banks. Pusey's mind was less a field than a chamber, less a chamber than a corridor—a corridor handsomely furnished, and offering here and there a peep into the outside world through the stained glass of a little Gothic window. The religion he had learned at his mother's knee dominated his life. "I always," he says, "wanted to be a clergyman. . . . When asked why I wished it, I used to say: 'I wish it because it is the best.'" And so at the end he still believed it. With tears in his eyes he added: "It was very good of God to teach one so early what was best."

From Eton to Christ Church; from Oxford to Göttingen, because he had decided to devote his life to the Old Testament: "I saw that that was the point of attack in our defences which would be most easily breached." Fourteen hours was the least that he counted a decent day's work; and he quickly found that a real knowledge of Hebrew requires a background of Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldee. The little frail man was more than once in those days stupefied by the arrival of a challenge: with so many things crowding his memory he found it impossible to remember that in Germany you must not take the right-hand side of the path. At the age of twenty-six he congratulated himself that he saw clearly as to the genuineness of the whole of Daniel. "My having felt these difficulties will not probably be an objection to my being entrusted with the office I propose"—a theological lectureship—"as had they not been removed, God forbid that I should ever have unsettled the opinion of another upon them." So, with a shiver, he drew back his head from the casement, which for a moment he had unfastened, and latched it close and finally.

Upon the threshold of manhood he met the lady whom afterwards he married. She came right into the corridor; and for eleven years, during which he saw but little of her, she was the one woman in the world for him, while in his humility he saw no hope. His mother, in her kind, prim letters, made frequent allusions to her, in which her sacred name, by a freak of delicacy, is represented by a dash. What sort of woman Mrs. Pusey was it would be impossible to learn from anything written here. Certainly there is no sign of any originality of intellect or character. She shows only as the reflection of her husband's mind. His letters to her are, nevertheless, couched in language

which in a remarkable way mingles marital—not to say uxorious—affection with an explicit piety that makes them painful to read. For he had no grace of style, no virtue of reticence; he braved ridicule because he had no sense of humour. Frankly, it may be said here, we do not understand how any earnest admirer should care to give to the world documents at the same time so laboured and so ineffective; documents so sanctimonious in the unhappy effect of their phrasing that it is not easy to remember that their writer was indeed a man of saintly character. Shortly before their marriage, in answer to her expression of a fear lest he should have overlooked in her some fault of which she accused herself, he wrote:

Few would probably dare to confess to themselves, fewer to tell the being whom they loved, that they were aware that she had defects; yet it is but a timid half-love which will not venture to see the whole truth: it implies a suspicion of its own strength and firmness; and though I trust that we shall love each other better when the defects inherent in each shall be, through God's assistance, diminished, and most then, when, altogether purified and made fit for the presence of God, there shall no longer be "speck or spot" in either of us, yet I trust also that no discovery which either may make shall weaken that love; nay, our very knowledge of them may increase it; since nothing so much increases it as the endeavour to improve one another, and as mutual prayer to our Father to improve us.

The extracts from her diary are of an extreme brevity, and refer, many of them, to the work in which from time to time she was assisting him, or to the birth of her children, and their baptism by "their dear papa" or by "Mr. Newman." Mr. Newman came to tea sometimes, and so did Mr. Keble.

If a man cannot rule them of his household, how shall he guide the Church of God? The three children trotted by their parents' side down the corridor. No sooner had they learned what a birthday was than they were taught to regard with greater devotion the "second birthday" on which by the waters of baptism they had been born again. He records of his little five-years-old girl that she "sighed penitent" for having been naughty in the morning.

I went to console her as soon as I returned home yesterday [he wrote], but she was looking very composed and demure. Afterwards she brought her knitting to my study, and . . . seeing her very contented, I made a bad, or, rather, no playfellow. I do not find it in me.

His profoundest regret when, on the verge of womanhood, this daughter died, sprang from the consideration that there was no longer any hope of her aiding him in his scheme for the institution of an order of Sisters of Charity in what by that time he had learned to call "our poor rent Church." Over her deathbed, as over that of his wife, he held a kind of spiritual autopsy. You have it in a long letter to Philip, his son.

Poor Philip! A sad, pathetic figure; the most touching of all that moved in the corridor. Shuffled along it—pains-stricken, deaf, strenuous, smiling, loved of children. Let the handsomest and haughtiest of deans and lexicographers tell of him:

While I am writing this [sermon] tidings reach me of the sudden death of the only son of our oldest and most honoured canon. Most of you must have seen that small emaciated form swinging itself through the quadrangle, up the steps or along the street, with such energy and activity as might surprise healthy men. But few of you could know what gentleness and what courage dwelt in that frail tenement. . . . In pursuing his studies, whenever it was necessary to consult manuscripts at a distance, he shrank from no journey however toilsome. Everywhere on those journeys he won hearts by his simple, engaging manner, combined with his helplessness and his bravery. He was known in Spain, and Turkey, and Russia: at Paris, or Madrid, or Moscow, the impression was the same. The first question put by the monks of Mount Athos to their next Oxford visitor was significant—"And

how is Philippos?" . . . When it was brought home to him that his infirmities disabled him from taking Holy Orders, as he had desired to do, he only said that his wish, then, was to do what he might be able for God's service at any time and in any way. To such a one death could have no terror—death could not find him unprepared.

The Church of England, his wife, Keble, Newman—these were Dr. Pusey's earthly loves. The first—with suspensions, with equivocal denials of what he held to be the teaching of the Fathers, with Jerusalem bishoprics, Gorham judgments, doubts of the Athanasian Creed, and the like—wounded him in the house of his friends. His wife was his "dearest blessing," but she died. Her death renewed his "solemn memory of past sinfulness"—the eleven years during which, in his longing for her, he had not perfectly acquiesced in the will of God. Keble was his prophet; he died. The little, tired, humble, truculent troubler of the Anglican traffic crouched in the church upon the wood of the coffin—*arbor felix*—that covered the dead face of his friend who wrote *The Christian Year*: the book that sounded the tonic of the Movement. And Newman—to Newman he was loyal to the last. By a difficult paradox he supposes that his conversion must be the fruit of the persistent prayers of those to whom at last he had joined himself: "Our rulers could not use the instrument God gave into their hands." "For Newman himself, one can well imagine that He who formed him as so special an instrument, may well employ him as the restorer of the Roman Church."

For a while Pusey had stood almost alone—convinced, infallible. No moment of doubt had troubled him. He had suffered as only a sensitive and timid man might suffer from the alienation of those from whom in the natural course he might have enjoyed sympathy and co-operation; for years he was a pariah among his brethren and contemporaries. At last, when events had gone far to discredit his principles, there came a St. Luke's summer of popularity, following upon the publication of his commentary on the Book of Daniel. The nave and aisles of the cathedral when he was to preach were crammed. At the Norwich Church Congress he received an ovation:

When he rose to deliver his speech a roar of welcome greeted him who had been treated, even by old friends, as a man tainted, suspected, dangerous. One who was present told the writer that at first he gave a gracious little smile of acknowledgment for his reception, but that when repeated attempts to read his paper were baffled by bursts of cheering, which seemed as if they would never cease, then, at last, his lip trembled, and he nearly broke down.

His *Eirenicon* (discharged, as Newman characteristically said, in a word Pusey could never have found, as an olive-branch from a catapult) was received by the *Times* with "a five-columned, respectful review."

For three months, during an outbreak of cholera in the East End, he laboured, with poor Philip and the present president of the E.C.U., in the neighbourhood of City-road. It was the truest endorsement of the generosity that, in the early days of his married life, constrained him, after an anonymous donation of £5,000 to the Bishop of London's fund, to put down his carriage. His foundation of the Church of St. Saviour at Leeds, with its inscribed supplication of prayers for the "sinner who built this church," was a similar testimony to the genuineness of his confidence in the Church of England. St. Saviour's was to him a fruitful source of disappointment—which never discouraged. By batches its clergy sought in the Church of Rome the ideal which at home they had striven in vain to realise. But he felt himself all the time "blessed"; he never so much as dreamed, it would seem, of reconsidering whether his own corridor were tenable.

Of Pusey as a preacher Dr. Liddon writes:

He had no pliancy of voice, no command over accent or time or tone; . . . his eye was throughout fixed on the

MS. before him, and his utterance was one strong, unbroken, intense monotonous swing, which went on with something like the vibrations of a deep bell. . . . Masses of learning . . . were only relieved by long reiterated exhortation, to which fancy or invective or anecdote rarely contributed any such element as could modify the reign of a stern monotony. Yet men, old and young, listened to him for an hour and a half in breathless attention; because his moral power was such as to enable him to dispense with the lower elements of oratorical attraction. . . . As J. B. Mozley said, Pusey seemed to inhabit his sentences.

Of the events of the outside world we learn nothing from the letters published here. Changes of ministry, wars and riots, the rise and fall of statesmen, are passed over in silence. Thackeray and Dickens and Disraeli, Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites, Browning and Tennyson—these had nothing to do with the attitude of St. Cyril to the Roman See, they shed no light upon the text of Haggai or the obscurities of Habakkuk: they are left out. Straitly bounded in his outlook, indefatigable in his labours upon all that it embraced; brave to the point of temerity in his enunciation of the conclusions he thus hazardingly reached; single-minded, tender-hearted; an orator without eloquence, a prophet without inspiration, an adept with no touch of genius; built up on a faith of which he never cared to test the foundations, Pusey, we may suspect, uttered the last word of weight in behalf of a habit of thought characteristic of the sixteenth rather than of the nineteenth century.

Two Books of Essays.

Non Sequitur. By M. E. Coleridge. (Nisbet. 6s.)

Worldly Ways and Byways. By Eliot Gregory. (Lane.)

WHO would not wish to achieve a good book of essays? Success in the Essay is so flattering. Even a poet is not often so present in his poems as an essayist is in his essays. A novelist may be lost in his creations. It is the essayist who is always himself, whose profession it is to reveal himself. When that is difficult he may still dally in ingenuities of half-revelation, and publicly rummage for ideas. What he is, what he was, what he remembers, what he likes, what he adores: these are his materials. Therefore, an essayist must be a full man. Though he is only essaying, and though from the first he is exonerated from every kind of finality, he must not hope to win us by playing coloured lights over a few ideas. The bringing of much "style" to a little matter is of no earthly use. Much is written of the styles of Lamb and Hazlitt. But these writers are full of matter; their pages are packed with observation of life and character, of criticism that is unlaboured only in its expression, and of reading that was not done in a railway carriage.

Hence when we come to a new volume of essays our first question is not: How is it written? It is: What does it contain? Our new essayist, Miss Coleridge—who has written historical fiction notably well—cannot be accused of giving her readers innutritive sweetmeats. Compared with the great essayists we have named, she has not a great deal to say. But is it always fair or wise to apply such standards? Compared with some other essayists, who have written in her own time, Miss Coleridge has a good deal to say. She does not prattle literary journalism, but writes out interesting thoughts in a literary manner. She has graceful ideas, a pleasant wit, and a multitude of book memories. Her travel essays are not all travel; her essays on the South Kensington Museum are not all museum; she has the essayist's mind in which everything suggests all other things, and to which digression is only association indulged. So equipped, she gossips on "Prefaces," on "Gifts," on "The Old

Entrance to the South Kensington Museum," on "Words," on "Cologne," on "Recollections of Fanny Kemble," and on "Paper Matches." If anything, Miss Coleridge is too bookish. In one or two of her essays she seems to swing herself from rung to rung on a horizontal ladder of quotations. But her use of books is very deft, as, for instance, in "Gifts," where she says:

There is in some natures a high intolerance of the airy fetters cast round the heart by the constant memory of beneficence. They give freely, but freely they do not receive. They must send something by return of post, like the two friends in *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, who regularly transmitted to each other the same candlestick and the same note-book, turn about, as each anniversary chimed the hour on their clocks—whereby they saved an incalculable amount of time, money, and emotion. One sweet lady goes so far as to say that all presents should be of perishable character—a basket of fruit, a bunch of flowers—that they may be at once forgotten.

Not often can we complain of Miss Coleridge's wit; but we do not care for a touch in her "Fountains and Flowers" about the Cochin-China trees at Homburg. We are told that their tops have been cut off because the smaller plane-trees "cried out, like Goethe, on his death-bed, for Light." Better is the easy humour of the following:

There is a brightness and gaiety about Brussels which makes it very seductive. I never arrive there but it is all ablaze with light, and half the inhabitants are riding merry-go-rounds. Even in the hotel it is a difficult matter to contrive darkness enough to fall asleep. The electric light is no sooner out over the washhandstand than it rekindles over the bed.

Miss Coleridge's most original essay vein is well represented in her cogitations on unmusical people, which are pleasantly ingenious:

The unmusical are often devoted to music. They love not only the Martial Air which sets them fighting, and the Minuet which sets them dancing in costumes of the time of Gluck, but much that is no more intelligible to them than the murmur of waves, the soft, dull falling of rain on grass, or the wind. They pass into a state of mesmerism, of senseless bliss or melancholy; they are held entranced in a delicate twilight of the mind. They do not know what o'clock it is, or whether they are in *South Kensington* or *Hong-Kong*. Their features are vacant. They do not look as people look at a Theatre, when the varying motives of the actors are repeated in a minor key among the audience. They are not keenly awake and argumentative like the congregation of an eloquent preacher, responding or contradicting. They are lotus-eaters; theirs is the

music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.

Yet they are by no means asleep, for they never forget to see—as the musical do. The lyre-shaped stands of the orchestra send them back to Orpheus. They wonder what reed-piping Pan would have thought of that vast porcupine, the organ, with the small, bright eye of looking-glass. They take occasion to notice how like their instruments men become; so that a good violinist is no more separable from his violin than a good rider from his horse. They enjoy the flower-bed effect of the chorus—the twinkle of the paper parts when a new page is reached, as though the wind were turning up the leaves. Most of all they delight to watch the eloquent back of the conductor—the cabalistic waving of arms and hands with which he rouses or quells that storm of harmony. A true magician he, so ruling and compelling time that every sense of the tyrannous thing is lost in those who listen; a true general—not only the incarnate spirit of the host that he leads, but the commander in a Holy War of the immaterial against flesh and blood.

Whether a revival of the Essay is imminent it were hard to say. We do not think the signs of the time are unfavourable. Be this as it may, we cannot do better than quote the last words of Miss Coleridge's last essay in part answer to our wonder: "This is the Hope we want; no gentle girl, no melancholy musician, but Hope, the Horn-Blower!"

Miss Coleridge's title, *Non Sequitur*, would not have fitted Mr. Gregory's book. His papers have sequence; indeed, with a little alteration they might be printed as chapters. Mr. Gregory is an American; these papers appeared in a New York paper; and they are studies of American social life, written with great sagacity and frankness, with an abundance of anecdote, and with the superficial persuasiveness of a man of the world. Mr. Gregory does not spare his countrymen. He is hard on the "gilded misalliances" contracted by his fairest countrywomen, and, always ready with modern instances, he tells of the disillusion of two brides, one of whom married into Italy, and the other into Vienna. The dull people who excuse themselves from doing anything because some remote ancestor governed a colony or signed the Declaration of Independence receive their share of flagellant laughter. Indeed, their complacent snobbishness is almost immortalised in this story:

A painter I know was once importuned for a sketch by a lady of this class. After many delays and renewed demands he presented her one day, when she and some friends were visiting his studio, with a delightful open-air study simply framed. She seemed confused at the offering, to his astonishment, as she had not lacked *aplomb* in asking for the sketch. After much blushing and fumbling she succeeded in getting the painting loose, and, handing back the frame, remarked:

"I will take the painting, but you must keep the frame. My husband would never allow me to accept anything of value from you!"—and smiled on the speechless painter, doubtless charmed with her own tact.

Again, the disposition of many Americans to consider every human product as so much value for so much money, and their consequent inability to behave well when confronted by the artistic temperament, are thrown into relief in a story of Carolus Duran. This great painter was putting the last touches to a portrait of a fair American when her husband and a party of friends arrived to pronounce judgment. Duran was not entirely satisfied with his work; he breathed quickly as he painted, tapped the floor with his foot, and made swift backward springs to obtain a better view: in short he was on pins and needles.

The sound of a bell and a murmur of voices announced the entrance of the visitors into the vast studio. After the formalities of introduction had been accomplished the new-comers glanced at the portrait, but uttered never a word. From it they passed in a perfectly casual manner to an inspection of the beautiful contents of the room, investigating the tapestries, admiring the armour, and finally, after another glance at the portrait, the husband remarked: "You have given my wife a jolly long neck, haven't you?" and, turning to his friends, began laughing and chatting in English.

If vitriol had been thrown on my poor master's quivering frame, the effect could not have been more instantaneous, his ignorance of the languages spoken doubtless exaggerating his impression of being ridiculed. Suddenly he turned very white, and before any of us had divined his intention he had seized a Japanese sword lying by and cut a dozen gashes across the canvas. Then, dropping his weapon, he flung out of the room, leaving his sitter and her friends in speechless consternation, to wonder then and ever after in what way they had offended him.

Along a dozen routes Mr. Gregory follows up American foibles. He laughs to scorn the meekness of Americans under the stupidities and tyrannies of their paid servants of every class; their contentedness with inferior food, so it be plentiful; and among a crowd of pungenencies says of New Englanders: "They refused the Roman dogma of Purgatory and then, with complete inconsistency, invented the boarding-house." But he does not always rail, and perhaps his praise of the young American goes far to wipe out all his bad marks:

It is a constant source of pleasure to me to watch this younger generation, so plainly do I see in them the influence

of their mothers—women I knew as girls, and who were so far ahead of their brothers and husbands in refinement and culture. To have seen these girls marry and bring up their sons so well has been a satisfaction and a compensation for many disillusion. . . . One despairs at times of humanity, seeing vulgarity and snobbishness riding triumphantly upward; but where the tone of the younger generation is as high as I have lately found it, there is still much hope for the future.

That the American middle classes are now beginning to come multitudinously to Europe is of some significance, and it is sure to result in social changes that Mr. Gregory will welcome. This can be said without conceit. We have the list of our own faults to mend, but that—for the moment—is another story.

Philosophy with a Coronet.

Characteristics. By Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury. Edited by John M. Robertson. 2 vols. (Grant Richards.)

The Life, Unpublished Letters, and Philosophical Regimen of Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury. Edited by Benjamin Rand, Ph.D. (Sonnenschein.)

THE *cacoethes scribendi* on any given subject has often been observed to be epidemic, and here is another proof of it. "A new and complete edition of this celebrated work," says Dr. Rand, speaking of Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, "is a desideratum." And within a week of Dr. Rand's own book appears Mr. Robertson's edition of the *Characteristics*, the first, or at least the first to reach completion, since 1773. Two comely volumes Mr. Robertson makes of it, admirably printed, and with a modest introduction which, for the reader not deeply versed in the philosophic systems of the eighteenth century, places Shaftesbury adequately. Old-fashioned scholars may raise the eyebrow at Mr. Robertson's thinking it necessary to offer English renderings of his author's numerous quotations from the Greek and Latin classics, but in our days of the democratization of thought and letters this is not impossibly the more discreet course; and Shaftesbury, apart from the fact that he lived in an age when even philosophers were expected to write tolerably, is not unworthy the attention of a modern thinker. He has his assured, if not a pre-eminent, place in the development of European speculation. As a moralist, by his insistence on the analysis of the actual motives of human conduct, and his assertion, against Hobbes, that these include primarily benevolent as well as primarily self-regarding impulses, he helped to shift the centre of gravity of ethics from the abstract contemplation of laws of nature to the more concrete *terrain* of psychology. In this task he is yoke-fellow with Butler, diverging greatly from the protagonist of the eighteenth-century church in matters theological and metaphysical. For Shaftesbury suspects "enthusiasm" and stands throughout as the best English example of that optimistic deism which in its continental forms became a fair mark for the ironic criticism of "Candide." Scholarship and optimistic deism together explain the affinity of which Shaftesbury was conscious between his own habitual attitude of thought and that of the great Stoic thinkers. It was from Epictetus and from Marcus Aurelius that he drew his counsels of practical wisdom, and upon their precepts he strove not unsuccessfully to model his actual conduct of life.

The new matter which Dr. Rand has disinterred for the illustration of Shaftesbury's personal and mental history comes mainly from the hitherto somewhat neglected collection of "Shaftesbury Papers" in the Record Office. It consists partly of letters (to which we shall come presently), partly of two notebooks written between 1698 and 1712, and containing, under the title *Ἀσκήματα*, a series of reflections upon various philosophical subjects. The value of those is considerable, but it is not quite of the character

which Dr. Rand, who has invented for them the title of "The Philosophical Regimen," declares. They are not sufficiently formal or systematic to take rank as "a new and brilliant presentation of a moral system." They are, in fact, precisely what the author himself called them, *Ἀσκήματα*, exercises, mental gymnastics, fragmentary jottings and feelings after truth, quite obviously modelled both in matter and in style upon those meditations "to himself" of Marcus Aurelius which form one of the most fascinating volumes on the ethical shelf. And although Shaftesbury is neither so tragic a figure nor so original a thinker as Marcus Aurelius, yet his meditations, too, gain rather than lose in interest by the informality, the personal mode of their composition. A couple of quotations will give a better idea of their nature than elaborate description or impossible analysis. The first, then, shall show Shaftesbury, the cosmic optimist:

"O, the world! the world! What will become of the world? The poor world! sad world! and was there ever such a world?"—Fool, was there ever any other world? Was it ever other than it is?—Where is the world going?—Nowhere, but there where it has gone a thousand and a thousand times: the earth round the sun, or the sun round the earth, annual, diurnal, eternal. Hither and thither, and hither again. Dark and then light. Winter and then summer, and then winter again. Is not this right? Would it please you should it be otherwise?—Nay, but for the world's sake.—What world? Saturn, Jupiter, the planets and their circles? Fear not, they will go as they stand. And if these greater and including circles hold but their order, I warrant thee (man!) these inward ones (the circles and revolutions of this planet of thy own) will go well enough, and as they should go, both for the planet's sake and for the rest of the system. Fear then for thy own sake if thou pleasest, but for the world there is care taken, the administration is good. Do not thou father thy own wretched fears on it, and place thy selfishness and low-spiritedness to so wrong an account.

And in the second there is a note of true Stoic morality, austere yet tonic:

Continue, therefore, and keep the harmony, if possible, uninterrupted; if not, restore it again as soon as possible, and dwell not on the miscarriage. No echoes, no repetitions; no running over again what is past. If anything slipped in the music, if a finger went wrong, a false string struck, a time mixed, pass it over and go on undisturbed, for this is the next perfection of art, not to interrupt, not break the symphony, not let the music sink nor the ear dwell upon what was wrong, but drown it by better play, overcome it by an easy transition and agreeableness of what succeeds.—But no, I have failed in the rule of art; I must stay and show the error. This stop was wrong, this key, tone, measure.—O Pedantry! And how in life? Must the gamut *there*, in the midst of play, be conned over? Must it be *sol, la, mi, fa*? Dost thou not know that, even at the best, these rules are burdensome and irksome to those who are not of the art? Was this so hardly seasonable in that very school and in those days, too? And wilt thou nevertheless abroad, and in such days as these, come out with such things, suspend performance to make demonstrations and by these excuses teach thy art? Rare pedagogue!

A certain number of Shaftesbury's letters were published in three instalments by Toland, Ainsworth, and Thomas Forster. Those now printed by Dr. Rand are a useful supplement. They show the writer in more than one pleasing aspect, the affectionate, if not a romantic husband, the generous patron of young men of brains and character, the friend and intimate correspondent of leading minds in England and upon the Continent. Upon English letters, in particular, they throw some distinctly interesting sidelights. The high-principled and consistent Whig that was Shaftesbury is not, perhaps, the person to whom one would look for much sympathy with the meteoric and more or less venal pen of Swift. Nor, indeed, does he mince matters when he refers to "the detestable writing of that most detestable author of the *Tale of a Tub*, whose

manners, life, and prostitute pen and tongue are, indeed, exactly answerable to the irregularity, obscenity, profaneness, and fulsomeness of his false wit and scurrilous style and humour." Swift could not, perhaps, have given Shaftesbury a lesson in charity, but he might in the restraint of epigram. Another letter is written to Le Clerc, a scholar of some reputation in his day, and editor of a *Bibliothèque Universelle*. Shaftesbury concedes with his correspondent upon the "anger and malignity" with which he has been "fallen upon" by a critic of his recent edition of Menander. "The peevish temper of your adversary," he says, "is sufficiently known, and his judgment and wit as much undervalued as his learning and mere scholarship is esteemed." He goes on to lament "that captious, insulting, emulous, and quarrelsome humour for which universities are so famous." But Le Clerc will be revenged; for the adversary has in turn written a book, and Shaftesbury has but a poor notion of it:

His Horace will be the most elaborate monster that the learned world ever saw produced. He has mangled and torn him in pieces, so as that the author is scarce knowable in his own text. I have seen many of his horrible corrections, and not one of them but had been presumptuous, even in an annotation or in the margin.

Here Dr. Rand might have vouchsafed a note, for the "disguised author" who is not named by Shaftesbury is clearly none other than Bentley. In 1710—we learn from Prof. Jebb's excellent little monograph on Bentley—the great scholar wrote a crushing review of Le Clerc's Menander under the pseudonym of "Phileleutherus Lipsiensis." In 1711 appeared his own Horace, of which, so far as the emendations go, Prof. Jebb's judgment jumps with Shaftesbury's. "Of Bentley's readings Horace would have rejected the immense majority with a smile or a shudder." Let us hope that it was generosity and not poor-spiritedness that induced Le Clerc to close the literary passage-at-arms with an amiable review of Bentley's work in the *Bibliothèque Choisie*.

Other New Books.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRAMP. BY J. H. CRAWFORD.

We are in doubt as to whether Mr. Crawford's narrative is intended for fiction or for a record of fact; in either case the title might have been more happily chosen. But having said that, we have said all by way of adverse criticism; the rest must be frank and unqualified praise. The book being read once, it is odds but you will turn back to the first page and read it again, picking up points missed before. For it is a book to be read with close attention; Mr. Crawford never underlines; you must hold the thread in your own fingers. The story opens with Dick (he is merely Dick) and his mother lying in the straw of the stackyard of a farm, and Dick learns that he was born in that same stackyard nine years before. From that he carries on the story through a hundred road-vicissitudes—of death, and change, and parting—till, in the last chapter, he is on the tramp with the gipsy girl whom he first saw looking through the wands in the Kelpie's Pool. They had come back to the old place by the stream:

"Let's ha' it over again," said I.

Kelpie looked at me, and with no more ado was in among the saughs. O'er they fell, the best of 'em one after t'other.

Plash! Plash!

And o'er went another, till I thought it might be all a dream. So I looked to see the feet moving.

Plash! Plash!

The plashing came my way, and Kelpie's face looked out among the wands.

Mr. Crawford has produced a book which is full of good things, both in observation of character and nature; it would not be difficult to pick out a score or two of memor-

able and beautiful sayings. But we repeat that the reader who takes up the book must do Mr. Crawford the justice to follow him with close attention; it is not work to be scanned casually. Therein lies by no means the least of its many virtues. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

POEMS: LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BY S. K. WILEY.

Miss (or Mrs.) WILEY is ambitious. She essays in this volume the ode-form, the lyric, and the drama. In lyric or ode-form she does not show to advantage; she lacks the winged impulse, the concentration of feeling, or of expression; she shows small power of imagery. Her best work is in the drama which concludes the volume, "Cromwell." Yet, in saying this, we cannot assert that she has succeeded where even the bold and fiery Victor Hugo failed—in making a convincing play out of the great Puritan's career. Her dialogue is often spirited, very fairly dramatic, and with a pictorial touch; the imagery, too (which is so deficient in her lyric work), is frequently fresh and good. But the construction is woefully undramatic; it follows the model of Shakespeare's chronicle-plays unwisely and unskilfully. Scarce saved, sometimes, by Shakespeare's splendid handling, it is a perilous model for lesser and modern dramatists to imitate. In the present author's hands the result is invertebrate, diffuse, and wandering. Even the dialogue has a knack of becoming tame just at the critical points, the trial-scene of Charles I., with its fine and dignified opportunities, hangs fire altogether. Rashly discontent with Cromwell, she even (quite without dramatic pretext or necessity) brings on the stage that other "chief of men," John Milton, and the figure is as pithless as might be expected. In the dissolution of the Long Parliament Cromwell opens with blank verse, and then the whole scene drops suddenly into prose, while his speech, and the rest of the dialogue generally, is taken verbatim from history. Not so did Shakespeare deal with North's Plutarch, closely though he has followed it—in "Coriolanus," for instance. Rupert is the open cavalier of romance, not the cynical, arrogant, if dashing, leader of history. Yet the opening scene in which he appears is among the best written in the play. A good specimen of the author is these lines, put in Cromwell's mouth:

It will not storm, although the air is damp.
The moon is struggling there along the sky,
Silvering the floating mists that dim the stars.
On that same moon gazed Caesar, stealing home
From some night-revel, or amid the woods
Of Britain, where the wolves howled through the night
And all about him gleamed the Roman spears.

That has the historical imagination. The author shows certainly promise enough to justify further effort. Experience and a careful study of dramatic structure are her first of needs. (Chapman & Hall.)

LORD ROSEBERY: HIS LIFE
AND SPEECHES.

BY T. F. G. COATES.

Some months ago it was said by those who professed to be behind the scenes in politics that, in the language of the Stock Exchange, there was going to be a "boom" in Lord Rosebery. Somehow the "boom" did not "come off," but to the observant there are plain signs that the ex-Premier's followers have been hard at work. Perhaps it is to this that we must attribute the splendid volumes which Mr. Coates has produced, volumes which, as the subject of them is still, politically speaking, quite a young man, seem somewhat premature. Many statesmen who have done the State much service and passed away, with a record of many years behind them, have not such a monument as these two well-written and well-illustrated volumes. Mr. Coates writes as an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Rosebery, and tells us all that need be said on the matter. Cartoons from *Punch*, *Vanity Fair*, and the *Westminster Gazette* add their value to the book. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G. BY JANE T. STODDART.

The plain man does not quite know what to make of Lord Rosebery—his premiership, his resignation, and his retirement from public life—but many of the ladies seem quite to have made up their minds on the subject, and to regard him with feelings little short of adoration. Miss Stoddart's biography, if we mistake not, originally appeared in a ladies' monthly magazine, with all the illustrations here given. The book is better written than might have been expected, and is a very pleasant and readable account of Lord Rosebery's life. The illustrations are remarkably good and well printed, and the volume will be welcome to those who have not the mental equipment for a biography of the size of Mr. Coates's work. Publicity is everything nowadays, and Lord Rosebery has evidently some good friends who work hard on his behalf. Neither of the volumes under notice can be considered a critical biography; for that we shall have to wait until there is greater reason for it. Meanwhile both works will no doubt satisfy the ex-Premier's admirers. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Our congratulations to Messrs. Chapman & Hall. In designing their Authentic Edition of the works of Charles Dickens, they were using the last opportunity which the law of copyright gave them to present Dickens's works with the advantages which they, as his original publishers, could give to a library edition. The *Pickwick Papers* is the first work issued, and it is a very satisfactory volume. The illustrations by Seymour and "Phiz" have come out well, and the special coloured frontispiece is an agreeable addition. The book is as light as could be expected, and the scheme of printing has been well conceived.

Messrs. Constable have issued a new (fifth) six-shilling edition of Captain Siborne's standard book, *The Waterloo Campaign, 1815*. Captain Siborne, who constructed the Waterloo model in the United Service Institution, published his work in 1844, in which year it reached a second edition. In its present form, and at its present price, it cannot fail to enjoy new popularity.

Messrs. Macmillan have issued this week the third, fourth and fifth volumes of Lockhart's *Life of Scott* in their "Library of English Classics." The set—inexpensive as it is—has a regal appearance, and no better edition can be desired.

To their "Golden Treasury" series the same firm have added *Two Essays on Old Age and Friendship*. The translation has been done by the editor of Cicero's Letters, Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh, who writes a suitable introduction.

The aim of Mr. J. W. Robertson-Scott's book, *The People of China* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), is succinctly stated in the Preface. It is "to supply, in as compact and interesting form as possible, the kind of information about the Country and its Peoples, and their Relations with the Foreigner, which an intelligent newspaper reader would be likely to seek from a friend who had lived in the far East." The information given by Mr. Robertson-Scott is classed under such chapter headings as Great Britain in China; The General Scramble; The Chinaman: How He Governed; The "Jesus Religion"; The Outlook for Foreign Trade, &c., &c. A timely book by an acknowledged authority.

Irene Petrie, Missionary to Kashmir, by Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) is the record of missionary work by one whose services in that field, great as they were, are less deeply stamped on the minds of her friends than her personal gifts and graces. "Her story," says her biographer, "is worth telling if only to unfold the secret of an unfailing delight in life."

Dr. Johnson's Table-Talk, in Messrs. Gay & Bird's "Bibelots," is chiefly comprised, not of his table-talk, but of short extracts from his *Lives of the Poets, Rambles, &c.* *Rasselas* does not seem to be quoted; and of Johnson's talk only a poor idea is conveyed in the section devoted to anecdotes.

Fiction.

Sons of the Morning. By Eden Phillpotts.
(Methuen. 6s.)

WE have ere now frankly expressed our conviction that Mr. Phillpotts is a writer of exceptional gifts. We have also noted his tendency towards "mere excitement." *Sons of the Morning* is a novel which bears out both our encomium and our disparagement. It is finely written, it has some of the qualities of a stately nature poem, but its function is "mere excitement." At first the book seems to offer an interesting problem in human affairs. Honor Endicott loves two men of contrasting temperaments at the same time and in the same way. We are accustomed to the situation when the person whose affections are divided is a man; but a woman of this sort of versatility is a little uncommon and, in Devonian scenery with pious rustics babbling around her, more than a little piquant. One asks whether the heroine's dual passion will make her a genius or a mad woman, a social iconoclast or a saint. But Mr. Phillpotts simply cuts the Gordian knot. Shaking prophecies revive at the stroke of Death, but the reader droops.

We have here touched the salient spot of improbability as well of futility in a volume that is by no means deficient in that ingredient. There are in it things far more extraordinary than the death of a husband by a fall; but it may be said with perfect truth that to sustain conviction in a story it is necessary that all catastrophes of fundamental importance should seem, as well as be, inevitable. Great writers successfully compel the illusion that they are mouthpieces of Reality. Mr. Phillpotts is self-betrayed as the mouthpiece of Mr. Phillpotts. It is so in the conclusion of *Lying Prophets*; it is so in *Sons of the Morning*. And yet his cunning is indisputable. He can write lyric prose, and make his beautiful Devon live in a manner that causes one to feel that, whatever their misfortunes, his two lovers were veritable "sons of the morning." It has been said that merely to insert "Marry come up" is a step towards creating the illusion of an historical romance. So, too, does a word like "toad-flax" help to create the illusion of a country romance. Mr. Phillpotts has planted his characters on real soil; the sense of growth and space is over his story, and he can use rightly the names of many wild things besides toad-flax. Strong is he, too, on the side of local colour. His witch is a fine invention, though the machinery of the story would creak less if he had never reverted to "oil of man." His rustics who revolve about Honor as Mr. Hardy's did about Bathsheba (a greater creation) are always amusing. This is the way in which Churdles administers consolation to the father of a still-born babe:

"Beggin' your pardon, theer's a gert lesson to such a trouble, if a body can't be tu stiff-necked to see it. It do teach us worms o' the airth as even God A'mighty have got a pinch of something human in the nature of Un—as I've allus said, for that matter. This here shows how even He can alter His purpose arter a thing be well begun, an' ban't shamed to change His Everlasting Mind now an' again, more'n the wisest of us. Theer's gert comfort in that, if you please."

If Mr. Phillpotts will strive towards organic perfection—perfection of form and mechanism—he may do something great.

A Breaker of Laws. By W. Pett Ridge.
(Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

MR. ALF BATESON was also a breaker of (or rather into) houses, and it was while making investigations preliminary to a "job" that he met the Devonshire domestic servant whom he came to love and to marry. Having married the amiable and pretty Caroline, he kept her in

ignorance of his past, tried to reform, failed, and got seven years. Caroline was told that he had been drowned off Woolwich. At the expiry of his term he travelled to Devonshire, and overheard a conversation:

"We shall make a splendid man of him, Caroline," said the elder woman, waving her *pince-nez* in his direction.

"Yes, miss. I want him——" She stopped and collected her work, and then rose.

"Go on, Caroline."

"I want him," she said quietly, "to be as good as his dear father was."

"Was he good?"

"He," said Caroline proudly, as she assisted her mistress into the drawing-room, "was perfect."

Then Alf changed his purpose, and wrote to his only pal: "I cannot spoil her life by letting her know that I am still alive. . . . Be good to her." All which, despite Mr Ridge's ingenuities of realism, is unnatural, as he must very well know. A writer so talented as Mr. Pett Ridge, so picturesque, so curiously learned in strange human documents, might surely employ himself better than in these exercises of prettiness, at once superficially exact and fundamentally untrue.

Mother-Sister. By Edwin Pugh.
(Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

MR. EDWIN PUGH would, perhaps, secretly resent any charge of sentimentalism. Nevertheless, a half-hidden yet rank sentimentality is the chief blot on this sinister record of Hooligans. Beneath the veneer of callousness, beneath the grim equanimity affected by this inured observer whom (he would have us believe) no phenomenon of brutalised humanity can shock, there peeps out the pink-and-white sentimentalism of your old-fashioned domestic novelist. The very title of the story gives promise of sentimentality, and that promise is not belied. We do not believe in "Maddie," the girl of fifteen with the heart of gold, who mothered her entire family. Still, the book is clever, sometimes even brilliant. The best part of it is the opening chapter, in which Dan Marmory "wipes up" the street with McCanty, the man who robbed him of his Betsy. Marmory is drawn with skill. As for observation, take away the slang and possibly not much would be left. The slang, however, is prodigious:

"I ain't bin getting on," replied Harvey. "I bin copping out on about the thickest streak o' drive-me-mad as ever I know. Talk about Barney's bull! He never was so busted up as I bin. No tommy. No lotion. No kip. No posh. No nothing. Not even the option. Look at last Monday week. No, I can't tell you about it. It's enough to make a honest pad turn snider, so it is. This is about the roughest bit o' luck I struck. And I reckon if it's come for keeps I'm saying 'Fainitz' soon."

"Why don't you come and join us, Harve?"

"What, me join the blooming Salvation Army?"

"Why not?"

"Jo, I may be down on my socks, but I ain't going to turn myself into no amateur angel to please nobody. Me give up smoking and——"

In places, we fancy that Mr. Pugh falters in his amazing verbal accuracy. Would Ben Bromage have said: "I can bear up without it"? On the whole, *Mother-Sister* displays Mr. Pugh's limitations as sharply as his abilities.

Cynthia in the West. By Charles Lee.
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

MR. LEE has essayed to depict a small colony of London artists in a Cornish fishing village—Tregurda. The colony and the village are seen mainly through the eyes of Robert Maurice, an author, who goes down to Tregurda on a visit. If the whole book were as good as the opening

description of Maurice's drive from the railway station with "Sampy," the aged local philosopher and wit, it would be very good. But the remainder of the novel—that is to say, about nine-tenths of it—is on a lower plane. Mr. Lee has a careful eye for the absurdities of the colony, who dine in evening dress at Tregurda, and discuss art in the terms of Chelsea amateurs. Nervous and fussy Mrs. Wilmington, the only married woman and chief hostess, is well drawn; and the entire colony's chronic fear of looking ridiculous to itself is shown with some humour. Certain of the fishermen's characteristics, too, have been noted with insight and exactness. One remembers the sentence: "All very well for you, Mr. Forester; but, to my mind, the man who goes to sea for pleasure would go to hell for pastime." On the whole, however, the story lacks vigour, lacks imagination, lacks balance. In particular, the author fails with his two principal persons—Forester, the great, quiet genius, and Cynthia, the lively, large-souled creature, who, Mr. Lee would have us believe, was a woman high above women. The episode of Forester and Nellie, the model, is almost ridiculous; and as for the unrivalled Cynthia—well, she talks thus:

"Mr. Maurice," she said, "I have been speaking openly. It is not my habit. You will wonder; we are almost strangers. But I am alone down here; there is nobody I can talk to—nobody I dare talk to. They would misunderstand. I have seen very little of you, but—we women are credited with an instinct that tells us where to trust—I feel that you will not misunderstand. I am very lonely; I need a friend—a comrade. You won't misunderstand, will you?" . . .

"I am honoured, Miss Paget," he said earnestly.

"You can trust me; I would never presume."

"I am lonely!" she cried. . . .

We consider that Mr. Lee is likely to succeed much better with Cornish folk than with peerless maids or the artistic temperament. Immediately he begins to manoeuvre with the Bedford Park type he becomes awkward and unsure, and he does not always avoid sheer feeble mawkishness. But he possesses talent, somewhere.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

TOMMY AND GRIZEL.

By J. M. BARRIE.

When Mr. Barrie's story began in *Scribner's*, we recorded with joy the appearance of O. P. Pym, "that vast and rolling figure, who never knew what he was to write about until he dipped grandly." But O. P. Pym is only a speck on the canvas which records the rise and duplicities and fall of our old friend Sentimental Tommy, the gentleness of his sister Elspeth, and the pathetic devotion of Grizel. The first chapter concludes: "'Make yourself at home, Elspeth; he's the kind I can manage. Was there ever a kind I couldna manage?' he whispered, top-heavy with conceit. '*There was Grizel*,' said Elspeth; and Tommy frowned." Wherein is a keynote to much that follows in the present work. (Cassell. 6s.)

OLD FIRES AND PROFITABLE
GHOSTS.

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

These stories by the author of *The Ship of Stars* are of *revenants*, Mr. Quiller-Couch tells us—"persons who, either in spirit or in body, revisit old scenes, return upon old selves or old emotions, or relate a message from a world beyond perception." One of the stories, "Which?" was suggested to "Q." by a passage in Hawthorne's Note-books, where he proposes a story "to be laid within

the light of a street lantern; the time, when the lamp is near going out; and the catastrophe to be simultaneous with the last flickering beam." "The Lady of the Ship" is nearly historical, and other stories rest more or less on fact. The book exhibits a side of "Q.'s" art less familiar than that in *The Ship of Stars*. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE STICKIT MINISTER'S WOOING,
AND OTHER GALWAY STORIES. BY S. R. CROCKETT.

Mr. Crockett, also, gives us a sheaf of short stories, with a "Look Behind and Forward." The dedication is: "To the Well-Beloved Memory of R. L. S., to whom, eight years ago, I dedicated the first series of the 'Stickit Minister' stories." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

LORD JIM. BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

This is the story which began in *Blackwood's Magazine* some months ago as a short study, and has grown into a long book. It relates the history of a young Englishman—sailor and failure and dreamer—in the East, and is told with all Mr. Conrad's precision and romantic fervour. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE FILIBUSTERS. BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

"Now, not counting Briggs, who was inscrutable, we five, who considered ourselves in the know, clearly understood that Holsteins were backing the revolution. Of course there is nothing very peculiar in that. Holsteins are the greatest financial house . . ." All who joyed in Captain Kettle, and can survive the cover of this book, will go on. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A MAN'S WOMAN. BY FRANK NORRIS.

The probable has happened: we have here a novel that opens in the Arctic regions. Readers of *Shanghai'd*, *McTeague*, and *Blix* will follow Mr. Norris anywhere. But in the third chapter we are in Calumet-square, and "the heat had been palpitating through all the City's streets since early morning." We have glanced at the end of the story; it is most quietly effective. (Richards. 6s.)

ROSE ISLAND. BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

"The Strange Story of a Love Adventure at Sea." What more, what less, can we expect from this veteran salt-water writer? (Arnold. 6s.)

THE WOMAN OF DEATH. BY GUY BOOTHBY.

"'Milord Middlesborough est un bon garçon, mais c'est dommage qu'il trouvé le monde si ennuyant,' said the pretty Countess de Chevillac, as she leant over the parapet of the terrace of Middlesborough's Villa and dropped a rose-leaf into the clear water of the Mediterranean below." For it was the Mediterranean that was below, not the Pacific Ocean, or the Antarctic Sea, but just the Mediterranean. And so she dropped the rose-leaf into that. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE BENNETT TWINS. BY GRACE MARGUERITE HURD.

A bright story of a brother and sister taking the plunge into life in a New York studio. The twins are boy and girl—Donald and Agnes. The motto: "He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding." (Macmillan. 6s.)

PALACE TALES. BY H. FIELDING.

In this sheaf of stories Mr. Fielding attempts to "rescue from complete oblivion one phase of life in the Palace, in the times of the Burmese kings." But whereas in his former book, *Thibaw's Queen*, he allied love with tears, here love makes for laughter. A budget of Eastern sunshine. (Harpers. 6s.)

KING OF THE ROCKS. BY AMBROSE PLATT.

We have before now confessed the bewilderment into which a Prologue to a novel always throws us. Why ever a Prologue? This novel has three Prologues, or a Prologue in three sections. Let those persevere who will. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE WORLD'S GREAT SNARE. BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

This story by a popular author opens with swearing in one valley of the Sierras, and appears to end with kissing in another. There is a Young Man from the East, and the Earl of Wessemer, and a "Night Cry," and a "Soul Floating into the Sunlight." In fact, there is any quantity of incident and personality and Snare. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

JOHN CHARITY. EDITED BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

"A Romance of Yesterday, Containing Certain Adventures and Love-passages in Alta California of John Charity, Yeoman of Cranberry-Orcas, in the County of Hampshire, England, as Set Down by Himself." (Murray. 6s.)

THE HOUSE OF GIANTS. BY YORRICK EVERETT.

A story in thirteen chapters, followed by fourteen short stories. The author's method is not gigantesque. On the contrary, "all the stories in this book have been written under stress of a recurrent impulse to try how fiction might 'work' when reduced to its lowest, by which I mean for the moment its shortest, terms, rejecting all superfluous detail, and essaying what was purely indispensable, and to make *that* tell the story." We observe that one of the stories is concerned with an A. B. C. Girl, about whom there is rarely any superfluous detail. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

PLOTTERS OF PARIS. BY EDMUND MITCHELL.

Red-hot melodrama in four hundred pages, by the author of *Chickabiddy*. One of the chapters describes a Black Mass, to which the hero is taken blindfold. There are many characters and countless incidents. "And Julian Leguillard? I believe that for the present that jackal of revolution yelps in a minor key under another name in the Belgian press." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

BY BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL AND
A WOMAN'S SOUL. FLORENCE EASTWICK.

Last week we noticed a novel which opened with the words: "'After all,' sighed the Marchioness . . . 'we are but slaves of Society.'" And here is a novel that opens with the sentence: "I am going to be a marchioness." Daphne adds that she is marrying the Marquis of Lynmouth with no other aim in view. Much evil comes of it—incompatibility, separation, and tragedy deeper than either. Readable—but what story is not? (Marshall & Sons. 6s.)

BLACKMAIL. BY CHARLES K. MOORE.

"'You are a blackguard!' 'The best equipped blackguard you ever met, unweighted by a single scruple,' said St. John coolly." (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.)

THE BAG OF DIAMONDS AND
THREE BITS OF PASTE. BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

The title tells all, and the Preface confirms it: "The four following tales . . . are sent forth with no pretensions to being analyses of life problems or psychical intricacies, but as simple attempts at the mysterious and marvellous—with not much marvel and very little mystery." The reader is in good hands, and, if he likes the *menu*, he will like the feast. (Chatto. 6s.)

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Criticism in Verse.

AMONG the collected poems of Thomas Edward Brown are three pieces—two of them of epigrammatic brevity—which make us wish that a reader so original, and a critic so acute, had wedded his literary judgments to verse oftener. Verse is an admirable vehicle for a man's settled feeling toward a great writer. That feeling, indeed, is worth little if it does not make for song. We would not have a mere outpouring of praise; rather should criticism attain its full veracity when it attains its full warmth. It does so in T. E. B.'s "Dante and Ariosto":

If Dante breathes on me his awful breath,
I rise and go; but I am sad as death—
I go; but, turning, who is that I see?
I whisper: "Ariosto, wait for me!"

Is not that charming? Very good, too, is "Boccaccio":

Boccaccio, for you laughed all laughs that are—
The Cynic scoff, the chuckle of the churl,
The laugh that ripples over reefs of pearl,
The broad, the sly, the hugely jocular;
Men call you lewd, and coarse, allege you mar
The music that, withdrawn your ribald skirl,
Were sweet as note of mavis or of merle—
Wherefore they frown, and rate you at the bar.
One thing is proved: To count the sad degrees
Upon the Plague's dim dial, catch the tone
Of a great death that lies upon a land,
Feel nature's ties, yet hold with steadfast hand
The diamond, you are three that stand alone—
You, and Lucretius, and Thucydides.

In our own time the best metrical criticism has been written by Matthew Arnold, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Watson. Of these, Mr. Swinburne is the most gorgeous eulogist; he criticises by eulogy, and to distinguish between his brightnesses of praise is often a too difficult task. When we have read these lines on Marlowe, and several like unto it, his tributes begin to puzzle:

"If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of th-ir master thoughts,"
And as with rush of hurtling chariots
The flight of all these spirits were impelled
Toward one great end, thy glory—nay, not then,
Not yet might'st thou be praised enough of men.

Mr. Swinburne's invocation to Sir Philip Sidney leaves on the mind an admirable impression of the genius of—Mr. Swinburne; poor Sidney being literally drowned in their late Victorian melody:

Music bright as the soul of light, for wings an eagle, for
notes a dove,
Leaps and shines from the lustrous lines where through
thy soul from afar above
Shone and sang till the darkness rang with light whose
fire is the fount of love.
Love that led thee alive, and fed thy soul with sorrows
and joys and fears,
Love that sped thee, alive and dead, to fame's fair goal
with thy peerless peers,
Feeds the flame of thy quenchless name with light that
lightens the rayless years.

Nevertheless, when most loyal to his own sumptuous way, Mr. Swinburne can utter finely suggestive poetic criticism. His sonnet on John Ford is an example—an example so splendid that we must quote it entire:

Hew hard the marble from the mountain's heart
Where hardest night holds fast in iron gloom
Gems brighter than an April dawn in bloom,
That his Memnonian likeness thence may start
Revealed, whose hand with high funereal art
Carved night, and chiselled shadow: be the tomb
That speaks him famous graven with signs of doom
Intrenched inevitably in lines athwart,
As on some thunder-blasted Titan's brow
His record of rebellion. Not the day
Shall strike forth music from so stern a chord,
Touching his marble: darkness, none knows how,
And stars impenetrable of midnight, may.
So looms the likeness of thy soul, John Ford.

In close criticism Mr. Watson shines brightest among living poet-critics. He has all the needed qualities: imagination, penetration, music, and epigram. His *Wordsworth's Grace* is a masterpiece in its way. After Mr. Swinburne's bonfire to Marlowe, quoted above, the following comes rather well:

Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakespeare's ope.
How welcome—after gong and cymbals' din—
The continuity, the long, slow slope,
And vast curves of the gradual violin.

In criticism of Wordsworth Mr. Watson and Matthew Arnold can be compared. But we have no wish to compare them; and the absence from our elbow of Mr. Watson's poem makes this impossible. Nothing more satisfying than Matthew Arnold's lines on Wordsworth can be imagined:

He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease.
.
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel,
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?

Mr. Watson's poem should be read as a whole; we can quote here only two of its stanzas, and those not the best:

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast or blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white languors to decline and cease;
But peace, whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.

In his poem "On Exaggerated Deference to Foreign Literary Opinion" Mr. Watson lets himself go for once, and gives us this memorable verse:

More than the froth and flotsam of the Seine,
More than your Hugo-flare against the night,
And more than Weimar's proud elaborate calm,
One flash of Byron's lightning, Wordsworth's light.

Byron was himself a mighty critic in verse; and we are at once reminded that verse-criticism is the most destructive of all, when written by a master. Shadwell can never wriggle from under the heel of Dryden's iron measures. The perfection of Dryden's denunciation would have sealed the doom of a greater poet. You may as well doubt the wind's wail or the sunset's flare as doubt the incompetence that inspired such lines as these:

And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, "Tis resolved; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity:
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day."

When those lines were written Shadwell's dulness became as real and immovable as the Wrekin.

But for rollicking destruction that gives joy to the spectator, while not denying hope to the culprit, commend us to Byron—Byron, who learned to deplore his "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers." Do you remember Byron's critical decalogue in "Don Juan"?

If ever I should condescend to prose,
I'll write poetical commandments, which
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
That went before; in these I shall enrich
My text with many things that no one knows,
And carry precept to the highest pitch:
I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,
Or, Every Poet his own Aristotle."

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope:
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey:
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy;
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy:
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
Commit—flirtation with the Muse of Moore.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his;
Thou shalt not bear false witness like "the Blues"
(There's one, at least, is very fond of this);
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose:
This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
Exactly as you please, or not, the rod,
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

How muscular is he in his own defence:

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of
The present poem—of—I know not what—
A tendency to under-rate and scoff
At human power and virtue, and all that;
And this they say in language rather rough.
Good God! I wonder what they would be at!
I say no more than has been said in Dante's
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;

By Swift by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,
By Fénelon, by Luther, and by Plato;
By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau
Who knew this life was not worth a potatoe
'Tis not their fault nor mine, if this be so—
For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,—
Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die,
But which is best, you know no more than I.

But we will end, as we began, with praise. Next week we shall all be groping for fine things to say about Chaucer. Why not quote Keats and be done? The whole joy of Chaucer is enrolled in these lines: "Written at the End of Chaucer's Tale, 'The Floure and the Leaf'":

This pleasant tale is like a copse:
The honied lines so freshly interlace
To keep the reader in so sweet a place,
So that he here and there full-hearted stops;
And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops
Come cool and suddenly against his face,
And by the wandering melody may trace
Which way the tender-legged linnets hop.
Oh! what a power has white Simplicity.

But for brevity—Leigh Hunt's line:

Chaucer for manners, and close, silent eye.

Things Seen.

"For Better, for Worse."

MINE was the only table in the noisy little Soho restaurant not fully occupied. So the late-comer and his wife, having glanced round the room, sat down facing me.

I take shame to myself for the fact that, try as I would, I could not fix my regard upon my meal, but needs must be furtively taking stock of my *vis-à-vis* and his wife.

A hard-worked journalist, of the best, the hard-thinking type. No, not a guess; I am all but certain of it. And, oh, but the enduring patience, the seared, worn, inexhaustible kindness in his face was wonderful to look upon!

And then the wife: there was no mistaking her condition; for me at all events. I had met more than one woman so accursed. It was no casual, rare, or isolated lapse that had, so to say, bethumbed and smeared that full, ripely-intelligent face, blurred the fine eyes, and swollen the classic outline into a senseless scrawl. Even liqueurs or neat brandy cannot achieve this at a sitting.

She was acutely conscious, resentfully remorseful, morosely penitent; and she glared in rigid silence at the menu card. He ordered soup for two and "un demi Medoc." Presently the soup supplanted the menu in her fixed regard; but she did not touch it. He half-filled their wine glasses, exactly the same quantity of wine in each, and filled them then from a syphon of soda-water.

No, she would not take fish. A cutlet? Negatived by a blink of her unseeing eyes. He ordered some fish for himself; wearily decorated his plate with fragments thereof; sought to rally his wife, in a whisper; realised the impossible nature of the situation, and beckoned the pay-waiter to him.

"Two soups, one fish, one demi Medoc, the syphon; no, no bread. Yes, that's all. No, there's nothing wrong with the fish, thank you. I—I hav'n't been able to eat all day. Madame; no, madame is not hungry. No, no; nothing is wrong with the food. I am not complaining. Thank you. Good night!"

I could have beaten the kindly cruel waiter, with his persistent solicitude!

A moment more, and the pair had escaped into the street.

"Not a mouthful," murmured the waiter to a colleague, as he whisked away the fish plate. "That's the fourth day this week!"

And, oh, but the enduring patience, the seared, worn, inexhaustible kindness in the journalist's face, it was wonderful to look upon!

A Gentleman.

SHE was never at a loss in the interests of the family for whom she had toiled, in innumerable capacities, for years. Over the soapsuds, of a Monday morning, in the back-kitchen, she heard and retailed the news. Here was generally of funerals and weddings; theirs of the minor and major movements of home sisters, and brothers gone abroad. One of these last was expected back from the East, after an absence of four years. Elbow-deep in froth, she contrasted his qualities with those of his elder brother in Africa, whom she (secretly) regarded more. "Yes, now," she said, referring to her unacknowledged favourite, "he was a gentleman, Mister John was. When 'e wanted 'is boots cleaned 'e'd come to the top of the stairs and call down, soft-like: 'Mrs. L—, will you be so kind as to clean my boots?' Not but what Mister 'Arry's a gentleman too—but in a different style. When Mister 'Arry wanted 'is boots done, 'e'd just drop 'em over the bannisters and 'oller: 'Eads! I want my boots cleaned!'"

The King and the Play.

THE last performance of the Passion Play has been given, and for ten years Oberammergau will lie unvisited among her encircling hills. Bavarian peasants formed the last audience. They had tramped across the hills, in families, from scattered pious villages, *rucksacks* upon their backs, devotion in their eyes, and on their faces reverent expectancy. On the following day the village marched in procession to the ancient church at Ettal, there to give thanks for the Divine favour of the Passion Play. Not that the Passion year has been without its sorrows. Death has not overlooked the villagers. Johann Lang, who thrice played the part of Caiaphas, has been taken; also the Centurion, who died of pneumonia, the result of a cold caught during one of the performances; one of the orchestra, from heart disease; and the father of Anna Flunger, who had the honour of being cast for the part of the Virgin Mary.

But the peasants have had their triumphs too. The Play has been performed, not only on successive Sundays, but on most Mondays also, so keen has been the desire of the civilised world to see it, and always has the play been given to a hushed audience—reverent and wondering. So impressed have a number of English Protestants been by the beauty and sincerity of the presentment that they propose to mark their appreciation by presenting a chalice to the Oberammergau church. That will make the peasants unfeignedly happy, if a little amazed. They are a grateful folk, and that quality of gratitude brings me to my point, for their first act after the last performance was to agree to the erection of a drinking fountain to the memory of their friend, inspirer, and king, Ludwig II. of Bohemia—"the mad king," as the world calls him—who spent his fortune on fantastic palaces wherein his own "madness," his religion, and the genius of Wagner are so interwoven that you scarce can tell where one begins and the others end; who so fired the imagination of his peasants that already his life is a saga and he a saint; a monarch who, fourteen years ago, finding this world too narrow a room for his ardent spirit, drowned himself in Starnberg Lake.

It is fitting that the peasants of Oberammergau should honour the memory of their beloved monarch by decreeing that every peasant who toils in from the hills shall find a cup of cold water waiting him. Ludwig must ever be associated with the village. When you leave the great Bavarian plain where Munich lies, and strike into the mountains, one particular landmark so enchains the eye that in time it becomes a sort of obsession—something that you always expect, and are disappointed if you do not find. Scale a mountain, and you will see it; climb a hill, and there it is. It is merely a cross fixed on a high crag of rock, and when you see it you know that there at the base lies Oberammergau. It was Ludwig II., the "mad king," who placed that cross there, and who again and again climbed to the summit to pray at the foot of the cross. Can you wonder these peasants, to whom the sacred symbol means so much, should remember him. How can they forget him when every time they look up to that cross, standing in icy isolation high above their village, they see, with the inner eye, his romantic figure kneeling there!

Strange it is how this mad, dead king dominates that country, not in the great Bavarian plain where Munich lies, but beyond, in the mountain villages where Bavaria lives her simple life—unspoiled. On these mountain roads, over these remote hamlets, his spirit hovers. His trail is over all. Hardly a day passed but I came across it. The peasants, the brown of their bare knees matching their brown, intelligent faces, delight to talk of his midnight rides on the snow-hard roads; of the lights of his white swan sleigh drawing nearer and nearer down the mountain passes; of the great, gilt sledge whirling through

the villages, and inside that pale, lonely, enigmatic figure; of the six horses with nodding plumes—come, gone—flashed away into the darkness before they had time to realise that their king was among them.

His trail is over all the Bavarian highlands. Once, when I had climbed a mountain road for many hours, and had reached, as I thought, the limit of civilisation in the shape of a cowherd's hut, I came suddenly upon a palatial building—decorated, sumptuous—the King's House, one of his resting-places on his whirling night journeys. Another time, half way up a pass, in whose giddy deeps lakes lurked, and on whose sides the furs stretched skywards, I stopped at a humble inn with sanded floors and bare tables. "Would I care to see the King's Rooms?" asked the landlady. She led me up the rickety staircase, unlocked a door, and lo! there was the Palace of Versailles in miniature. One room was upholstered in pink, the other in blue, brocade curtains hung from the windows, rare pictures upon the walls, Sèvres china in the cabinet—the King's Rooms—his resting-place for the night when he passed that way, echoing horns announcing the approach of his sledge, with the white plumes nodding upon his six horses. The third time was at Hohenschwangau—that smiling spot, half Bavaria, half an English park. I awoke soon after sunrise, and looking from the window saw Hohenschwangau rising rosy-red, like a fairy palace from her woods. On the other side, on its pinnacle of rock, there sprang into view that marvel of architecture and wanton beauty, where music and madness run riot, the Palace of Neuschwanstein—a monument to his religion, to Wagner, and to the splendour of his unbridled imagination, with its throne room planned acoustically with such cunning, that when he spoke his voice rolled round the walls like a voice baying to the world from the mountains. And on the walls are paintings of the six kings who became saints, and above, among the stars on the roof, soars the King of kings, and Saint of saints! And so once more back to the Passion Play, to that cross on the pinnacle of rock, and the mad king praying there. Far below lies Oberammergau—his Oberammergau—gone back to private life like an ex-Lord Mayor. I go over in memory the day I saw the play. Again the dust-laden carriages in interminable line crawl into the village; again the streets are filled with people from every clime; again, it is 6 o'clock on a Sunday morning, and the church is dark with worshippers; again, two hours later, the theatre is filled with a hushed throng of 6,000 people; again the birds fly across the open stage, and far beyond, over Pilate's house, I see the cattle grazing upon the hills; again the gun fires; again the 6,000 are mute as from either side of the stage grave, gorgeously clad figures advance; again the Passion Play has begun.

All was memorable, and much was profoundly moving. In the first hours one waited uneasily for the note of discord, for the jar of personal vanity, for some theatricality of pose or gesture that, it seemed, must show itself somewhere, some time. But the discord never came. The acting? It was not acting, it was reality! As the drama unfolded itself, I forgot that I was a spectator in a theatre. Fatigue? Yes! Intense fatigue, and when at five o'clock we left the theatre the body cried only for rest from sight and hearing. But later, the next day, driving away through those encircling hills, the Passion Play found its place in the twilight of unforgettable impressions. With me two episodes were clamant: one was the washing of the disciples' feet, and the other blended itself in my mind, without conscious intention, with the last moments of King Ludwig's life. As to the first episode, I never expect to see again such grave beauty of movement and gesture, such poignant feeling as that showed by the disciples when their Master moved slowly from one to the other with towel and basin. Their humble gestures of protest as He approached, struggling with

their love that irradiated from their rough faces, brought tears to the eyes. And the Christ, He moved among them like a spirit, like one walking and acting in a dream. It was not acting: it was reality.

The other episode was that last awful cry from the Cross. It rang round the theatre, cutting and bruising as it passed. *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?* We caught our breath. It was old and new—old as death, new as birth—that ultimate cry of human despair. The hills beyond the stage faded away, and I saw for a moment the waters of Starnberg Lake, and the figure of that unhappy king. That cry! his also in that weak moment, when he thought the world had conquered.

Correspondence.

The "Best-Selling."

SIR,—Twelve times a year the *Bookman* informs its subscribers what are the "best selling" books in the United Kingdom. Concerning this the seeker after enlightenment is confronted with no ordinary problem. Indeed, unless he be gifted above his fellow-men with the power of reading thoughts, he is practically bound to be baffled completely. He may grapple with the task manfully, bringing to bear thereon all the innate doggedness of nature and glorious determination not to be beaten that are his splendid heritage by right of birth, but, alas! all to no purpose. Despite his most strenuous exertions, he must, sooner or later, retire from the unequal contest. Yet, though he be defeated, he will not be disgraced, for to fail in the accomplishment of the impossible is not accounted to a man for his shame.

To go into details. On page 4 of the *Bookman* for the month of October, in the present year of grace, is a list of works "most in demand during the month." It refers, it should be explained in passing, only to England, and runs as follows:

The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. Mark Twain.
Robert Orange. John Oliver Hobbes.
Senator North. Gertrude Atherton.
The Attaché at Peking. A. B. F. Mitford.
The Gateless Barrier. Lucas Malet.
A Courtesy Dame. R. M. Gilchrist.
Meiklejohn's Educational Works.
The Sky Pilot. Ralph Connor.
The Fourth Generation. Sir Walter Besant.
Origin of the Boer War Revealed. C. H. Thomas.
With the Boer Forces. H. C. Hill-gas.
China, the Long-Lived Empire. E. R. Seidmore.

Now, in glancing over the foregoing names, the writer could not help being a little struck by one or two of them. From a pretty wide acquaintance with the literary tastes of both library-subscribers and patrons of the bookshops, it seemed to him that certain volumes in the above list were not included therein by right of popularity. Rather than set his judgment, however, against the weight of learning possessed by the compiler of this list, he sought corroborative evidence of its correctness in another quarter.

This was on page 34 of the *Bookman*, where is given a second list of the sales of books, "in order of demand," and covers the same period as that of the list already referred to. It differs therefrom, however, in the fact that it is divided into ten districts. By this means, accordingly, readers are enabled to gauge the local popularity of any particular book in list No. 1.

So far, so good. Here was evidently a scheme by which the inquirer might derive some valuable information respecting not only the "best selling-books" in England,

but also the particular districts in which they were the most popular of all those offered for sale. It was not until he had directed a little original research into the working of the theory that the writer began to have any doubt whatever as to its efficacy. When he had directed a good deal of original research into the matter, he had a corresponding amount of doubt.

In order that others may judge for themselves, he submits for their consideration these results:—Turning to list No. 1, he selected therefrom a book at random. It happened to be the one entitled *The Sky Pilot*, by Ralph Connor. As the name was by no means so familiar to him as one included among the fourteen best selling books in England during the month ought to have been, he promptly turned to list No. 2, for the purpose of discovering where the public were clamouring for it to such an extent as to justify its insertion in list No. 1. Or doing so, lo and behold! it was not there at all! That is to say, that this work, which on one page of the *Bookman* is described as one of the "best selling books of the month," is, on another, giving the best selling books in the ten chief districts in England, not even mentioned.

Other works declared in one place to be among the fourteen best selling ones in England, and omitted altogether from the second list, are Mark Twain's *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, Gertrude Atherton's *Senator North*, R. M. Gilchrist's *A Courtesy Dame*, and C. H. Thomas's *Origin of the Boer War Revealed*. To put it in another way: out of the fourteen books given in list No. 1 only five are given in list No. 2. Why?

As another instance of the vagaries of the compiler of this list, the present scribe would mention a personal experience—praying the suffrages of his readers for doing so. A short time ago he wrote—under extenuating circumstances—a certain book. The name is immaterial: suffice it to state that it was a work of transcendent genius. On its publication, therefore, he was greatly pleased to find it included in the *Bookman's* list of "best selling books" for three months in succession. Nevertheless, the pecuniary results derived by him from this epoch-making volume were infinitely less than those obtained by brothers in guilt whose books had never achieved the distinction of making even a single appearance in the *Bookman's* list. Again, why?—I am, &c.,

H. W.

Authors' Club.

"The Struggle for Success."

SIR,—In your issue of October 13 appears a notice of *The Struggle for Success*, by "J. Stodhart-Walker," a member of the medical profession in Edinburgh, the purport of which would lead me to believe that it refers to a book that was published under my name. But as I am neither a member of the medical profession in Edinburgh, nor do I sign myself "J. Stodhart-Walker," I am a little doubtful. My doubt is further emphasised when I read that your author "seems to attach as much importance to the wearing of a 'jemima' as to the greatest of the eternal verities." Now, my point of view is entirely opposite to this: I emphatically emphasise the triviality of the conventions which are concerned with the questions of dress, and say that "the society man or woman taking the whole matter seriously might rouse the laughter of the gods." If, then, your critic is referring to my book, it leaves the matter pretty much on the level of a reviewer attempting to prove that Charles Darwin (to rise to big men), in his *Origin of Species*, was attacking the principle of evolution, or that Herbert Spencer's *First Principles* was a defence of the ecclesiastical position.

Your reviewer is quite entitled to his opinions; he is not justified, however low he takes his standard of criticism, to alter facts. It is interesting to me, as a collector of statistics, to observe that all the favourable

reviews I have received have dwelt on the backbone of my work—that is, on the chapters on Inhibition and Physical Sanity and Marriage, while those who have viewed me as platitudinous and vague have cooled their souls over the fringe of my study, as it is found, for instance, in my chapter on Conventions.—I am, &c.,

ARCHIBALD STODART-WALKER.

30, Charles-street, St. James's, S.W.

P.S.—Your reviewer says “there is a great deal of shrewd, interesting conversation in this book.” Does that include my chapter on Inhibition? If so, I am sorry for the conversation!

[We regret the mistake in printing Mr. Stodart-Walker's name. For the rest, Mr. Stodart-Walker seems to think he should be his own critic. He is a graduate of Edinburgh and held an assistant professorship there, so that the protest against our description seems to be quite uncalled for.]

The Abuse of “R.”

SIR,—Mr. MacRitchie's statement that “many English people of excellent education add this phonetic *r* in certain connexions” will no doubt be read with surprise, if not incredulity, even by some who are unconsciously guilty of the solecism. Nor will they be convinced by the assumed analogous tendencies in German and French. In “*daran*” *r* is not intrusive, but radical—cf. Old Eng. *dhar*, *dher*; Goth., *thar*; Old High Ger., *dara*; Middle High Ger., *där*, showing that in New High Ger. the *r* lost in *da* survives in *dar-an*, *dar-aus*, &c. So in the French “*a-t-il*” the *t* is the Lat. *t* persisting before vowels, and *a-t-il* = *habet ille* should properly be written *at-il*. But with their usual topsy-turvydom the grammarians have perverted all this, calling the *t* “euphonic,” instead of explaining that it is a survival, lost in the direct form *il a(t)*. In the same way we are taught that *a* becomes *an* before a vowel (*a man*, *an ass*), the fact being that *an* becomes *a* before a consonant. Curious results are *nadder*, *napron*, now *adder*, *apron*, &c. I have never heard the sound *crarb* for *crab*, or *kharki* for *khaki*, though I am aware that many Anglo-Indians do say *wallar* for *wallah*, *ghorar* for *ghora*, &c.—I am, &c.,

A. H. KEANE.

79, Broadhurst-gardens, South Hampstead, N.W.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 56 (New Series).

LAST week we set the following Competition:

- The two most interesting biographies.
- The two most interesting works of history.
- The two most interesting works of travel.
- The two most interesting religious works.
- The two most interesting novels.
- The two most interesting books for children.

An examination of the lists sent in shows that, in the opinion of our competitors, the following autumn books promise to be the most interesting:

BIOGRAPHY.

- L. Huxley Life and Letters of
Huxley Macmillan.
J. Morley Oliver Cromwell Macmillan.

HISTORY.

- Dr. Doyle The Great Boer War Smith, Elder.
J. McCarthy The Four Georges Chatto & Windus.

TRAVEL.

- E. S. Grogan and
A. H. Sharp From the Cape to Cairo... Hurst & Blackett.
H. James A Little Tour in France... Heinemann.

RELIGIOUS.

- Principal Fairbairn... Philosophy of Christian
Religion Hodder & Stoughton.
Bullen With Christ at Sea Hodder & Stoughton.

NOVELS.

- J. M. Barrie Tommy and Grizel Cassell.
Mrs. H. Ward Eleanor Smith, Elder.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

- A. Lang Grey Fairy Book Longmans.
Author of “Elizabeth and Her April Baby's Book of German Garden” . Tunes Macmillan.

The individual list which most nearly anticipated the above result was drawn up by Mr. Thomas Griffiths, 36, John Street, Rhyll, to whom a cheque for one guinea has been sent. Mr. Griffiths's list is as follows:

- J. Morley Oliver Cromwell.
L. Huxley Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley, F.R.S.
Dr. Doyle History of the Boer War.
J. McCarthy A History of the Four Georges and of William the Fourth.
H. James A Little Tour in France.
E. S. Grogan and A. H. Sharp From the Cape to Cairo.
Principal Fairbairn The Philosophy of the Christian Religion.
Rev. S. Baring-Gould Virgin Saints and Martyrs.
R. S. Hichens Tongues of Conscience.
Mrs. H. Ward Eleanor.
Judge Parry The Story of Don Quixote.
A. Lang The Grey Fairy Book.

Among the most successful are these lists:

- J. Morley Oliver Cromwell.
L. Huxley Thomas Henry Huxley.
Conan Doyle The Great Boer War.
Sir W. Hunter A History of British India.
H. James A Little Tour in France.
E. S. Grogan and A. H. Sharp From the Cape to Cairo.
Prof. E. B. Tylor The Natural History of Religion.
F. T. Bullen With Christ at Sea.
Mrs. H. Ward Eleanor.
Zangwill The Mantle of Elijah.
G. Chesterton Greybeards at Play.
Author of “Elizabeth and Her German Garden” The April Baby's Book of Tunes.
[E. M. S., London.]
Benson Life of Archbishop Benson.
L. Huxley Huxley's Life and Letters.
J. Morley Oliver Cromwell.
A. Michie The Englishman in China in the Victorian Era.
Conan Doyle The Great Boer War.
Winston Churchill Ian Hamilton's March.
W. Walsh The History of the Romeward Movement in the Church of England, 1833-1864.
Principal Fairbairn The Philosophy of the Christian Religion.
Mrs. H. Ward Eleanor.
J. M. Barrie Tommy and Grizel.
A. Lang Grey Fairy Book.
Author of “Elizabeth and Her German Garden” The April Baby's Book of Tunes.
[P. K., London.]

Competition No. 57 (New Series).

The following pleasing little poem appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* of Thursday:

A WOMAN TO A MAN.

When you grieve, and let it show,
And may tell me nothing more,
You have told me, o'er and o'er,
All a woman needs to know.
When I show you that I care
(Meet your eyes, and touch your hand),
I have made you understand
All a woman may, or dare.
So, the ears of Friendship heard!
So, 'twas seen of Friendship's eyes!
You are sad, I sympathise,
All without a single word.

It will be observed that the poem is the address of a woman to a man. We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best poem of the same metre and length in which the man replies.

RULES.

Answers, addressed “Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.,” must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, October 24. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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The Literary Week.

IN the height of the season we could often fill an entire number of the ACADEMY with reviews of the novels published in the preceding week. Such a measure is happily out of the question; but next week we shall endeavour to meet the situation by issuing a special Fiction Supplement.

THE Chaucer window unveiled on Thursday in the collegiate church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, by Mr. Alfred Austin, is not a large window, as many people may suppose who have not seen it. It is a single-light lancet window in the north aisle of the nave, and is uniform in size and style with the adjacent window dedicated to Bunyan, and with the windows in the opposite aisle commemorating Philip Massinger, John Fletcher, Francis Beaumont, and Edgar Alleyn. Shakespeare and Spenser share a larger window between them. Appropriately, the Chaucer window is very near to the tomb of John Gower. In the course of his address the Poet Laureate remarked that "every great poet experienced and passed through three stages: in the first he was either excessively belauded or excessively depreciated; in the second he was neglected if he had previously been over-estimated, or belauded if he had been under-estimated; and in the third and last stage he came into smooth water after being either in the trough or on the crest of the wave. Then he reached a haven of tranquil and assured fame, such as has now for a long time been the assured lot of Chaucer." We wonder which of these stages Mr. Austin considers he has reached himself.

Two interesting items of literary news were announced at the end of last week. One was that Mr. Maccoll, who has been editor of the *Athenæum* since 1869, retires with the new year from that position. Mr. Maccoll has well earned his leisure by over thirty-one years of devotion to the journal he has conducted so ably. We are glad to learn that he will continue to contribute to the *Athenæum* on his own subjects. He is succeeded by Mr. Vernon Rendall, who has acted as assistant-editor for some years.

THE secret of the other item of literary news had been well kept. During the past twelve months, while the eyes of the political world have been fixed on Lord Rosebery, awaiting, or fearing, the moment when he would see fit to reveal himself, the author of *Pitt* has been quietly correcting a study of *Napoleon*. The volume, which contains 350 pages, deals mainly with Napoleon's residence at St. Helena, and it is said that the noble author has written the work "in order to lay a sort of literary ghost that has been haunting him for some time." Mr. Arthur Humphreys, who is the director of Messrs. Hatchard's, will publish the book. Lord Rosebery is a frequent visitor to Messrs. Hatchard's establishment.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has been interviewed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* apropos of his play "Herod," which is

to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre next Wednesday. The interviewer having beguiled Mr. Phillips (what a luxurious creature the modern interviewer is!) into the "palm-garden of the Carlton," and having found a "cosy corner, with cigarettes and coffee to help us out with our talk," certainly succeeded in making the author of "Herod" talk. Among other things Mr. Stephen Phillips said:

I should be inclined to describe "Herod" as an attempt to paint in dramatic verse with an Eastern background the most tremendous love-story in the world. I say this advisedly. It is no case here of a boy-and-girl passion as in "Romeo and Juliet" or "Paolo and Francesca"; nor even of the infatuation of a middle-aged man for a somewhat colourless maiden as in "Othello"; but of the clash of two natures equally intense and of barbaric emotion.

Throughout the play I hope to make perpetually felt the throb of that world-struggle between Mark Antony and Cæsar Augustus which involved the fate of Herod, and with him that of Judæa itself.

There is also a motive which, so far as I know, is new, and which in itself is foundation enough for a separate play—the constant contrast between Herod's public success and his domestic miseries.

THE *Monthly Review*, we gather, will make a feature of a poem of several pages in each issue. The first number, it will be remembered, contained Mr. Newbolt's fine poem, "The Nile." The second number contains a poem of five pages by Mr. Laurence Binyon, called "The Indian Prince."

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S condition, at the moment of going to press, remains very serious. He has really been ill for many months. Early in the summer he was suffering from influenza and inflammation of the lungs, and, when improvement took place, he was able to leave his house at Clapham Common and proceed on a holiday to France. About three months ago he was able to resume work, and also to cycle. A fortnight ago he rode to Clapham from a place where he was staying, and then he seemed to be almost himself again, and talked brightly and hopefully. That condition was maintained until last Friday, when he had a stroke of paralysis, which has affected the whole of one side of his body.

WE were expecting it, and, lo! it has come to the birth—the organ which is to be the particular mouthpiece of the Imperial spirit. The *Imperial and Colonial Magazine* is its name—an illustrated monthly:

Naturally [says the Prospectus] much space will be given to all the Colonies and Settlements in both hemispheres, their historic evolution, present condition, and future prospects. Topics of Military and Naval importance will here, too, of necessity, find a place. On all such topics it is our purpose and desire to present monthly to our readers articles signed by names that are eminent in their various departments, and written by men who will speak not only from theory, but out of the practical knowledge which comes from experience. Of such will be the bulk of the *Imperial and Colonial Magazine*.

The editor veils his identity under a *nom-de-guerre*. The sub-editor is Mr. E. F. Benson, whose brother opens the book with a poem "To Her Majesty."

THERE is an article on Byron, man, poet, and letter-writer, in the new *Edinburgh Review*. The writer speaks of him as the "founder and precursor of modern realism in poetry," and makes a good point when he says of a stanza in "Don Juan": "A versified paraphrase, it may be said, of sober history, yet withal very different from the most animated prose, which must be kept at a lower temperature of intense expression." As an instance of Byron's felicitous realism in quiet description, we are referred to the stanzas describing the return of Lambro to his Greek island:

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,
His garden trees all shadowy and green;
He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,
The distant dog-bark; and perceived between
The umbrage of the wood so cool and dun
The moving figures and the sparkling sheen
Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various dyes
Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

And further on a group of Grecian girls,
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls;
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each too having
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—
(The least of which would set ten poets raving);
Their leader sang—and bounded to her song,
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,
Small social parties just begun to dine;
Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
And flasks of Sannian and of Chian wine,
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;
Above them their dessert grew on its vine,
The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er,
Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.

That the revival of Byron's poetry is opportune we are very sure, and the *Edinburgh* writer hopes that the reading of his poetry may act as a tonic on the literary nerves of the rising generation.

For, as Mr. Swinburne has generously acknowledged, with the emphatic concurrence of Matthew Arnold, his poems have "the excellence of sincerity and strength." Now, one tendency of latter-day verse has been toward that over-delicacy of fibre which has been termed decadence, toward the preference of correct metrical harmonies over distinct and incisive expression, toward vague indications of meaning. In this form the melody prevails over the matter; the style inclines to become precious and garnished with verbal artifice. Some recent French poets, indeed, in their anxiety to correct the troublesome lucidity of their mother-tongue, have set up the school of symbolism, which deals in half-veiled metaphor and sufficiently obscure allusion, relying upon subtly suggestive phrases for evoking associations. For ephemeral infirmities of this kind the straightforward virility of Byron's best work may serve as an antidote.

THE death of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner removes a popular and typical figure from American literature. Mr. Warner, who has died in his seventy-second year, had been one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine* since 1884, and a large contributor to its pages. He edited the "American Men of Letters" series, collaborated with Mark Twain on a novel called *The Golden Age*, and was an enthusiastic traveller and writer of travel sketches. His reputation was made thirty years ago by his book called *My Summer in a Garden*.

IN our Correspondence column will be found a warm plea for Thackeray as a force and as a companion. That he is both to very many is shown by the pilgrimage of the Urban Club to the Charterhouse last Saturday and the dinner at Anderton's Hotel, at which Sir J. Crichton Browne presided. The Club was received in the historic hall of the

Charterhouse by Dr. Haig Brown, formerly head of the School—which is now removed to Godalming—and he recalled the fact that in the year of Thackeray's death he had sat next to him at the banquet on Founder's Day. The Rev. Henry Le Bas read passages from Thackeray's works referring to the spot.

THAT curious little paper, the *Eagle and the Serpent*, which ordinarily confines itself pretty much to the teachings of Nietzsche, seems inclined to enlarge its scope. This month it draws its readers' attention to the maxims of Sebastian-Roche Nicholas Chamfort (1741-1794) whose sayings will often bear comparison with the best of Rochefoucauld. From the selection given we take the following specimens of Chamfort's wit and wisdom:

Intelligent people make many blunders because they never believe the world as stupid as it is.

Love pleases more than marriage for the reason that romance is more interesting than history.

You run the risk of being disgusted if you pry into the processes of cookery, government, or justice.

A man in deep mourning is asked: "Good God! whom have you lost?" "I?" says he, "I have lost nothing, I am a widower."

Milton after the restoration of Charles II. was on the way to securing again a lucrative office which he had lost. His wife urged him. He replied: "You are a woman, and you want a coach; as for me, I want to live and die an honest man."

A bright woman told me once that when choosing a sweetheart a woman pays more regard to what other women say about the man of her choice than to her own opinion of him.

When a man has been tormented and fatigued by his sensitiveness, he learns that he must live from day to day, forget all that is possible, and efface his life from memory as it passes.

MISS MARIE CORELLI has deserved well of the public and of Shakespearian students by drawing attention to the extraordinary project of placing a bust of the late Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) in the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon church, opposite the bust of Shakespeare. Miss Corelli states that Sir Theodore Martin has promised to give £500 towards the restoration fund now being collected for Holy Trinity Church on condition that he is allowed to place a bust of his late wife in the very spot sacred to the memory of Shakespeare. We prefer to hope, with the *Morning Post*, to which paper Miss Corelli addressed her letter, that some misconception exists. It is as difficult to believe that Sir Theodore Martin has intended this intrusion as to believe that the public will tolerate it. Miss Corelli, however, says explicitly that the Bishop of Worcester has given his permission for an act which the *Morning Post* frankly calls a "desecration," and this in spite of the determined opposition of the vicar of Stratford-on-Avon.

SINCE the above was written we learn that the vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, has been offered an immediate payment of £900, the whole of the debt on the church, provided the bust of the late Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) is placed in any part of the church other than the Shakespeare chancel.

THE *Pilot* has a striking article in which the writer declares his agreement with Ouida's diagnosis of "The Disease of Modernity" in her *Critical Essays*. Here is a live coal from the blaze:

Ouida is vehement and eloquent; therefore not to be trusted, says the sceptic again. Well, the facts are more

eloquent still, and Ouida gives them in melancholy abundance. The truth is, that we Liberals have made a huge mistake. We put down the *ancien régime*, and put up the capitalist, neither pure nor simple, but certainly our master. The Bourbons have gone out, the Rothschilds have come in, and we cry, foolishly enough, "Le roi est mort." It is about time we took a fresh observation of the phenomena. The Kingdom of Heaven is not here; but, as Ouida proves, the world has grown to be one gigantic railway-station plastered with lying advertisements. Capital glories in being cosmopolitan; it has no heart and no country; it values ideals and antiquities for what they will fetch in the market. It spans the Tiber and the Grand Canal with cast-iron bridges; it sets the jerry-builder to rear his unsightly barracks in front of St. Peter's; it shrieks with delight when trams thunder down the ringing grooves of Change through the Piazza del Duomo at Florence, and knock to pieces whatever comes in their way. It has laid waste the architectural beauty of old cities from one end of Europe to the other, working on a single pattern of dead and dull uniformity, which is not mere decadence but dissolution—the murder of that visible beauty which was a compensation to millions for the poverty they had to endure. They must endure it still, although the beauty is gone and the colour taken out of their lives.

The writer's conclusion is that the disease of modernity is real, that it is a spreading plague, and that it is nothing less than Mammon, "the meanest of all false gods."

On the title-page of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* appears the inscription: "Edited by Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill (Mrs. George Cornwallis-West)." It is understood, however, that the present admirable number has been arranged by Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, who himself contributes a short story called "Aunt Maisie's Indiscretion." A "miracle play," in three acts, by Maurice Maeterlinck, may be considered by some as the gem. "Sister Beatrice" it is called, and it is the poetical setting of a familiar mediæval legend. But Mr. A. Bernard Miall, its translator, warns us that the play is really a libretto, that he has been compelled to alter the metre, and that in any case readers may miss in "Sister Beatrice" the atmosphere and glamour of the Maeterlinckian drama, inasmuch as it is partly absent in the French. Externally the play looks Maeterlinckian enough, but we cannot attempt its exposition here. Mr. Edward Garnett's article on Tolstoi and Turgenev is well worth perusal. In "Three Seeresses" Mr. Andrew Lang prattles pleasingly and cogently about Mrs. Piper, Mdle. Hélène Smith, and Jeanne d'Arc.

WE have not seen a better pocket reprint than the Oxford Miniature Edition of *The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson*. In appearance, if not in construction, it is a "dumpy twelve," but not too dumpy. The type is almost large, and the binding has been done with the precision so necessary to a volume of 990 pages that can be slipped into the waistcoat pocket. The volume includes all the short early poems, and "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "Maud."

THE New York *Critic* is of opinion that the palm for work on Shakespeare done in this century must be awarded to Dr. Horace Howard Furness and his "New Variorum Edition." In a very interesting article on Furness and his work we are given an extract from a private letter written by Dr. Furness, with no thought of publication, but illuminating the whole subject of his life-work in a delightful manner. Dr. Furness says:

As for the time when I began to work over Shakespeare and study him with zeal, it began in '62 or '63, when I made a mighty variorum "Hamlet," cutting out the notes of five or six editions besides the Variorum of 1821, and

pasting them on a page with a little rivulet of text. 'Twas a ponderous book of quarto size, and eight or nine inches thick—and I took great delight in burning it some years ago. But the work revealed to me that it was high time to begin a new Variorum, that we might start afresh. We were constantly threshing old straw. . . . I think I tried five or six different shapes before I settled down on the present one, with varying faced type. To avoid the imputation that I was self-seeking in attaching my puny name to "the greatest in all literature," I resolved that I would be the merest drudge, simply arranging and codifying the notes of others, and would utter no faintest chirp of my own. But, as you know, my resolution did not hold out, and now ever since I edited "Othello" I gabble like a tinker. . . .

DR. FURNESS's edition is, of course, lineally descended from the old "Variorum" of 1821, which is in twenty-one octavo volumes, and embodies practically all Shakespearean textual criticism up to that date. In 1863-66 came the great Cambridge edition, edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright—an epoch-making work. Dr. Furness's Variorum is, however, a more ambitious work. The Cambridge Edition,

while it gives the readings of the old editions [we are quoting Dr. Furness himself], omits to note the adoption or rejection of them by the various editors, whereby an important element in estimating these readings is wanting; however uncouth a reading may seem at first sight, it ceases to be the "sophistication" of a printer when we learn that men so judicious as Capell or Dyce had pronounced in its favour; and in disputed passages it is of great interest to see at a glance on which side lies the weight of authority. Moreover, by this same defect in the plan of the Cambridge edition, credit is not always given to that editor who, from among the ancient readings, first adopted the text since generally received; and, indeed, the Cambridge editors themselves suffer from this omission, when it happens, as it sometimes does, that their own excellent selection is passed over uncredited.

Dr. Furness has worked *ab initio*; he has availed himself of no eyes but his own in collating the folios and quartos. Mr. W. J. Rolfe, the writer of the *Critic* article, points out very justly that "none but those who have done this kind of work can know how difficult it is to be invariably accurate in it. I have found mistakes in my own collation of modern English texts after comparing them line by line, word by word, letter by letter, and point by point, at least three times. I have had occasion, at one time and another, to examine and verify all the accessible collations of certain authors—Gray, Scott, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and others—and have detected many errors and defects in all of them. The transcripts of title-pages of early quartos, extracts from ancient registers and documents, &c., in editions and biographies of Shakespeare and commentaries on his works are seldom accurate."

APROPPOS of the Ruskin tablet in Hunter-street, mentioned in these columns last week, it may be interesting to note that the Society of Arts has now placed more than thirty tablets on houses associated with distinguished men and women. Among these are the following literary commemorations:

Joanna Baillie, Bolton House, Windmill-hill, Hampstead.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 15, Wimpole-street.
Robert Browning, 19, Warwick-crescent, Paddington.
Edmund Burke, 37, Gerrard-street, Soho.
Lord Byron, 16, Holles-street.

[The house was pulled down in 1889. In May, 1900, Messrs. John Lewis & Son, silk mercers, erected on the front of the new house (now in their occupation) a fresh memorial, consisting of a bronze relief bust of Byron placed in an architectural frame of Portland stone.]

Madame D'Arbly (Fanny Burney), 11, Bolton-street, Piccadilly.

Charles Dickens, Furnival's-inn.

[The whole of Furnival's-inn was pulled down in 1898.]

John Dryden, 43, Gerrard-street.
 Edward Gibbon, 7, Bentinck-street.
 John Keats, Lawnbank, Hampstead.
 Samuel Johnson, 17, Gough-square, Fleet-street.
 John Ruskin, 54, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square.
 Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 14, Savile-row.
 Wm. Makepeace Thackeray, Kensington Palace-green.

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE, having undertaken to prepare for the Clarendon Press a new edition of the *Letters of Horace Walpole*, would be greatly obliged if owners of original letters, whether already printed or not, would kindly communicate with her, in order that the new edition may be made as complete and correct as possible. Many of the letters as hitherto printed are either fragmentary or disfigured by misreadings, and it is desirable that they should be corrected by collation with the originals. Mrs. Toynbee has already succeeded in collecting from various sources nearly two hundred letters which are not included in current editions; and it is probable that there are many others in private hands which she has not yet been able to trace. Communications should be addressed to Mrs. Paget Toynbee, Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks.

THE voting for statues in the new Hall of Fame at New York has produced some interesting results. Washington heads the list, and is followed by Abraham Lincoln with one vote less. After these come Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Emerson, Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, and Jonathan Edwards. Lower still: Peabody, Hawthorne, Cooper, Henry Ward Beecher, Channing, and Elias Howe. Statesmen and rulers have seven representatives; authors and editors, four; and painters, one.

Bibliographical.

THE book which first attracted me to the late Charles Dudley Warner was his *My Summer in a Garden*, a little work published in this country by Messrs. Sampson Low. In this I found passages which struck me as genuinely humorous—quite American in their flavour, and yet with a kind of remote suggestion of the very English Charles Lamb. After that I read Warner's *Back Log Studies* (reprinted so recently as last year); and, later still, the small volume of essays called *As We Were Saying* (1891). As a matter of fact, these are but a tithe of the books by Warner which have been circulated in this country. To confine oneself to the past two decades only, one finds Warner credited with such works as *Captain John Smith* and *My Winter on the Nile* (1881), *Washington Irving* (1882), *A Roundabout Journey* (1883), *Their Pilgrimage* (1887), *On Horseback* (1888), *A Little Journey in the World* (1889), *Our American Italy* (1891), *In the Levant* (1892), *As We Go* (1893), *The Golden House*—a novel (1894), *The Relation of Literature to Life* and *The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote* (1897), and *That Fortune*—a novel (1899)—a tolerably large and varied list, testifying to considerable acquirements and much industry.

In his *Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald* Col. Prideaux wrote: "I trust I may, without impertinence, express a hope that cheap editions of the lesser works of FitzGerald may, within a short time, be issued to rank on one's shelves with the 'Golden Treasury' edition of the 'Rubāiyāt.' A reprint of 'Euphranor,' with the appendix to the second edition of 'Polonius,' the introduction to Crabbe's 'Tales of the Halls,' and the memoirs of Bernard Barton and the younger Crabbe, would make a capital beginning." Well, Messrs. Macmillan have issued this week just such a collection of FitzGerald's *Miscellanies* as Col. Prideaux sketched out, and I have good reason for thinking that it is mainly to his suggestion that we owe

the pretty little book. "The Spanish and Greek plays," he went on to say, "might follow in due course." Let us hope that this suggestion, also, may bear fruit.

Meanwhile, I am glad to note that Col. Prideaux's *Bibliography of Coleridge* is (to quote the prospectus) "on the eve of publication." It is based upon the late Mr. R. H. Shepherd's work, which Col. Prideaux has revised, corrected, and enlarged. It will be issued in French grey wrappers, uniformly with the bibliographies of Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Frank Hollings, of Great Turnstile, Holborn, will be the publisher.

At a time when so many people are reading the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, it may not be uninteresting to give a brief illustration of the low estimation in which *The Angel in the House* was held by at least a section of the literary world in the late 'sixties. In *Horse and Foot; or, Pilgrims to Parnassus* (1868), the late Richard Crawley passed in review all the English poets of the day, arriving, towards the close, at Patmore, of whom, on his third page, he had parenthetically said that he "drones the last, last muse to sleep." Only four more lines does the satirist accord to the poet:

Now Patmore—but you need no ridicule!

Vanquished, I bow to the superior fool;

Outcapped, out-jingled, from his works I quote,

And Patmore leads out Patmore in a note.

In the note are quotations from the *Angel*, which certainly exhibit vividly the tendency of its writer to indulge in ultra-simplicity—i.e., to drop into bathos.

Mr. Clifford Harrison, I see, has issued another volume of verse, called *Echoes*. His first publication, I fancy, was *In Hours of Leisure*, some dozen years ago. In 1895 came *On the Common Chords*—a book of lyrics; and in 1896 *The Lute of Apollo*—an essay on music. To 1897 belongs his *Notes on the Margins*—essays, and to 1898 his *Readers and Reading*, a subject on which he is admittedly an authority. No doubt Mr. Harrison inherits his interest in, and capacity for, music from his father, the famous operatic tenor; while it is possible that the histrionic power discernible in his recitations was transmitted to him from his grandmother, Mrs. Clifford, to whose ability and celebrity as an actress Mr. Harrison has borne testimony in his *Stray Records* (1892).

Mr. E. C. Stedman's *American Anthology* will, of course, be welcome. A good book of that sort is very much wanted, and Mr. Stedman has already shown in his *Poets of America* (1885) his firm grasp of the subject. His volume on the *Victorian Poets* (1887) is perhaps less widely known in this country than it deserves, while his work on *The Nature and Elements of Poetry* (1892) has probably had still fewer readers. His own *Poems*—collected three years ago—should be in every well-appointed library.

Messrs. Downey announce an edition of Smedley's *Frank Fairleigh*, in large demy 8vo, and with Cruikshank's illustrations, at twenty-five shillings net. Last year they issued two editions of the same book—one at sixpence, and the other (with the Cruikshank drawings) at half a guinea net. Last year, also, Messrs. Routledge issued the story in a two-shilling form. *Frank Fairleigh* has always been a favourite with publishers. Between 1891 and 1896 there were at least four reprints of it, by Messrs. Routledge, Ward & Lock, Warne, and Walter Scott.

By the way, Messrs. Downey's announcement of a new edition of Surtees's *Jorroek's Jaunts and Jollities* (with Alken's plates) reminds me that editions of the text were published early in the 'nineties at the price of only a shilling or two.

I understand that the new edition of *The Romany Rye*, which Messrs. Ward & Lock have in contemplation, will have an introduction from the pen of Mr. Watts-Dunton, who, it will be remembered, wrote an introduction to the same publishers' recent edition of *Lavengro*.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Morley's "Cromwell."

Oliver Cromwell. By the Right Hon. John Morley. (Macmillan.)

WHEN a statesman writes the life of a many-sided leader of men, it is to be expected that he will view him chiefly as a statesman. That is the case with Mr. John Morley and Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell was a zealot for religion, a popular leader, a ruler, and, above all (as Mr. Morley says), a great captain. From all these sides he may be, and has been, viewed, which explains and largely justifies the many biographies of the man. But it is as statesman that Mr. Morley views him, and as party-leader. What he fastens on most eagerly is the emergencies which offer diverging lines of policy, dear to the soul of the party-statesman. His military career is not dwelt upon with detail; many important events are related with extreme generality; but the policy of the Puritan leader is discussed with judicial care. Judicial, indeed, is the very word for Mr. Morley's book. There is no attempt at picturesque or striking narration. He deprecates, indeed, the endeavour of any but a Carlyle to clothe with poetry the prosaic facts of history. His style, we think, has not improved with political oratory and party cares. More finished and artistic English has been his in the work of his earlier days, before politics claimed him for their own.

It is not, for the reasons we have already mentioned, a full and exhaustive life of Cromwell; but it is a study of Cromwell the politician, done with excellent temper, balance, and dispassionate judgment. More than most biographies of the man, it engages our assent as strictly fair. Neither political prepossessions nor religious bias, not even biographical enthusiasm, the *lues Boswelliana*, can deflect the agate-edge of Mr. Morley's scientifically poised judgment one section of a hair's breadth. He appears, in fact, neither to love nor hate Cromwell. One would say the great Puritan was to him a scientific problem in human nature applied to politics—a very eminent and subtle example, but no more. It is a rare attitude, and the results are valuable.

At the outset Mr. Morley's peculiar gifts are not called forth, for the issues before Cromwell were plain, admitting of no doubt in him, and presenting no problems to his biographer. Resistance to Charles's wooden reliance on outworn precedents of unconstitutional rule was a straight matter, and cost Cromwell no thought. "I will consult my people's interest, but not my people's conceptions of their interest," said Charles. "The people's wishes must be reckoned with," said the Parliament, and Cromwell among the most thorough. Upon that issue, practically, the Civil War began. Thenceforth Cromwell's plain and unswerving course was to see that the Civil War was conducted to a successful result for the popular side. The remarkable thing is how the minority gradually gained complete control of that war and its resulting policy, in the face of a hostile and distrustful majority. For Cromwell and his Independents were in a hopeless minority, not alone of the Parliament, but of the nation. The Presbyterians held a crushing majority, both in and out of Parliament. Yet despite this fact, Cromwell first organised a troop of horse in consonance with his own ideas, and from his own adherents; then procured the organisation of the whole division of the Eastern Counties upon that model, and officered by his Independent adherents; and, finally, caused the whole army to be reorganised upon this same model, and officered from his trusty Independents. This was done in the teeth of an inimical majority, who distrusted his aims, and were bitterly opposed to the obvious power which it would throw into the hands of their enemies. Yet the majority seemed fascinated and overawed by Cromwell and his resolute minority. They even suffered him to propose the "self-denying ordinance"

by which members of the House were excluded from command, thereby preventing themselves from having any influence over the new army. And they suffered it so to be arranged that a place was evidently left for Cromwell to slip into, in defiance of that ordinance. Mr. Morley confesses that the leaving open of the lieutenant-generalship amounted to nothing else, despite Cromwell's attitude of indifference and unconcern. And at the last moment he was, of course, called to fill the vacant place—which every one must have seen was left vacant for him. It is true that the conspicuous success of his men and his measures, while others were failing, constituted a powerful compulsion towards the adoption of his system throughout the army. But the yielding of the majority to a scheme so obviously devised, and calculated to strip them of all control over the army—a scheme which they feared and fought against, and to which they finally yielded in a manner only to be called panic-stricken—can only be explained in one way. The Independents were organised—superbly organised—and the Presbyterians were not. Organisation is the invariable means by which a resolute minority overawes and overpowers a numerically powerful majority. Again and again has the bold device been practised. And it may generally be said that revolutions (contrary to the usual notion) are made by organised minorities. With Cromwell's victory at Naseby began another state of things. The triumphant Puritans had to settle what they were to do with their victory. What form of government were they going to set up? Was it to be Charles on new terms? Was it to be Presbyterian or Independent (which meant the power of the army)? Were the Scots, who had aided in the triumph, to share in the settlement? If it were to be Charles, on what terms, or with what party would he come to terms? This was the state of things which made Charles believe himself not only safe, but arbiter of the situation.

Then, for the first time, Cromwell became a political leader, with the necessity of choosing a party course. The army had become a political party, and Cromwell was its recognised chief. The facts of his action are undisputed. He negotiated with the King, and the King paltered with him, as he paltered with all leaders, and all parties. The army made extreme Radical demands (to use modern terms), including the abolition of the King; and Cromwell, with his lieutenant, Ireton, opposed their demands. Yet, ultimately he "sought the Lord" with an assemblage of army representatives, and sighfully and tearfully, beating his breast, confessed that he had sinned by communing with the evil thing, pledging himself to the army "platform," as we should now call it. Was he a hypocrite? Had he throughout a settled policy, a definite eye to his own advancement, by Charles, or failing Charles, by the army? Mr. Morley does not believe either. He thinks (and his view is probable) that Cromwell had no foresight of the issue; that he was honestly perplexed, honestly desirous of arranging matters with the least wrench to former institutions, would Charles have conceded the results of the revolution. Failing that, he was swept away by the army. With the experience of the politician, Mr. Morley protests against the notion that a party-leader is master of his party. Cromwell was no ideally far-sighted man—the practical heads of great practical movements seldom are—he was a shrewd and decided waiter upon Providence, thinks Mr. Morley. And he quotes Cromwell's own letters and speeches, quotes them very convincingly, to support this view. When the Puritan captain had reluctantly adopted the army's conviction that kings and lords must disappear, he still shrank from initiating action to that end. "God," he says, "can do it without necessitating us to a thing which is scandalous, and therefore let those that are of that mind wait upon God for such a way where the thing may be done without sin and without scandal too." Now God, practically, was Cromwell's name for the flowing tide; and the flowing tide, in the state of

things then existing, meant the collective will and action of the army. *Vox exercitus vox Dei* became his virtual principle. Inexorably swift in action when he saw whither circumstance and the overbalance of forces pointed, he was slow and troubled while the hour was in labour of its issue.

So it was after the defeat of the Scots at Dunbar, during the events which led up to the expulsion from the Commons of the Presbyterian majority, who were still negotiating with Charles. He lingered in the North till all was completed; not out of craft, but because he was loth to lend his arm to an act which he yet thought inevitable. Once it was done, he returned and took a leading part in the trial of Charles, which was its logical result. So it was throughout his career. He honourably wished to make the best of the existing parliamentary machinery; but he saw the distresses of the country, and instead of attributing them to circumstances, and the inevitably slow working of any constituent body, believed with soldierly impatience that they might be remedied by a more willing set of men, with an active brain to supervise them. This led him by logical steps to the violent dissolution of Parliament, to the inevitable consequence of assuming supreme control, and to the summoning of one Parliament after another, each of which broke in his hands. Mr. Morley believes he was urged on by violent men like Harrison. But in the famous dissolution of the Long Parliament, at any rate, we find Harrison urging caution, and Cromwell over-riding his warning. This short-sightedness speaks little for his political judgment. He kept the realm from anarchy, let it be granted him. But he aimed at more than that. He aimed at reconstituting the Government, and basing it permanently on Puritan ideals. In this he failed. He did not do as much as was effected by Napoleon I., much of whose work lived after him. He so mishandled matters that he became a leader without a party, a king almost without supporters, save the army which he had fascinated by his victories—and even there violent enemies arose against him. Only the establishment of heredity could have given permanence to his work; and not that without a strong inheritor. For his was the rule of a minority, and a minority which had ceased to be homogeneous. It was a process of whittling down. United Parliament gave place to Presbyterians, Presbyterians to Independents, Independents to Cromwell. With his removal, the point of the inverted pyramid broke, and it over-topped.

A strong ruler, but not a far-sighted statesman, it is not as statesman that Mr. Morley finds his chief praise. Cromwell, he thinks, was before all a great captain. As a statesman, he was not more than what he called himself (setting aside his foreign policy), "a good constable set to keep the peace of the parish."

It was by his military genius [says Mr. Morley], by the might of the legions that he created and controlled, and led to victory upon victory; it was at Marston and Naseby, at Preston and Worcester, in Ireland and at Dunbar, that Cromwell set his deep mark on the destinies of England as she was, and of that vaster dominion into which the English realm was in the course of time to be transformed. . . . In speed and vigour, in dash and in prudence, in force of shock and quick steadiness of recovery; in sieges, marches, long wasting campaigns, pitched engagements; as commander of horse, as tactician, and as strategist, the modern expert ranks Cromwell among the foremost masters of the rough art of war in every branch. . . . It was his armed right hand that crushed the absolutist pretensions alike of crown and mitre, and then forced the three kingdoms into the mould of a single state. It was at those decisive moments, when the trembling balance hung on fortune in the battlefield, that the unconquerable captain turned the scale. . . . This is still what, in a single sentence, defines the true place of Cromwell in history. Along with that paramount claim he performed the service of keeping a provisional form of peace, and delivering the nation from the anarchy in which both order and freedom would have been submerged. He made what some of the

best of his contemporaries thought dire mistakes; he forsook many principles in his choice of means . . . ; and many of his difficulties were of his own creation. Yet watchfulness, self-effacement, versatility, and resource, for the time and on the surface repaired all, and as "constable of the parish" his persistency was unflinching and unmatched. In the harder task of laying the foundations of a deeper order that might be expected to stand after his own imperious control was withdrawn he was beaten.

This, we think, is a fair and equitable summary of the claims which may rightfully be made for a great and much-disputed Englishman. Fortune was in some things against him. He believed that "what we gain in a free way is better than twice as much in a forced." Yet by fate's irony he appears to posterity as the incarnation of the strong hand. For, no less than Napoleon, he was "head of the army."

The Breath of Old England.

Froissart in Britain. By Henry Newbolt. (Nisbet & Co. 6s.)

FROISSART, most gallant of chroniclers, is the very breath of old England, though he were none of her sons by birth. He was born in a fortunate hour and under a fortunate star, this Fleming of Valenciennes, who came to England as a follower of his countrywoman, Philippa of Hainault, the young Queen to young Edward of England. Froissart was fortunate no less in the translator who has rendered him for the England he loved so well. Lord Berners's version is English of the sweetest and cleanest antiquity, which shames the epithet "hoar" tagged by custom to that noun, for it is all fresh, sound, and green as young oak, now lisping with a confiding felicity which moves joyous laughter, now sent home like well-timbered arrows; every word has the sap in it: it is young English of the best period of young English, admirably right to render this Froissart we call "ancient," with the dew of time on his speech. Fortunate is Froissart, again, that the author of *Admirals All* and *Drake's Drum* should have been inspired to make this selection from Berners's translation.

Mr. Newbolt's title shows that his idea has been to confine himself to those parts of Froissart which deal with England, so that the French wars are excluded, with Cressy, Poitiers, and the Black Prince. That is a great exclusion, yet abundance remains. For in England he includes Scotland and Ireland. His selection is very well done. In a few flashing pages we have before us (Wales excepted) the whole panorama of English rule in the Middle Ages—a splendid, wild, strange, half-familiar scene, with the unlike likeness of a sleeping vision. We find here, too, events, historically hackneyed to us, suddenly coming to life and taking on new aspects. We know all about Wat Tyler, and Walworth, and Richard II. Do we? Read here—you rub your eyes, and doubt. Did we not understand, from our not too accurate school histories, that Richard, being summoned to conference by the insurgents, Wat Tyler laid hold of his bridle, whereon Walworth struck him down, and Richard rode forward with the well-known words; upon which they followed him a certain distance, and dispersed upon a body of men-at-arms coming up? It is not so simple as that in Froissart; nor, perhaps, in the histories of our better-catered-for successors. There were two meetings. Richard left the Tower to meet the main body, while Wat Tyler broke into it with a remnant and murdered the Archbishop of Canterbury, as we know. The Tyler was thus absent from the King's encounter with the principal force, which is delightfully *naïf* in Froissart:

So the King entered in among them, and said to them sweetly, "Ah, ye good people, I am your King; what lack ye? what will ye say?" Then such as heard him said: "We will that ye make us free for ever, ourselves, our heirs, and our lands, and that we be called no more bond, nor so reputed."

The King agreed to their demands, and promised to give his agreement in writing, so they would disperse.

These words appeased well the common people, such as were simple and good plain men, that were come thither and wist not why. They said: "It was well said, we desire not better." . . . And when they had received the writing they departed, and returned into their own countries; but the great venom remained still behind, for Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball said, for all that these people were thus appeased, yet they would not depart so.

The King went from the conference at Mile End to see his mother in the Royal, and, after hearing Mass in Westminster, rode back with but forty horse, till at Smithfield he happened upon the residue of the rebels, to the number of twenty thousand. Wat the Tyler had assembled them there to urge the sack of London, before their confederates from the North and Midlands should arrive to share it with them. Seeing Richard, the Tyler bade his men wait while he spoke with him, and upon a sign slay all except the King, whom, being young, they might lead with them. Follows a picturesque narrative:

Therewith he spurred his horse and came to the King, so near him that his horse's head touched the croup of the King's horse; and the first word that he said was this: "Sir King, seest thou all yonder people?" "Yea, truly," said the King; "wherefore sayest thou?" "Because," said he, "they be all at my commandment, and have sworn to me faith and truth, to do all that I will have them." "In a good time!" said the King, "I will well that it be so." Then Wat Tyler said, as he that nothing demanded but riot: "What, believest thou, King, that these people, and as many as be in London, . . . that they will depart from thee thus without having thy letters?" "No," said the King, "ye shall have them; they be ordained for you, and shall be delivered every one, each after other." . . . With those words Wat Tyler cast his eyes on a squire that was there with the King, bearing the King's sword, and Wat Tyler hated greatly the same squire, for the same squire had displeased him before, for words between them. "What," said Tyler, "art thou there? Give me thy dagger." "Nay," said the squire, "that will I not do; wherefore should I give it thee?" The King beheld the squire, and said: "Give it him; let him have it." And so the squire took it him sore against his will. And when this Wat Tyler had it, he began to play therewith, and turned it in his hand, and said again to the squire: "Give me also that sword." "Nay," said the squire, "it is the King's sword; thou art not worthy to have it, for thou art but a knave; and if there were no more here but thou and I thou durst not speak those words for as much gold in quantity as all yonder church of St. Paul." "By my faith," said Wat Tyler, "I shall never eat meat till I have thy head"; and with these words the Mayor of London came to the King with a twelve horse, well armed under their coats, and so he brake the press and saw and heard how Wat Tyler demeaned himself, and said to him: "Ha! thou knave, how art thou so hardy in the King's presence to speak such words? It is too much for thee so to do." Then the King began to chafe, and said to the Mayor: "Set hands on him." And while the King said so, Tyler said to the Mayor: "A God's name, what have I said to displease thee?" "Yes, truly," quoth the Mayor, "thou false, stinking knave; shalt thou speak thus in the presence of the King, my natural lord? I wish never to live, without thou shalt dearly buy it." And with these words the Mayor drew out his sword and struck Tyler so great a stroke on the head that he fell down at the feet of his horse; and as soon as he was fallen they environed him all about, whereby he was not seen of his company. Then a squire of the King's alighted, called John Standish, and he drew out his sword and put it into Wat Tyler's belly; and so he died.

Pictures of hard hitting and single combat, mutual courtesy and emulous defiance, make the battle scenes of Froissart. And when Scots and English had done fighting, he assures us, whichever gained the victory, they were so well content with one another that at parting they would say, "God thank you!" It is a delightful little touch.

The Poetry of the "Unspeakable."

A History of Ottoman Poetry. By E. J. W. Gibb. Vol. I. (Luzac & Co.)

THIS is the first attempt in English—it may almost be said in the West—to produce a history of Turkish poetry. Von Hammer's great work, as Mr. Gibb points out, is less a history than a dictionary of Turkish poets. This first volume of the work shows erudition and thoroughness: it is not brilliant nor very attractive in style; it is, in fact, a little verbose and heavy; but it is clear and perspicuously arranged. On the whole, judging from the first volume, it deserves to be what it will doubtless become—the standard English authority on the subject. Mr. Gibb's translations, otherwise good, are marred by a profusion of the strangest archaisms and coinages. Of the Turkish poets in this first volume, but a few possess such force of genius as can recommend itself in English guise. The earliest of these is Sultân Vâled, a mystical poet, of whom we may take a brief specimen. Vâled tells a legend, how God said to Moses that He was ill, and Moses had not come nigh Him. Moses asks His meaning, and God replied that a saint of His has been ill upon earth:

How is it thou never hast gone to see him there?
Never asked his plight, nor said, "How dost thou fare?"
That I'm other than My saint, O deem not thou!
Whoso seeth him, he hath seen Me likewise;
Whoso asks for him hath asked for Me likewise.
See thou Me in him, and him in Me thou'lt see;
Ask of Me from him, and ask of him from Me!

Vâled seems to us a purely intellectual poet, but one whose insight justifies his reputation. For the highest honours of poetry he needs the addition of that ardour which he conspicuously lacks. He is, so to speak, a half-Dante, or, rather, a half-Wordsworth, with the imaginative and emotional sides excised. But as a gnomie poet, let us rate him not meanly.

Then, however, comes a dreary sequence. Romance rumbling like a hay-waggon, ingeniously contorted *ghazels* and *rubâ'is*, a hymn on the Prophet's nativity which is how different from that *Nativity* hymn of Milton, Burhân and Ashîq, Ahmedî and Suleymân—let them all pass by. Let us come to a true poet—Sheykhî, author of the romance, *Khusrev and Shirin*. Take the passage describing Khusrev's discovery of Shirin bathing. We have been fain to alter some words and lines marred by Mr. Gibb's worst affectations of diction and awkwardnesses of expression, that so beautiful a passage might not lose more than was inevitable:

Advancing softly, sudden did he sight
That Moon within the water shining bright.
And what a Moon! the world-illumining sun
More splendid were if 'neath her shade he won.
From mid the fount effulgence flasheth forth;
The fount laves her, she laves in light the earth.
Her violet locks spread o'er her roses were,
As she combed out her hyacinthine hair.
Her body made the pond a treasure-cist,
O'er which her coiled locks seemed to twine and twist.
Her hand had pushed those writhing snakes away,
As saying: "Hence! a charm here holdeth sway!"
For, raving wildly when it saw her ear,
She'd bound the water with her curling hair;
As frenzied 'twere and furious of spirit,
She had enchained and fettered it outright.
So showed her crystal frame with spray bestrewn,
As through a pearl-gemmed veil of reed the moon.

When shone that Moon before the Prince's gaze,
The Prince became the sun—with fire ablaze.

For chase or pastime all his force was o'er,
He bit upon his finger, wildered sore.
Unwitting of his gaze, the jasmine-breast,
(For o'er her narcissus did her jacinth rest),

When passed the murky cloud from her sun-face,
That beauty looked, and saw there full of grace
A paradise-bird an eagle-wing upon,
A Cypress become flagstaff for the suo.
That Fount of Radiance for her shame and fright
Did tremble like the moon on water bright.
Nor other help could find that Moon most fair
Than round her she should cast her flowing hair.
She wrapped her in her loosened hair straightway,
She veiled with the darksome night the day.

Even in its extravagances this description has strong affinity to the luxuriant Elizabethan writers. Perhaps it is this which incited Mr. Gibb to such horrors as "the sugar-dulce Shírín," and "did lave amene." So does he deal with the zealot-poet, Nesimí, who was flayed alive for over-bold proclamation of the Súfí mysteries. And truly his language reads blasphemously to the uninitiate. He applies the language of the Ottoman Bible—the Koran—to the Beloved, without stint or measure:

O censor, cast thy rosary and praying-rng asfar from thee,
And gaze on yonder curl and mole, and see what snare
and grain are they.

And, again:

Curl and cheek of thine stand there, the Lord ascended
on the Throne;
Thou whose eye-brow is the Kaaba-niche, whose eye the
preacher here.

Bare the Secret of thine ambergris-diffusing locks is laid,
Come is God's own Spirit, abrogate are cross and monkish
gear.

Gabriel hath revealed the Scripture on the tablet of thy
Form,
Thou whose beauty is the Word of God; a wondrous thing
is here!

O Nesimí, since thy rival is thy love, to wit, is God,
One are wrath and grace, and one likewise thy rival and
thy dear.

Such style is not unique, for a Persian poet has said, "The lifting of her eyebrow is my Lord." Through the strangeness of Turkish theological forms one can feel a fierce blast of ardour, altogether poetic. These three—Valed, Sheykhi, and Nesimí—in their different ways bear to us the stamp of power, and give us hope that subsequent volumes will disclose a richer record than we can truthfully say is exhibited in these early periods of dulness or artifice. But it is a curious and novel literature, worth Mr. Gibb's searching and painstaking history.

The Antarctic Night.

Through the First Antarctic Night, 1898-99: a Narrative of the Voyage of the "Belgica." By Frederick A. Cook. Illustrated. (Heinemann.)

AMONG the numerous expeditions that in these later years are flocking to the great spaces of the unknown South, the spirited little boatload of adventurers who, under the auspices of the Belgian Sovereign, sailed out of Antwerp harbour in August, 1897, might possibly have escaped notice but for the happy fortune that at the last moment provided them, in the person of the American Dr. Cook, with a capable chronicler. "Stylish" (we thank "£600 a Year" for that word) most fittingly describes the doctor's literary manner. His narrative is of the kind that it were better to read by two or three parallel lines at a time lest you should be tempted to analyse pedantically the 'structure' of his periods. Words must be accepted as meaning solely what in the immediate context he uses them to signify, lest, haunted by a sense of etymology, you accuse him of tautology or confusion of metaphors. You must like long words best, and brace

yourself to smile upon such pleasantry as an allusion to sea-sickness as the worship of Neptune. One other fault we have to find with Dr. Cook before we proceed to the story of the voyage. Explorers are, of necessity, cut off for the time being from the happiness of family life and the society of women; but the surgeon's recurring complaints on this hardship are in a key that, it is to be hoped, does less than justice to the rest of the party. The dull, blatant vulgarity of pages 251, 252, for instance, is either hateful evidence of the degraded taste of the general public for which the book is confessedly written, or it is the sign of an astonishing indiscretion on the part of an author who at the same time—such is his sense of delicacy—must veil an allusion to the human leg in a foreign language. (Yes, indeed: *les jambes*!) Let us do Dr. Cook, on the other hand, the justice to add that he has an eye for colour effects, and that in his descriptions of the wonderful antarctic night he is often vivid and happy.

For it is precisely the Night that the *Belgica* was the first to explore. She penetrated roughly a degree and a half further than Captain Cook, in 1774—to 71° 36'; whereas Weddell, in 1823, reached 74° 15'; Ross, 78° 9' 5", in 1842; and the *Southern Cross*, in February of this year, 78° 50' S. The boat was a stout "bark"—so Dr. Cook spells it—not specially built for the expedition, 110 feet by 26 feet, drawing 15 feet of water. She was furnished with auxiliary steam, which gave her seven knots at her swiftest. She was no greyhound, but she proved an excellent bulldog. She was well found with canned victuals, and carried 2,000 pounds of tonite, reputed more efficacious than dynamite for the destruction of ice, if she should be "embraced by the Frost King." The commandant was Adrien de Gertache; the captain, Georges Lecointe—Belgians both. So was the magnetician, Emile Danco, who died. Henryk Arctowski, geologist, oceanographer and meteorologist, was a Russian; the naturalist was a Roumanian; the engineers and foremast hands, Belgians and Norwegians. East and west of a new channel in the Palmer Archipelago it is claimed, among the general results of the voyage, that the explorers succeeded in charting about 500 miles of what they suppose to be a great continental mass underlying the perennial ice-cap of the Pole. The new waterway they called Belgica Strait; and the country to the east of it, which probably connects with Grahamland, Dancoland, after their ill-fated magnetician. M. Lecointe's observations indicate the magnetic pole about 200 miles east of its previously assigned position, which seems to accord with the determination of the Newnes Expedition—146° E, 73° 20' S. Of this latter no mention is made.

On May 16, the ship being now fast in the pack—in latitude 71° 34' 30", longitude 89° 10'—Lecointe announced that what Dr. Cook calls "the fair-haired goddess of light" would rise no more for seventy days. At ten o'clock on the following morning

the purple twilight curve settled over the south-west, edged with an indescribable blending of orange, red, and gold, and at eleven o'clock this curve was met by a zone of rose which gradually ascended over the north-east, above the sun. The ice, which had been gray, was lighted up by a lively flash of pink, which was relieved by long river-like leads of open water having a glowing surface of dark violet. These, however, were the surface colours towards the sun. In the opposite direction there was an entirely different effect. The snow had spread evenly over it a delicate shade of green, while the waters were a very dark purple-blue. A few minutes before twelve a great distorted, ill-defined semi-globular mass of fire rose over the north, edged along the line of sharp hummocks, and then sank beneath the ice. It was an image of the sun lifted above its actual position by the refractive character of the air through which its light passed to our eyes.

Soon even this delusion failed them, and day by day the observers were tantalised by the suggestion of a dawn that

faded into night. The moon itself shone sulkily, as if she thought the sun should better have stood to his business :

A strange rectangular block of fire appeared in the east-south-east. Its size was that of a small tabular iceberg, but it had a dull crimson glow which made the scene at once weird and fascinating. Its base rested on the horizon and it seemed to rise, brighten, and move northerly. The sky here was a purple, thinly veiled by a light smoky haze caused by icy crystals in the lower stratus of atmosphere, but there was not another speck of redness on this side of the heavens except the orange bow usually seen over the twilight zone. We watched this with considerable awe and amazement for ten minutes before we could determine its meaning. It passed through several stages of forms, finally it separated, and we discovered that it was the moon.

* The effect of such abnormal conditions was marked in the health of the men. The "kydbolla" and "fiska-bolla" became extremely distasteful. The meat of penguins and seals was not palatable. There showed itself a general tendency to anæmia and sluggishness of the digestive organs; the heart became unsteady. The discomforts of a temperature that generated snow in the most improbable places, as in the nape of a man's neck and at the back of his pillow, became intolerable. More than one of the crew showed signs of insanity at last; one did clean lose his wits. Danco died. They sank him with a weight at his heels. Being quite modern explorers, they had no "sky-pilot" aboard (there was more need of land-pilots, Dr. Cook rather inately interjects); the Commandant, therefore, made on the occasion "some appropriate remarks"; and they were haunted thenceforth by the notion of their comrade floating feet downwards beneath the keel.

The return of the sun is, of course, qualified as a "pyrotechnic display" :

At about half-past eleven a few stratus clouds spread over the rose, and under these there was a play in colours too complex for my powers of description. The clouds were at first violet, but they quickly caught the train of colours which was spread over the sky beyond. There were spaces of gold, orange, blue, green, and a hundred harmonious blends, with an occasional strip like a band of polished silver to set the colours in bold relief. Precisely at twelve o'clock a fiery cloud separated, disclosing a bit of the upper rim of the sun. . . . Looking towards the sun the fields of snow had a velvety aspect in pink. In the opposite direction the pack was noticeably flushed with a soft lavender light. The whole scene changed colour with every direction taken by the eye, and everywhere the ice seemed veiled by a gauzy atmosphere in which the colour appeared to rest. . . . A few minutes after twelve the light was extinguished, a smoky veil of violet was drawn over the dim outline of the ice, and quickly the stars again twinkled in the goblin blue of the sky as they had done without being outshone for nearly seventeen hundred hours.

To win out of the berth in which for so many months they had lain was not easy. Every floe but their own cracked, severed; but theirs, though the circumference diminished to some seven miles, still fenced the vessel straitly. They tempted the sun with dug ditches; it availed nothing. They laid in ambush the redoubtable tonite; it did so meanly wheeze itself into inanity that one sarcastic spirit suggested that to serve as kitchen fuel was its true vocation. Finally, they dug and sawed themselves a channel to the nearest "lead."

This is the point at which the interest of the narrative really ends. The return journey was simple. We are not interested in Dr. Cook's emotions when he again heard the *frou-frou* of petticoats, nor do we share his regret that he has not the poetic power to express it. It may be added that the appendix, comprising the general observations of his superior officers, is good business-like work, that contrasts very favourably with his own discursive story. As a photographer, on the other hand, his diligence was matched by his success.

Sun-Clocks.

The Book of Sun-Dials. By the late Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Enlarged and Re-edited by H. K. K. Eden and Eleanor Lloyd. (Bell & Sons. 31s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume, originally written by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, is now re-issued, greatly enlarged and carefully re-edited, by her daughter, Mrs. Eden, and her former assistant, Miss Eleanor Lloyd. We have nothing but gratitude for such an obvious labour of love. A handsome book, and a monumental piece of specialism! What it does not tell you about dials is not worth noting. You have the dials of all ages and countries, dial-mottoes, and even a special chapter by means of which the private enthusiast can make his own dials. While you are reading it, dials become the chief object of life; you feel that the everlasting hills were created chiefly to carve dials on; that, in fact (to adapt Shakespeare)—

All the world's a Dial,
And all the men and women merely gnomons.

Alas! it may be feared that nowadays not many knew even that the *gnomon* is the metal erection which serves to cast the shadow on the dial-plate—so completely has this old time-measurer fallen into the portion of tinder-boxes and outworn "Charlies." Yet, as stage-coaches have suffered a beatific revival, as falconry has again its votaries, so a half-aesthetic, half-antiquarian cult of the dial is announcing itself in shy corners, appropriate to its peaceful, old-world associations.

There is much to be said for it. Undoubtedly it is a far more poetic way of noting time than your mere mechanic clock, or engine-turned watch. We take the heavens into our confidence; the sun himself becomes our *muezzin*, our watchman to call the hours. The poets have recognised the charms of the sun-dial, while scarce any (Pope, perhaps, and Suckling) have condescended to the watch. The compilers have not been mindless of this side of their subject, and show a pretty faculty for "dropping into verse," like Mr. Wegg. They quote Rossetti:

Stands it not by the door,
Love's Hour—. . .
Its eyes invisible
Watch till the dial's thin-thrown shade
Be born—yea, till the journeying line be laid
Upon the point that wakes the spell.

A charming image, worthy of the mediæval-minded poet. And again:

Round the sun-dial
The reluctant hours of day,
Heartless, hopeless of their way,
Rest and call.

Even Plautus has his reference to the dial—indeed, one of the earliest specimens of dial was found at Herculaneum, made in the shape of a ham!

To us a sun-dial is a geometrical, unornamental thing enough. But the best of the old dials—particularly from the Renaissance time—were decorative and handsome objects; and some survive to show this. The finest, according to the authors, are Scottish. But of the great English dial-makers, the first was (of course) a German! His name was Kratzer, he lived under Henry VIII., was painted by Holbein, and his fine portrait from the Louvre is the frontispiece of this book. One of his dials stood in the churchyard wall of St. Mary's, Oxford; and the inscription survives, though not the dial. It gives Kratzer's biography in little; mentions that his stonecutter was English; and concludes with the glorious swaggar, in most doggish Latin: "Ambo viri semper Germano more bibebant, et poterant petus sugere quicquid erat." Which is to say: "Both men drank ever in the German fashion, and could soak all the liquor that was going." No doubt the boast was true; and no doubt he made good sun-dials. One, made for Corpus Christi, Oxford, Robert Hegge, a scholar of that college, not only

sketched for us, but has left its praises in veritable dithyrambs, a paean on a sun-dial.

The dial given to Cowper by the Rev. J. Johnson has strayed into literature, by reason of the following letter from the poet, which we somewhat abbreviate. It begins, "My dearest Johnny":

It was only the day before yesterday that, while we walked after dinner in the orchard, Mrs. Unwin between Sam and me, hearing the Hall clock, I observed a great difference between that and ours, and began immediately to lament, as I had often done, that there was not a sun-dial in all Weston to ascertain the true time for me. My complaint was long, and lasted till, having turned into the grass-walk, we reached the new building at the end of it, where we sat awhile and reposed ourselves. In a few minutes we returned by the way we came, when what, think you, was my astonishment to see what I had not seen before, though I had passed close by it—a smart sun-dial mounted on a smart stone pedestal! I assure you it seemed the effect of conjuration. I stopped short and exclaimed, "Why, here is a sun-dial, and upon our ground! How is this? Tell me, Sam, how came it here? Do you know anything about it?" At first I really thought (that is, as soon as I could think at all) that this factotum of mine, Sam Roberts, having often heard me deplore the want of one, had given orders for the supply of that want himself, without my knowledge, and was half-pleased and half-offended. But he soon exculpated himself by imputing the fact to you.

Burns continues the chain, for he was taught dialling, along with mensuration, by his village schoolmaster—a frequent practice with the better-class village schoolmaster of those days. But let us close our literary associations with a delightfully unliterary letter, written by an old Yorkshire dialler to excuse his delay in fixing a dial, during the early part of this century. It runs Dogberry very close for sonorous misuse of language:

DEAR SIR,—Ever since I have imbrased every applicable opportunity possible for a completion, and yet after all defeated! if I could possess you (but I have treated you so) we will let alone fixing a time, the model will take two or three days yet to finish it, you need not be afraid of any preposterous executions, though I could like somewhat handsome with regard to its perspicuous situation, and a little towards a melioration of my conduct towards you. I have for the present resolved it the most extant job I have on hand, . . . but cannot with any propriety fix a day yet.

We cannot part from our subject without some reference to the dial-mottoes of which this book contains an exhaustive collection. Charles Lamb found them more affecting than epitaphs. We can scarce agree with him. They ring the changes on a few well-worn themes; yet many are terse and striking, some with a quaint pithiness. Of these are *Nil sine nobis*, "Nothing exists without us [the sunbeams]"; *Nil sine celesti radio*, "Nothing exists without some heavenly ray"; and *Non horas numero nisi serenas*, "I number only hours serene," which turns to favour the chief drawback of the sun-dial. A weightier motto is *Non regonisi regar*, "I rule not save I be ruled," referring to the governing dial's government by the sun, which is, as the authors observe, an enforcement of Thomas A'Kempis's profound maxim: "No man ruleth safely but he that is willing to be ruled." A pithy saying is, "Now is yesterday's to-morrow." "Tak' tint of time ere time be tint" [heed of time ere time be lost] is a thrifty Scots counsel of the present day.

The longer mottoes are mostly weak and unquotable. Let us not forget the one jocose instance. Dean Cotton, of Bangor, had a cross old gardener, who bade folk, "Go about your business." After the man's death, the Dean engraved his advice round the sun-dial, after the "Bil Stumps" fashion, thus: "Goa bou tyo urb us in ess." It passed very well for a Welsh axiom. With which ray of jest we may end a necessarily desultory notice of a very complete and interesting book, destined to be the standard authority on its subject.

An Australian Poet.

In the Days when the World was Wide. By Henry Lawson. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson; London: The Australian Book Company.)

ONE imagines that Mr. Henry Lawson has surely, some time and by some one, been called an Australian Kipling. He has just the superficial resemblances which court such superficial comparisons. He has not the magic of touch which ever and again lifts Mr. Kipling's best ballads into the region of absolute poetry, such as the allusion to the "spicy garlic smells" and the "tinkly temple bells" of Burmah. He has not the gift to create the same astonishingly literary effects out of vilely unliterary language: to make a debased speech give up strange reminiscences of buried fragrance. He has nothing, in fact, of the great artist that is in Kipling. His steed is on the levels; it is no winged horse, like that amazing khaki-coloured steed of the "uncrowned laureate." But it has bone, sinew, and "go." These ballads (for such they mostly are) abound in spirit and manhood, in the colour and smell of Australian soil. They deserve the popularity which they have won in Australia, and which we trust this edition will now give them in England. That colony has, indeed, travelled far since Charles Lamb noticed the first-fruits of her verse. Mr. Lawson (it will be surmised from what we have said) is at his best in those poems where his rough, customary English has a dramatic effect and justification; and these are in the majority. Where he tries natural description and lyric sentiment, the lack of charm becomes patent. It is unfortunate that his best poems are too long to quote entire. But take a sample of the sturdy vigour in his steerage poem, "For'ard":

We are shabby, rough, 'n' dirty, an' our feelin's out of true,
An' it's hard on fellers for'ard that was used to go saloon;
There's a broken swell among us—he is barracked, he is chaffed,
An' I wish at times, poor devil, for his own sake he was aft;

For they'd understand him, aft
(He will miss the bath-rooms aft),

Spite of all there's no denyin' that there's finer feelin's aft.

I want to breathe the mornin' breeze that blows against the boat,

For there's a swellin' in my heart—a tightness in my throat—

We are for'ard when there's trouble! We are for'ard when there's graft!

But the men who never battle always seem to travel aft;

With their dressin'-cases, aft,

With their swell pyjamas, aft—

Yes! the idle and the careless, they have ease and comfort aft.

Mr. Lawson has humour, too, and can blend it with hinted sentiment, as is done excellently in the Watty verses. In one swinging poem, "The Star of Australasia," Mr. Lawson prophesies the waking of Australia to warlike heroism—a prophecy in fair way of fulfilment. We have given a most imperfect notion of Mr. Lawson's range. Almost every side of the roving settler's life is touched, always with vividness, picturesqueness, and a brave, open-air feeling. The book gives a better idea of Australia as it was till lately than volumes of presaic description. For Mr. Lawson has lived the life he sings; and the vignette shows him on the tramp. He is a right-spirited poet, and should make a mark among his like in England.

Other New Books.

REFLECTED LIGHTS FROM "THE
FACE OF THE DEEP."

ED. BY W. M. L. JAY.

To arrange the wild beauty of Christina Rossetti's free, fanciful meditations on the Apocalypse of St. John in a scheme of orderly parterres was a well-inspired thought. The tangled luxuriance of the original book has, indeed, a charm which does not survive the treatment; but for the practical purposes of spiritual reading no doubt the gathering of her thoughts under the headings of Love, Faith, Humility, Obedience, Penitence, the Cross, and the like, will render them more generally useful. A curiously unmodern vein characterises the book—a very primitive attitude towards the evangelical truths seasoned with a grain or two of the demure wit characteristic of the school of Assisi. "Ignorance by virtue of goodwill takes rank as a part of obedience. . . . Childlike souls know much that they understand not. . . . Knowledge and wisdom are quite distinct, though not necessarily sundered. . . . In the same sense that some see and yet see not, hear and yet hear not, so some may be said to know without knowing." Here is an unfamiliar note: "Ignorance is often a safeguard and a privilege. It is better to avoid doubts than to reject them. To study a difficulty is often to incur one." With one more quotation, we have done:

[Thy trouble] is a surface scourge: kiss the rod, and thou shalt abide as the profound sea whose surface is lashed and ploughed by the winds, but whose depths repose in unbroken calm.

(Alas for shallow persons who are all surface!)

The book is prettily bound, and contains some pictures that, though agreeable to the eye, are too modern in spirit for the text they illustrate. (S.P.C.K.)

WILLIAM CONYNGHAM
PLUNKET.BY FREDERICK DOUGLAS
HOW.

This memoir of the late Archbishop of Dublin reveals, to a world that knew him mainly as a truculent and fanatical enthusiast, the picture of a very engaging gentleman. To him the Disestablished Church was no mere importation from England, but the Church of Patrick and Bridget and Kolumbkil; the dominant hierarchy of Rome an intrusive foreign tyranny—sinister, rapacious, oppressive. He did sincerely believe that he could undertake no task more worthy of a patriot and a philanthropist than to loosen here and there those grievous fetters. His convictions brought him face to face once, as he sat alone in a carriage from which the doors had been removed, with an angry, dangerous mob. He showed up very well. Sitting in doubt whether the next moment he might not be in rough hands, he wrote down in his note-book an account of the circumstances which had brought him into the predicament, with an expression of gratitude to the psalmist who had taught him to say: "The very objects gathered themselves together against me, making mouths at me and ceased not." For he liked words. "You are such a quiddity," he writes; "A change," he says, "sometimes *sprigs* you up"; to the mother whom he worshipped he subscribes himself exuberantly, "Your most affectionate estissimus." The appeal from "the Reformed Church of Spain" was delightful to him. There was a touch of romance in the situation; and it was a fine opportunity of asserting the autonomy of the Irish Church, as against Canterbury and the E.C.U. The consecration of Cabrera, said Père Hyacinthe to him, grasping his hand after the ceremony, "marks an era in the history of the Christian Church." And his hearer, at least, believed it. He was the *enfant terrible* of the Anglican Church. If he had not been that he would have liked, he said, to be a landscape-gardener. (Isbister. 16s.)

ENGLAND, EGYPT, AND THE SUDAN.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

The great tragi-comedy of modern Egypt, which began with the establishment of the Khedivate by that ruthless Albanian, Mehemet Ali, and his descendants, was closed by the final struggle between East and West at Omdurman, with its epilogue of the death of the Khalifa not far from Obeid. That chapter of modern history is now closed, and its record is to be found scattered over many volumes by many hands. As a whole, the great drama was non-existent until Mr. H. D. Traill was well-inspired to place it between two covers, and at such brief length that even the idlest man may find time to read it. As long as Oriental rulers do not graft the vices of the West upon those of the East they do well after their fashion; but Ismail Pasha was tempted to be Parisian, and so paved the way for Arabi, the Mahdi, and the Khalifa, and incidentally brought about his own exile. We are now able to see that the drama unfolded itself in due course, and marched steadily towards the inevitable, and the little episodes which once seemed to be the plot itself are reduced to their proper dimensions. In Mr. Traill's book the whole scheme is unfolded for us in order, with due regard to the importance of events, and the history is very excellently done. Being by Mr. Traill it is, of course, well written, and told with a due regard for its dramatic essentials. Three plans and a map illustrate the course of events, and an index—an absolute necessity in a work of this kind—gives the volume the dignity of a book of reference. (Archibald Constable & Co. 12s.)

THE SUCCESSORS OF DRAKE.

BY JULIAN S. CORBETT.

Mr. Corbett's present volume is the sequel to his *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, and continues the account of the war with Spain, which lasted from the death of Drake, in 1596, to the death of Elizabeth. This is a period too often ignored in our histories; but, as Mr. Corbett points out, the defeat of the Armada had by no means finally established England's position at sea, and the campaigns which followed were vital to her future. The period was one of splendid failure, for England attempted to make use of the maritime supremacy she had won, and failed because an efficient army was wanting to continue hostilities after the point beyond which naval action alone cannot advance. This volume must be read in connexion with Mr. Corbett's two previous volumes on the Tudor navy. Some of his conclusions may be open to doubt; but he supplies much food for thought, and has written a painstaking and comprehensive study of the naval history of the time. The volume is well illustrated by photographs of the Earl of Essex, and of Lords Dorset, Nottingham, and Mountjoy, and by process reproductions of portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Cumberland, and of charts and pictures of warlike operations. The maps are excellent, and the index is gratifying and full. The book is one which all students of naval matters should read. (Longmans, Green & Co. 21s.)

PIKE AND PERCH.
BY WILLIAM SENIOR ("RED
SPINNER") AND OTHERS.

This, the latest and ninth volume of the "Fur, Feather and Fin" series, is written by hands as accustomed to the pen as to the rod. The names of "Red Spinner" and "John Bickerdyke" are familiar to those who never made a cast in their lives, and to whom a paternoster certainly does not suggest anything connected with angling. Mr. Senior deals with the pike wherever he is to be found, in river, lake, and pond, and discovers as many practical facts about him, drawn from shrewd experience, as should serve to make the budding pike-fisher turn at once to sort out and prepare his winter tackle. With the pike of fancy Mr. Senior deals kindly; the monsters of 170 lbs. and upwards, the giants of tradition, he dismisses with a shrug and a smile; in local history, which is tradition glorified,

the pike assumes proportions more proper to the shark. But it is not to be wondered at that fish should grow enormously round the inn fire o' nights; there is something in the unsteady light and the heavy shadows that makes things loom big. Mr. Senior devotes an interesting chapter to the "Ancient Art of Trolling." It is unsportsmanlike to troll nowadays, except in waters where pike are regarded as mere vermin; it is certainly the most destructive and wanton form of sport, the gorged hooks making it impossible to return undersized fish.

"John Bickerdyke," himself the author of the latest work on pike-fishing, deals with perch in this volume, and there is a chapter on "Pike in Trout Waters," by Mr. W. H. Pope. The methods of cooking the two fish are treated by Mr. Shand, who does not fail to mention that that glorious receipt of Izaak Walton's for preparing a pike for the table, which is "too good for any but anglers or very honest men." (Longmans. 5s.)

We have received, in the "Masters of Medicine" series, *Thomas Sydenham*, by Joseph Frank Payne (Unwin, 5s.), the fullest biography yet written of this famous seventeenth-century physician, whom Dr. John Brown called "the prince of practical physicians, whose character is as beautiful and genuinely English as his name." Sydenham was a prolific medical writer, yet placed little faith in books as helps to the profession. Asked by Sir Richard Blackmore, when a young man, what books he should study, Sydenham replied: "Read *Don Quixote*; it is a very good book; I read it myself still," his meaning being: reading books will never make a doctor.

Prince Demidoff's *Hunting Trips in the Caucasus* was such a capital record of eager sport that no Nimrod need hesitate to read his new book, *After Wild Sheep in the Altai and Mongolia* (Rowland Ward, 21s.). Three years ago Prince Denndoff saw in Mr. Ward's shop-window in Piccadilly some splendid heads of wild sheep which, he ascertained, had been secured by Major Cumberland on the Altai Mountains. He at once decided to start for the same spot. As companion he secured Mr. St. George Littledale, and neither sportman's wife would hear of being left behind. The narrative is excellent reading.

Messrs. Longmans issue this week *The Forward Policy and its Results: Thirty-five Years' Work Amongst the Tribes on our North-Western Frontier* (15s. net), by Richard Isaac Bruce, C.I.E. Mr. Bruce says he is more at home in the saddle than at the desk, but he has produced a record of his absorbing labours in connexion with the management of the tribes of our North and North-Western Frontiers of India. The principles advocated by Lord Roberts and Lord Elgin have Mr. Bruce's warm support.

The Prolongation of Life (3s. 6d.) is the title of a little book by R. E. Dudgeon, M.D., issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It gives useful yet moderate advice on Exercise, Clothing, Bathing, Food, Drink, Tobacco, Eyes, and Beards. The author does not approve the last-named appendages.

"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," said Charles Lamb. We doubt whether many people have taken his advice, but Messrs. Headley Bros., of Bishopsgate, have just issued an excellent illustrated edition of *Woolman's Journal*, and his *Word of Remembrance and Caution to the Rich*. The introduction written in 1871 by the poet Whittier is used, and there are an Appendix, Bibliography, &c.

In the "Little Library" series we have from Messrs. Methuen *The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson*, with notes and an introduction by Mr. J. Churton Collins; and *Maud, and Other Poems*, edited by Elizabeth Wordsworth. These volumes are extremely neat, and usefully equipped; but we could wish the notes anywhere but at the foot of the page.

Fiction.

Petersburg Tales. By Olive Garnett.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

It is probable that Miss Garnett has enjoyed exceptional facilities for becoming acquainted with the Russian character. If not, so much the more to be admired is the living picture of middle-class Russian society which is presented in one of these tales, "The Case of Vetrova." About these characters there is no suggestion of second-hand observation. And to present the different types by the portrayal of their diverse attitudes towards the tragedy of the girl revolutionary burned to death in prison under conditions that leave room for wide and sinister conjecture, is an ambitious and spirited design. Also it is carried out with ability. That the story nevertheless does drag is due to the fact that Vetrova herself is left too shadowy. We do not even learn precisely what happened to her, and—which is more serious—we never are brought near enough to realise her personality. Imagine *The Ring and the Book* without Pompilia's story! Far the best constructed of these four stories, the most effectually wrought, is "The Secret of the Universe." This is the title of a wild excursion into the domain that guards its secret between Matter and Mind. The grey figure of the simple-hearted megalomaniac, its author, and the ample form of his tearful wife (with her back hair twisted into the semblance of a teapot handle), are convincing. Charming is the outline of Blanche, bent on defending the amiable Koko from the obsession of these innocent horse-leeches. By his good offices the absurd book is at last produced. Not a copy sold; and Barry was set to work upon his autobiography, which, being written in Russian, must be translated:

We all pegged away again in the afternoon, and for days after that. . . . I don't remember the details now, only that from the day Barry became Professor of Law in St. Petersburg he strode on till the closing chapters, a tragic figure, through oppression and chicanery; down a vista of arrests, imprisonments, exile, sufferings, in an atmosphere vibrating with indignation and revolt. We, of course, very soon revolted against the word "indignation," we had so soon exhausted the available equivalents. The "anger mingled with contempt" supplied by the dictionary didn't go very far. All the good and intelligent people whom Barry had met had necessarily been indignant about something, and this was the one prominent fact which he seemed to remember about them. . . . The chapters on the Polish exiles whom Barry met in Siberia—the best chapters—were also the most painful, and, strange to record, reduced us oftenest to hysterical laughter. We might laugh; it was well we did. The book gained on us; and, as we proceeded, the figure of the unconscious hero—of this noble old man—stood out clearer and clearer. Childlike vanity was writ large over the pages, but his essential character shone through the gloom like a vein of gold in a dark place. Such apostrophes, coming as a climax to a burst of indignation, as "Nicholas I., I abominate you! Alexander II., I defy you! Alexander III., I despise you!" would reduce us to that feebleness in which the pen falls from nerveless fingers, and one leans back, in inward vision, between laughter and tears.

This long quotation shows Miss Garnett in her most personal vein. She is stiffer sometimes. Like all clever writers of the rising generation she shows tendencies that we propose for the future to call Jacobean. "Out of It," for instance, is a mere essay in the manner; and as such it is clever. The substance of the tale, however, is too slender to sustain accidents so elaborate, and our admiration is quite unimpassioned. Having mentioned by name three of the stories, we dare not omit all allusion to "Roukoff." It is an excellent piece of work: it almost "comes off." Pedantry we abominate; but there occur little solecisms that we cannot but resent in pages that furnish so many and quite remarkable evidences of an excellent talent.

Tongues of Conscience. By Robert Hichens.
(Methuen.)

MR. HICHENS, it is common knowledge, has a tasteful style, an eye for landscape, and a pretty wit; but the fact remains that in nothing he has written, so far as his writing remains in our memory, is there any evidence that his mind is set apart from the habit of thought prevalent among the educated and intelligent of his contemporaries. That is superficial and materialistic, if you analyse it, to the last. But such as it is it should produce itself in literature. It should not, that is to say, play with notions that are alien to its temper. Above all, it should not start boldly with a præternatural manifestation, and then neither stand boldly by it nor adequately explain it away. That is what, in "How Love came to Professor Guildea," Mr. Hichens rather flagrantly does. There you have a materialistic man of science subject to the obsession of a degraded spirit. The suffering of the man under this humiliating persecution is rather poignantly indicated. The story laid hold upon us as we read it, for it was told with a nicety of circumstance that convinced. Particularly that parrot offering its crest to the caress of the unseen finger—mimicking the lovesick endearments of the unseen, loathed visitant—is final evidence that the obsession had an external cause. Yet when the man succumbs to the horror—dies—we are told simply that the victim died from failure of the heart. Of course there follows a suggestion that that was but a shallow view of the case; but this is not enough, unless the author can convince us that he has in view another, and a mystical, hypothesis. And that the glimpse of the figure huddled on the Park bench opposite singularly fails to do. The same fault we find in "The Lady and the Beggar," and "The Cry of the Child." They are "shockers" of the præternatural. So is "Sea Change." About all these, as about most of Mr. Hichens's more serious work, there is an air of insincerity. It is as though, behind the mask, we could divine always his smile of inappropriate sanity. We like him so much better in his merry moments.

Men of Marlowe's. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.
(John Long.)

MRS. DUDENEY, with a recklessness similar to Mr. Hichens's, seems to take it for granted that, believing so little, we are at liberty to pretend anything. As to which the most obvious comment is that, granting the principle, to act upon it, and to cut himself free from the fetters of law and fact, suggests in the author not fecundity but poverty of imagination. "Beyond the Grey Gate" is the story that for the moment we have particularly in mind. The crazy fancy of the cooped-up cockney clerk, who from a suburban ramble returns to his shrewish wife with a picturesque babble of green fields and rustic lovers and a blooming dairymaid, is convincing as it stands. The fruitless voyage of verification is touching; but to make it bite it is deemed necessary, after the man's death, to renew the search, and to discover an aged man with reminiscences all too pat:

"Ah! there was a gate on the common—hereabouts, as near as I can mind. . . . There was a copse—Shannonses Copse, I think they called it; but my memory ain't what it was. You went over a stile. That was a rare place for coortin'"—he grinned, showing a toothless cavern, and he spluttered with merry memories as he rocked on the spade.

He goes on further to particularise. Upon such coincidences it is hardly enough to comment "Odd, wasn't it? But then the world is odd." These stories of the Men of Marlowe's Inn are not, however, invariably open to a similar objection. They are gruesome studies, rather, of the effect that the atmosphere of the London Inns has, if not upon the actual dwellers therein, at any rate upon the imaginative minds of those who contemplate it from the brighter focus of

family life in the suburbs or the convenient flat: and for what they are we joyfully proclaim that they are very good.

The Bountiful Lady. By Thomas Cobb.
(Grant Richards.)

It is still very doubtful whether any but children know anything worth knowing about children. Advanced students of the Child, like Lewis Carroll and Mr. Kenneth Grahame, may, perhaps, have got as far as that realisation of ignorance which is the first step towards knowledge; but beyond this who has passed? The present is said to be an age of children's books. It would be more correct to say that it is an age of children's books for adults. Try to imagine the Child, with his barbarian simplicity appreciating the fine aroma of *The Golden Age*. You cannot. No respectable child would sniff at it. And the popularity of *Alice* is due immensely more to parents than to offspring. We admit that thousands of children have enjoyed *Alice*; but millions have enjoyed *Jessica's First Prayer*. It needs a clever infant to grasp the subtleties of *Alice*; and though all children are profound, few are clever. Without laying claim to any shadow of exact scholarship, we assert that children, in the pullulating mass, want neither cleverness, nor fancy, nor imagination in their literature. What they do want is something solid, stolid, and slabby—something akin to a beefsteak and fried potatoes at a Strand restaurant.

We venture to think that *The Bountiful Lady* will please parents better than children. It is a delightful little novel, and Mr. Cobb has used much cleverness in throwing the glamour of a fairy-tale over his story without departing from the strict factual realism of a Flaubert. But we consider that children only desire the glamour of a fairy-tale in a fairy-tale. We believe that they would have preferred Mr. Cobb to relate how Mary Brown, the street-urchin, was run over and taken into a nice home full of dolls and sweets and footmen, plainly and straightforwardly, without any circumlocutory fancy.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE FLAME OF LIFE. BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

This is a translation, by the talented authoress of *Via Lucis*, of another of the "Romances of the Pomegranate" series by the ineffable D'Annunzio. *Il Fuoco* has flamed of late, for other than literary reasons, through Continental drawing-rooms and in Continental newspapers. This is how one of the characters, "Paris Eglano, the erotic poet, a fair, beardless youth, who had a handsome and voracious red mouth," talks: "In an hour's time Venice will offer some Nero-like lover hidden in some gondola-cabin the Dionysian spectacle of a city that has been set on fire by its own delirium." (Heinemann. 6s.)

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING. BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Mr. Crawford is the wanderer of fiction. Those who have read all his many admirable novels should have an intimate acquaintance with the polite social life of many countries. In this volume he takes us to Spain, and offers a love story of old Madrid. "Two young girls sat in a high, though very narrow, room of the old Moorish palace to which King Philip the Second had brought his court when he finally made Madrid his capital." (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE JOURNAL OF A JEALOUS WOMAN. BY PERCY WHITE.

By the author of *The West End* and *Mr. Bailey Martin*, which is another way of saying that this is a smart and lively tale of modern life, with just sufficient seriousness in the background to lighten the comedy. (Nisbet. 6s.)

THE EAGLE'S HEART.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

Mr. Garland gives us, not for the first time, a closely studied picture of Far West life. The background is always convincing. "It was good to face the West again. The wild heart of the youth flung off all doubt, all regret. . . . The first mirage filled his heart with a rush of memories of wild rides, and the grease-wood recalled a hundred odorous camp-fires. He was getting home." (Heinemann. 6s.)

LORD LINLITHGOW.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

Mr. Roberts has produced a political novel in a political hour. We make the acquaintance of Lord Linlithgow just after he has resigned the Premiership, when the Conservatives are paralysed, and the Radicals a rabble. "And look at Europe!" Mrs. Redway laughed, "I decline to look at Europe." There is some very attractive womankind in the story, which is brisk and pointed. (Arnold. 6s.)

THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS. BY THEOPHILA NORTH.

"To All 'Knights of the Holy Ghost,' whether their Panoply be Silence or Song," this story is dedicated. It is described by its title, and by its quotation of Shakespeare's Sonnet CXVI.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
*Oh, no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.*

The story will satisfy sticklers for a happy ending. (Richards. 6s.)

CLARE MONRO.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.

A very short novel by the author of *The Autobiography of a Child*. It is the story of a mother and daughter, and is pathetic and tragic. (Milne. 2s. 6d.)

THE MONK WINS.

BY E. H. COOPER.

By the author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*. The present story opens at Ascot. "The Monk" is a two-year old which, on page 5, wins the New Stakes. The owner of "The Monk" is Margaret, who has £40,000 a year. She is the heroine of this novel of sport and society by a promising writer, who does not trouble his head with problems. (Duckworth. 6s.)

I'D CROWNS RESIGN.

BY J. MACLAREN COBHAM.

A light-hearted romance. Time: present. Place: Scotland. The daughter of Colonel Herries Hay, and the Crown Prince of Beotia meet and love in the Highlands. The end is unusual. (John Long. 6s.)

PARSON PETER.

BY ARTHUR H. NORWAY.

By the author of *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*. It opens on a spring afternoon a hundred years ago. "Parson Peter! Time was when his name—ay, and his features too—were familiar to every fisherman from Portland to the Start." (Murray. 6s.)

LONG LIVE THE KING.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

With pictures. Mr. Boothby's —th (we do not know the exact number, but a new novel by Mr. Boothby also reached us last week) work of fiction finds him in the Zenda vein. On page 6 we read: "To enter upon my story proper, it is only fit that I should commence with a brief description of the life of my poor father. Maximilian the Second, King of Pannonia, as all the world is aware, was a monarch foredoomed to trouble from his cradle"—and so on. (Ward, Lock. 5s.)

KATE CAMERON OF BRUX.

BY J. E. MUDDOCK.

An historical novel by the author of *In the King's Favour*, also an historical novel which, we notice in an advertisement, has been described by the ACADEMY as a "good historical novel." The present work is "a story of wild doings and strange people based upon legends and traditions current in the locality in which the scenes are laid." That locality, need we say, is Scotland: period, fourteenth century. "He touched her under the chin: 'By Saint Agnes, but you are a pretty wench.'" (Digby, Long. 6s.)

THE SOUL OF THE COUNTESS.

BY JESSIE L. WESTON.

A collection of six graceful stories, on mediæval models. To each story is prefixed a prelude in verse. (Nutt. 3s. 6d.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A JOURNALIST.

BY H. CADETT.

He was "a tall, odd-looking young man, clean shaven and keen of face," attached to the *Evening Orb*, and his adventures, having arranged themselves nicely into eleven chapters, are here set forth. He dies at the end of the last adventure. (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

A TRAITOR IN LONDON.

BY FERGUS HUME.

All the names from Roberts to Rhodes, from Chamberlain to Kruger, all the war talk that has filled the daily papers for the past year, are to be found again in these pages plus the "element of romance" seen through the eyes of the author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. The twenty-fifth chapter is called "Besieged," the twenty-sixth "In Captivity," and the last "Calm after Storm." (Long. 6s.)

VERITY.

BY SIDNEY PICKERING.

"A reddening winter sun—the December sun of 1815—was sending long level beams across the fields by the waterside." A long, thorough tale of domestic and country life. (Arnold. 6s.)

We have also received: *A Tragedy of Three*, by T. T. Dahle. (Hurst & Blackett.)—*Saronia*, by R. Short, a romance of Ancient Ephesus. (Stock. 6s.)—*Mrs. Frederick Graham*, by Alice A. Clowes. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)—*Robert Kane*, by C. H. Malcolm. (Simpkin. 3s. 6d.)—*Jenny of the Villa*, by Mrs. C. H. Radford. (Arnold. 6s.)—*Haggith Shy, Quakeress*, by Mark Ashton. (Hutchinson. 6s.)—*The Malice of Grace Wentworth*, by R. H. Heppenstall. Prologue: Murder; Chapter LXII.: Forgiveness. Peace on Earth. (Long. 6s.)—*As Luck Would Have It*, by William Westall, a good story of social life, with a validity-of-marriage and transfer-of-estates plot, and a well-chosen motto from Defoe. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)—*The Vaulted Chamber*, by Harry A. Spurr, in which a rascal priest of the Russian Church pursues a princess with his attentions. (Digby, Long. 6s.)—*By an Unseen Hand*, by Edwin Hughes, a readable railway romance of "The Ragged Thirteen," a secret society whose reign of terror is described and dissipated in fourteen chapters. (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.)—*The Heart of Babylon*, a story of Methodist life: "Something fell—a hand on the pulpit ledge, a book on the floor below, an electric touch—and there and then a revival broke out." (Marshall & Co. 6s.)—*A Romance of the Unseen*, by M. E. Winchester. (Digby, Long. 6s.)—*The Scarlet Judges*, by Eliza F. Pollard, a tale of the Inquisition in the Netherlands. (Partridge. 6s.)—*The Black Pilgrim*, by Michael Czajkowski, a Polish writer not yet familiarised to English readers. The translation is done by Mr. S. C. de Soissons, who says: "Wild, unbridled violence of action and feeling, sympathetic but improbable fancy, are the features of this and the author's other romances." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

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Milton in the Market Place.*

"MILTON, a name to resound for ages." And yet the appearance of a study of Milton amid the multitude of books that are now racing against Christmas is something of a surprise—a goodly surprise. Thus it should be. Thus in the literary market-place should Milton's ghost come wandering by, leaving the air full of great suggestions, and diverting men's gaze from the meteors of November to the planets of all time. Do we sufficiently exalt, and remember, and attend on Milton as our supreme literary man? With Shakespeare we have here nothing to do. Shakespeare is not our master, because it is impossible that we should be his pupils. The mere approach to Shakespeare, in that character, becomes ludicrous as it becomes actual. The declivities are too steep that lead to his transcending and incomprehensible genius. It is lesson enough that this man has taken an intellectual seat to which none can follow him, and that his cloud-belted genius sheds on us light and warmth with the unsolicited graciousness of the sun itself. We are not loth to dwell on this empyrean separation of Shakespeare from all our other writers. In the catalogue they go together, but even this convenience would be abandoned if at all times, and in all casual moods, we could realise the greatness of Shakespeare. Prof. Raleigh is awake to the need of a sleepless homage, and not his least interesting page is the one in which he pays it:

We have to widen our conception of human nature in order to think of him as a man. How hard a thing it is to conceive of Shakespeare as a human spirit, embodied and conditioned, whose affections, though higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stooped, stooped with the like wing, is witnessed by all biographies of Shakespeare, and by many thousands of the volumes of criticism and commentary that have been written on his works. One writer is content to botanise with him—to study plant lore, that is, with a theatrical manager, in his hard-earned leisure, for teacher. Another must read the Bible with him, although, when all is said, Shakespeare's study was but little on the Bible. Others elect to keep him to music, astronomy, law, hunting, hawking, fishing. He is a good companion out of doors, and some would fain keep him there, to make a country gentleman of him. . . . They hardly know what to make of his "undervalued book"; but they know that he was a great man, and to have bought a wood-fell or a quarter of mutton from him, that would have been something! Only the poet-critics attempt to see life, however brokenly, through Shakespeare's eyes, to let their enjoyment keep attendance upon his. And from their grasp, too, he escapes by sheer excess.

Milton does not thus elude or dispart men's intelligence. His achievement, glorious though it is, does not baffle the human mind. We are not kept dumb and distant; we can draw near and pay a personal homage. His genius, indeed, is less mysterious and more explicable than we may be apt to think. Many smaller men are harder to understand. Prof. Raleigh makes a point of this:

It is essential for the understanding of Milton that we should take account of the rare simplicity of his character. No subtleties; no tricks of the dramatic intellect, which

dresses itself in a hundred masquerading costumes and peeps out of a thousand spy-holes; no development, one might almost say, only training, and that self-imposed. There is but one Milton, and he is throughout one and the same, in his life, in his prose, and in his verse; from those early days, when we find him, an uncouth swain,

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.

to the last days when, amid a swarm of disasters, he approved himself like Samson, and earned for himself the loftiest epitaph in the language, his own:

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Not only was Milton's literary life single, but his mind climbed no spiritual heights that abash the common man. He did not so much as set a foot within that "misty mid-region" in which Maeterlinck walks to-day; and with the mystics of a time nearer his own—with Vaughan, for instance—he had no real companionship. The geography of *Paradise Lost* can be taught definitely to children. "There is no metaphysic, nothing spiritual, nothing mysterious, except in name, throughout the whole poem. The so-called spiritual beings are as definitely embodied as man." In a word, Milton stands first of our poets in virtue of his having clothed with their utmost majesty certain conceptions which, though spiritual in kind, have always been, and always must be, "bodied forth" to the multitude in material expressions. He described Heaven, and Hell. But he pictured them not as Dante did, by first imagining them in detail, and then applying ordinary words to that which no longer seemed extraordinary; he pictured them with all those circumstances of remoteness, vastness, and dreadfulness by which they awe and allure the soul. He did not cut down mysteries to the height of language, however exquisite, but boldly sought to make language compass things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. Not metaphysical things were these, but things which tradition had rendered almost material, while conferring on them incalculable force and majesty. So that, in effect, it was Milton's task to visualise the highest of definite conceptions in the noblest garment of poetry that could be woven from the English language. This, ultimately, he did, making it his express and holy mission. He acquired a command over English words, and over the harmonies of which they were capable, that no other poet has acquired; and with these he developed a lofty discretion, or intuition, which made him master also of the teeming ideas and images which his theme naturally suggested; until, in the fulness of power, he could express and attune and build. Thus, Milton is the greatest poetic workman whose work we can watch and understand. He is dealing with themes of permanent interest in language, of permanent dignity. Had he been less than Milton the result must have been flat beyond report, or ludicrous beyond pity. But his splendour of diction; his harmonies, ever varying, ever triumphant; and his lofty and sanctified choice of ideas, carried him through a task which transcended—as he himself well knew—ought that had been enterprised by poet or historian in any age. Every writer should steep his mind in Milton's poetry; as Prof. Raleigh says, "there is nothing to put beside him." Open his poems where you will—what perfected speech, running, as it were, on wheels of music—what golden noise!

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Closed over the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream
Had ye been there; for what could that have done?

* Milton. By Prof. Walter Raleigh. (Arnold. 6s.)

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout, that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

We snatch these lines from the description of Rome in "Paradise Regained":

Thence to the gates east round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea;
From th' Asian kings, and Parthian among these,
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian, Trapobane,
Dusk faces with silken turbants wreath'd.

But quoting Milton is not the work of a weekly paper. The point we wish to insist on is this, that it is the business of every young writer to learn from Milton what our language can do, and of every young critic to learn from Milton what our language has done. We have no doubt that even the novelist of to-day, in common with the historian, the essayist, and the poet, has everything to gain from keeping a chamber of his mind sacred to Milton and reverberant with his music. What Prof. Raleigh calls the besetting sin of the Romantics—the employment of irrelevant and excessive detail—would surely be somewhat purged away by even a lip loyalty to the master of English Classicism. Nor would this be the only vice to wither away in contact with Milton's altar flame. The power to prolong, and balance, and undulate a sentence would be acquired by reminiscence, and the young writer would not need the poet's explicit disapproval of the staccato style, so useful as a spurt, so wearying as a pace. On this point Prof. Raleigh has a passage which we cannot pass.

The clink of the rhyming couplet was not more displeasing to Milton's ear than the continued emphatic bark of a series of short sentences. Accustomed as he was to the heavy-armed processional manner of scholarly Renaissance prose, he felt it an indignity to "lie at the mercy of a coy, fluting style; to be girded with frumps and curial gibes, by one who makes sentences by the statute, as if all above three inches long were confiscate." Later on, in the *Apology*, he returns to this grievance, and describes how his adversary "sobs me out half a dozen phthisical mottoes, whenever he had them, hopping short in the measure of convulsion fits; in which labour the agony of his wit having escaped narrowly, instead of well-sized periods, he greets us with a quantity of thumb-ring posies."

The density of Milton's prose and poetic styles should come as a revelation to many of our writers who think that to be musical they must be diffuse. They may learn that it is the hardest stone that takes, and deserves, the best polish, when they see Milton's heavy wains of meaning moving without creak or jolt. Here, also, Prof. Raleigh has wise words for this generation:

Eclecticism and the severe castigation of style are dangerous disciplines for any but a rich temperament; from others they produce only what is exquisite and thin and vapid. The "stylist" of the modern world is generally an interesting invalid; his complexion would lose all its transparency if it were exposed to the weather; his weak voice would never make itself heard in the hubbub of the bazaar. Sunbeams cannot be extracted from cucumbers, nor can the great manner in literature emanate from a chill self-culture.

When Milton resolved to "strictly meditate the thankless Muse" he did not mean, by this, to acquire a style, but to acquire ideas and the style suitable for their expression.

Things Seen.

France and Those.

OUTSIDE the House of the South African Republic at the Paris Exhibition a crowd, gesticulating and chattering, was gathered, and the steps were hidden by the eager movement, inwards and outwards, of Boer sympathisers. I entered. Half the house was neglected; in the other half an excited crowd surrounded an ill-done marble bust of Ex-President Kruger, embowered in laurel leaves. You could only see the ex-President's face; the rest was all greenery and faded flowers. He looked like an elephant in a jungle where a national picnic has been held; for paper—bits and scraps—was everywhere, pinned on to the laurel leaves, gummed to the walls, stuck like bulbs into the flower-pots, and scattered on the floor, untidy as autumn leaves. And on every piece of paper was scribbled ribald or insulting remarks against Us, Our Queen, Our Generals, Our Colonial Secretary, etcetera, etcetera. More, the whitewashed, wooden pillars that supported the South African Republic were scribbled, high as the hand could reach, with messages to Us. Some were in verse, some in elegant prose, some in prose unacademic, some in the cryptic slang of the Boulevards. All were hostile to Us. Some provoked pity, some laughter; some aroused the feeling with which one confronts the vagaries of a vulgar child; some flushed the face of the Anglo-Saxon and made him grip his stick. That condition had become mine when I was dug between the third and fourth ribs with the end of a pen-holder. I turned; my eyes travelled along the instrument of peace till they reached an outstretched arm, and, roaming up a magenta blouse, rested at last upon a homely, cajoling face. It belonged to a young woman, one of three seated behind a red-baize-covered table, on which were spread three tomes, the size of family Bibles, in process of being filled with signatures. "*Témoignage de sympathie pour les Boers*," said the young woman, again offering me the pen-holder. Well, I retired; I executed a strategic retreat. On the steps an incident happened that restored me. He was an old Frenchman, distinguished and courteous, and he had seen the whole incident. He advanced towards me; he raised his hat. He did not speak, but his manner had so exquisite a touch of apology and sympathy that the indignity of the past minutes faded into nothing. "That is not France," I said, waving towards the ribald and insulting scribbings. "That is not France," he cried. "Ah! we of the older generation have memories. We are not swayed by every wind that blows. We do not seek our opinions on the Boulevards. We do not have a fresh hysteria with every moon, and bare our souls at the bidding of the loudest screamer. I"—he breathed heavily—"I have seen the German flag floating over St. Dennis; I—I have seen the German troops camped in the Champs Elysées. I speak for France, not for—those."

The Way.

THE midday train rattled on its dusty way, from Portsmouth to London, through the pleasant county of Sussex. A bright May sun poured in at the windows. I and a girl with a large basket, who sat in the opposite corner, were the only occupants of the carriage.

At Horsham the door opened to admit a little woman laden with pillows and parcels, which were hastily thrown down while she helped in another woman,—bigger than herself, with a fat unhealthy face, and a red flower in her bonnet,—who, with a good deal of grumbling ceremony, settled herself, full length on the seat in front of me. The girl quickly shrank into her corner, to give the newcomer more room for her feet; and put her basket down on the floor, apparently heedless of the strictures passed upon it.

"Baskets like that are too big to have in the carriage, taking up people's places—ought to go in the luggage van. How this train do shake! Put the cushion at my back, Bessie—lower down, can't you? No—I don't want nothing over my feet. Leave me alone—do."

The girl turned back from the window; looked at the flushed, irritable face of the invalid, and the almost tearful anxiety of her friend. Then—hesitating—she stooped over her basket, and uncovered a disorder of spring flowers. With a scarcely perceptible movement of her foot, she pushed them towards the newcomers. There they lay in the dusty sunshine—the whole carriage was filled with their glow and fragrance.

I glanced at the stout woman; her eyes were fixed on the flowers, the complaints ceased, and her face was almost peaceful.

"Those primroses are pretty, arn't they, Bessie?—and the bluebells,—remind me of the little wood at the back of the farm, when we was children. It was blue with them in May, wasn't it?—and we used to go out to pick them Sundays. . . . No, thank you, dear, don't trouble about me,—the pillow's quite comfortable."

There was a long silence. The flowers began to droop a little in the hot sun, but the girl did not cover them over.

When we reached Victoria, the little woman turned, to gather up the shawls and cushions, after her companion had left the carriage. "Thank you, my dear," she said to the girl,—“my sister is going up to the hospital, for a dreadful bad operation, and you have helped her on the way.”

My Book.

The Story of an Author's Vanity.

It was my first book, my only book, my ewe lamb; but it was not a "work," not an "important publication," like Mr. Lecky's *Map of Life*. The reviewers did not welcome it either eagerly or seriously. Nobody gave it three columns, or even one column and a turn. It was merely included in that section which begins: "*We have also received the following*"—and here and there complimentary remarks were made on the cover, the end papers, and the title-page, which were all extremely pretty. But the inside was mine, and when my publisher informed me that the volume had been sent to the Book Section of the Paris Exhibition, as an example of his "choicest publications," I determined that, come what might, I would visit Paris and see it. Just think! Somewhere in that mighty place, where sixty millions of souls were expected; somewhere, under a glass case, gazed at by a maximum of one hundred and twenty millions of eyes, was my book, my ewe lamb. It was thrilling.

I could only spare one day—going and returning by the night boat. I began foolishly, without studying map, or plan, or guide. Anglo-Saxon arrogance prompted me to cast myself at the doors, and find my way, by instinct and by questions, to the Book Section. It was raining as I entered the great gate at the Place de la Concorde, and, throwing an approving eye on the horticultural exhibits, sought shelter in the Palace of Fine Arts. I would see the pictures. Was not the whole day before me, in which to find my book? Two hours later I emerged from the pictures haunted by a French work, the size of the wall of a house, too horrible for description, where famished men and women were tearing at, and feeding upon, the dying bodies of other famished men and women. I looked around. The day was still young: to my right bubbled the Seine, palaces upon her banks: before me, white and wide, stretched the noble Pont Alexandre III., and beyond, bright even under a leaden sky, the stucco, pretentious palaces of Various Industries stretched like a bodyguard of stage soldiers towards the sombre dome that

covers Napoleon's tomb. Across the Seine, around and beyond the Eiffel Tower, like a city seen from a train, clustered a heterogeneous mass of domes, spires, and minarets. And somewhere in this splendid confusion, in some cloistral corner, protected by a glass case, gazed at by a percentage of one hundred and twenty million eyes, was my book. I did not hurry towards it. Such a rare enterprise must be approached calmly. The fine perceptions of the infrequent author forbade me to show even to myself the eager vanity that I felt. So I crossed the river, and turned into the Street of Nations, where I roamed through the houses of Spain, Germany, and Austria, but not Great Britain, for on the door was posted this notice: "Closed in wet weather." Dear England!

Then I lunched, and later asked the way to the Book Section. It was near the Swiss Village, I was told, hard by the Chateau d'Eau. The Naval and Military Exhibits beguiled me for fifteen minutes; but, although I turned my face resolutely from Commercial Navigation, and Forests Hunting and Fishing, the Optical Palace beat me. I stayed there half-an-hour, and I also succumbed to Guatemala. In Civil Engineering I again asked my way, and, alas! was wrongly directed, for at four o'clock I found myself in the midst of Agriculture and Foods. Still three full hours remained, and, if I denied myself dinner, I could count upon four in which to find the Book Section. Again I asked my way, and was told to retrace my steps. At Andalusia in the Time of the Moors I met a countryman who informed me, in the tone of a man who tells you that it is fine for the time of the year, that he had passed through the Book Section an hour before. "Books are not much in my line," he said, adding wearily, "I guess I've seen all I want to see." He was now going out by the École Militaire gate, and as the Book Section was on the way (I am quoting him) he would very willingly show it to me. I accepted his offer gladly, but by some mischance I missed him in Mines and Metals, and never saw him again. It was now half-past five, and I began to grow a little anxious. I felt like a parent who, having promised to visit his little son at school, cannot find the town where it is situated. Somehow I had never lost faith that the Book Section was adjacent to the Swiss Village. I made that my aim. An assistant in the department where they were manufacturing Savon de Congo, to whom I applied, knew the village well: he had taken his grandfather there to see the imitation glaciers. I must cross the Champ de Mars, and go right through Means of Transport till I came to Corea; then straight on, leaving Chemical Industries on my left, till I came to Sweden. The Swiss Village was just beyond Sweden. He had not himself seen the Book Section, but no doubt the information I had already gathered on that point was correct. It was not likely, he said, with a sympathetic smile, that the Paris Exhibition would be without a Book Section. An assistant from the Electricity for Cooking Purposes stall, who had stood by during the discussion, concurred.

It is a salutary exercise to look back upon a critical period, and try to fix the moment when success or failure trembled in the balance. When I recall that day whereon I failed to find my little book, a failure which robbed me of what would certainly have been one of the most pleasurable incidents of my life, I reflect, I assert, that the success or failure of the enterprise quivered in the balance at the moment that I left the Savon de Congo stall. Still I do not wholly blame myself. It was by sheer ill-luck that ten minutes later I lost my way in the department devoted to Drain Pipes. Even then the day might have been won had I been firm enough to cut across the Champ de Mars, and make for Corea, as the Savon de Congo assistant had suggested. But I was beguiled—you must remember I was very tired—by one of those delightful moving staircases. You step on to a piece of cocoanut matting, and are carried easily and gracefully—somewhere—you do not know whither, but you are very conscious that it is without

effort on your part. I was carried into a high gallery and gently landed into a section devoted to the Limbs of Man in wax, on which were indicated, with unflinching realism, the various wounds that peace and war inflict upon the body. Accompanying each wound was a model in wax of the surgeon's hands showing the method of first aid to the injured. That section was my Tugela. I stayed there half an hour, and for another quarter of an hour my wanton eyes feasted themselves on a series of exquisite bathrooms. From this contemplation I was aroused to the sense of my folly by the sound of shouting. Hastening downstairs, every fibre of my being strained at last to the accomplishment of the enterprise which had called me to the Exhibition. I made my way by Shetland Wool, through an audience who were watching a troop of Spanish dancers, and so out into the Champ de Mars. What was this? The whole enormous place was filled with a dense crowd of shouting, excited people. Bands were playing, flags were waving, and down the centre marched a great procession of triumphal cars on which nymphs shivered. Following came arbours of vine leaves, and capering figures of rotound men, with jolly red faces, accompanied by fair Bacchantes from the second row of the ballet. It was the *fête* of the Vine Industry. In a glance I saw all that it meant to me. Till the procession had passed and returned it was impossible to cross the Champ de Mars, and across the Champ de Mars was the Swiss Village and—and the Book Section. I tried. I pushed here, I wheedled there, I doubled in my tracks, only to be stopped by a cordon of police. The procession gathered volume, more bands played, the crowd increased, surrounded me. I could not move backwards or forwards. I could have cried. Not till seven o'clock was the way clear. That left me a bare two hours to return to my hotel, pack, have dinner, and catch the nine o'clock train. I determined to forego my dinner and make one more attempt. I crossed the Champ de Mars, ran like a hare through Agriculture and Foods, and saw, and saw, in the distance something that must have been intended to represent a mountain, and nearer at hand, a little to the right, tall glass cases that looked as if they contained books. They were being covered with brown holland wrappers. I ran towards them. An official raised his hand. "Monsieur is too late," he said.

I caught the train at the Gare du Nord with five minutes to spare. A talkative countryman sat opposite. He tried me on several topics, but failed in all. As we were leaving Amiens he spoke again: "I suppose the Exhibition is very fine? I haven't seen it myself. I only passed through Paris." Then, observing that I carried a copy of the *Review of Reviews*, and no doubt thereby inferring that I was a bookish person, he said: "I'm told there's a very fine collection of books there."

Correspondence.

Criticism in Verse.

SIR,—I was rather surprised to find that in your most interesting article, "Criticism in Verse," in this week's *ACADEMY*, all mention of Mrs. Browning's poetic judgments was omitted. Surely no better reviewing was ever done either in prose or verse than is contained in the four lines from "Cowper's Grave":

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
 O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And I think, too, that Elizabeth Barrett's "Pomegranate" reference to her future husband, in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," was "warm and veracious" criticism.

What an interesting article might be written on the "Great Epitaphs"! Some of them might, perhaps, be considered too laudatory to pass as penetrating literary criticism, but many—such as Cowper's on Dr. Johnson—were undeniably voicing the verdict of posterity.—I am, &c.
 H. G. H.

October 22, 1900.

The "Young Men" and Thackeray.

SIR,—In your issue of October 20 "The Bookworm" writes: "What do the young men think of Thackeray?" and, conscious of the inevitable immaturity of their reflections or criticism, blandly adds: "To be sure, it does not matter, but one's curiosity is mildly stimulated," &c.

Now, sir, I contend that this statement evinces an amazing disregard for the true interests of literature and has the smack of an *après moi le deluge*. Whence are the readers of Thackeray to foregather in the future if they are not numbered among the "young men" of the present day? "The Bookworm," very mindful of the limitations of youth, forgetful apparently of its striving, has, I think, confessed here, *not* to a serious regard for the fate and future of our nineteenth century literature, but to a "mild curiosity" concerning it that is provocative of just resentment. For the matter, surely, does not end with Thackeray. I take it that if a "young man" can so much as read Thackeray with delight, he is more than half-way on the road to all that is best in modern English literature. Strange as the hypothesis must appear to "The Bookworm," there yet may be two or three gathered together in the name and reality of literature: there may, indeed, be many "young men" who are not sworn to Henty, Hope, and Haggard.

Perhaps it is very wrongful on my part to thrust Mr. Anthony Hope between the upper and nether millstones of juvenile adventure and sensational improbabilities, for even to our dull eyes his pages are luminous with a deft polish; but the very fact that he bears in the minds of some of us an affinity to *les autres* more than alliterative is significant of what we think of Thackeray. What do we think of Thackeray? To be sure, it does not matter, except, haply, to ourselves, yet it may satisfy the mild curiosity of "The Bookworm" to know that with wholehearted admiration we think of him as the writer of the finest historical novel in the language, *Henry Esmond*; as the inimitable showman of *Vanity Fair*; as the artist who has the portrait of Colonel Newcome to his credit; and, finally, we revere him as introducing to us men and women who we feel will prove our lifelong friends.—I am, &c.,

CECIL F. SILVER.

Abbot's Walk. The Forbury, Reading.

Browniana.

SIR,—To one who sat under and revered "Toby" Brown in old Clifton days it seems strange to have arrived at the time when papers and magazines are full of his name and fame—fame which one always knew must surely come to him sooner or later. He was a great man. He was an inimitable man. He was a glory of Clifton, and no other public school is likely to boast a similar character. He had a wonderful vocabulary for verbally flaying delinquent pupils, and I would I could recollect all the marvellous epithets he hurled at their heads. We feared but revelled in him; and how he would make the form laugh by breaking into a bit of character-acting or by finding some apt comparison for an offending victim!

There used to be at one time a small knot of boys who invariably "passed" the question. "Ah!" said Brown one day, "here we come to the yellow bullocks among

the mangold wurzels. There they sit all the day long and chew and chew, and ye can't get anything out of them!"

A few of his remarks I have preserved, but one requires to have known the speaker to fully appreciate them:

"It is like talking to an old rag doll: one can almost see the sawdust oozing out."

Of certain boys whispering: "The murmur of ancient dames."

"It is a perfect bog down here. Immediately you get off it you feel yourself in contact with an intellect instead of with a slimy patch of bog. I feel the boozy, nasty, piggy slime."

"We must consider L——, C——, and A—— to be the Gadarene demoniacs: directly you tackle them a demon comes out."

"A lot of stupid old women, and F—— is the supreme old granny of the lot: he goes off into an ecstasy of idiocy. And I don't like old women, they seem to be such stuffy old things."

"We must consider him a large vegetable marrow, and leave him to trail on walls with the snails and slugs."

The school had re-assembled after the holidays, and the first day during form-hour strange noises were audible outside. Of course we (and he) all knew that they came from the neighbouring Zoo, but Brown must needs send one of the Sixth to discover the source. Naturally he re-appeared saying he could find nothing. "Very well," said Brown. "I was only afraid it was some unfortunate boy shut up all the holidays in the hot-water pipes!"

With such a master in the chair, with his fund of ready humour and extraordinary wealth of language, our school hours were anything but dull, and those who sat under him are never likely to forget him.—I am, &c.,

The Croft, Seal, Sevenoaks. E. J. ENTHOVEN.

Lowell as an Actor.

SIR,—Mr. Stillman's letter in your issue of October 13 reminds me that in my copy of the first edition of *The Biglow Papers* Cambridge, 1848, a former owner of the book has inserted a MS. playbill of a theatrical performance which came off during Lowell's residence in Italy in 1851-2. Very little seems to have been recorded concerning this visit. If I remember rightly, only one epistle in verse, addressed from Rome, will be found in his "Letters"; and Mr. Edward Everett Hale, in his interesting book on *Lowell and His Friends*, does not even mention it. It was a happy period of Lowell's life, passed, chiefly in the society of his friend Story, before the great shadow had fallen on him. The right upper corner of the playbill is, unfortunately, torn, and the name of the palazzo is indistinct, but I think I have deciphered it correctly.—I am, &c.,

W. F. PRIDEAUX.

THEATRICALS—PALAZZO CINO.

February 20, 1852.

A Selection from

THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

in five acts,

with overture and incidental music by Mendelssohn.

THESEUS	Mr. Hemans.
PHILOSTRATE	" Haylar.
BOTTOM	" J. R. Lowell.
QUINCE	" Black.
FLUTE	" Crawford.
SNOUT	" S. Wood.
SNUG	" Story.
HIPPOLYTA	Mrs. Crawford.
OBERON	Miss Loring.
TITANIA	Mrs. Story.
PUCK	Miss Wodehouse.

Peasblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed.

In Act 2nd chorus, "Ye Spotted Snakes,"
composed by Francis Boott, Esq.

The wood scene in Act 2nd by Douglas Harvey, Esq.

Hendiadys.

SIR,—I note on page 299 of the ACADEMY for October 13 reference to the passage in Mr. Knight's novel, *A Son of Austerity*: "At the border of the clayfield was a hearse and a single carriage." Surely as one of the objects is to be regarded as "single," or distinct from the other, and as, moreover, in the following sentence, the vehicles are referred to as "two carriages," the sentence cannot be put in the same category as the excellent example of hendiadys quoted from Mr. Kipling's *The Recessional*.

I observe that a writer in the *Daily Express*, possibly following in the wake of Mr. Knight, treats us to the following sentence: "There is on order countless grande vitesse luggage vans, brake vans, goods wagons of every kind, and 'armour-clad' gunpowder vehicles." May we rightfully regard this also as an instance of hendiadys?

In the same issue another hendiadys appears somewhat less apparent in the statement: "This irregularity of hours leaves but little time for study, on which depends our future prospects of success."—I am, &c.,

NEVILLE JONES.

Craps.

SIR,—In a recent ACADEMY there was a quotation from "Mr. Dooley" on the negro question, in which the word "craps" played a very important part. My husband and I have done our best to find out its meaning, but without success. Will you kindly enlighten us, and, perhaps, some other of your readers?—I am, &c.,

(Mrs.) C. BOULNOIS.

Apple Blossom in Brittany.

SIR,—The above is the title of one of the most charming stories from the mind of the late Ernest Dowson. It appeared in the third volume of *The Yellow Book*, a series that may be sought after as much in the future as *The Germ* is in the present time. Oddly enough, three strange young men have already passed away who were among its contributors—Ernest Dowson, Hubert Crackanthorpe, and Aubrey Beardsley. Anyone turning to page 93 of the "third" *Yellow* for the first or second time will find this "Apple Blossom in Brittany" full of a quiet and growing charm, and in laying down the volume will likely be reminded more of Walter Pater than anyone. It was written in 1894, in his twenty-seventh year.—I am, &c.,

T. EDWARDS-JONES.

The Author of "The Coming Democracy."

SIR,—Might I draw your attention to the omission of the name of Mr. George Harwood from your list of newly-elected Members of Parliament who have some connexion with literature? The name of Mr. George Harwood is already favourably known to a select circle of readers as the author of *Disestablishment: or, a Defence of the Principle of a National Church, From Within*, and *The Coming Democracy*, all published by Macmillans.

The late Lord Randolph Churchill often referred to the help which he got from reading Harwood's *Coming Democracy*.—I am, &c.

LEVI NUTTER.

"Only a Little One."

SIR,—You say: "Mr. Cobb is in danger of admittance to the 'prolific set.' He published a book a fortnight ago."

While pleading guilty, I should like to urge in extenuation that *The Bountiful Lady* was "only a little one" for little people . . . a Dumpy Book, in fact. My last novel, *Scruples*, was published as long ago as March.—I am, &c.,

THOMAS COBB.

Vowel Sounds.

SIR,—Mr. A. H. Keane is singularly indulgent to the phonetic failings of his countrymen, whose cruelty to vowel sounds often excites the compassion of pundits of other races. Can Mr. Keane have forgotten the English pronunciation of *Allahabad*—four flat English *a*'s in place of *Illáhábád*?

Again, is the French "*a-t-il*" the true analogy to the English abuse of *r*? Is not the best French counterpart the euphonic *z*? How about the "*J'ai z' un coquin de frère*" of the old song? That exactly fills the hiatus similarly supplied by our colloquial *r*—an usage for which there is more to be said than Mr. MacRitchie's purism would willingly allow. He cannot have forgotten that the golden youth of the Directoire adopted "*ce z si commode, si liant, si séduisant, qui faisait tout le charme du langage de l'ancien Arlequin.*"—I am, &c.,

I. C. S.

Dr. Pusey's Life.

SIR,—In the review of Dr. Pusey's Life in this week's ACADEMY the author of the book is spoken of as "he." I believe it to be quite an open secret that Miss Trench, daughter of the late Archbishop Trench, is really the authoress.—I am, &c.,

G. WEEKLEY.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 57 (New Series).

LAST week we quoted the following poem from the *Westminster Gazette*:

A WOMAN TO A MAN.

When you grieve, and let it show,
And may tell me nothing more,
You have told me, o'er and o'er,
All a woman needs to know.
When I show you that I care
(Meet your eyes and touch your hand),
I have made you understand
All a woman may, or dare.
So, the ears of Friendship heard!
So, 'twas seen of Friendship's eyes!
You are sad, I sympathise,
All without a single word.

We offered a prize of One Guinea for the best poetical answer to the above. The competition has elicited much careful effort. On the whole, the prize is due, and is awarded, to Miss Mary Innes, la Promenade-terrace, Cheltenham, for the following:

A MAN TO A WOMAN.

You can thrive on touch or sign,
You can lightly feed on air;
But you cannot know nor care
How your heart has troubled mine.
When you lay your shrinking hand
So discreetly in my own,
Men, you think, are hewn in stone,
And should mutely understand.
Silent speech of meeting eyes
Moves me deeper than you know;
Where the fire of love's aglow
Your pale dream of friendship dies.

Other poems are:

True—Convention has decreed
(Nay—'tis writ in Woman's heart)
She must play a passive part
Till her swain begins to plead—
Must be wooed before she's won;
Now that I have spoken sweet,
You may cease to be discreet,
For, Dan Cupid's task is done.
Now, Love's silent lore, I wis,
All the language of your eyes
May be spoken lover-wise,
And translated in a kiss?

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

When you deem I grieve, and so
Make advances void of shame,
Can I really be to blame
If I wish you'd kindly go.
When you show me that you care,
Roll your eyes, and peess my hand,
You have made me understand
Sympathy is but a snare.
Spite your sentiment absurd
Still one privilege I prize
Though you e'en must sympathise
'Tis without a single word.

[F. W. S., London.]

When I grieve and let it show,
And I tell you nothing more;
In your heart's confessing core,
Know you all you wish to know?
When I prove I trust your care,
Seek your eyes and press your hand,
Do you ever understand
All a man would ask, nor dare?
So, have ears, Love, silent, heard?
So, Love seen, with inward eyes?
Can you feel and recognise
All, nor say a single word?

[E. E., Hornsey.]

Though I may not tell my woe,
Though you may not speak a word,
Still it seems that I have heard
All a man has need to know.
When the melting in your eyes
Shows your kindly woman heart,
Sorrow then must needs depart,
All because you sympathise.
Seems the burden less to bear,
Seems the sky a fairer blue,
This dull world a brighter hue,
All because I know you care.

[E. W. II., Manchester.]

When the world is wondrous bright,
And the sweet birds sing their songs,
I know now to whom belongs
The praises for the precious light.
And when sudden shadows fall,
And the night, with hideous face,
Grimly grins on my disgrace,
I know now who comforts all.
You it is who sing the songs,
You it is who charm the night,
You turn darkness into light,
And to you the praise belongs.

[L. F., Manchester.]

More a man may dare or say
Than a woman, well I wot;
This is her assigned lot,
He must challenge—yea or nay!
True, the grief I scorn to show
To my fellows in the street,
Is revealed, when thee I meet,
By a wistful glance of woe.
Friendship? Ay, and far above;
Silence were a coward's part
To this man who reads thy heart—
Tell me, dearest, is this Love?

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

Competition No. 58 (New Series).

IN consequence of the multitude of new novels, we shall issue next week a special Fiction Supplement. In this connexion we ask our readers to compile a list of the twelve best novels published this year up to October 27. To the competitor whose list most nearly agrees with the general opinion, as ascertained by an examination of all the lists, we will send a cheque for One Guinea.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, October 31. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1487. Established 1869.

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Price Threepence.

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The Literary Week.

WE feel that we owe an apology to our readers for the preponderance of reviews of novels and articles relating to fiction in this issue. It is our first special attempt to grapple with the enormous number of new novels that harry us without cessation through the year. We receive, on an average, twenty a week in the season, and the production increases every year. The inference is that a vast number of people read novels and nothing else. That is not an encouraging thought; but, while regretting it, we think it only fair occasionally to devote a considerable portion of our space to the most prolific, and certainly the most remunerative, department of modern book production.

To London at large, at least we hope so, the last evening of October was significant, being the eve of the Borough Elections. The little world of literary folk put by, for a few hours, the thought of the elections to consider an event that had no parallel in their experience. That was the production of a new tragedy—"Herod"—by a poet—Mr. Stephen Phillips—with all the lavish accessories, historic and scenic aids, that the brain of a distinguished actor-manager—Mr. Tree—could devise. It was said once on a time: "All I need is four boards and a passion." What would the teeming-brained, full-bodied, nimble-witted Elizabethans have thought, could they have sat in the pit last Wednesday night and seen the splendour of the palace of Herod at Jerusalem, with the shifting, perfectly-drilled crowds, the gorgeous dresses, the landscape, with the palace, lightening and darkening with the changes of the Eastern day; the episodes, so slight yet meaning so much, that recreated the life of Jerusalem thirty years before the birth of Christ—seen the splendid pagan figure of Herod, such garments, such a make-up, swearing to recreate the cold flesh of Mariamne into the living woman again. What would they have thought could they have seen their thoughts encircled in such a setting.

"HEROD" is to be published soon, when we shall criticise, at leisure, its literary quality. Here we can say that Mr. Stephen Phillips has shown himself to be an adept in construction; shown, too, a dramatic instinct rare indeed in conjunction with the poet's thought. Through the three acts the interest of the play never flagged, and two of the "curtains" are remarkable—that at the end of the second act when Herod, not knowing that Mariamne is lying dead within, advances up the steps to the open door of her house, shouting to her to share his triumph in the honours that Caesar has just showered upon him; and that awful scene at the close when Herod stands, not hearing the roll-call of further honour that Caesar has conferred upon him, for he is rigid, like a figure of bronze, the distracted brain at rest, brain and body caught and bound in a cataleptic trance. So he stands, pitiful, but still a king, in the midst of his court. And on that picture the curtain falls.

It is a good play—a good brisk, acting play—sufficiently faithful to history to be credible, touched here and there—and those touches thrill—with the portent

of the event that thirty years later was to dominate the world. Other plays, other dramas have been equally as good in construction and interest, but the significance of Wednesday evening, the note of the play, was that through the episodes of the tragedy, the kaleidoscope of the pageant, the dancing and the music, there fell on the ear lines and passages of meaning and of beauty—in a word, poetry came soothingly across the foot-lights. And what a relief it was to sit in a modern theatre and hear things said that the mind wanted to remember. May the literary drama prosper! May other managers follow Mr. Tree's brave example!

LORD ROSEBERY, in his book on Napoleon, speaks more than once of his hero's admiration of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. This reminds us of Hazlitt's quaint reason, printed in a footnote to one of his "Table Talk Essays" in the *London Magazine* for 1821 (a year in which it needed a bold man to admire Napoleon—in print). "During the peace of Amiens," Hazlitt wrote, "a young English officer, of the name of Lovelace, was presented at Buonaparte's levée. Instead of the usual question, 'Where have you served, sir?' the First Consul immediately addressed him, 'I perceive your name, sir, is the same as that of the hero of Richardson's romance!' Here was a Consul. The young man's uncle, who was called Lovelace, told me this anecdote while we were stopping together at Calais. I had also been thinking that his was the same name as that of the hero of Richardson's romance. This is one of my reasons for liking Buonaparte."

SIR THEODORE MARTIN has replied to Miss Corelli in the *Morning Post*. His letter is not very effective, for it is mainly directed against Miss Corelli's detailed statements, not against her real position. Miss Corelli may be wrong in saying that the inhabitants of Stratford resent the placing of the Helen Faucit monument in the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon Church. Sir Theodore Martin says he ascertained their feelings, which were "favourable." It doesn't matter a jot; this is a national matter, and the nation is not "favourable." The vicar, too, seems to have encouraged Sir Theodore's scheme; not "resisted it to the utmost of his power." Again it does not matter. Vicars do these things. Miss Corelli seems to have neglected an opportunity to speak privately to Sir Theodore Martin on the subject, and to have concealed her warlike intentions under effusive expressions of respect. This, again, matters to Sir Theodore Martin, but to no one else.

THERE remains the fact that a large monument is about to be placed in the Shakespeare chancel. As a proposal, and as a precedent, this is objectionable. Miss Corelli telegraphs to us from Stratford-on-Avon as follows:

Will you kindly point out that the size of space required by Sir Theodore Martin for the effigy of his wife is seven feet high by three feet wide, an absolutely monstrous measurement. If put up will destroy whole view of chancel, and extinguish the Shakespeare monument, besides necessitating the mutilating of two old brasses.

Miss Corelli's statement is rather strong; but her case is stronger.

THE Love Letters of Victor Hugo (1820-1822) have been promised for some time, and now a first instalment appears in *Harper's Magazine*. They are out-and-out love letters: they are about nothing but love. From a child Victor Hugo had loved Adèle Foucher. He tells us:

I see myself again, a child in years, a merry schoolboy, playing, running, shouting, laughing, with my brothers in the long green alley in the wild garden of that home in which I passed my early life. We dwelt in the old Nunnery which lifts its head over the dark dome of Val de Grâce.

Even when they confessed their love they were still children. M. Paul Meurice, who edits the Letters, relates the story charmingly:

Adèle, bolder and more curious than Victor (being a girl), wanted to find out what was the meaning of all his silent admiration. She said: "I am sure you have secrets. Have you not one secret, greater than all?" Victor acknowledged that he had secrets, and that one of them was greater than all the rest. "Just like me!" cried Adèle. "Well, come now, tell me your greatest secret, and I will tell you mine!"

"My great secret," Victor replied, "is that I love you."

"And my great secret is that I love you," said Adèle, like an echo.

The course of true love ran no smoother with these than with others. Their troubles were from within and without, as this passage shows:

You accuse me vaguely of certain things. You say I seem embarrassed when I am with you. It is true. I am so, but it is because I would so gladly be always alone with you, and am annoyed by the inquisitive glances of people around me. You add that "I seem to feel *ennui* when with you." If you think me a liar it would be useless to tell you over again that my only happy moments are those that I am able to spend with you.

And yet, my Adèle, in connexion with these ideas, it may be right to tell you that the time may be at hand when I shall have to give up this last and only pleasure. Your parents look upon me with dislike, and assuredly they have good reason to complain of me. I acknowledge the wrongs I have committed against them, or, rather, the one wrong I have done them, for there is only one, and that is, I have loved you. You must feel that I cannot continue to visit in a house whose master and mistress do not like to see me. I write you this with tears falling from my eyes, and I blush like a conceited fool as I am.

Whatever may happen, accept my inviolable promise to have no other wife but you, and to become your husband as soon as it may be in my power. Burn all my other letters, but keep this one.

A hard father had to be placated, and Hugo hurled his genius against the obstacle, extorting admiration before he won consent; indeed, Hugo was fain to find satisfaction in signing his letters to Adèle "Your Faithful Husband" long before the title became his in reality.

A VERY scurvy trick seems to have been played on the proprietor of a new boys' paper called *Boys of the Empire*, of which the first number lies before us. The proprietor, Mr. Andrew Melrose, registered the paper last April. Since then an elaborate and costly scheme of correspondence and advertisement and a great deal of money have been brought to the enterprise. A month ago, a half-penny paper, bearing the same title, was rushed out by another firm, and succeeded in gaining a large circulation owing to Mr. Melrose's advertising. As the law stands at present, he has no redress, and we therefore have pleasure in making the distinction between the papers known by emphasising the fact that Mr. Melrose's paper is a penny weekly, and has a green cover. The contents strike us as

thoroughly wholesome, discreetly blending sensation with useful matter.

UNDER the heading "The Shrinking of the World" the New York *Saturday Review* discusses the effect on literature of the shrinkage of the world caused by the rapidity of communication and the exploration and occupation of almost every new land under the sun. The subject is an interesting one, and it might be useful to show by instances how closely literature has followed the axe and the prow during recent years. It is a curious reflection that in the Elizabethan age the opening up of new lands and seas brought an exultant sense of the world's bigness; in the Victorian age the same cause produces an opposite effect on the mind.

THERE is a good deal to be said for a criticism on the *Dictionary of National Biography* which Mr. Havelock Ellis makes in the November *Argosy*. While warmly praising the great work, he complains that descriptions of the personal appearance of notable men are much to seek, and that in 50 per cent. of the biographies of the most eminent men such descriptions are not to be found at all. The scientific value and general interest of such particulars are great. Is there not a story of Thackeray anxiously seeking in an American library a book which would tell him what kind of breeches George Washington wore?

THE international edition of *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales* is before us. Mr. Heinemann has done handsomely by it, and we rejoice to see that the pictures by Hans Tegner are all brilliant wood engravings, full of that thoroughness of human skill which children appreciate without knowing it. We said children, but the edition is for us all; and it is for the grown-ups that Mr. Gosse discourses of Andersen in his Introduction. The striking thing in his relation is that these tales, which have showered happiness into a million nurseries, were shrugged at by their author. He thought that his five-act dramas and his novels were his real work, and that by them he would live. Yet even Mr. Gosse has not read Andersen's novel, *The Two Baronesses*. Another interesting thing is that the *Tales* were not only accounted small beer by their author, but the Danish public—an entity realised only by Mr. Gosse—were shocked, scandalised by these *smøsting*. Until they appeared Danish literature had always behaved itself with propriety; it had used a literary diction, and said fine things in a fine way. Never had it permitted children or uneducated people to talk at the Muses' table: the naïvetés of the vulgar had never been quoted. "Conceive," says Mr. Gosse, in illustrative excuse for this stupidity, "what Johnson and Burke would have thought of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and you have a parallel to the effect of 'Little Claus and Big Claus' upon academic Denmark." And then Mr. Gosse waxes critical and classificatory, expounding the difference between "The Tinder Box" and "Little Ida's Flowers," and telling us why children like Andersen's stories.

A VERY creditable *Catalogue of Books on the Fine Arts*—creditable to the Librarian and the Free Library—comes from Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is compiled by Mr. T. A. Onions, B.A. If the hundreds of books—classified on the Dewey Decimal System—which it mentions are studied as they should be by the men and women of Newcastle, we have no doubt that the public taste will soon compel the removal of the monster statues of Lords Stowell and Eldon which disfigure the porch of the Newcastle Free Library and intimidate visitors from London. If so, Mr. Onions will not have laboured in vain. But, seriously, the

catalogue is excellent, and one need not be a Novocastrian to covet it.

THERE is an interesting article on "The Real 'Diana of the Crossways'" in the November *Temple Bar*. We say interesting, but we doubt whether the writer was well advised in retelling the squalid story of Mrs. Norton's wrongs, even when that story is set off by the picture of her own worth, beauty, and wit. The salient paragraph in the article is this:

The parallel between the two lives [Diana's and Mrs. Norton's] is unmistakable, but the necessity for that preliminary caution to read *Diana of the Crossways* as fiction is equally apparent. The novelist adapts, and whatever does not suit his purpose is rejected. There is, however, one point on which the reader should be put beyond any risk of misconception. The plot, if plot it can be called, of Mr. Meredith's brilliant and fascinating story hinges upon Diana's betrayal of the Cabinet secret confided to her by her young statesman lover. This appears to be a gratuitous blot on the character of the heroine of the book which most readers will feel that no tears of pity can ever wash out. It is founded on a story that Mrs. Norton betrayed to Barnes, editor of the *Times*, the secret, confided to her by Sidney Herbert, one of her ardent admirers, that Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet had resolved upon a repeal of the Corn Laws. The secret certainly did leak out, and caused a serious Government crisis; but the story that Mrs. Norton was the culprit appears to have no foundation whatever.

We confess that this reasoning puzzles us. We are to read Mr. Meredith's novel as fiction, and yet we are to be shocked because in one particular it is not fact.

THERE are some pleasing reminiscences of literary men in Sir Wemyss Reid's article on "London After Forty Years," in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Sitting in Hyde Park on a sunny August morning Sir Wemyss Reid says:

As I sit here this morning I see once more the tall, manly figure of Thackeray, as he walks with rapid step along the path by the Row, homeward-bound to his new house in Kensington. The West End of forty years ago belonged to him in a peculiar sense; and it is a joy, not to be easily parted with, to know that I have seen him treading its streets. And in Kensington Gardens I caught my last glimpse of Charles Dickens as a living man. It was only a week or two before his death, and he was strolling down one of the paths under the trees; his companion was a girl of tender years and manifestly humble circumstances, to whom the Master was talking with that animation of mood and manner which never failed him to the last. There is a seat here in Hyde Park that is always associated in my mind with the great name of Carlyle; for more than once I have seen the author of *Sartor Resartus* resting upon it, with sombre face and downcast eye, while the faithful William Allingham, like some silent watch-dog, sat humbly at the other end of the bench, awaiting the great man's pleasure and keeping off all intruders.

WHILE Sir Wemyss Reid is recalling the men and things of forty years ago, Sir George M. Smith writes very delightfully on "The Early Forties" in the *Cornhill*. He takes us back to the time when the business of Smith, Elder & Co. was carried on at 65, Cornhill, and when its publishing operations were not only secondary, but were for years indifferently managed. At twenty he was entrusted with the management of this publishing branch, and allowed a capital of £1,500, which he was to use according to his own discretion. His first transactions were with "Orion" Horne, whose *New Spirit of the Age*, in two volumes, he accepted and published with infinite solicitude. Afterwards Horne—one of the most eccentric half-geniuses who ever wrote—offered him an extraordinary novel written to sustain the proposition, which was so ridiculed by Dr. Johnson, that every man and every woman had a natural affinity for some other man or

woman. Horne's treatment of the theme was rather coarse, and in other ways "impossible."

SIR GEORGE SMITH's stories of Leigh Hunt, with whom he soon entered into extensive business operations, are amusing. On one occasion he paid Hunt £200 in bank-notes:

Two days afterwards Leigh Hunt came in a state of great agitation to tell me that his wife had burned them. He had thrown the envelope with the bank-notes carelessly down, and his wife had flung it into the fire. Leigh Hunt's agitation while on his way to bring this news had not prevented him from purchasing on the road a little statuette of Psyche, which he carried, without any paper round it, in his hand. I told him I thought something might be done in the matter. I sent to the bankers and got the numbers of the notes, and then in company with Leigh Hunt went off to the Bank of England. I explained our business, and we were shown into a room where three old gentlemen were sitting at tables. They kept us waiting some time, and Leigh Hunt, who had meantime been staring all round the room, at last got up, walked up to one of the staid officials, and addressing him said, in wondering tones: "And this is the Bank of England! And do you sit here all day, and never see the green woods and the trees and flowers and the charming country?" Then in tones of remonstrance he demanded: "Are you contented with such a life?" All this time he was holding the little naked Psyche in one hand, and with his long hair and flashing eyes made a surprising figure. I fancy I can still see the astonished faces of the three officials: they would have made a most delightful picture. I said: "Come away, Mr. Hunt, these gentlemen are very busy." I succeeded in carrying Leigh Hunt off, and, after entering into certain formalities, we were told that the value of the notes would be paid in twelve months. I gave Leigh Hunt the money at once, and he went away rejoicing.

Two unpublished epitaphs by Sydney Smith were given in last week's *Pilot*, to which paper they are contributed by Lord Halifax. The first is on Pitt, and was written at some time in the 'thirties when a statue of that statesman was placed in Hanover-square:

To the Right Honourable William Pitt
Whose errors in foreign policy
And lavish expenditure of our Resources at home
Have laid the foundation of National Bankruptcy
And scattered the seeds of Revolution
This Monument was erected
(amid few only of the wise and good)
By many weak men, who mistook his eloquence for wisdom
And his insolence for magnanimity,
By many unworthy men whom he had ennobled
And by many base men, whom he had enriched at the Public
expense
But to Englishmen
This Statue raised from such motives
Has not been erected in vain
They learn from it those dreadful abuses
Which exist under the mockery
Of a free Representation
And feel the deep necessity
Of a great and efficient Reform.

These lines amused Lady Georgiana Grey, who one evening repeated them to their author. She was then thirty-two or thirty-three years of age. Next morning she received a copy of the epitaph written out by Sydney Smith, and below it an epitaph on herself which ran as follows:

To Lady Georgiana Grey, aged 92,
This monument was erected.
She was remarkable among many other qualities
For that tenacious memory
With which she recollected
The compositions of her friends.
But in the course of a long life
She could not have remembered
Anything so agreeable and interesting
As her friends will remember of her.

Sydney Smith's allowance of ninety-two years to Lady Georgiana has proved insufficient. As Lord Halifax points out, she died on September 13 last, in her hundredth year.

A CONSERVE of *M.A.P.* in red and gold is *In the Days of My Youth* (Pearson). Mr. T. P. O'Connor personally shepherds his blithe crew of successful men and women, each of whom undertakes to tell us of his or her rise in life. There are actors and actresses (these are given the first place), musicians, authors, artists, politicians, and "general" people like Mr. Maskelyne. As a museum of suavities and pseudo-confidences the book is mighty pretty reading. Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, we are pleased to know, is making lots of money out of his novels. Enough to "purchase a waterproof in view of the inevitable rainy day—not one of the heavy, substantial ones, to be sure, but still one that will make my household independent of that literary umbrella, the Royal Literary Fund." And he concludes, with a thump on his thigh: "The author who sneers at the literary agent is a fool; the publisher who sneers at the literary agent is —; but now no publisher sneers at anyone—no, not even at an author." Goodness, no! Madame Grand thinks the lesson of the literary life is to ignore the critics, and "express ourselves." Charming!

SLEEP hovers on our eyelids whenever we read a sentence after this pattern:

When we survey the really illimitable field of human knowledge, the vast accumulation of works already printed, and the ever-increasing flood of new books poured out by the modern press, the first feeling which is apt to arise in the mind is one of dismay, if not of despair.

This is the first sentence of *A Book for All Readers, Designed as an Aid to the Collection, Use, and Preservation of Books and the Formation of Public and Private Libraries*, by Ainsworth Rand Spofford (Putnam's Sons). Mr. Spofford discourses quite usefully about book-buying, the Enemies of Books, the Art of Reading, the Qualifications of Librarians, Catalogues, &c., &c. We have no doubt that his work will serve some excellent purpose.

Bibliographical.

THE statement that Sir Lewis Morris's new volume of verse may possibly be his last will affect different people in different ways. There are those to whom Sir Lewis is antipathetic; the number of his admirers seems to have decreased somewhat largely since the days of the *Epie of Hades*, in which, you remember, the final judgment was that it was "a Hades of an Epic." Last year a *Selection* from the Poems for the use of schools was published. In 1898 there had been an edition of the *Works*; in 1897 a *Selection* from them, for general consumption; in 1897, also, Sir Lewis's *Ode on the Diamond Jubilee*; in 1896 a volume of *Idylls and Lyrics*, as well as an edition of the *Works*, in eight volumes; in 1894 *Songs without Notes* (as if that were possible); in 1893 the *Marriage Ode on the Duke and Duchess of York*; in 1891 a new edition of the *Epie*; in 1890, *The Vision of Saints, Fidelibus*; and so forth. Sir Lewis's *Songs of Britain* date back to 1887; republished now, they might fit in with the patriotic fever. In 1886 came *Gyeia*, a tragedy in five acts. But I will not pursue the subject further.

Dr. A. W. Ward's election to the Mastership of Peterhouse, Cambridge, must have been peculiarly gratifying to him, for of that college he was once a student, and afterwards a fellow (1861), assistant lecturer, and honorary fellow (1891). To lovers of literature he is interesting as an editor of Pope's *Poetical Works* (1869), as the author of monographs on Chaucer and Dickens (1880 and 1882) in the "English Men of Letters" series, as the editor of specimens of the *Old English Drama* (Marlowe, Greene,

&c., 1897), as the editor of the *Poems* of John Byrom (1894-5), and as the writer of a monograph on Sir Henry Wotton (1897). Last year he published a new and revised edition of his *History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne*, which is crammed full of learning, but not so conspicuous for value as criticism. Perhaps no one man ought to take up a subject so very considerable in extent.

The edition of Crashaw's English Poems just issued by Mr. J. R. Tutin, of Great Fencote, Yorks., consists of two volumes, bound in one. Of these, the second, *Carmen des Nostro*, was originally brought out by Mr. Tutin some time ago, through the agency of Messrs. W. Andrews & Co. The first part of the present publication includes *The Delights of the Muses*, and *Steps to the Temple*, and I mention it here because I find that the editorial introduction embraces what is virtually a bibliography of Crashaw, though Mr. Tutin modestly describes it as a "Guide to the Study" of the poet. The "Guide" has some excellent features, and should be of great utility and value to future students of Crashaw's life and works. I observe that Mr. Tutin duly records the appearance in the *Academy* (November 20, 1897) of Mr. Francis Thompson's critical-essay on Crashaw.

Mr. A. R. Spofford's *Book for All Readers* (Putnam's) has a chapter on Bibliography, giving a sketch of the literature of that subject, from the *Bibliotheca Universalis* of Conrad Gesner (1545) to works of the present day. The account of American Bibliography is especially full and welcome. I detect only one error in the references to English books on books. Messrs. Cassell's *Dictionary of English Literature* is described as written by "W. H. D. Adams," and published in 1880. It really appeared in 1878, and the author has no "H." in his initials.

I have great sympathy with that firm of publishers, hitherto unknown to me, which proposes to issue the "Complete" Works of certain authors (beginning with Keats), and, moreover, to issue them at a reasonable price—one shilling net per volume. In this way we are to have all the verse and prose of Keats for five shillings. Hitherto it has been obtainable only in a high-priced edition, supervised by Mr. Forman. I understand, further, that the page of text in this Library is to be comparatively small, but neat, the type being also neat, though perhaps smallish. It is well (save in *livres de luxe*) that a book should, above all, be handy. The main point, however, is "completeness"—a virtue rarely arrived at in the case of most low-priced editions of the classics.

Talking of "completeness," I see it stated that Mr. Herbert Gatfield has compiled a "complete" list of printed plays, and that it is available for consultation in the British Museum Reading Room. I believe I am correct in saying that what Mr. Gatfield has compiled is a list of the plays included in various editions of the acted dramas, such as Cumberland's, Duncombe's, Webster's, Lacy's, Dicks's, and so forth. A complete list of English printed plays, including those issued by their authors in volume form, would run to very much greater length than does Mr. Gatfield's nevertheless very useful compilation.

One of the treasures of a modern dramatic or theatrical library is a copy of the pamphlet called *The Fashionable Tragedian* (Henry Irving), and written in the long ago (the late 'seventies, I think) by Messrs. William Archer and R. W. Lowe. A leading feature of this brochure was the cleverness of the pictorial caricatures of Mr. Irving in his various parts. These drawings, it is understood, were the work of the new editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*—Mr. G. R. Halkett.

The introduction which Mr. Watts-Dunton is writing for Messrs. Ward & Lock's edition of *The Romany Rye* will, I believe, consist to a large degree of protests against the view of Borrow as a man which was put forward in a newspaper not long ago by Mr. Augustus Jessop.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Coventry Patmore.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore. By Basil Champneys. 2 vols. (Bell & Sons.)

MR. CHAMPNEYS has apparently aimed at a Boswellian minuteness and completeness in this biography; and certainly he has succeeded in giving a remarkably full account of a man whose outwardly uneventful life would seem to leave little scope for the biographer. Its two volumes equal in bulk the biography of Lord Tennyson. Yet the recluse Tennyson was almost a man of the world compared to Coventry Patmore. The literature of Tennyson's day revolved round him, a constant succession of more or less eminent men were his friends at all periods of his life, and help to diversify his biography with extraneous interest. Whereas Patmore, after mingling in the literary stream during his youth, withdrew from it, and gradually disused most of the illustrious friendships formed during those earlier days, becoming an intellectual contemplative beyond even the wont of poets. His life, therefore, like his poetry, was exceptionally household and inward. "That milk-soup, domestic bliss," as he has called it, never to him lost its flavour. Mr. Champneys's endeavour, accordingly, has been to make up for the paucity of incident by giving as close a picture as possible of the man, especially in those domestic relations which so remarkably formed the basis of his work. He has certainly done it beyond what could have been looked for. Moreover he has, with the aid of unpublished fragments, no less than of letters, enabled the reader to form an estimate of Patmore's views and teachings such as could scarcely have been suggested by anyone without those advantages of long and close friendship which he possessed. Yet it may be a question whether he has not used this minute method with too scrupulous detail. One is inclined to think that the central figure is at times perplexed by the copiousness of accessories. We are given even the medical certificates by which the poet obtained leave of absence and of retirement from the Museum. Subordinate sketches, equally studious in their subsidiary degree, are supplied not only of Coventry Patmore's father, but of his first two wives, his dead son, and two dead daughters. The book becomes something like a monograph on the extinct portion of the Patmore family in three generations. So, also, there seems an unnecessary scrupulosity in printing the smallest and most casual scraps of his domestic correspondence, where they do not seem to increase our knowledge of his character. One cannot, in fact, always see the wood for the trees. This, however, will serve by way of professional critical grumble. For the rest, too much was a better error than too little; and Mr. Champneys's care has evidently been great and anxious.

Coventry Patmore came of a literary father in easy circumstances, and was predestined to literature from his childhood. He had the advantage (as he always esteemed it) of reading the great writers in volumes where his father had noted the best passages, with a trained taste. This, he considered, taught him early to relish only what was fastidiously perfect in literature, the finest flower of the mind. Certainly, in later years he was a martinet as to literary perfection. Yet it may be doubted whether such a method might not have been dangerous to a mind less robust, whether the result would not have been literary epicurism, that *dilettante* attitude which he hated as the gates of Hades. He had his fit of science—a serious fit, which left deep traces on his mind and work—and his fit of art; but returned at last to his first love, poetry. His father has left an idealised sketch of the boy in those days, over-done and sentimental after a quite Early Victorian fashion, yet worth quoting in default of better. Here is a

portion (the whole, though interesting, is too long for insertion):

Observe the youth who is seated in the deep recess of yonder window, withdrawn and apart from all the brilliant company—unknowing, for the moment, of anything but his own thoughts, and unknowing even of them but as faint and vague echoes and reflections of those feelings which make up the sum of a boy-poet's life and soul. See! his lithe, fragile form is bending over a book, that is spread open on his knees, his head drooping towards it like a plucked flower. The pale face is resting on the clasped hand, over which, and all round the small, exquisitely modelled head, fall heavy waves of auburn hair, concealing all but one pale cheek—pale and cold as marble, but smooth and soft as a girl's. . . . The boy-poet has fallen upon some passage of his (just at present) sole idol in the temple of poetry, Milton.

Much more interesting is Coventry Patmore's own account of his boyish visit to Leigh Hunt, being then seventeen or eighteen:

"Arriving at his house, a very small one in a small square somewhere in the extreme West, . . . I was . . . asked to sit down until he came to me. This he did after I had waited in the little parlour at least two hours, when the door was opened and a most picturesque gentleman, with hair flowing nearly, or quite, to his shoulders, a beautiful velvet coat, and a Vandyke collar of lace about a foot deep, appeared, rubbing his hands and smiling ethereally, and saying, without a word of preface or notice of my having waited so long, 'This is a beautiful world, Mr. Patmore.' I was so struck by this remark that it has eclipsed all memory of what occurred during the remainder of my visit."

"Skimpole!" one inevitably exclaims. That the poet of the *Angel* fell in love early is a foregone conclusion. Sixteen is the age here recorded, and the lady a Miss Gore. We have an impression that he assigned a yet earlier age—but without mentioning any name. He affirmed that it was a quite true passion; and no doubt it inspired the exquisite passage on precocious love in the *Victories of Love*. He once thought of taking orders, and all his life was ecclesiastically minded. His first poems were published at twenty-one, and the best of them were written at about sixteen or seventeen. Part of the volume was padding, written against time to supply the printers with copy, as he used to relate; and this through his father's pressure on him to publish. Such of these poems as he has retained are ruthlessly retrenched and revised. No one was a finer and sterner critic of his own work; and the alterations, both in these and the *Angel*, are well worth a poet's study. The book won him golden opinions, among others from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, a fair amount of notice in the Press, but was not a trade success. The collapse of his father's affairs soon after threw him on journalism and his own resources. Luckily for him, he attracted the notice of Monckton Milnes, and "Cool of the Evening," never cool to good poets, got him an assistant-librarianship in the British Museum. This was his mainstay during his younger years. He held it from 1846 to 1865, when he retired; and during this time he published all the parts of the *Angel*, married and lost his first wife, married his second, and entered the Roman Catholic Church. During this period he formed most of his literary friendships, including those with Tennyson, and, somewhat later, with the Pre-Raphaelites. His acquaintance with Tennyson and others, no less than his great sureness of literary judgment, seems to have made him something of an authority with the young Pre-Raphaelite band. Except with Holman Hunt and F. G. Stephens, the friendship slackened in later years, and noticeably so with Rossetti. With Tennyson his friendship was broken after his first wife's death, through a misunderstanding partly owing to the loss of a letter; and on his side there was much bitterness. Of Rossetti, Mr. Champneys says he never heard him speak bitterly. Mr. Champneys must have been fortunate. It is doubtful, in any case, if so master-

ful a personality as his could long have co-existed with other masterful personalities. But in those early years all accounts agree as to his brilliant talk and fascinating character. "He is very tall and slender," says one person, "and talked splendidly to us for four hours." There are an interesting series of extracts from the *Pre-Raphaelite Diaries*, which show how early he formed many of the principles which characterised him in later life. On the necessity of keeping a poem throughout (for example) on a perfectly satisfactory level of excellence, he never failed to insist, as he did to Rossetti and his friends. A poem of fine passages he could not away with. "When," he wrote, "will people recognise the difference between an ounce of diamond dust and a diamond which weighs an ounce?"

The important event to him of this time was his marriage to his first wife, Emily Andrewes. A woman of noble and spiritual personality, the glimpses of her in this book are most winning. Her letters are no ordinary woman's letters. When she believed herself dying, she urged him to marry again, in terms of touching self-abnegation. She quoted the Scriptural permission, saying: "You cannot be faithful to God and unfaithful to me." Her influence is all through *The Angel in the House*, the heroine of which was partly (but only partly) modelled on her. That poem made Coventry Patmore's name. Vilified or neglected at first, an article in the *Edinburgh Review* seems to have set it under way; and though critical fashion has shifted in regard to it, the sale, on the whole, has been wonderfully steady. Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, all praised it in letters which are here given. "I do not say that it will be now or soon," said Browning, "but, some time or other, this will be the most popular poem that was ever written." The poet used to quote this utterance proudly, as an example of successful prophecy.

The death of his first wife was a mortal stroke to Coventry Patmore, and altered the whole attitude of his life. He went to Rome, married his second wife, a Catholic, and himself became a convert to Roman Catholicism. From that time he retired to the country, without change in his life save that from house to house; and his career is a record of domesticity, study, and meditation, broken by rare intervals of strikingly rapid composition. The last part of *The Angel in the House* was published in 1863; and it was not till 1868 that he began the writing of his last and greatest poems, *The Unknown Eros*. By that time he was out of fashion: the rapid world had almost forgotten his existence, and the book fell flat. Yet by some private judges its power was seen; and it is now steadily asserting its position. This is not the place for a judgment of his poetry. We will only say that the odes of *The Unknown Eros* are decidedly his greatest work, the work by which he should be judged and chiefly known; stately, subtle, fervid, poignant, of classic weight and mastery almost throughout. Yet *The Angel in the House* does not deserve the distaste still often exhibited for it. It lends itself to easy ridicule. There is an Early Victorian domesticity about it which detracts from its present vitality. But its best poetry is admirable. The *Preludes* and end-pieces, which the average reader probably skips to "get on with the story," are its finest portion; exquisite lyrics of a finished purity and still rapture, which he truly asserted to contain the substance of *The Unknown Eros*.

He lived to bury his second wife and two children, marry again, and produce three books of prose, which are, in effect, a masterly commentary on the spiritual philosophy of his poems. He died at Lynton, in November, 1896. Of his appearance and conversation in those later days Mr. Champneys gives a detailed description, which all who knew him will recognise. He was a striking figure; of great height, increased in appearance by his extreme gauntness; large-boned, with imposing forehead and powerful nose; the skin of his face was somewhat flaccid and innumerable wrinkled, the eyelids had a pen-

dulous droop, under which gleamed a scimitar-like line of steel-blue eye. But, under emotion, the lid would suddenly widen, and the eye darken in a remarkable manner. Let Mr. Champneys continue the picture:

He had become subject to a sort of chronic bronchial affection, which made his laugh more harsh, and generally caused it to be followed by a dry cough. This gave a new acquaintance an impression of more sardonic humour than was really characteristic of him. . . . While talking, he would now stand with his back to the fire, his coat-tails under his arms, always resuming his position with a kind of shake of adjustment; then lean far back into his low, cane-backed chair, his legs stretched in front of him, his long hands sometimes grasping the elbows, at others employed in eager demonstration; and, when deeply interested in the talk, he would lean forwards towards his companion, holding him with an eye as fascinating as the Ancient Mariner's.

His private talk was of striking depth and impressiveness. It was often broken by long silence, during which he puffed his cigarette contemplatively; then he would drop some more than usually pregnant saying, which started a fresh conversation. The average of his letters here given are not likely to give him fame with the Lambs and Cowpers; but when they touch on his favourite topics they become striking and often memorable. But the unpublished fragments of prose and verse which Mr. Champneys gives are admirable and treasurable: for them alone the book would be worth publishing. On his speculative opinions, exemplified in them and other portions of the second volume, we cannot here touch. The final impression we get from the book is that of a man strong-willed, masterful, tender towards his own, unbending towards his enemies, with a practical ability rare in modern poets, sensitive to offence, yet generous towards his friends, of an extraordinary intensity and concentration of nature, narrowing his life upon one great purpose—the exploration of the significance of Love, in all its range from human to divine. And that, expressed in lofty poetry, and prose which few will read at first hand, was the life-achievement of Coventry Patmore.

A Devil of a Muddle.

The History of the Devil and the Idea of Evil. By Dr. Paul Carus. (Kogan Paul.)

DR. PAUL CARUS is the editor of the Chicago *Monist*, a journal which apparently occupies itself with the dissemination of Monism. This faith, or philosophy, teaches, we gather from his preface, that "the religious ideas of the present time are symbols. Taken in their literal meaning, they are untenable; but understood in their symbolical nature, they are seeds from which a purer conception of the truth will grow." As for its views on the subject in hand, they are difficult to apprehend. God, whom the author elsewhere speaks of as "both transcendent and immanent"—that is, both above and in nature—is said to "encompass" both good and evil; and we are further told, "the Devil is the most indispensable and faithful helpmate of God," and that, "to speak mystically even the existence of the Devil is filled with the presence of God." When people talk of speaking mystically they generally mean that there is much more in their utterances than meets the eye, but that they are not quite sure what it is; but this is one step further on the road to vagueness. In the robust faith of the Luciferans, according to the ardent Catholics who discovered, and perhaps invented, it, He whom we call God is the Devil, and he whom we call the Devil is God; but to the Monist the two names apparently mean pretty much the same thing. Philosophic, no doubt, but confusing.

So much for the standpoint of the author. Turning to the book itself, we are at first sight struck by the pains

and expense lavished on it by the publishers. The vignettes and fleurons, printed in pale-green ink, are, in most instances, worthy of all praise, though one or two are not improved by the text being printed over them. The illustrations apart from the text are clearly reproduced, but are very unequal in value. The boldly executed plates from Picart lose nothing at all by reduction; but the same can hardly be said of the objects in the Musée Guimet, here copied, we may guess, not from the exhibits themselves, but from the coarse woodcuts printed for popular use in the little catalogue distributed to visitors. Of the others, the frescoes from the Campo Santo at Pisa are given on too small a scale to be intelligible, while the huge canvases of Schnorr von Carolsfeld positively gain by compression. In this, as in other respects, the author seems hardly to have understood his limitations. The most interesting, as well as the most novel, illustrations to be found in the book are those of the "Ghost Dance" of the American Indians, although some of the old German prints here reproduced are also worthy of notice.

As to the text, Dr. Carus seems to have proceeded on the principle that that which comes handiest must be best. His aim, in dealing with the devils of antiquity, is evidently to collect what he can from earlier summarisers; but he is neither very happy in his guides, nor well up-to-date. Brugsch is not now the authority on the Egyptian religion that he once was, nor is the Turin Papyrus (apparently quoted because it has appeared in an American edition) the most typical recension of the *Book of the Dead*. Wiedemann, who has made Egyptian religion his special study, is never mentioned, and Lenormant's *Histoire de l'Orient* is quoted in preference to M. Maspero's, which has quite superseded it. We may excuse Dr. Carus for quoting Mr. Virey's admittedly faulty translation of the inscriptions of Reklmara, because Mr. Newberry's excellent work on that tomb is only just beginning to appear, but his friends at the Musée Guimet might have told him that in their *Bibliothèque de Vulgarisation* is to be found a memoir by M. Menant on the Yezidis or Devil-worshippers of Kurdistan, giving a very different account of their tenets from that of the "German traveller" whom he quotes at second hand. Even in his one reference to that mine of devil-lore, the Pistis Sophia, he must needs quote from the faulty translation of Mr. Mead rather than from the accurate French of M. Amélineau, or the scholarly English of the late C. W. King. In nearly every instance he has hit, as if by instinct, on the wrong authority. As for his omissions, it may be enough to mention that he says no word of the devil-worshipping scare got up by certain priests and anti-Semites in Paris a few years ago, although it led to the publication of three periodicals and about fifty books.

Is any further proof wanted that Dr. Carus is unfitted for the task that he has here set himself? No one who has looked into the religious beliefs of primitive folk can fail to notice that in the beginning they attribute neither benevolence nor malevolence to their deities, and are content with the dogma that they are stronger than man. Yet Dr. Carus does not fail to lay down that "Demonolatry, or Devil-worship, is the first stage in the evolution of religion." So, too, it is common knowledge that the Sumerians (or Accadians) were settled in Mesopotamia at least 6,000 years before Christ, and were fighting there with the Semites under the kings before Sargon, who ruled over both Sumerians and Semites in 3800 B.C. Yet Dr. Carus goes out of his way to state that the Accadians lived in Mesopotamia "about the year 3000 B.C., long before the rise of the Semitic nations." Again, the merest tyro in Egyptology could have told him that the Hyksos, or shepherds, were finally expelled from Egypt by the conquering Eighteenth Dynasty. But Dr. Carus fatuously describes Seti, or Sety I., as "the second king of the Nineteenth Dynasty, the shepherd kings." After this, it

seems superfluous to point out that Seb, or Kēb, the "great Cackler," or god of the Earth, although he sometimes takes the shape of his sacred animal the goose, never wears a crocodile's head, and that his name is in no way suggestive of Set, as Dr. Carus avers. Neither is it the case that the inscription *Nama sebesio*, sometimes found on Mithraic groups, means "the sacred fluid," or anything like it; that the title of Inquisitor was used for the first time in 1163; nor that the "Pleroma" of the Gnostics had anything to do with "fulfilment of the Gnostic ideal," it being merely the word used by both heretic and orthodox in the Apostolic age for the "fulness," or complex of the different persons, of the Godhead. Dr. Carus and his proof-reader must share between them the blame for minor mistakes—such as *rapōrapas* for *raprapōras*, Odhin for Odin, le Scœope for the le Scroope of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and the like.

On the whole, therefore, it will be seen that although Dr. Carus has hit upon an interesting subject, his book adds nothing to the knowledge already at anyone's disposal in the scholarly and careful compilations of M. Jules Baissac, M. Albert Réville, or his own countryman, Mr. Moncreux Conway. On the other hand, he has increased our admiration of Robert Louis Stevenson, and his appreciation of certain qualities of the American character. To call a friend of his the great "Americo-Parisienne sculptor" would be entirely in Dr. Carus's vein.

A Dream of Fair Women.

The Women of the Renaissance: a Study of Feminism. By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Translated by George Herbert Ely. (Sonuenschein. 10s. 6d.)

M. MAULDE has juggled very prettily with a vast subject. We say "juggled" because the women of the Renaissance, including her who from her litter dictated the *Heptameron*, were fathomless, and he who writes concerning them may not hope to develop conclusions; he can but make a spectacle of them. Our author frankly confesses as much, but it would be unfair to charge with futility a volume full of an erudition worn with the grace of a Jusserand—a volume large enough to be well-nigh inexhaustible, and so daintily petticoated that the "Lazy Minstrel" might tune his lyre anew to a hundred texts therefrom.

The original—*Les Femmes de la Renaissance*—appeared in 1898, and contains a number of footnotes, most of which are omitted by Mr. Ely on the curious ground that they make reference to "authorities unknown or inaccessible to the English reader." On the other hand, the translator furnishes an index, many useful notes of his own, and translations of Latin and Italian citations occurring in the work. Mr. Ely is a scholar, and his version reads admirably on the whole. If we were to name a fault, we should mention an undue preference for free as opposed to literal renderings. Two instances will serve for illustration. A phrase like "amateurs de femmes" has a delicate sub-satirical flavour which is missed in "gallants." Again, when M. Maulde, addressing his "dear ghosts," adds: "Le temps actuel est bien masculin, votre spiritualisme n'y apparaît que fort discrètement," Mr. Ely renders the latter half of the sentence: "Your spiritualism pays us but angel visits now," and once more extinguishes the ironic gleam of the original. No one can hope to enunciate a perfect theory of translation; but we incline to the belief that the insidious virtue whose praise is sounded in such phrases as "It reads like an English masterpiece" and "It does not read like a translation," is cultivated far too religiously by many interpreters.

But to return to M. Maulde. Two facts are brought out by him very clearly: first, the unlovely formalism of Renaissance marriages; secondly, the extraordinary influ-

ence of platonism on the social life of the time. The *mariage de convenance* is, of course, the natural safeguard of aristocracy; it maintains the chasm between class and mass. Against its cheerlessness men fortified themselves with concubines, women with "platonic" friendships. Francis I. regarded a mistressless man as a ninny, and wives were capable of a philosophical humility which is almost incredible. Nifo's wife endeavoured to cure him of a fit of studious abstraction by deliberately bringing to him "a young lady . . . of whom she knew her husband was enamoured."

Women, in whose honour reposes that of their offspring, have on many occasions found platonism a useful word. But the light literature which the Renaissance made and read is hardly companionable with it. For then the class of literature of which Boccaccio's stories are perhaps the highest type were favourite reading, and the "impeccable" Margaret, as M. Maulde rather oddly calls her, was diverting the world with her lubricious cordeliers.

Intellectual *semi-vierges* must have been common enough, and the painful continence exploited here and there in the *Heptameron* could scarcely *in loco* have awakened anything but mirth. M. Maulde's attitude to the author of that work is curiously sentimental. He speaks of "her profound yearning to blot out and pardon the sins of the world." Dear, dear!

Platonism, we are forced to understand, could regale its votaries with the love that Adonis denied the mother of the blind god, so long as they did not make such love the be-all and end-all of their intercourse; and no doubt on these terms platonism could flourish exceedingly. Yet one must not forget Michelangelo and the Marchioness of Pescara. Why did he love her? "For her beauty? No. For her wit? No. He loved her because he loved her. . . . He asked nothing of her." He was fifty-one when he fell in love, and the lady was thirty-six; yet he did not see her till twelve years later. Even when she was dead it was her hand, not her brow, he dared to kiss.

A less poetical but quite genuine platonism may be born of disgust, and one feels that an unwashed Renaissance beauty may have exerted an unknown power of sobering adoration. We read that "some discriminating women preferred dry methods to water—powders, pastes, scraping of the skin, which enabled them to say 'that they did not wash their hands.'" Preachers of the sixteenth century in France thus protested against what modern euphemism would call the habit of cleanliness. Cries one: "O fatal laving, prolific in elements of death." Cries another, a Franciscan friar: "Ye women who stew yourselves, I summon you all to the stewpots of Hell!" But "laving," fatal or otherwise, gained in popularity: perhaps the fact that it was made a social function at which gentlemen could present themselves contributed thereto.

It is pleasant to reflect that the Renaissance women remained "almost always young"; for they had the courage of despair when it came to fighting Decay. "They had their teeth drawn, their skin scraped till it bled; they reduced their colour by dint of gulping down sand or cinders. They were *héroïnes de la charité*."

It is now time to close a fascinating volume, upon which it has only been possible to touch very lightly. In these days of new women, the Renaissance women preach from the grave. Behind the bars of marriage they played handsomely at the game of life. Their colouring was not all rouge, nor their laughter but the tinkling of cymbals. They had grace and gave grace; they were royally sentimental; they were women of the cult of youth.

Gusto.

The Men of the Merchant Service. By Frauk T. Bullen. (Smith, Elder.)

HAZLITT said: "There is a gusto in Pope's compliments, in Dryden's satires, and Prior's tales; and among prose writers Boccaccio and Rabelais had the most of it. We will only mention one other work which appears to us to be full of gusto, and that is the 'Beggar's Opera.' If it is not, we are altogether mistaken in our notions on this delicate subject." We, also, are mistaken in our notions if Hazlitt would not have sanctioned the addition to his list of "Mr. Bullen, the sea writer." This book is full of gusto. It is not that Mr. Bullen seems to have sailed all seas in all ships, so that he can fetch a crucial instance to every second page, and can casually remember a deck-washing row on board "that ill-fated ship, sunk the other day by the ironclad *Sanspareil*, the *East Lothian*"; no, it is not that he has been to sea, and can remember, and can write; but it is that he can write himself back into the very smell of harbours, and find the solemn breadths of sea on the paper under his pen. This nearness of approach to a subject, this wedding of the savour of the word to the savour of the thing, is gusto. Mr. Bullen has it, and gusto is the literary quality of this book. To show this need be our only and sufficient aim. We could not, in a short space, convey any idea of the variety of special information—all so human and related—that Mr. Bullen gives about the training, duties, and character of masters, mates, second and third mates, carpenters, bosuns, sail-makers, apprentices, and seamen. Almost every chapter is doubled, to embrace sailing and steam. A fascinating chapter deals with "The Master's Qualities." First of these—absolutely first—is the ability to command, and it is found in very varying degrees. You shall find a man "of stately figure and with a voice like a thunder-peal" who is unable to gain the respect of a crew. But another man, who seldom raises his voice during a long voyage, and is a mere placid figure on the bridge, will be felt in every corner of the ship. Mr. Bullen describes such a captain,

an elderly, prosaic-looking figure, who used to come on deck shortly after daybreak every morning, with a moth-eaten Bombay-made dressing-gown flung over his pyjamas, a mangy old fez upon his head, and his bare feet thrust into sloppy slippers. Thus attired, he would pace rapidly up and down the poop for the space of half an hour, taking his constitutional—a most mirth-provoking figure. Yet no one ever laughed, either behind his back, on deck, or in the privacy of the fo'c's'le. When he spoke it was in a velvet voice, but the man spoken to invariably took an attitude of profound respect on the instant.

That was a man after Mr. Bullen's heart, but he does not refuse his admiration to any type of thorough sailor. Such are sketched in rapid phrase again and again in these pages. Putting the highest value on training, Mr. Bullen is of opinion that the best type of sailor is born, not made; and he exults to tell us how such men by sheer instinct, by a humouring as of women with their babes, can neutralise the inherent faults of an unhandy ship; and how steersmen must be born to it to feel all that a wheel-spoke can convey through the hand in the darkness. Mr. Bullen's chapter on the ship's carpenter is an idyll of human skill and resource; it makes the reader proud of men he has never seen. There is gusto even in the chapter on cooks, who as a class are nothing, but as individuals are good and bad in all keys and combinations. He recalls the cook of the *Wonga Wonga*, an effervescing nigger, who out of an unutterable confusion of pastry and poultry and all culinary chaos would construct a dinner for five hundred people, "declaiming Shakespeare on the slightest provocation." Another cook, a little hump-backed Yankee, is presented in the act of butchering sheep in rough weather. But that is a bit of low life that we can skip. For the

nobility of seamanship you should read Mr. Bullen's chapter on "The Mate's Work in a Sailing Ship," particularly the description of an old mate who infected a whole crew with zest when the captain had ordered him to shorten all the standing rigging—a highly technical operation. His face, radiant with interest, was noted by the men: "'Looks as if he'd got something extry-special on hand this mornin'. More nigger-driving,' &c. But it was only the orthodox growl. They did not look displeased. The next minute the mate was among them, his orders flying like hail, and in half an hour the look of the vessel was entirely changed." Or let the reader turn to the story of the taciturn master who had no appearance of the sailor about him, but who in a long night manoeuvred his ship with consummate skill through the Sunda Straits by utilising every favourable catspaw and calculating current and coast-line. But we only prick a book that is bulged with sea-craft, and resembles the perfect sailor whose every hair is a rope yarn and every drop of his blood Stockholm tar.

Other New Books.

SHAKESPEARE'S GREENWOOD.

By GEORGE MORLEY.

"Ay! now are we in Arden," and, unlike Touchstone, we would not be in a "better place." Mr. Morley gossips pleasantly of Warwickshire, of its customs and superstitions, its folk-lore, its birds, and its trees. He devotes chapters to some of the lesser literary lights whose connexion with the county has been somewhat overshadowed by Shakespeare's; to George Eliot and the "Cheverels of Cheverel Manor"; to Dr. Samuel Parr, the aged scholar who was a link between Johnson and Landor; to the triad of minor poets—Shenstone and Iago and Somerville—who gave Warwickshire its share in the poetical renaissance of the eighteenth century. But he is most attractive when dealing with Warwickshire dialect. The isolated enclosure of tilth and woodland in the very heart of manufacturing England, which is Arden, has preserved a wealth of home-spun vocabulary which even Shakespeare, though he drew freely upon it, did not exhaust. Mr. Morley garners some delightful phrases. "Adone, ye lil mummock, ye moither me above a bit," cries a Warwickshire mother to her troublesome child. The shepherd leaves you with the apology: "Well, I mun shog on a bit. I were up at four, ye know, an' I can welly do wi' a shive o' summat to et an a tot o' tay." Like all dialects, Warwickshire is strong in terms of vituperation. A "hedgehog" is an "urchin" whom his father will "lace," "warm," "leather," or "thrape" soundly. A loose "wench" is a "faggot" or "doxy" ("Heigh! the doxy over the dale!"); a slattern is a "slummock." Flowers, too, have their delightful by-names. "Hey," says a more kindly mother, "thee hev gotten a dandy bunch o' smell smocks, my gel. Where didst raggie to get they?" "Smell smocks" are cuckoo flowers, and "Keck" is henlock or cow parsley, and "cows and calves" are wild arums, and "naked ladies" are leafless meadow saffron. (Nutt. 5s.)

FROM THE CAPE
TO CAIRO.

By EWART S. GROGAN AND
ARTHUR H. SHARP.

"I must say I envy you," writes Mr. Cecil Rhodes in the letter addressed to Mr. Grogan prefixed to this volume, "for you have done that which has been for centuries the ambition of every explorer—namely, to walk through Africa from south to north. The amusement of the whole thing is that a youth from Cambridge during his vacation should have succeeded in doing that which the ponderous explorers of the world have failed to accomplish." And, indeed, the tramp was a remarkable one. Undertaken, no doubt, with some idea of record breaking, but mainly for the sake of big game-shooting, its result can hardly fail to

stimulate that great scheme, now no longer a mere wild imagination, which proposes the trans-continental connexion, by steam and telegraph, of the Cape with Cairo.

As a narrative of sport and travel the book should take a high place. It is well written, though not so well written as to make the reader pause to consider where fact is aided unduly by art. The pages are packed with a spirit of incorrigible, though perfectly sane, youthfulness, which makes light of dangers and goes for its mark with healthy and humorous perseverance. The traveller in the interior must accept the fact that all natives are born liars; from that point he may arrive at some approximation of the truth. The description of the journey through a country devastated by cannibals is crowded with horrors, most reticently stated, which give a ghastly hint of what civilisation has to face.

We do not dwell upon the hunting episodes, because the book has that greater value to which we have referred. Mr. Grogan concludes with a chapter on "Native Questions," which summarises, with marked lucidity and entire freedom from sentimentality, the attitude which should be adopted by a colonising power. It is to such practical men as the authors of this volume that native administration should be entrusted; "but the means to be employed are not those of the missionary." Those are the concluding words. (Hurst & Blackett. 21s. net.)

ROMAN ART.

By FRANZ WICKHOFF.

This splendidly illustrated volume, translated and edited by Mrs. S. A. Strong, LL.D., has a critical importance which such works occasionally lack. It is a translation of the essay contributed five years ago by Prof. Wickhoff to a reproduction of the MS. known as the "Wiener Genesis." This study of the evolution of style in Roman art between Augustus and Constantine has been something of an epoch-making work in the literature of its subject, and it is well that it should be brought prominently before English scholars. Prof. Wickhoff aims at reversing the verdict which sets down the Roman painting and sculpture of the Empire as merely an offshoot of imported Hellenism. "Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit" is, in this direction, at best a half truth. The conquest of Greece doubtless brought a wave of Hellenistic influence into the Roman world during the later period of the Republic. But even under Augustus this mingled with a sturdy element of native Etruscan or at least Italian origin, and after Augustus this element largely broke free and found its own, distinctly non-Hellenic, modes of expression. Such is the thesis which Prof. Wickhoff expounds with all the strength given by an admirable equipment, both in archaeology and æsthetics. His proofs are taken from various sources, largely from the arches of Titus and Trajan and the wall-paintings of Pompeii; and he traces the distinctive Roman style right through the Middle Ages, to which the "Wiener Genesis" belongs, until it played its part in the new artistic renaissance of the Trecento. The value of the work is much increased by Mrs. Strong's collection of about a hundred plates and text illustrations, which appeal alike to the scholar and to the lover of beautiful picture-books. (Heinemann. 36s. net.)

THE MAKING OF RELIGION.

By ANDREW LANG.

When the first edition of this book appeared it gave rise to a good deal of criticism. This came both from psychologists and from anthropologists, the latter especially demurring to the position taken up by Mr. Lang with regard to the origin of the belief in gods. This, said Mr. Lang, does not necessarily presuppose an already existing belief in spirits, out of which it could be developed. He held, on the contrary, that primitive man arrived at the notion of a god by some process of reasoning not very definitely stated, and that this notion was in many cases subsequently modified and degraded under the influence of a belief, later in its development, in spirits. He has already

replied in part to his critics in the preface to the revised edition of his *Myth, Ritual and Religion*. In a similar preface to the present volume he touches upon a few additional points; and, in particular, attempts to state a little more exactly the kind of thinking which he conceives to have led primitive man to his god. This is what he now "thinks probable in so obscure a field":

As soon as man had the idea of "making" things, he might conjecture as to a Maker of things which he himself had not made, and could not make. He would regard this unknown Maker as a "magnified non-natural man." These speculations appear to me to need less reflection than the long and complicated processes of thought by which Mr. Tyler believes, and probably believes with justice, the theory of "spirits" to have been evolved. This conception of a magnified non-natural man, who is a Maker, being given, his Power would be recognised, and fancy would clothe one who had made such useful things with certain other moral attributes, as of Fatherhood, goodness, and regard for the ethics of his children, these ethics having been developed naturally in the evolution of social life. In all this there is nothing "mystical," nor anything, as far as I can see, beyond the limited mental powers of any beings that deserve to be called human.

Like everything that Mr. Lang writes, this preface is a delightful and urbane piece of work. Whether it will convert any anthropologists is another matter. (Longmans.)

THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

BY W. CAREW HAZLITT.

This is Mr. Hazlitt's third essay at writing the history of Venice. A short book, comparatively, of 1853 was enlarged in 1860 into a work which has been a standard treatise ever since. But forty years, during which the accumulation of material and monographs has been uninterrupted, have naturally rendered it somewhat obsolete. In these two goodly volumes it is brought up to date and much enlarged, the narrative being carried onwards to the expiration of Venetian Independence in 1797. A volume and a half are devoted to the annals of the Republic; the remaining half volume contains an elaborate study of Venetian civilisation during the period of the city's greatness. We cannot, of course, attempt to criticise so detailed a work in the space at our command. Mr. Hazlitt has devoted vast industry and no inconsiderable learning to it, and though he does not impress us as one of the masters of historic style, yet his easy pages, full of narrative, colour, and picturesque episodes, do not make bad reading. It would, indeed, be difficult to write an uninteresting book about Venice. The thoroughly scientific historian would, we think, in a work of this magnitude, cite his authorities more frequently and critically than does Mr. Hazlitt. And we miss the discussion of sources in a preface, or, better still, at the beginning of each chapter, which is rapidly becoming imperative in such a work. The *Venetian Bibliografia* of Cicogna was published in 1847. Even were that not so, a selected and critical bibliography would still be desirable as a guide to the student, and also as some indication of the writer's attitude towards his material and of the kind of treatment of it which may be expected in his book. (Black. 42s. net.)

THE STORY OF THE CHINESE CRISIS. BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE.

Unstinted praise can be awarded to this excellent little handbook on the crisis through which China is now passing. Mr. Krausse is well known as an authority on the Far East, and in the present volume he has boiled down his knowledge into a little book of some two hundred pages, which contain all that the ordinary newspaper reader needs in order to understand what is going on in China at present. A slight sketch of Chinese history, sufficient for the purpose in hand, opens the book, and then Mr.

Krausse devotes chapters to the "Advent of the Powers," the "Struggle for the Empire," the "Brewing of the Trouble," and the "Fall of Peking," and finally, turning towards the future, discusses the outlook. For those who desire to know more of the great problem he adds an excellent bibliography of modern books on China, and the index at the end is adequate. Altogether *The Story of the Chinese Crisis* is an example of the best kind of book-making. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)

Those who possess no book printed in the "golden type" designed by William Morris for the Kelmscott Press will do well to obtain Messrs. Longmans' half-crown reprint of the paper on "Architecture and History of Westminster Abbey," read by Morris on July 1, 1884, before the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. They will find Morris talking much in Ruskin's style about "the mania for monuments," and our being "a laughing-stock among nations" for having permitted these "pieces of undertaker's upholstery" to blemish the Abbey.

An interesting and sometimes most uncanny book is the Rev. John Gregorson Campbell's *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland* (MacLehose). These have been collected by the author entirely from oral sources, a circumstance which enormously increases the value of his book. The contents are arranged under such headings as "The Fairies," "Tutelary Beings," "The Urisk, the Blue Men, and the Mermaid," "Premonitions and Divinations," &c., and the book should explain Miss Fiona Macleod to many readers." Here is a curious tale: "The Fairies were building a bridge across Loch Rannoch, between Camaghouran and Innis-droighinn, when a passer-by wished them Godspeed. Instantly the work was stopped, and was never resumed."

Are you an amateur scientist? If so, you may like to know of Mr. George Hles's book on *Flame, Electricity and the Camera* (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.), in which he traces man's progress from his first kindling of fire to the wireless telegraph and the photography of colour. The treatment is discursive and popular, and should appeal to many a boy and many a boy's father.

To the "Westminster Biographies" are added two monographs: *Adam Duncan*, by Mr. H. W. Wilson, who endeavours to give flesh and bone to the rather shadowy figure of this gallant admiral; and *John Wesley*, by Mr. Frank Banfield.

The title given by Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (a descendant of the dramatist) to his book on the Philippine problem is *The Filipino Martyrs: A Story of the Crime of February 4, 1899*. The writer's opinions are thus revealed in advance, but Mr. Sheridan is careful to tell us that he formed them on the spot and without any bias against the United States Government, whose work in Cuba he applauds. But after a short time in Manila he was convinced that the Filipinos had been grossly misrepresented; and in this book of two hundred pages, dedicated to the citizens of America, Mr. Sheridan pleads warmly for the Filipinos as a refined and civilised race worthy of self-government, and now suffering intolerable wrongs.

Books on the House of Commons generally justify themselves, for the House will bear a deal of exploration. In *Our House of Commons: Its Realities and Romance*, Mr. Alfred Kinnear, the war correspondent, gives us fifty-four short chapters on Parliamentary life, dividing them into two sections: the "Serious Side" and the "Light Side." In the "Serious Side" we observe that the cost of a seat in Parliament to a member is put at £5 a day; in the "Light Side" we are regaled with a chapter on "The M.P.'s Wife," who is said to be "the most ambitious of all women." By the way, Mr. Kinnear says "Mr. Balfour is never angry." No doubt Mr. Kinnear was in South Africa when Mr. Balfour—got angry.

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Fiction Supplement.

SATURDAY: 3 NOVEMBER, 1900.

Some Novels of 1900.

As a complement to the list of the best novels published up to the end of October which our readers have decided for themselves, and which is given, with the voting, in the right-hand column of this page, we have drawn up another and an independent list. In settling this list our endeavour has been to ignore utterly all the noises of the market-place, all rumours of vast circulations, and all influences extraneous to literary art. We have considered every novel issued between New Year's Day and the end of last month, and drawn from that formidable array the dozen which seem to us to possess the most genuine intrinsic merit. Such an occasion as the present gives to the expert an opportunity of usefully correcting the wilder deviations of public opinion—that opinion which after much turning always approaches a true standard at last—and of calling attention to fine work that may have gained less than adequate notice. Our list is as follows (we should premise that it excludes short stories, and that the books are placed alphabetically according to author's names):

The Increasing Purpose, by James Lane Allen.
Tommy and Grizel, by J. M. Barrie.
Lord Jim, by Joseph Conrad.
The Courtesy Dame, by R. Murray Gilchrist.
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box, by Henry Harland.
Robert Orange, by John Oliver Hobbes.
Quisanté, by Anthony Hope.
A Master of Craft, by W. W. Jacobs.
Sons of the Morning, by Eden Phillpotts.
Lore and Mr. Lewisham, by H. G. Wells.
A Gift from the Grave, by Edith Wharton.
The West End, by Percy White.

Apart from the absence of certain notorious names, two points will at once occur to the reader in regard to this list: first, that there are only two ladies among the authors, both American, and second, that the large majority of the books have been published during the latter half of the year. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor*, we may remark, was not issued till November. Both peculiarities are probably due to mere accident. Going a little deeper, we perceive, happily, a sign of the extinction of the effete historical novel. We have several times remarked upon the decadence of the historical novel, and attributed it to a natural exhaustion of the form which Scott invented. Until the historical novelist can contrive not to imitate someone who imitated someone who imitated Scott—until he can bring a vigorous, original, and reviving imagination to the reconstitution of the past—it is quite well that the cult of the *temps jadis* should languish; and until then it decidedly will languish. An augury full of hope for the future of English fiction lies in the instinctive recognition by the best writers of this truth. The best writers show an ever-increasing tendency to write of that which they personally know—and know to the roots. In England, at any rate, we do not, elaborately or otherwise, “get up” our subjects. Not one of the twelve novels selected can fairly be termed a *rifacimento*. Each springs from an observation neither artificial nor hasty, and of the greater part it may be said that they are the fruit of life-long specialising. The practice of confining one's self to a particular environment may ultimately prove to have disadvantages, but meanwhile its advantages are striking. Whatever the theory of the matter, with Mr. Hardy in Dorset, Mr. Barrie in Kirriemuir, Mr. Phillpotts on Dartmoor, Mr.

Gilchrist on the Peak, Mr. Jacobs on Thames-side, Mr. Morrison in Essex, and Mr. Conrad on the Southern wave, we are indubitably getting results.

Another important and pleasing characteristic of the best fiction of the year is an increased fastidiousness in the matter of verbal precision, verbal dignity, and verbal beauty. All of the twelve writers seek these three qualities, without which fine style is never attained. With few exceptions they are stylists in the strict sense of Flaubert, constantly and consciously striving after effects of exactitude and beauty. In this respect, if in no other, English fiction shows a decided advance since “the palmy days, when Ruskin alone obeyed the axiom that literature is an art of words.”

And, besides this renaissance of style, there is to be noticed, also, a revival of humour. Ten years ago fiction was almost consistently devoid of humour. Now—well, now we have Mr. Jacobs, a humorist pure and simple, to reinforce Mr. Anstey. We have, further, Mr. Barrie, who is a humorist and something else; and we have writers like Mr. Phillpotts, and Mr. H. G. Wells, who are capable of producing the real thing in no mean quantities. In Mr. Harland and Mr. Percy White we possess wits of distinction. A general survey of the first ten months of the year proves, in fine, that, though we may not be living in the spacious times of fecund and prodigal genius, yet have we no cause to be ashamed of the imaginative literature of our period, since it is marked by efficiency, sincerity, an ample creative force, and humour.

OUR PLÉBISCITE.

Last week our usual Competition took the form of a request for the names of the twelve best novels published during the first ten months of the year. An examination of all the lists sent in has resulted in the following selection of novels which in the united judgment of the competitors are entitled to be considered the “twelve best” published in 1900 up to last Saturday.

TITLE.	NUMBER OF VOTES.
<i>Quisanté</i>	44
<i>Tommy and Grizel</i>	41
<i>Robert Orange</i>	41
<i>The Isle of Unrest</i>	32
<i>The Farringtons</i>	29
<i>The Increasing Purpose</i>	29
<i>A Master of Craft</i>	25
<i>Senator North</i>	23
<i>Sons of the Morning</i>	21
<i>The Gateless Barrier</i>	20
<i>The Master Christian</i>	19
<i>Sophia</i>	19

The twelve novels which our readers considered to come next in merit are as follows:

TITLE.	NUMBER OF VOTES.
<i>The Cardinal's Snuff-Box</i>	18
<i>Lore and Mr. Lewisham</i>	16
<i>By Order of the Company</i>	14
<i>The Soft Side</i>	11
<i>Voices of the Night</i>	10
<i>The Fourth Generation</i>	9
<i>The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg</i>	9
<i>The West End</i>	9
<i>The Lane that Has No Turning</i>	8
<i>A Gift from the Grave</i>	8
<i>The Brass Bottle</i>	8
<i>The Infidel</i>	7
<i>Red Pottage</i>	7

We observe, by the way, that our contemporary, the *Onlooker*, has adopted a new method of criticism—not so new, however, but that it has been employed ere now in the ACADEMY. For the last two weeks people of note have

been asked to contribute lists of books which they have lately enjoyed reading. Among novels we notice the following selections:

The Duchess of Sutherland: *The Gateless Barrier*, *Robert Orange*, *The Courtesy Dame*, *Senator North*, *A Gift from the Grave*.

Mrs. Meynell: *A Gift from the Grave*, *The Greater Inclination*.

John Oliver Hobbes: *Fuoco*.

Mr. W. L. Courtney: *The Gateless Barrier*, *Sons of the Morning*, *Jezebel*, *Senator North*, *The Isle of Unrest*, *Quisantè*.

A Novelist on the Novel.

MANY highly interesting opinions have been pronounced regarding the deterioration of the novel—that vivid morning star of literature—and some there be who deny deterioration altogether.

It is mostly a matter of point of view, like nearly every other question under the sun. If one means by the modern novel that of the last half-century, then I think those who deny its deterioration are in the right of it. If, however, modern, in this connexion, means produced during the last half decade, then to me the deterioration is something that cannot be disproved, however one may deny or, more justifiably, excuse it. And I claim some concern in the last half-decade, by token that it was during this period that my own literary firstborn was delivered to, and unobtrusively buried by, the British public.

In connexion with the novel, I protest that the 'nineties, while possibly by no means the richest, have been psychologically the most interesting, the most vivid and pregnant, years of the century. Remember that Robert Louis Stevenson gave us of his ripest and finest work during the early 'nineties. He left us before the back of the decade was broken. At this distance, even, one can scarce record the fact without a catching of the breath. But, speaking of the decade, who shall say how much beside died and was lost, or appeared to be lost, with its middle year.

"A generation ago such a book would have been hailed as a masterpiece; would have gone through edition after edition. To-day the number of good books is larger than ever, and, splendid achievement though it be, cannot receive all its due." So I read in *Vanity Fair*, December 14, 1899; and, the book named being my own, I sympathised, appreciated keenly the reviewer's standpoint, and reviled my fortune because that the early 'nineties had seen me adrift in the Pacific, instead of at the publishers' doors in great little London Town.

Since mentioning the name of a magician in fiction who is no more, I have introduced my insignificant, if not modest, self. I am free and at large, therefore, among small potatoes, or even among matters not over odorous. My theory about the art of fiction is identical with the theory of that doctor in Charles Reade's *Hard Cash*: "Th' great Chronothairmal Therey o' Medicine; th' Unity, Periodicity, an' Remittency of all disease." I believe with pious optimism in the "Periodicity an' Remittency" of deterioration in the fictional art. And when Rudyard ceases from Imperialising, khaki has returned to the dust from which I am informed it derived its name, and we are a little advanced in the next decade, I look hopefully for a recrudescence of the upward trend of the early 'nineties; with something added, of course (we do move, you know), and, doubtless, with the inevitable switch down again a few years later.

Never mind the quality of the book I am about to name; but just reflect, if you please, upon the manner in which men and maidens talked of *The Story of an African Farm* in the early 'nineties. My point has little or nothing to do

with that book, or with any other particular book, but with the attitude adopted towards it by the huge throng of men and women in the street.

But, you say, the same men and maidens in the street now discuss with equal fervour the "novel of the century"; the hundred-thousandth copy of Miss Corelli's mistress-piece. Precisely! But from how totally different a standpoint! They discuss its story—I beg pardon if I have inadvertently used too trivial a word. They discuss its moral purpose, its bearing upon religious sects, and so forth and so on, in a highly improving vein. They do not pretend to be concerned with its literary style (I write with bated breath) or with the writing within its covers, *qui* writing, at all.

In the early 'nineties it was vastly different. Mamma in the suburbs discussed with her charming daughters, and with callers, the "atmosphere" of Miss D. E. Cadent's latest production. Papa, carrying home the fish for dinner in a mat basket, discussed on the tops of 'buses not the morality merely, but the literary style, the writing, the purely artistic merits and demerits, of the latest jewel from Vigo-street. You have your doubts, knowing Papa and Mamma intimately, as you do? Let us take a stroll down Fleet-street of the mid-decade, or, to be exact, of '93. Observe:

"This is a book which is a portentous sign of our time. The wildness, the fierceness, the animality that underlie the soft, smooth, surface of woman's pretty and subdued face—this is the theme to which—" &c.—T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in the *Weekly Sun*. "Singularity artistic in its brilliant suggestiveness."—*Daily News*, leading organ of Nonconformity. "A rich, passionate temperament vibrates through every line."—Eminently respectable, even Radical, *Daily Chronicle*. "These lovely sketches are informed by such throbbing feeling, such insight into complex woman, that we with all speed and warmth advise our readers—" &c.—*Literary World*, published by the proprietors of the *Christian World*. "A work of genius."—*Speaker*.

The book these lines were written in praise of ran through many editions, and was one of many treated in the same way. And that was not ages back, or in another country; but in the year of grace '93, and in this London of the six-shilling blood-and-khaki. It was the first volume in a series to which the title of "Keynotes" (what an archaic flavour the word has!) was given. Consider it, ye readers of newspapers in this year 1900!

I mentioned the matter the other day to a good friend of mine, who is a typical man in the street. "Why, yes," he said; "of course, we have our crazes; I suppose all peoples do; like heat waves. I guess that was a pretty nasty, drivelling sort of a period. There's not much trace of it now, anyway." Yes. Strong words those—nasty and drivelling. Not ill-fitting, perhaps; but consider the bearing upon my "periodicity" theory. Think what you will about the quality of the fictional art of that period. Many of its chosen subjects were beyond all doubt unpleasant, just as their treatment was frequently hysterical and sometimes offensive. But there can be no question about the wide, deep, and general interest displayed in it as art; the keen, earnest striving betrayed in it toward art; and the importunate demand made by it for the placing of literary and artistic standards above those of popularity and entertainment. And the man in the street met and obeyed the demand. At worst, he said he did. He no longer gave open vent to the Philistine cry for amusement, neat. He sought what he believed to be artistic merit. He asked for bread, and was given a sour sweetmeat? Possibly; but there was the striving. The avowed aim, however widely missed, was high.

Yes, relatively speaking, the aim was high. I scorn the inexpensive sneer, and affirm that in those sage-green booklets, with all their sticky unpleasantness, there was distinct striving after literary style. Nay; they had some good writing, with a genuine feeling for language, in

them. The book themselves—oh, yes! One is glad to be quit of them. But the spirit abroad among us which made for that enthusiastic striving; that was finer than the gross, stodgy Boothby-cum-Corelli-cum-Khaki debauch of the decade's end.

That low man goes on adding one to one
His hundred's son hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

For to-day, consider the caterers for the fictional debauch above-named; they toil not neither do they spin (in literature, at all events); yet I say unto you that Meredith and Hardy in all their glory are not arrayed like one of those. Neither are the dear and great dead of this decade.

But I hold to the "Periodicity an' Remittency" theory. The striving doubtless continues. Its recognition and reward is the thing intermitted. But, God save you merry gentlemen of the pen, it will come again!

A. J. DAWSON.

New Novels.

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

AGAIN Mrs. Ward has put the whole strength of her sympathy and knowledge into a story of men and women chastened and ennobled by love. They suffer by the way, as all must who seek the best by the road of self-renunciation, to find in the end that they have what they gave. Again, behind the human and natural episodes of the story, the muffled pendulum of her thought swings from Roman Catholicism to Agnosticism, from Indifference to New England Puritanism; again we note the fairness with which she reveals the opinions and temperament of her characters; again we feel her unexpressed agreement with that pregnant saying that religion has its sources elsewhere than in history, and with that truth enunciated by the Buddha—"the mind is everything; what you think you become." Her characters find the food they need. What is theirs comes to them. Eleanor turns to the Cross for refuge, Manisty turns from the insincerity that made him think he had grasped the symbol, and Lucy Foster, the girl from New England, remaining her own sweet, strong self, influences both, to their lasting good.

The background is Italy. The story passes entirely in Italy, mainly at a villa a few miles from Rome, at the time of the terrible disaster at Adowa. There Manisty, a too gifted and magnificent youth to be wholly convincing, has retired, in dudgeon, from the beginnings of a brilliant political career in England. In plain words, he is sulking, and using his feverish leisure in writing a book on Italy. His sympathies are all with the Past and the Vatican. He is building up a figure, typical, representative, "of the New Italy, small, insolent, venal—insulting and despoiling the old Italy, venerable, beautiful, and defenceless." His cousin, Eleanor, is his amanuensis, and companion to her aunt. She adores him with a concentration and a consistency commoner in fiction than in life, and he—well, in the dim future, when life has ceased to be adventurous, he may reward her. The knell of Eleanor's bliss is sounded with the advent of Lucy Foster on a visit to the villa. Manisty treats her appearance first with anger, then with indifference, then with "the indulgence of the politician and man of affairs towards the little backwoods girl who was setting him to rights," and then—. The working out of the theme is done with great skill, and with a sympathy and intuition of the innermost feelings of these two attractive women that gives the story a rare intellectual and emotional interest.

In the early pages it is difficult to accept Manisty with patience. Egoistical, vain, overbearing, he is a figure that most men would heartily resent, but the impasto is intentional, and if the reader suffers at the beginning

Manisty reaps the sowing of his self-indulgence, and emerges a man. Here is the early Manisty. He has been explaining to Lucy that a book, "a rather Liberal book," protesting "against the way in which the Jesuits are ruining Catholic University education in Germany," has been placed upon the Index:

"He has asked your opinion?" said Lucy, pursuing the subject.

"Yes. I told him the book was excellent—and his condemnation certain."

Lucy bit her lip.

"Who did it?"

"The Jesuits—probably."

"And you defend them?"

"Of course!—They're the only gentlemen in Europe who thoroughly understand their own business."

"What a business!" said Lucy, breathing quick—"To rush on every little bit of truth they see and stamp it out!"

"Like any other dangerous firework—your simile is excellent."

"Dangerous!" She threw back her head.—"To the blind and the cripples."

"Who are the larger half of mankind. Precisely."

She hesitated, then could not restrain herself.

"But *you're* not concerned?"

"I? Oh dear no. I can be trusted with fireworks. Besides, I'm not a Catholic."

"Is that fair?—to stand outside slavery—and praise it?"

"Why not?—if it suits my purpose?"

The later Manisty develops, through experiences that are quite natural and convincing, into something fine and capable. In a word, he "finds himself," through suffering, to an awakening with clear eyes. And the same thing happens, though by a different road, to Father Benecke, the admirably drawn priest who is excommunicated, cast adrift, scorned on account of his book:

With the final act of defiance, obscurely carried out, conditioned he knew not how, there had arrived for him a marvelous liberation of soul. Even at sixty-five he felt himself tragically new-born—naked and feeble indeed, but still with unknown possibilities of growth and new life before him. His book, instead of being revised, must be re-written. No need now to tremble for a phrase! Let the truth be told. He plunged into his old studies again, and the world of thought met him with a friendlier and franker welcome. On all sides there was a rush and sparkle of new light. How far he must follow and submit his trembling soul did not know. But for the moment there was an extraordinary though painful exhilaration—the excitement of leading-strings withdrawn and walls thrown down.

It is this quality, this correspondence of the characters with the world-movement of hidden spiritual things, the progress of the individual through self-renunciation towards the best, that gives this love story—for *Eleanor* is essentially a love story—its value. The winning of love, or the loss of love, is not the end, but the way, and love found with pain and sorrow is shown to be the companion, the guide, that leads to the things that are not seen.

Quisanté. By Anthony Hope.
(Methuen. 6s.)

THIS is the most serious work that Anthony Hope has done. It is to be classed with *The God in the Car* rather than with *The Prisoner of Zenda*; but the primal conception is far more elusive, and the reader receives no such aid—of doubtful legitimacy in the field of art—as comes from an obvious connexion with a familiar figure of the contemporary world. Nevertheless, *Quisanté*, as the author conceived him, is truly here; while the woman ridiculing his attitudes and braggadocio, dreading and hating in him the dulness of perception that left him at the mercy of the temptation to do the thing which it is the note of an outsider to see no harm in, yet captured by

the magnificence of his moments, is a splendid success. Here are sentences from the letter that Lady May wrote to the man who throughout had been in her confidence and now, Alexander Quisanté being dead, wanted her to become his wife:

You can love people and then forget them and love somebody else; or love somebody else without forgetting. Love is simple and gentle, and, I suppose, gives way. Alexander doesn't give way. I shall hurt you now, I'm afraid, but I must say it. After him there can be no other man for me. I think I'm sorry I ever married him, for I could have loved somebody else and yet looked on at him. . . . I write very sadly; for I didn't love him. And now I can love nobody. I shall never quite know what that means. Or is it possible that I loved him without knowing it, and hated him sometimes just because of that? I mean, felt so terribly those times when he was—well, what you know he was sometimes. I find no answer to that. It never was what I thought love meant, what they tell you it means. But if love can mean sinking yourself in another person, living in and through him, meaning him when you say life, then I did love him.

We have chosen these fragments rather for the sake of conveying an impression of the situation, than as an especially striking example of what is to be found in the pages of *Quisanté*. Sometimes they are brilliant; few of them are dull, and not one is irrelevant. The author maintains to the last his grip of the situation and the persons.

Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.
(Cassell. 6s.)

"Q" is an artist; not a great artist, but always a real artist. He is a critic of admirable discernment, in whom the imitative instinct is bewilderingly puissant. It is characteristic of him that he could set to work upon the unfinished *St. Ives* and so carry it through that, from his own place, the author might have pronounced upon this complement of his unfinished story: "This is true, if inferior, I."

In these stories, as ever, Stevenson lords it: "The Lady of the Ship," "Frozen Margit," "The Adventure of a Small Free-Trader," "The Mystery of Joseph Laquedem" (not these alone)—well, they would easily pass muster as authentic R. L. S. But though the trail of Vailima is over it all, other modern influences, too, may be noted, even by the least critical, in the work of this so generous appraiser of his contemporaries. Nothing, for instance, could show less likeness to Mr. Kipling's manner than "The Mystery of Joseph Laquedem," yet that story could hardly be read without a running reference to "The Finest Story in the World." "Once Aboard the Lugger"—not, it must be confessed, a convincing tale—touches the ports of Wessex and Thrums; and "A Pair of Heads" suggests an author whom in this connexion it would be (to him) flattery to name: for "Q" does admirably, as they say, come off. His treatment of the preternatural is, indeed, perfectly adroit. His story is told through the proper mouthpiece—comes from the lips of one who may well have believed it, and who, besides, was quite incapable of inventing it.

Apart from the rest stands the story, the vision, entitled "Oceanus," as the most memorable thing that, to our knowledge, Mr. Quiller-Couch has invented. The narrator, tormented by the insoluble problem of the cruelty that seems to rule in Nature, comes riding to a great arena that is fenced about with carved stone. Within, every anguish is presented. He penetrates; witnesses all cruelties in act:

"I will see no more!" I cried, and turned towards the great purple canopy. High over it the sun broke yellow on the climbing tiers of seats. "Harry! someone is watching behind those curtains! Is it HE?"

Harry bent his head.

"But this is as I believed! This is Nero, and ten times worse than Nero! Why did you bring me here?" I flung my hands towards the purple throne, and, finding myself close to a fellow who scattered sawdust with both hands, made a spring to tear his mask away. But Harry stretched out an arm.

"That will not help you," he said. "The man has no face."

"No face!"

"He once had a face, but it has perished. His was as the face of these sufferers. Look at them."

I looked from cage to cage, and now saw that indeed all these sufferers—men and women—had but one face: the same wrung brow, the same wistful eyes, the same lips bitten in anguish. I knew the face. *We all know it.*

"His own Son! O devil rather than God!" I fell on my knees in the gushing water and covered my eyes.

"Stand up, listen and look!" said Harry's voice.

"What can I see? He hides behind the curtain."

"And the curtain?"

"It shakes continually."

"That is His sob. Listen! What of the water?"

"It runs from the throne and about the floor. It washes off the blood."

"That water is His tears. It flows hence down the hill, and washes all the shores of earth."

Once, from the floor of his cage, a monkey caught up a fragment of a mirror, and glared at it; at first vaguely, then with attention. And for the space of a flash of lightning he knew: "I am I." The man who imagined this parable of blood and water is no mere "sedulous ape."

Joan Brotherhood. By Bernard Capes.
(Pearson. 6s.)

MR. CAPE'S literary faculty is in excess of his creative power, and the result is that he invites criticism which, if this excess did not trouble us, would pass him by scatheless. We find delicacy, insight, power over words, and other good things on every page of this story; yet the story leaves us rather cold. We have here not a creation, but a postulate. All through you are conscious that a theme has been selected as an exercise, and that you are privileged to see it worked out. But you are not convinced by the story, or warmed by the characters. If the story holds you, it is because you are attracted by the intellectuality of its telling; and because there are thrown up a great number of delicate side-issues, reflections, paradoxes, and penetrative remarks, which are clever in themselves, and may be useful in other connexions. No; Mr. Capes begins at the wrong end. He is all for ideas and their effective exploitation. His characters are brought into existence not to live their own lives, but to assist him to literary ends. For this reason Mr. Capes should take a credible thesis from without; say, stick to the historical vein which he worked with so much success—though in a too phrase-laden style—in his *Comte de la Muette* and *Our Lady of Darkness*. When, as in this case, he tries to make a story of his own; when we are to depend on him for both base and superstructure, or for both body and garment, the result is not satisfactory. Frankly, we do not believe in Joan Brotherhood, the sea-foundling and stage-struck girl; or in her lover, the spineless, but voluble, Latimer, who is alternately swayed by Joan and a truculent evangelical named Wilson who for his zeal to the Lord is ready to throw Joan down a well that Latimer may be saved for the saving of sinners. These and several other characters are too often talking for Mr. Capes. They are his deputies to the reader; and there is curious similarity between the comment and the dialogue throughout the story, which develops, not like an organic thing, but like a tessellated design, phrase by phrase. The phrases are not so weird and dominant as some of Mr. Capes's earlier stories, yet they are sufficiently numerous and punctual to seem to

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pass like telegraph posts seen from a railway carriage window. The wires seem to rise, the phrase passes, and then the wires slope down to be jerked up by another phrase. So that even Mr. Capes's successes in this kind come to be looked for, and the reader's pleasure is less in the phrase than in its punctual arrival. "Crowdie writhed. His face was like wet veal." Now, in its place, that is quite good; but its place is at the bottom of page 243, and by that time the reader—relieved of any very compelling interest in the story—is inclined to say: "There goes another," or "What, ho!—she bumps." And yet it is an ungrateful task to criticise Mr. Capes like this, seeing that, if he did not write so well, or conceive so intellectually, we could give him the praise which—using another standard—falls to less clever and important writers.

Cunning Murrell. By Arthur Morrison.
(Methuen. 6s.)

THERE is a hard, clear polish in Mr. Morrison's writing that is seen at its best in this book. The style is also kept up to a high level. Between the first page and the last we have not detected a slovenly or careless passage, and scarcely anything that could be called a purple patch. Yet, at the end, we rather doubt if the proper manner be wedded to the matter. In this novel Mr. Morrison has left the Jago and its mean streets for what was in 1854—the date of the story—the secluded fishing agricultural village of Hadleigh. His theme is rural superstition. *Cunning Murrell* is a professor of white magic, master of the devil, and witchfinder, and round his "curis and powerful arts" all the interest centres. A few yokels and their womenkind, a simple, one-legged old tar, a blacksmith, various smugglers, and one or two Revenue officers form the *dramatis personee*. Very little stress is laid on plot or story, Mr. Morrison relying chiefly for his interest on the sayings and doings of his village clowns. That is why we think a less nervous and direct style would have answered better. What was needed to present them attractively was an abundant and sunny humour, a love of whim and foible, and it well may be a gentle and kindly satire. We would fain reduce fault-finding to a minimum in the case of work so strong and conscientious, but the story in our opinion loses attractiveness from a lack of these qualities in Mr. Morrison. His picture is too stern and harsh. The superstition, too, is a little overdone. In a dedicatory letter the author informs us that *Cunning Murrell* was an historical character who left behind him an "amazing heap of documents." Well, that does not matter one bit. The *Murrell* of Mr. Morrison's imagination is not the quack who was dealing in potions and spells during the early days of the Crimean War. The test we apply is not "historical," but whether he is an authentic, credible character who falls naturally into his place in the little world of the novel. One cannot write absolutely on the point. All that we can say is that one reader, very willing and anxious to be pleased, has not been able to obtain this impression. A possible explanation is that village superstition is dragged too violently into the foreground, whereas it rather lurks in the background of country life.

Without being in any case extraordinary, the characters are all etched in with Mr. Morrison's incisive cleverness. Any one of the scenes wherein the mother wit of *Murrell* is pitched against that of the various people who try to get the better of him is worth quoting; indeed, the dialogue throughout does infinite credit to the accurate observation, and still more to the self-restraint, of a writer who never is tempted into exaggeration. In the squalor, bitterness, and gross superstition of the Barhams, the alleged sufferers from the witchcraft of an innocent old woman, Mr. Morrison finds opportunity for displaying those qualities that make his tales of mean streets at once

so striking and so repellent. As a contrast he has drawn for us *Roboshobery Dove*—the name is too good to have been wasted on so conventional a figure. Much as we like the old sailor, man-of-war's man, and ex-smuggler, who "fit the French so high! so high! Danme!" he is not much more than a lay figure. The women are nearly all done better than the men, and are without exception extremely miserable or very unamiable.

The Brass Bottle. By F. Anstey.
(Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

MR. ANSTEY, after too long a silence, has mixed another of those compounds of ancient magic and latter-day middle-class life of which the best example is *Vice Versa*. In the new book, *Horace Ventimore*, an architect of slender income, becomes possessed of a brass jar from which, when the lid is at last removed, emerges a Jinnee of the kind made familiar by the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. This Jinnee, in gratitude to his rescuer, heaps upon *Horace Ventimore* a series of embarrassing gifts, which threaten the complete ruin of all his prospects, both professional and amatory; but, of course, are diverted in time into beneficial channels.

Mr. Anstey tells the story with his usual matter-of-fact precision; but it lacks spontaneity. The machinery creaks a little, and we are asked to believe rather too much. *Leander Tweddle's* vicissitudes with his tinted Venus, Mr. *Bultitude's* adventures in his son's shape, were not incredible. Granted the magic at the back of them they seemed possible and undetectable by the neighbours. But *Ventimore's* Jinnee builds a huge Oriental palace for a client in Hampshire in a single night, transforms *Ventimore's* lodgings into halls of Arabian splendour with the same celerity, and sends him presents by a train of camels. These things are not acceptable to us for the reason that they would have excited public attention and remark, and would have led to difficulties ignored by the author.

Here and there we have laughed a good deal as we read, but the total effect of the story is not what it might be. Some of the Jinnee's proverbs are amusing. Thus: "He that adventureth upon matrimony is like unto one who thrusteth his hand into a sack containing many thousands of serpents and one eel. Yet, if Fate so decree, he may draw forth the eel."

The Soul of the Countess, and Other Stories, with Verse Preludes. By Jessie L. Weston.
(David Nutt. 3s. 6d.)

THESE stories are full of "nice" feeling. They have a touch of poetry and are written in good English, the archaic affectations of which are not offensive. A young reader, to whom the ideas and motives were not trite, might well find in them a considerable charm. But to readers acquainted with many and better fanciful tales there is nothing here really fresh, nothing bearing that stamp of individual personality which alone, at this stage of the world's literary development, can give value to work in this branch.

The first story challenges comparison with one in the too little known volume called *The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde*, and to compare the two is a lesson in story-telling. "The Heart of Princess Joan" is not by any means the best story in its group, but it has firmness of outline, wealth of incident, a gradual heightening of interest, and genuine pathos. Compared with it "The Soul of the Countess" lacks depth, variety, and climax.

"Our Lady of the Forest," again, bears a superficial resemblance to one of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Little Novels of Italy*, and the contrast in resemblance is curious. Mr. Hewlett's irony may irritate and offend even while it charms, but at least the impression remains; while Miss Weston's

irreproachable little miracle legend, with a daintiness and purity of its own that ought to make a gem of it, leaves no impression at all. So with "The Archbishop that was a Saint." Andersen would have made that story complete, naïve, and also classical in a couple of pages; Dr. Garnett would have touched it with a sly and mischievous humour delightful to the few and incomprehensible to the many: Miss Weston manages just to miss the vital something. In the writing of legends and fairy tales there is no middle path: there are but the best and the bad; and these are not of the best.

Clare Monro: the Story of a Mother and Daughter.
By Hannah Lynch. (John Milne. 2s. 6d.)

IN her new volume Miss Lynch has dealt in the dimensions of a sketch with a subject large enough to furnish forth the old-fashioned three volumes. Only the method of Ibsen, who gathers together in a few poignant scenes of the present the whole background of a group of lives, could render interesting in less than two hundred small pages the history of this mother and daughter. As it is, there has not been room to make persons of them, and they remain puppets—the puppets of melodrama. They are attitudes, not characters. The necessity of compressing too big a story has destroyed gradation; everything is sudden, violent, pitched a note or two above the key of nature, so that modern English ladies say: "Had I known," and: "Ah, this can never be." The total absence of humour—amazing in the work of a writer so well endowed with the quality—heightens the effect of falsetto; and there are occasional slips and awkwardnesses of style which might perhaps pass unnoticed but for the challenge of the publisher's injudicious quotation, from some unnamed critic, of a declaration that "her work is recognised as that of the first living exponent of English classic style." Praise so exaggerated sets human perversity seeking to pick holes, and the search is soon successful. "To feel so alive to his dulness" is not precisely a classic form of expression; nor is it permissible in English to divide a pronoun from its antecedent noun, as is done on page 22, by two full stops and an intervening sentence with no fewer than seven other nouns in it. In short, *Clare Monro* is not, and probably was never meant to be, written in a classic style at all. It was, however, probably meant to be a tragedy, and it does but succeed in being a melodrama. Miss Lynch, whose standing is really a high one, has done and should do better things.

The Novel of Domesticity.

Rue with a Difference. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
(Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

It may be said concerning some novels that their titles are an absolute disclosure of them. The remark applies to nearly all Miss Carey's. For thirty-two years she has been sending forth amiable and blameless romances of an austere etiquette, with titles like *Wee Wifie*, *Not Like other Girls*, and *Queenie's Whim*. We may say that we have read these books, but, had we not done so, we should still have known them; and now here is *Rue with a Difference*—a romance with even less romance in it. The scene is laid in a cathedral town (doubtless Winchester disguised), and canons and deans abound. Here the phrase "the dear dean" is used seriously. After Valerie (heroine) has betrothed herself to the hero, who saved her from the falling bough of a snow-laden tree, she says, "in a relieved tone": "I am glad the Dean approved." And, when the same lady makes an afternoon call, this speech is recorded of her hostess: "A thousand pardons for keeping you waiting, Mrs. Thurston. I have been indisposed, and keeping my room late, and I was still

engaged with my toilette when your name was brought to me." The point is, not that the hostess should have so spoken, but that Miss Carey should have set the words down. The book is full of nothings—mild, inoffensive, inexpressibly tedious. It is so negligible that in the very act of perusal you scarcely know whether you are reading it or not. Yet it, too, is in the scheme of things; it inculcates truth—narrow, shallow, fractional, but still truth of a sort. Because of its narcotic sobriety, its calm dignity, its perfect lack of humour, its profound and splendid ignorance, its loyalty to an exhausted convention, it deserves, and it shall have, respect.

Path and Goal. By Ada Cambridge.
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

MISS CAMBRIDGE also begins in a cathedral town, but she at once shows a wider and a worldlier view. She laughs openly at curates—"the Dundreary-whiskered young man with the severe dog-collar and the dangling gold cross"—and she has a perception that district visitors may be absurd in their romanticism. *Path and Goal* is an example of the "powerful" domestic novel. It may start in Wakeminster, but it ends—and ends tragically—on the high seas. While the final storm is done fairly well, the catastrophe itself seems unconvincing and unnecessary; it is merely the result of a firm intention to be "powerful." Miss Cambridge is seldom original. Her characters have been invented for her by predecessors in the art. There is the girl with "the rich voice, rolling, organ-like, at the back of the throat"; and the girl "whose beautifully dressed head and marble neck, white as the pearls encircling it [how long will this obviously silly misstatement about flesh persist?] rose, Clytie-like, from the bank of flowers. . ."; and the "unassuming brown-haired, grey-eyed girl, in a washed muslin frock." Of course the last is the heroine. The name of the hero is Adrian. Despite a heavy touch and a constantly recurring conventionality, the book is quite readable. At the back of it is a little genuine creative force, a little real passion.

Monica Grey. By Lady Hely-Hutchinson.
(John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

IN an exhortatory and somewhat pietistic preface Lady Hely-Hutchinson remarks, apropos of the South African War, that God "will not disdain the offering of a nation's sorrowing womanhood"; and she urges her "sister women" not to murmur if their place—"their very own allotted place"—is "not in the showy fighting line." We have failed to perceive the connexion between this and Monica's history. The principal situation in *Monica Grey* recalls Balzac's *Lily in the Valley*, being that of a pure and noble married woman passionately in love with a man not her husband. There is a great deal of debating-society talk in the book, and twice the perfect Monica is made to express herself on the subject of fallen women. The second time she spoke thus:

"Have you forgotten who it was who said, 'She loved much because much was forgiven her,' and to whom He said it?" I asked her, in my turn.

"I have not forgotten," Monica said wistfully; "but I never have quite understood. I really have doubted, in all reverence, whether our Lord was not too tender with such women. Could His spotless purity fathom the depths into which depravity and loss of self-respect may drag a human being? Could He know how low that woman had fallen? Could He understand how well-deserved her shame and misery were?"

Such sentiments, "in all reverence," scarcely showed the perfect Monica in her best light, and one is not quite grieved for her awful predicament with that lame darling, Ronald Lindsay. Lady Hely-Hutchinson solves the difficulty by killing both lovers. It was a clumsy, feeble-

forceful expedient, and, with the vibrating *vox humana* stop full on the whole time, the latter half of the book scarcely escapes being maudlin. The author has lofty, if limited, ideals, and doubtless *Monica Grey* is a sincere expression of them. But it is the novel of an amateur from end to end.

The Dissemblers. By Thomas Cobb.
(John Lane. 6s.)

IN *The Dissemblers* Mr. Cobb has constructed an amusing intrigue on the basis of a most ordinary domestic situation. Penelope, a modern independent orphan, quarrelled with her Aunt Esther (a dark, vindictive woman, separated from her husband) and left Esther's house for Paris. The aunt thought Pen had eloped with a certain impecunious Jack, and she sent two men in pursuit. One of these men was Leslie Munro, the world-famous novelist of an Empire's life, and the other was an ass named Cusack. One went to Dover, the other to Folkestone, and each thought he was the sole emissary. Munro overtook Penelope at Dover (she was not eloping—merely escaping to friends in Lutetia), and he persuaded her to return. Cusack, having done Folkestone, was inspired to proceed to Dover, where he saw Munro with Penelope, and, misapprehending the case, punched him in the mouth. The punching was not irremediable, and might have been remedied, had not the whole thing got itself in the papers, and had not Penelope's legal guardian arrived on a sudden from India. The guardian insisted on instant marriage between Munro and Penelope, as the one means of hushing scandal. To appease him, the pair consented to a temporary and purely formal engagement, which was to be broken off when it had served its purpose. Then Jack, rich at last, intervenes, and more trouble ensues. The point is that Munro and Penelope were actually in love, though "dissemblers." On the last page they kiss. And all this springs from a quarrel between aunt and niece. The quickly moving tale is told with admirable skill. Of course it has neither height nor depth of passion, but in many ways it is the best, the neatest book that fertile Mr. Cobb has yet produced. It is continually funny, not in phrase, but in its predicaments. The Dover-Folkestone scenes are delightful.

The Conscience of Coralie. By F. Frankfort Moore.
(C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE has returned to his old vein, the vein of *I Forbid the Banns* and *A Gray Eye or So*; and we are glad. Coralie Randal, owner of the conscience, was the yearning and earnest daughter of an American millionaire. She came over to England to study British society, and the Irish Question in particular, under the wing of Lady Glasnamara. On arrival she was as raw as a milkmaid, and Rosamund, Lady Glasnamara's daughter, soon discovered the fact:

"We are not made in the same mould," the American girl remarked, but not until a considerable space had elapsed. "I could not read an account of bloodshed; I am a member of the Brotherly Love Society of Nokomis. Our aim is to make war and bloodshed impossible."

"I hope your aims will be realised," said the English girl. "Where is Nokomis?"

"It's in Hebron County," replied Coralie. "Hiram Dewey is the president of the Brotherly Love Society."

"And who is Hiram Dewey?"

"What, you never heard of Hiram Dewey, the orator? Carpenter G. Harker says he is the greatest orator that has lived since Demosthenes."

"And who is Carpenter G. Harker?"

"Ah, now I see that you have been in jest all along; and I thought you in earnest. Every one must have heard of Carpenter G. Harker, the Father of Personality."

The author unrolls, as it were, the whole panorama of English life before the eyes of this girl (who was not a

fool), and duly provides her with a lover. Her conscience nearly drives her back to America; but the lover, after a ride of fourteen miles within the hour, stops Coralie in the nick of time, and the novel ends. It is very witty and amusing; quite as good, we think, as anything that Mr. Moore has accomplished: and to say that is to say something. After his deviations into the eighteenth century and elsewhere, Mr. Moore proves that he has lost none of his faculty for imperturbably and smilingly stripping modern shams of their pageantry.

The Worldlings. By Leonard Merrick.
(John Murray. 6s.)

MR. MERRICK'S aim is always "to tell a story"; and that, after all, should be the sole aim of the novelist. He finds an interesting sequence of events (which implies that he finds at least one interesting character), and then he proceeds to relate, as simply as possible. There is no decoration, no overlaying, no pause for the performance of feats for the gallery. This is right. Some novelists are called artists because they do the very tricks which Mr. Merrick is artist enough to leave alone. *The Worldlings* begins in South Africa, where Maurice Blake, a failure, learns of the death of a friend who had been living with a mistress. The dead man is the son of a baronet with twenty thousand a year, and Rosa, the mistress, suggests that Blake should personate him. After resisting the temptation, Maurice yields, and promises to give Rosa a quarter of all receipts, and to introduce her into society. Behold him next the centre of a luxurious English domesticity. He marries, and adores his wife. Now it is that Blake (called Jardine), out of respect for his wife, declines to fulfil the second part of his engagement with Rosa. Complications ensue, and at length Blake confesses everything to the aged baronet. He is about to retire again into obscurity, when the loyalty of the woman he loves saves him from the consequence of his crime. We have put the outline of the plot baldly. In a sense the novel, too, is bald; but it is also good—quiet, unassuming, severe, dignified. The characterisation of the four principal persons is done with genuine skill. While missing both brilliance and extreme power, *The Worldlings* is still, within its limits, a quite satisfactory piece of art.

Edmund Fulleston; or, the Family Evil Genius.
By B. B. West. (Longmans. 6s.)

SOMEWHAT old-fashioned, and perhaps a little tedious in places, this is nevertheless a sound and strong novel of social life, and by no means without originality. It relates the history of the two ruling families, the Campbells and the Mitchells, of that ancient ecclesiastical city, Haleschester, and shows how the entire clan was ruined by Edmund Fulleston, a connexion by marriage, and how Fulleston erected his own proud edifice on the debris of their fall. The character of Fulleston, the mild, stuttering, flattering insinuator, is drawn with real effectiveness, and, indeed, the portraits of all the various members of the Campbell-Mitchell fraternity have an unusual vitality. Mr. West employs a plain, straightforward method, almost wholly dispensing with dialogue, and he has certainly compassed a diverting and valuable study of domestic and municipal life. We have read the book with zest. The chief fault of the story lies in the pattern-like regularity of the results of Fulleston's intercourse with the different chiefs of the clan. The nomenclature of the characters and their residences, too, is a blot on the book. Mr. West belongs to the same small school of novelists as that ingenious and clever, but insufficiently appreciated, writer, Mr. Thomas Pinkerton, the author of *Dead Oppressors*. To those who know Mr. Pinkerton's work this will be a recommendation.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS

FOR READERS OF NOVELS.

TWENTY-SECOND THOUSAND IN THE PRESS.

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THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX. By Henry Harland, Author of "Comedies and Errors," "Grey Roses," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.
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THE DISSEMBLERS. By Thomas Cobb, Author of "Scraples," "The Judgment of Helen," "Mr. Tassingham," &c. [Just published].
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MISS (OR MRS.) RIVES writes in a manner to suggest that she is a relative of *Amélie Rives*, author of that hectic novel *The Quick and the Dead*. She has, however, none of the latter's imaginative power. *A Furnace of Earth* is a love story of a most violent and hysterical kind—an orgy of flamboyant emotions and bizarre adverbs.

"I love you!—you!—you!" he said, stammering and hoarsely. "I love you!"

The tumbling passion of the utterance pierced through her like a spear of desperate gladness. Every nerve reached and quivered, tendril-like. His deep breathing, toned with the dripping lap of the shingle, seemed to throb through her. She lay quiet, breathless, her lashes drooped, her very skin tense under the lasting burn of his lips.

"Margaret! Ardee, dear! Look at me!"

Her eyes flowed into his. From a flushed blur under cloud-pale eyelids, they had turned to violet balls, shot through with a trembling light. The look she gave him melted over him in a rage of love.

(It is all like that.) Strange to say, after such a scene, Margaret leaves her Daunt inexplicably; she meets him again finally in a hospital, where Daunt is planted after a railway accident. Then, "she was bathed in a wave of violent trembling." Margaret had "beautiful white ideals." Her history is obscure owing partly to the author's affected method of narrative, and partly to the continual superlative stridency which at last robs every phrase of any definite meaning. Here and there is disclosed a certain faint cleverness.

The Novel of Adventure.

The Isle of Unrest. By Henry Seton Merriman. Illustrated.
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THE genteel form of Hooliganism known as vendetta is an ancient theme, and your fiction-weaving optimist has been long aware that hereditary enemies of opposite sexes may fall in love with each other in no half-hearted manner. But Mr. Merriman knows how to brush up old properties; he is a practised man of the world who can write with a feeling for romance while preserving a well-bred air as who should say, "I sympathise, but I retain my self-possession."

The period of his story is 1870, a circumstance which permits of the introduction of a portrait of Napoleon the Third which glooms with saturnine majesty, the result of the painter's scarcely covert enthusiasm, upon which a sidelight is thrown by the rather cheap epigram that a republic is "a community wherein every man is not only equal to, but better than, his neighbour."

Of epigram of a kind there is, indeed, no dearth in Mr. Merriman's pages. As a rule they are flashes from the Obvious. "Nothing is so unsightly in death as a deceased fashion" is one. "Even the very poor may be charitable: they can think kindly of the rich" is another. One may be grateful; for, when the Obvious has emerged from the chrysalis of verbosity (where it is generally lodged) into the empyrean of epigram, it makes a passably pretty butterfly.

In fine, Mr. Merriman has produced a readable story, not the least agreeable feature of which is the demonstration that the patriotism of a bad man is as fine a quality as that of anyone else.

The Footsteps of a Throne. By Max Pemberton.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. PEMBERTON possesses no small share of the courageous versatility which distinguishes the journeyman in letters. He has no hesitation in painting Frenchmen, Italians,

Russians, or English milords. In his latest novel we have an English milord, and perhaps the most beautiful Russian princess in the whole world. The former was an idler: "all that the East had to show he had seen." Such a sentence, which some may pass as a mere *façon de parler*, is nevertheless instructive. No writer of depth would say that anyone had seen "all that the East had to show."

Mr. Pemberton's princess (she is that in a double sense) will easily cause the average reader to believe in her existence. Her emotions are exhibited at a height where niceties of temperament are readily overlooked. She is spied on by a treacherous friend; she is loved by and loves a titled Englishman, and a libertine Russian officer desires her for himself. Given a whole story at 212 degrees Fahr., and the average reader is heated beyond the critical point.

One need not grudge the book its simple triumph; it is respectably written, clear and honest in sentiment, and its gentle efforts to be sinister increase our belief in its author's good nature. Nevertheless there is no harm in being educated, and so we suggest that whoever visits Moscow for the first time in Mr. Pemberton's pages should visit it again in those of Mr. Arthur Symons.

A King's Pawn. By Hamilton Drummond.
(Blackwood. 6s.)

THE shadow of the mighty Dumas falls over the venturesome novelist who endeavours to reproduce Henry of Navarre; and out of that shadow Mr. Drummond's narrative—founded on a bereaved Spanish mother's assiduous revengefulness—does not wholly emerge. We miss in his pages the subtlety of the king who was wary to the point of timorousness and gay to the verge of heroism—the king who had yet to win Ivry. Mr. Drummond's Béarnais is a fiery, but astute, adventurer, far from the intrigues of the Louvre, who dashes *incognito* into Spanish Navarre, and out again at the expense of one pawn, the squire of the supposed narrator. The devotion of this character carries with it a veritable thrill of romance. A hero of sixty-five is a novelty to be grateful for.

For the rest we have writing like this: "Up from the undulating slope of the broad valley, broad almost as a plain, was thrust a huge spur of rock. It was as if Nature in her travail flung up an arm to heaven, and, dying, held it there frozen into stone." Excellent; but such phrases would come better from Mr. Drummond himself than from a fighting survival of the sixteenth century. Mr. Drummond should note that his most convincing effect is obtained at pp. 100 *et seq.*, where an illustration is given of the seamiest side of the feudal system. After all, there is nothing like realism, and Mr. Drummond has it in him to be a romantic realist. Heaven speed him in that adventure; but he must first train his characters to talk less like a book.

John Charity: a Romance of Yesterday. Edited by Horace Annesley Vachell. (Murray. 6s.)

"YESTERDAY" is the later 'thirties, before Mexico had ceded Alta California to the United States. Mr. Vachell's hero, an emigrant to California, is made to tell his own story—an artistic mistake, we venture to think, but not one that affects the strenuous vitality of a well-written work. The chief point of interest is Charity's attachment for a Spanish girl, which is the cause of much plot and counterplot. Out of the hurly-burly, whose involutions grow a little wearisome to a critic who looks on at the wings of the theatre, she stands at the last apart, primitive, pathetic, lovable in her affection, heroism, and mistrust. "I had never understood," says Charity, "this daughter of another race, of another day, and she, alas! had never understood me." One suspects that, had this been a real

autobiography, the spirit of tragedy would have lent tone to the whole of the book, and that the hapless girl's love-letter would never have been printed.

The author seems to know his Californian Spaniards well: the Governor, the priest, the villain are interesting sketches. Of Don Narciso, the heroine's father, we read: "That he had offered his daughter in exchange for my loyalty seemed to the Don a halfpenny matter, but a slight to a guest curved his backbone into an abject bow." Poet's justice the story provides; and were it not that it was the poets who fastened Prometheus to his rock, we would rather term it devil's justice; but it is germane to the local colour, and it is indisputable that your Romanticist, if he desire to hold the attention, must not, on occasion, shirk the mention of catastrophes from which even a Realist might flinch.

The Filibusters. By Cutcliffe Hyne.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

IN a double sense is this an "absorbing" romance: it absorbs the reader's interest and his conscience too. Mr. Hyne adds Sacaronduca to the existing states of Central America, and sends his principal filibuster, General Briggs, against ludicrous odds to overturn the government, and establish himself in autocratic presidentship. There is not so much as the tail-end of a moral peeping out of the whole transaction, but it stirs the blood delightfully. That it all comes out of Mr. Hyne's clever head is clear from the resemblance between the characters when they condescend to be playful. When a ruffianly priest meets with verbal opposition, he remarks: "Well, we must hope for the best. We must bring pressure to bear. D'you know, Mr. Birch, we are famous for our, shall we say, pressure up here in the mountains?" When the same priest is cornered, one of his captors remarks: "There's something in the pocket of your cassock which spoils the hang of the cloth, and doesn't do your tailor justice. Permit me? A thousand thanks." And so on.

The frontispiece to the volume depicts the supposed narrator leaping from a precipice into a roaring torrent. Cauls must have run in his family. But there is no quarrelling with the improbabilities of a narrative which has the great merit of being at once rapid and intelligible, witty and exciting. The love element is cleverly managed; in fine, with all its vagaries, the novel is a brilliant *tour de force*.

The Plunder Ship. By Headon Hill.
(Pearson. 6s.)

MR. HEADON HILL is among those who contribute to the mythical geography of the world. His contribution takes the form of an island containing "the most stupendous mass of gold that the heart of man could conceive," in the form of two gates "big enough for a walled city." Imagine a white sultan of this island and an Oriental hypnotist who keeps "his eyes in chains" by means of the "snaky glitter" of his own, and the particular claim of the volume on popular attention is obvious enough. The sardonic element is less liberal in Mr. Headon Hill's work than in Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's, the woodenness more obtrusive. In fact, it nearly always is obtrusive when a matter-of-fact nature seeks inspiration in dreamland. It is probable that our author could make a fraudulent company promoter and his tools more interesting by restricting the sphere of their operations to these deluded realms. But his bustling romance will no doubt be devoured by any schoolboy or schoolgirl into whose hands it falls. Such will find no heart to sneer at their Joanna when she cries: "Know, then, that I would rather toy with the deadliest serpent in the jungle than treat you otherwise than as the cast-off menial you will be as soon as Zohrab hears of this."

All Sorts.

In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford.
(Macmillan.)

MR. CRAWFORD possesses many qualities in which a maker of books must be proficient to achieve success. He has a story to tell, which is more than can be said of every novelist. He tells it excellently; more than this, his heroes and heroines are not merely immaculate, but they are ladies and gentlemen, of whatever period. And yet—and yet—in Mr. Crawford's work there is lacking the force, the conviction, the purpose which go to make a book immortal, which give a book even the semblance of immortality.

In the Palace of the King inevitably recalls some inferior drama acted by clever players. It does not move you. You watch, you listen, and occasionally you yawn—in the love-scenes. Don John of Austria, half-brother of King Philip of Spain, "the man who won glory by land and sea, who won back Granada a second time from the Moors, as bravely as his great-grandfather, Ferdinand, had won it, but less cruelly," is not real. Dolores de Mendoza, who "had the high features, the smooth, white throat, and the finely-modelled ears that were the outward signs of the lordly Gothic race," is not real. Hero and heroine alike, "young soldier" and "beautiful woman," say fine things in their day, act finely when occasion demands. But they leave you cold. Mendoza, the unbending Spanish father who takes the King's sin on his shoulders, who soils his lips to save the King from shame: Inez, Dolores' blind sister, live at times. Mr. Crawford is a close observer of the ways of the blind. He touches such points tenderly, subtly, with a penetration that inspires a hope that the creator of Mr. Isaacs, and the heroine of a book no longer acknowledged—*To Leeward*—may yet be awakened from that lethargy which comes upon too many writers who "can command assured sales."

The artistic details we have touched upon redeem the whole; they do not make it wholly worthy. Mr. Crawford has done better work; he is capable of better work—sustained and virile. May he accomplish it!

A Sugar Princess. By Albert Ross.
(Chatto. 3s. 6d.)

"To see ourselves as others see us" is hardly so strong an aspiration as to see others as they are. Mr. Ross's story is founded on a morbid old gentleman's desire to test the sincerity of a young relative's affection. He allows it to be supposed that he is dead. But the hero is detected again and again in an honesty that is almost flagrant in its uncomfortable idealism. Virtue above a certain point is apt to evade envy by dulness, but of dulness Mr. Ross cannot be denounced the creator. One is tempted to ask why. The insolent toady of titled folk who represents the American mother in its pages is but a *cliché*, and the bursting optimism of the *dénouement* can only be likened to a Christmas pudding. But the pen that drives to such bliss is not that of a tired or disillusioned writer.

The daughter of the sugar millionaire who is nicknamed in the title is extremely unreticent, but she tempts us to an aphorism which should prove serviceable: "In the maidenly all things are maidenly."

The author has visited Hawaii, and his story includes pleasant descriptions of that colony and also of Japan. Respecting the latter country the following specimen of American humour will bear quotation. Mr. Lovejoy had mislaid the "Keating," and the ladies had had a bad night:

"I've got one bite as big as a Mexican dollar," put in Mrs. Young. . . . "A Mexican dollar is only worth forty-five cents in American money," remarked her son soothingly. "So you see it's not so bad as it seems."

Neither is the Obvious "as bad as it seems." Indeed, it can be quite pleasant.

The Flower of the Flock. By W. E. Norris.
(Nisbet & Co. 6s.)

MR. NORRIS is one of the little masters of his art; he never fails as greater and more ambitious writers often fail. He knows precisely what he wants to do, and he does it with a deftness, an assurance, and a humorous appreciation which give the reader a satisfaction very real, and, within its limits, very complete. In this book the story is nothing, the manner everything. The plot, such as it is, is of the kind to which even the word threadbare is not applicable; it is stereotyped, set up, apparently, for ever, to the hand of any craftsman. The rich American widow, the handsome, selfish, and delightful captain, worshipped by his family; the financial crash of the captain's father; the unselfish brother; the young girl, poor and attractive, who comes into £100,000 at a critical moment—all are here; even the impecunious and honourable peer is not wanting. Mr. Norris shifts them about, sets them to talk, as people do talk, succeeds in making you believe in them, and then, on the last page or two, leaves everybody perfectly happy. To do all this without giving a moment's weariness is an achievement within the reach of very few. Mr. Norris accomplishes it with perfect ease. He takes you into his confidence, not in the button-holing, rather in the smoke-room, manner, and while his story is in progress makes little illuminating side remarks which keep you in humorous touch with the narrator. You are assured that he knows his characters, and likes them, and is himself constantly amused by them. The attitude is infectious. They are alive, too, these people, except when Mr. Norris permits himself, for a moment, to be perfectly serious; then, we confess, there is a flash of palpable limelight. But Mr. Norris seldom permits himself to be quite serious; that is a convincing indication of his delightful art.

The Image-Breakers. By Gertrude Dix.
(William Heinemann. 6s.)

IN this novel Miss Dix has somewhat more than fulfilled the promise of *The Girl from the Farm*. It is a book marked by much *finesse* and considerable distinction, and decidedly not without strength. We say this at the beginning because *The Image-Breakers* has left us with a sense of disappointment and of depression. Miss Dix has found her theme among advanced Socialists and Anarchists—those weird, earnest, and seemingly futile people who move darkly in the *coulisses* of Progress with a capital P. She has drawn her characters, on the whole, with skill; but she herself appears to be too close to them, and the consequence is that her book partakes of the littleness and the sterility of their worsor qualities. The acts and ideas of this small crowd of strange ones are not woven into any large design such as every novel should possess. One suspects that Miss Dix, midway in the book, wavered in her purpose, for at a certain point the tale changes from the record of a group to the simple love-story of Leslie Ardent, heroine. We must say here that Miss Dix names her characters badly. To call a girl of Leslie's temperament Ardent is a throw-back to a fashion in nomenclature which ought never to be resuscitated.

We ask ourselves at the end of this novel, upon which so much artistic feeling and technique have been expended: What does it mean? What is its purpose, its central idea? If it is meant to be "a page torn from life," we answer that the theory that a page torn from life will make a good novel is long since exploded. The objection to the book is, not that it depresses, but that it depresses in the wrong way. A novelist has the right to depress us, and some of the greatest novels (witness de Maupassant's *Une Vie*) are the most depressing. But he has not the right to depress us through inconclusiveness, petty futilities, and the notion that nobody is moving anywhere. If the business of the novelist is not to disclose the

"trend," the origin and goal of this part or that part of the "great mundane movement," we should like to know what is the business of the novelist. "Things" may be going to hell—or they may be going to heaven: so long as we know the destination, we can sit tight or wave banners, according to the case, *equo animo*. But the impression that "things," or any part of them, are fiddling about in space like a rabbit in a field is odious, and the novelist who gives it will arrive at naught. Locomotion: that is what, not being a sponge, the human race instinctively requires.

For the rest, *The Image-Breakers* contains some beautiful writing.

The Monk Wins. By Edward H. Cooper.
(Duckworth.)

The Monk Wins is rather better than our reminiscence of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*, which is not saying much. The atmosphere of the racing-stable does not please us any better in fiction than in real life. The heroine, Margaret Branksome, left heiress to a stud which includes a Derby winner, is rather foolish, rather rowdy, and rather common: altogether unsympathetic and a trifle unreal. Frank Neville, one of the two men she loves, is an unredeemed cad. "His talk is that of a rather inferior tout," said Douglas quietly, "and his manners are those of an affable bookmaker when he is in a good temper, and of a tipsy groom when he is in a bad one." We do not like the sentimentality of the reconciliation between Frank and Margaret (who, after all, did not love him much) when he had been thoroughly exposed; and the heroism of his death is too much in the convention. Nevertheless, Mr. Cooper has vivacity, and he has observation. His interests are not limited by Newmarket, and we should like to try a novel by him on something else—Alpine climbing, for instance; or, say, children. His children are rather good. A little girl tells the gardener: "You mustn't say hollyocks, Caird; you must say hollyoxen"; and a little boy, promised twopence if he behaved perfectly for a whole week, and summoned at the end of that period to pass judgment on himself, thinks it over and candidly remarks: "Gimme a farden."

Haggith Shy: Quakeress. By Mark Ashton.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE career of Haggith Shy begins quietly enough in a sober Quaker household: but a few chapters see it blossom forth into an extravaganza of melodramatic adventures. Impossibility follows hard upon impossibility, but we fully recognise that there are readers to whom, in their craving for excitement, impossibilities are no drawback. The blood of such will run cold at the ingenious cruelties of the villain, with his wife in England and his wife in France, and his complexion which at a critical moment "first turned lead colour, then saffron, and almost as rapidly settled into the whiteness of chalk." And their hearts will beat for the heroine who, dressed as a boy, lives and sees through it all, and finally emerges triumphant and happy, and a faithful member of the "Society of Friends." They may even enjoy the atmosphere created by a plentiful peppering of cheap French phrases over the chapters. But, Lord! what stuff!

Servants of Sin. By John Bloundelle-Burton.
(Methuen. 6s.)

"Plot is no bad thing. A little vulgar and straining, perhaps, yet sufficiently interesting." So says Crébillon the dramatist in Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's quasi-historical fiction of the days of Louis Quinze's minority. The theme is the ignorant love of a ducal *roué* for his own daughter, and the vengeance which he took when, on what was to have been their wedding-day, he discovered that

she had married an Englishman. The case recalls the confession that Casanova makes in his memoirs, to the effect that he ignorantly fell in love with his own daughter, and not only gained her affections but was within an ace of marrying her. The lines of Mr. Blountelle-Burton's plot all meet at Marseilles during the almost unexampled plague which raged there in the early part of the eighteenth century. There the hero "saw a great cauldron of boiling water, with a fire burning fiercely beneath it, and into this cauldron was plunged every coin that changed hands, pincers being used for the purpose."

The story justifies the saying attributed to Crébillon quoted at the beginning of this notice. The plot has human interest, and, if artificial, is at any rate not intricate. The plague-scenes are powerfully drawn; to use a disagreeable but expressive phrase, it is a "full-bodied" romance. The style is, perhaps, a little too rotund, and exhibits a partiality for invertebrate sentences. But take it for all in all *Servants of Sin* is a good, solid melodrama, instant in its appeal and satisfying in its climax.

The Web of Life. By Robert Herrick.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

"RIGHT or wrong, happiness! for if we make our happiness in this world, we know God. God lives upon our happiness." Here is the keynote of Mr. Herrick's strong story. Here is the principle that animates all the characters. The mind in which are reflected the phases and features of the struggle for happiness in Chicago is well chosen from the ranks of the profession that most of all is in touch with every class. The simple hedonism at the root of every life in these pages shows in some finer, in others grosser. In all there is an eagerness to seize every advantage that may be offered by personal interest or the self-interestedness of another. Miss Hitchcock was one of those rare creatures whose function it would seem to be to offer in their own characters and persons a justification, if such a thing might be, of the whole-souled race after wealth. "It was the right thing to be energetic, upright, respected; it was also nice to spend your money as others did. And it was very, very nice to have the money to spend." "Don't you think it was fine, though," she asks Sommers about R. Gordon Carson, "his making up his mind out there in Sioux Falls that what he wanted was pictures, and the best pictures, and that he'd have Sargent do his portrait?" Here is Carson's account of how the imaginary Sargent came into existence:

"I knew he was a hard customer," Sommers overheard him saying, "and I gave him all the rope he wanted. 'It may be two years before I do anything on your portrait, Mr. Carson,' he said.

"Take five," I told him.

"I shall charge five thousand."

"Make it ten," said I.

"I shall paint your ears."

"And the nose too."

"Well he sent it me inside of a year with his compliments. The fancy struck him, he wrote. It was easy to do; I was a good type, and all that. Well, there it is."

The great railway strike shows up the other side. There are the same selfishness and greed. In Dresser you have a picture of the mercenary agitator. "Bootlicker to the rich," he scornfully dubs Sommers; but does not blame him. "Perhaps," he indiscreetly adds, "if I had had your opportunities——." Precisely, it is "the pie" all the time. "You make me feel," says Sommers, "that the privileged classes are right in getting what they can out of fools—and knaves."

Meanwhile, in an outlying village a woman, thirsty like all the rest for happiness, supports, by the drudgery of elementary teaching, the loathed wreck of the husband she had never loved. The tragedy that ensued we leave to the readers of Mr. Herrick's pages, content if we have indicated the atmosphere in which his creatures very vitally move.

A Gentleman Player. By R. N. Stephens.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. STEPHENS presents us with yet another romance of a State mission carried through, in the teeth of persistent and ingenious opposition, by the resource, the address, and the strong arm and flashing rapier of the hero. The ingredients are familiar, the mixing is fairly good, and if you are not critical you are not bored.

So much for the story. But in one respect *A Gentleman Player* differs from other romances of its class: it introduces Shakespeare—Mr. Shakespeare—as a character. And not only Shakespeare, but Burbage, and Ben Jonson, and the first performance of "Hamlet," and a long midnight talk at the Mermaid Tavern! "What things I have heard said at the Mermaid!" To find a novelist bold enough to make Shakespeare speak, is so uncommon (there was, however, a case last year in America), that we are tempted to quote a passage; especially as any attempt to recapture the old Mermaid raptures is to be prized:

"And we players," said Burbage, with a kind of sigh, "who make dead men remembered, are by the very nature of our craft doomed to be forgot. Who shall know our very names three or four hundred years hence?"

"Why," said Condell, "our names might live by the printing of them in the book of the plays we act in; a printed book will last you a long time."

"Not such books as these thievish printers make of our plays," said Sly, himself a writer of plays.

"Marry, I should not wish long life to their blundering, distorted version of any play I had a hand in making," said Shakespeare.

"But consider," said Condell, "were a decent printing made of all thy plays, Will, all in one book, from the true manuscripts we have at the theatre, and our names put in the book, Dick's name at the head, then ought not our names live for our having acted in thy plays?"

Mr. Burbage smiled amusedly, but said nothing, and Shakespeare answered:

"'Twould be a dead kind of life for them, we think; buried in dusty, unsold volumes in the booksellers' shops in Paul's Churchyard."

"Nay, I would venture something," said Master Heminge, thoughtfully, "that a book of thy plays were sure to be opened."

Mr. Stephens, it appears, intended to put notes to his book verifying some of his statements. The purpose has been partially frustrated, for there are no notes, merely the numerals referring to them. The omission is to be regretted, because the reader will never have the excitement of learning how any further information can be given about this passage: "A March wind was following her [Queen Elizabeth] between the high hedgerows, disturbing two or three tiny twigs that had lain in the frozen path."

The Son of Man.

HUMANITY is God, expressed

In terms of Mind; though not in this

Period or that; but manifest

In endless metamorphosis.

In terms of Mind, that apprehends

Nothing unrelative; that knows

Beginnings only by their ends,

And by beginning learns the close;

Only by voidness feeling form,

Only by darkness seeing flame,

Only by silence hearing storm,

And measuring majesty by shame.

Theirs is the vision, who can see

Mind, like the hovering, heavenly Dove,

Brooding o'er deepest anarchy

And orbing laws of life and love.

F. B. MONEY-COUTTS

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

By I. ZANGWILL.

Mr. Zangwill's new book is a study of modern political life, dealing with problems similar to those which occupy the time of Statesmen to-day. Indeed, it is described in the advertisements as "a portrait gallery of modern types." It opens twenty years ago, before Imperialism had been invented. Part II. brings us to the present day. There is much witty dialogue, and some philosophy. (Heinemann. 6s.)

PECCAVI.

By E. W. HORNING.

This novel has been proclaimed to the world as Mr. Hornung's "new departure," and his publisher, in a manifesto advertisement, announces that *Peccavi* "will be either a great success or a comparative failure." Which is the fate of most novels. Mr. Hornung's new departure is that he has forsaken the life he knows for the problem world. The hero of *Peccavi* is a clergyman who "sins," but, unlike the clergyman in *The Scarlet Letter*, he begins his expiation at once.

VANITY.

By "RITA."

The lively "Rita" gives as a sub-title to this volume "The Confessions of a Court Modiste," and the story begins: "With grave doubt I regarded it—'Frou-Frou, Court Modiste.' That was all. My new sign. My new signature, ready to be affixed to my new premises in Bond-street." "Rita" has courage and her pen carries a sting. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

LOVE OF COMRADES.

By FRANK MATTHEWS.

This is Mr. Matthews's sixth novel. It is a short romance, and might be described as a humble relation of *The Forest Lovers*. Each chapter heading except the first and last begins with the word "How," and the story is told in the first person by the daughter of Sir Pertinax Talbot. It begins: "Dressed as a man, I rode into the forest . . . Overhead the birds sang to one another, 'Come, look at little Margery Talbot, wearing big boots and a long sword at her side.'" (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

THE INNER SHRINE.

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

A bright "woman's" story of modern life. Celia is the heroine. "Her brother's living was worth a hundred and fifty a year, and on this income he had to support his wife and child, her young sister, a servant, and himself." In the end someone says to Celia: "I think you must understand that I have loved you for a long time." Needless to say, they were married. (Harpers. 6s.)

AS A WATCH IN THE NIGHT. By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

A long, mystical, theosophical, occult story opening in a studio in Chelsea and ending thus: "Then may you pass together through those portals to the Higher Life of which you have not now the faintest comprehension. There may you join your strength in lifting those who follow upon your footsteps, and in leading them onward through the Gate of Love Eternal." Clearly Mrs. Praed has not this time sought the popular vote. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE WAY OUT.

By G. B. BURGIN.

Mr. Burgin has here donned the Bret Harte cap—the good Bret Harte of old mining-camp days. The tale is of sentiment, "fun," tragedy and poker, and the characters answer to such names as Alkali Jack and English Bill. There is no reason why those who like Mr. Burgin's other stories should not like this. (Long. 6s.)

MORRISON'S MACHINE.

By J. S. FLETCHER.

A novel of north-country life, with love interest. The "machine" is the product of Morrison's brain, which his employer tries to secure. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

VILLA RUBEIN.

By JOHN SINJOHN.

Walking along the river wall at Botzen, Edmund Dawney said to Alois Harz: "There's a family at Villa Rubein, that pink house—would you care to know them?" The story passes mainly abroad. Mr. Sinjohn has a clean, nervous style, and an eye for character. (Duckworth. 6s.)

A FOREST OFFICER.

By MRS. FRANK PENNY.

A novel of action. Scene: India. Hero: Jim Burns, Forest Officer. In the eleventh line Mrs. Penny allows the phrase "the proverbial forty winks" to escape from her pen. Jim has an exciting, but what we should consider a horrid, time with the beasts of the jungle and the natives of the hillside. In the end Peggy makes Jim entirely happy. "You are just the girl for a forest officer's wife," said her friend Amy! (Methuen. 6s.)

LOVE IN A MIST.

By OLIVE BIRRELL.

"Unluckily, many hours of solitude had given Lady Mary the trick of talking to herself." So it happened that Keith Hamilton, just returned from India after an absence of thirteen years, overheard her remark: "Not handsome, but distinguished looking." A readable tale of modern life. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE HAPPY LIFE.

By ELIZABETH GODFREY.

By the author of *Poor Human Nature*. "There are two Master Harpers," says the author, "whose touch upon the strings has power to draw out the complex harmonies which make the music of life. . . . And the names of the two players are Love and Sorrow." A story of modern life—sentiment, music, society, and love. "Does this mean that you love me? If it does, put your arms round my neck and kiss me as you have never kissed me yet." He did. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"THE S. G."

By JULIAN CROSKEY.

A paper-covered story of Legation-street during the Boxer rebellion, containing incidentally a character study of Sir Robert Hart under a thin disguise. In a note Mr. Croskey, who knows China well, refers to Sir Robert Hart as his former chief. Mr. Croskey is the author of a clever novel called *Max*, and also of an article in which he announced that, as he could not make a living out of literature, he had taken a situation in a saw-mill. But *S. G.* and the advertisement of *Celestial Shudders* (forthcoming) suggest that he has returned to the fold. (Lamley.)

We have also received: *Gwynett of Thornhaugh*, by F. W. Hayes, being the further adventures of *A Kent Squire*, with sixteen illustrations by the author (Hutchinson, 6s.); *Elmslie's Drag Net*, "by E. H. Strain, being certain notes made by him in the fishing village of Aberspendie" (Methuen, 6s.); *Let There Be Light!* by David Lubin, "the story of a working-man's club, its search for the causes of poverty and social inequality, its discussions, and its plan for the amelioration of existing evils" (Putnam's, 6s.); *The Spell of the Snow*, by C. Guise Mitford, an emotional love-story of the "Dear heart!" order (Pearson, 6s.); *Is There a Better Thing?* by Jeremiah Vaughan-Emmett. We like the consecutiveness of these chapter headings: "I. Where the Infinite is Touched Upon"; "II. Which from Flippancy becomes a Little Serious" (Sonnenschein, 6s.); *The Luck of Private Foster*, a romance of the Boer war, by A. St. John Adcock (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.); *A Napoleon of the Press*, by Marie Connor Leighton, which has a very recognisable hero (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.).

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The Yarning School.

THERE is one kind of novel that always justifies itself, and that is the glorified bedroom yarn. When it is fully glorified it is called *The Three Musketeers*; when it is imperfectly glorified, it is called *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. But in either case it is the schoolboys' bedroom yarn written out with more or less reference to the facts of life—or shall we say to the labels of life? The schoolboy faculty of beginning a story anywhere and continuing without art or insight, but with reckless invention, does not require a great deal of cultivation to issue in romances which will beguile a railway journey, or even form the stay-at-home pabulum of millions. Not that we under-rate the ease with which this yarning may be developed into an income of a thousand a year. We certainly do not under-rate the faculty itself—the innate genius for telling a story; that is a fine gift. As to its practice, we are aware that the yarn must be glorified by the light of such learning and science as the crowd possesses. But we are also aware that it is precisely the prevalence of shallow learning that multiplies novelists and ensures readers. On the whole, these are fat years for the yarners. Some of them must be doing uncommonly well: and we do not grudge them their success. There is Mr. Richard Marsh: he is prodigious. The tradition current in the receiving department of this office that he publishes a new novel every Tuesday is an exaggeration. We do not believe that, working at top pressure, Mr. Marsh writes one novel a month. But that he comes near to this figure seems to be indicated by the following list (possibly incomplete) of Mr. Marsh's productions in the last eight months:

March 3	<i>Marvels and Mysteries.</i>
May 5	<i>A Second Coming.</i>
June 9	<i>Ada Verham, Actress.</i>
September 1	<i>The Seen and the Unseen.</i>
October 13	<i>The Chase of the Ruby.</i>
November 1	<i>A Hero of Romance.</i>
Date (?).....	<i>The Goddess: a Demon.</i>

That is pretty good for a year of unexampled depression in the book trade. Mr. Marsh has got into his stride and he throws off a story with an abandon—we might add, an abandonment—that is refreshing. Take his story *The Chase of the Ruby*. It was published, you observe, on October 13; therefore it opens in South Africa, where Guy Holland has a daylight vision, on the veldt, of the death of a rich uncle. He rushes home in time to hear the will read. And the will says that the whole of the dead man's property is to go to Guy "on condition that he recover from Mary Bewicke, the actress, whom he knows, my ruby signet-ring, which she obtained from me by a trick on the 27th of this last May. . . . In default, my whole estate, without any deduction whatever, to become the absolute property of my other nephew, Horace Burton." This delectable plot probably flashed on Mr. Marsh while his ticket was being punched on the top of a 'bus. But the reader's grasp of the issue is not too lightly assumed:

The reading was followed by silence, broken by a question from Mr. Holland.

"And pray what is the plain English of it all?"

"The will is plain English. You are to obtain a certain ring from a certain lady and deliver it to me within a certain time. If you do so you are your uncle's heir; if you do not Mr. Horace is."

Mr. Marsh is at once on terms with his readers; for him the rest is mechanics, and for them it is excitement. But this is only one type of yarn out of many that Mr. Marsh has studied. In *The Goddess: a Demon*, he relies on his sub-title to secure immediate attention to certain weird happenings in Imperial-mansions; particularly the goings on of "The Woman who Came Through the Window." The public who will accept the solution of this story will accept anything. It comes off in a house in Pimlico:

How exactly it all happened, even now I find it hard to say. As Lawrence sprang forward, the figure rose to its feet, and in an instant was alive. It opened its arms; from its finger-tips came knives. Stepping forward it gripped Lawrence with its steel-clad hands, with a grip from which there was no escaping. From every part of its frame gleaming blades had sprung; against this *cheval-de-frise* it pressed him again and again, twirling him round and round, moving him up and down, so that the weapons pierced and hacked back and front. Even from its eyes, mouth, and nostrils had sprung knives. It kept jerking its head backwards and forwards, so that it could stab with them at his face and head. And, all the while, from somewhere came the sound of a woman's laughter—that dreadful sound which I had heard in my dream. . . .

Presently it was still; its movements ceased; it became again inanimate. As if its lust for blood was glutted, it rolled over, lethargically, upon its side, leaving its handiwork exposed—a horrible spectacle. A grin—as it were a smile, born of repletion—was on the creature's face.

Later, the thing was torn to pieces; its anatomy laid bare. Examination showed that its construction had been diabolically ingenious.

This is scrumptious dormitory yarning; but is it anything else? Mr. Marsh, be it understood, has in no way presumed on his public. That we gather from an examination of other examples of the Yarning School's work. Mr. Guy Boothby's *A Prince of Swindlers* introduces the only kind of detective that has not yet been exploited. Need we say he is the millionaire detective, or, at all events, the detective who resides in a Park-lane mansion, and whose door is beset every day by a long line of carriages containing his wealthy clients? Up to a certain morning London had never heard the name of Klimo. He came to London (to detect) a complete stranger; and yet "within twenty-four hours the whole aspect of the case was changed. *The man, woman, or child who had not seen his posters or heard his name was counted an ignorant unworthy of intercourse with human beings.*" The women doubtless wondered how Klimo would suit their complexions, and the men whether it had a free wheel; but princes, the nobility, and business men rushed with their losses and dirty linen to Belverton-street, Park-lane, next door to Porchester House. We give Mr. Boothby full credit for making Klimo the detective and Carne the swindler one and the same person, and next-door neighbours—with access to each other's houses through a secret door between the two mansions. After this it seems rather a descent to Mr. William Le Queux's Inspector Patterson, who, on finding two people murdered in a weird house at Brompton, refrains from reporting the fact because there is a snake crawling about the house, and he is superstitious about snakes. So he confides in a journalist, and together they go to the house of luxury and death, where a man and woman, forsaken by everyone, sit rigid corpses—the lady smiling in death and reclining upon cushions of yellow silk in a gown of pale mauve trimmed with lace, and the man stretched at her feet on a real Turkey carpet. But there is inspiration in the sudden ringing of a telephone bell in the house, and an unknown guilty voice inquiring from an unknown guilty retreat *whether it was all over.* That seals the reader's attention.

No account of the Yarning School would be complete without some reference to Mr. Fergus Hume, author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, *The Silent House in Pimlico*, *The Bishop's Secret*, *The Crimson Cryptogram*, "Etc., Etc., Etc." Among the "Etc., Etc., Etc." is *A Traitor in London*, a characteristic importation of the Boer into melodrama. The story ends with a skurry of blood and confusion near Spion Kop. Van Zwieten, the traitor, calls with his last breath to his enemy Wilfred Burton: "Come near."

Quite unsuspecting Wilfred knelt down beside him. In an instant Van Zwieten raised his revolver and shot him through the throat. He fell back with blood pouring from his mouth.

Van Zwieten laughed. "Quits!" he said. Then he fell back dead.

But Wilfred himself has something on his mind, and he says it to Brenda:

"In my breast pocket—look yourself—packet—confusion. I shot Malet."

"You?—oh!" gasped Brenda. "Why?"

Wilfred Burton raised himself up with one last expiring effort. "For England!" he cried. "For England. God bless Eng—" Then he, too, fell back a corpse. Brenda fainted.

In this and several other recent yarns the Boer element is introduced as a new sauce; in Mr. Hume Nisbet's *For Right and England* we have a Boer setting and Kruger for villain. The story opens in a Transvaal chapel, where Mr. Kruger is preaching; and we read: "Imagine a criminal of the most brutal type, possessed of a purpose, and fired with undying, immovable, implacable faith in that purpose, and you have Kruger as he now faced his besotted congregation." Mr. Nisbet has told us in his preface: "This is a Holy War, and we speak without prejudice."

Mr. G. Manville Fenn is a writer of more dignity, and of more real skill, than any of those we have named; and we gather from the preface of his last story, *The Bag of Diamonds*, that he sets a very just valuation on the novel that is a glorified bedroom yarn. He says that his story is sent forth "with no pretension to being an analysis of life problems or physical intricacies, but as a simple attempt at the mysterious and marvellous." It is meant to beguile, and it beguiles. Mr. Fenn is most readable.

"Never mind now," said the policeman. "Set it down. Gentlemen, I've got a theory about this here."

He turned on his bull's-eye again, as he spoke.

"A theory," cried Capel impatiently.

"Yes, sir. You see that crooked knife thing?"

"Yes."

"And the mark of the bloody hand on the counterpane, where it's dragged?"

"Yes, we saw that."

"Well; has any one looked under the bed?"

"No."

"Then we shall find him there."

He stepped forward, and raised the heavy valance, directing the light beneath.

"There!" he exclaimed. "What did I say?"

Just here we had to change for Matlock Bath. We do not know whether Guy obtained the ring: what happened to the Goddess; whether Klimo or Carne was uppermost in the end; or what it was that the policeman found under the bed. But thousands know these things, and are satisfied. And it is because these readers are so many that we take note of the crude literary fare which is supplied to them so lavishly. Doubtless, year by year the schoolmaster establishes a higher taste, and the yarn-ing novelist will be forced—by reference to his bank account—to satisfy it.

Things Seen.

The Home Coming.

AT half-past one I found myself a prisoner in Park-lane. There was no escape. The thoroughfare was closed north and south by cordons of cavalry and police, the side streets were impassable, and the gates into the Park, where I had hoped to see the procession, were shut. The vast multitude inside the Park looked like prisoners of war, and as I was borne, like a swimmer on a wave, on the crowd that surged slowly down towards Piccadilly, I caught glimpses through the railings of the red plumes of the cavalry and the grey coats of the Volunteers. Fifty yards from Piccadilly the crowd which encompassed me staggered to a standstill. There I stood, a sea of heads in front of me, waiting patiently till the procession should pass. There for a long hour stood I, buffeted, tickled with peacocks' feathers, rained upon, comforting myself with the thought that I should at least see the heads of the mounted men, if there were any. Then they came, and with them came the sun, and also a hoarse voice crying at my elbow—"Ere you are, a lovely view of the 'eroes for a bob." I stepped upon the frail form, and saw them—saw their brown, laughing faces, and their young lithe figures passing swiftly with a lilt to the music. No emotional veterans these. They smiled, nodded: they wanted to break into a run, I am sure, like boys coming home from school. The bands played, the crowd cheered, handkerchiefs fluttered from windows, and on they went, file upon file, through the little lane that led to St. Paul's Cathedral. The cheers surged, and sank, and surged again, and then came the ambulance waggons carrying the wounded and sick. When the crowd realised what these waggons contained, for a moment the cheers stopped. The silence was more eloquent than the shouts. And then—clearly the ambulance waggons had run short, for at their tail came a char-à-banc, and that, too, was filled with invalids. On the box was seated a stout, middle-aged gentleman in a frock-coat and a shiny silk hat. He fascinated me. What was he doing in that galley? Did that frock-coat conceal the burly form of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, or was it Mr. Conan Doyle? Or did it garb the proprietor of the char-à-banc? I do not know. But I cannot rid him from my mind. When I tell my grandson of that delirious, muddled, chaotic day when the C.I.V. came home, I shall be equal to the occasion I hope, but the dominant incident in my memory will be that frock-coated figure, in the shiny silk hat, on the box of the char-à-banc.

Perhaps it was a stuffed figure after all—emblematic of the City.

The Drinker.

THE autumn sun shone warm on the deck of the Rhine steamer. I lunched—they called it dinner—on deck, and chatted with the brown-bearded man who showed a peep of blue ribbon in his button-hole. He was a Temperance Orator from Glasgow, and his face shone when he spoke of his trip through Germany. "Aye! aye! they drink here," he said, "but they dinna get fou. They ken what they can carry; but in Glasgie— Here they utilise the gifts of the Lord cannily. Eh, mon, but it's fine." We fraternised; the hours slipped by, and at 7 o'clock we went below to dine. The cabin was empty, save for a German family party finishing their supper on one side of the saloon and an imposing figure on the other. He was a man of huge proportions, with a big, straggling face, and a fine tangled head of hair. Not a spiritual man; not entirely an attractive man, but certainly a man of interest, in spite of his gross habit of body. He had been drinking, so I learned later, all the afternoon. His record since noon had been four pint bottles of champagne, and he was now

swilling his fifth bottle of Rhine wine. These are facts—verified facts. The effect of the liquor was merely to make him expansive and genial. He leaned back on the plush seat, rolling to and fro in physical satisfaction, and out of sheer good fellowship compelling conversation with the shy German family sitting opposite. His deep voice, extolling with frank and appreciative gusto the climate and his countrymen, rolled round the cabin. He included the Temperance Orator and myself in his monologue of capacious optimism, and presently, having called for another bottle of Rhine wine, which he finished in two drafts, he rose, took off his hat with a fine air, and ascended, easily and steadily, to the deck. An hour later we, the Temperance Orator and I, also went on deck. At a table near the top of the cabin stairs, a bright swing-lamp above his head, sat the Drinker entertaining the few passengers with vivid descriptions of Rhine legends. His big loose face and his roaming eyes shone with intelligence, the tones of his deep voice had caught the mystery of his subject, and he was just finishing his second bottle of beer. We gazed. "He kens what he can carry," I said; "he uses the Lord's gifts cannily and slowly." The Temperance Orator shook his head sadly. "Maybe! The Lord's mills grind slowly, but they grind exceedin' sma'."

Tinkering a Language.

IT is the constant complaint of French pro-consuls that when they go outside the charmed circle of the Mediterranean the only European language they hear spoken is English, and that at every port the natives address them in that tongue, and almost refuse to consider them as European because they cannot speak the language of sailors and merchants. Unwilling to ascribe this state of things to the superior colonising and travelling instinct of the English, many Frenchmen have turned round and denounced the difficulties of their own tongue as the cause of it all. Some feeling of this kind no doubt inspired the Minister of Public Instruction, who, in March, 1898, passed a Bill nominating a Commission to inquire into the eccentricities of the French language, and to recommend, if possible, such changes as would render the study of French easier for school children and foreigners. Last January the Commission, of which M. Gaston Paris was president, began their labours, and on July 31 the result of its inquiries was published by M. Georges Leygues, the Minister of Public Instruction.

Emile Rodhe, a Swedish professor, has published the text of this Circular, *La Nouvelle Réforme de l'Orthographe et de la Syntaxe Française* (Lund: Librairie Gleerup), with an introduction and a commentary, and complains, with reason, that the Commission has not been as clear and as authoritative as it should have been. It has contented itself with recommendations and with "allowing" certain changes, which do not in reality simplify matters a great deal. He concludes his introduction by remarking that he "hopes soon to see a version at once more simple and more complete, and one which above all will afford masters who have to teach French a surer and more logical guide." But turning to the text of the Circular we find that the Commission was charged to prepare a simplification of the French syntax taught in primary and secondary schools, but that it was given no power to make rules. Therefore it was most careful not to introduce any new rules; no one is obliged to agree to its suggestions or even to read them, except, of course, schoolmasters whose business it is to be up to date in all matters relating to the language. Therefore the Circular, and all that relates to it, is of necessity more or less nebulous and without authority. The Commission, however, discovered that French is an unnecessarily com-

plex language, for they put on record that those who read the elementary grammars are astonished at the number of "complications and subtleties" therein to be found. They therefore decided to do their best to suppress the absurd and irritating rules which encumber elementary education and which serve no useful purpose. Especially were they struck by the irregular plurals, the difficulties of genders, and the crimes of the past participle. Still they would do nothing but recommend, and summed up their labours in the phrase, "no additions, but a great many suppressions."

An appendix to the Circular gives the suggestions of the Commissioners, with examples. And at the very outset it is evident that the Commissioners have, by their recommendations, made confusion worse confounded. The Dictionary of the French Academy of a hundred years ago gives *aigle* as masculine when it means the bird, and feminine when, as in "Roman Eagles," it means a standard. The new suggestion is that *aigle* may be masculine or feminine just as you like. And so with other words. *Hymne* used to be *m.* a national anthem, and *f.* a sacred song. Now it is proposed to make it masculine or feminine indifferently. On this point M. Rodhe aptly remarks, that it would be much better to consider *hymne* as always masculine, for *cantique* or *chant d'église* is generally used for what we call a hymn. As for compound words, it cannot be said that the modifications of the Commission tend to simplicity, for these words are grouped by them into ten classes, and the outcome of it all seems to be that you may make your plurals as you like—which, after all, might have been expressed in many fewer words. Then with regard to past participles, a certain number of which are now invariable, the suggestion is that they should be declined at the will of the writer, which seems too much liberty, and a cause of confusion. The tendency should rather be to make more words invariable, and not to reintroduce the complications of gender. So far the recommendations have been merely unwieldy; now they become ungrammatical. On the question of the verb, the Commission says that in phrases such as "*Le général avec quelques officiers est sorti du camp*," the plural verb, *sont sortis*, may also be used. This, with all due deference, we hold to be a "howling grammatical"; and almost worse is "*Le chat ainsi que le tigre sont des carnivores*, ou, *est un carnivore*." It is not possible to conceive of anyone writing in English: "The general with some officers have quitted the camp," or, "The cat as well as the tiger are carnivorous beasts," and yet this is what the Commission proposes to allow in French. In this case it can hardly be said to have (in its own words) permitted nothing which can injure the French language.

But the past participle has always been the Asses' Bridge of the French student; and the Commissioners remark very sensibly that the rules on the subject grow more complicated every day, and that it is useless to persist in maintaining rules which are stumbling-blocks to learners and of no advantage to the language. Their suggestions are simple and to the point. They propose to make no change in the rules of the past participle after the verb *être*, but to allow the participle to remain invariable after the verb *avoir*—e.g., "*Les fleurs qu'elles ont cueilli*, or *cueillies*." This is a really useful and sensible reform, and indicates the lines on which similar alterations should be worked. The tendency should be towards simplification, and towards the doing away with all that is unnecessary in the language. But, after all, French can never be simplified as English, in the course of years and by natural selection, has been simplified. Its grace and beauty largely consist in those very points which present difficulties to the learner; and the Commissioners have realised this, for, instead of laying down rules, they have merely given "permissions." After all, French is a literary language, and no tinkering can make it one that will serve as the spoken tongue over the whole world and for every nationality.

Correspondence.

The Disuse of "R" after Vowels.

SIR,—Mr. MacRitchie's letter in the *ACADEMY* of October 13 on "An Abuse of R"—namely, the abuse of the letters *ar* to represent the sound of *ah*—raises the much wider and more important question of the total loss of the sound of *r* in such words as *card*, *cared*, *curd*, *cord*, *shepherd*, as well as its transformation to a fleeting obscure vowel in *beard*, *board*, and *cured*. That this change has taken place in London and in a large part of southern England is undeniable. Dr. Sweet and many other southerners would write these words phonetically somewhat as follows: *Kaad*, *keed*, *kæd*, *kwæd*, *shepəd*, *bijəd*, *bouəd*, *kjuwəd*—all without any trace of *r*. But this is certainly not the prevalent pronunciation in any other part of the English-speaking world. Originally a mere Cockneyism, it has infected the educated classes of London and the South. Must the whole world follow? Ought they to follow? Need they follow? Will they follow? I think not. It would be a calamity to the language if they universally did so; and still more a calamity if part of them did so and the remainder did not. The right thing to do, in the interest of the language, is to condemn the dropping (or the insertion) of the *r* as severely as the dropping (or insertion) of the *h*. Thus, and thus only, can the unity of the language be preserved. The question of "refinement" is entirely one of convention. No sound whatever is either refined or vulgar in itself: it only becomes so through association with the talk of refined or vulgar people, and in its origin this practice was distinctly vulgar.—I am, &c.,

R. J. LLOYD.

SIR,—May I suggest a correction of the statement made by Mr. Keane, in your last issue, as regards the organic character of the *t* in the French phrase *a-t-il*? It is true that the weakly accented form *habet* appeared as *at* in the eleventh century, but this final *t* is lost before the twelfth century, and does not reappear again until the fifteenth century. In confirmation of this we have the statement of Théodore de Bèze that one must pronounce *parle-t-il*, but write *parle-il*. The sixteenth century *t* is euphonic, and probably due to analogy with such phrases as *dit-il*, *sait-il*. In modern French the use of this *t* has been extended, and such a phrase as *voilà-t-il* is not unknown. The interrogative particle *ti* is daily gaining ground, and is a relic of seventeenth century popular speech—e.g., *suis-je-ti* for *suis-je*. (See Darmesteter, *De la Création actuelle des mots nouveaux*, page 4.)—I am, &c.,

PERCY G. THOMAS.

Rutherglen, West Derby, Liverpool.

"Dialling."

SIR,—In reviewing the new edition of Mrs. Gatty's *Book of Sundials* you seem to endorse an odd, but very intelligible, blunder. Robert Burns "was taught dialling along with mensuration by his villago schoolmaster—a frequent practice with the better-class village schoolmaster of those days." Yes, but that had nothing to do with the making or adjusting of sundials, any more than with making clock-dials, mariners' compasses, or lapidary's dials—none of which industries were ever, surely, taught in village schools.

The "dialling" in question is simply a kind of surveying—surveying with a "miner's dial" or "miner's compass," specially used underground, as in coal pits. It has nothing in the world to do with sundials, as may well be believed! In Yorkshire I believe the art is vernacularly called "dallying," and the man who exercises it a "dallier." The miner's dial is essentially the same instrument as the "circumferentor" of the land surveyor.

D. P.

Another Version.

SIR,—The curious incident of the lady who accepted the picture and refused the frame is possibly a derivation from an actual occurrence of which the story runs more smoothly. Emerson with his daughter were visiting the studio of a painter whom I knew very well in Rome, the late Rollin Tilton, and Tilton offered to Miss Emerson, who accompanied her father, a sketch in its frame. She kept the sketch but sent back the frame, saying that she could not accept a gift of such value.

The allusion to Lowell's visit to Rome in your last issue leads me to offer an explanation of the silence of Lowell at that time on the death of his only son, who is buried in the Protestant cemetery there. It was a terrible blow to Lowell, and for many years it saddened him. He had in his study when I first knew him a little shrine arranged with relics of little Walter, and in one of his letters to me, written from Dresden just before assuming the Professorship at Harvard, he says that he is going to Rome and will "see the grave of little Walter."—I am, &c.,

W. J. STILLMAN.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 58 (New Series).

LAST week we asked our readers for the titles of the twelve best novels published this year, a prize of One Guinea to go to the sender of the list most nearly approximating to the plébiscite list. The result of the plébiscite is given in our Fiction Supplement, but we repeat it here:

TITLE.	NUMBER OF VOTES.
<i>Quisanté</i>	44
<i>Tommy and Grizel</i>	41
<i>Robert Orange</i>	41
<i>The Isle of Unrest</i>	33
<i>The Farringdons</i>	29
<i>The Increasing Purpose</i>	29
<i>A Master of Craft</i>	25
<i>Senator North</i>	23
<i>Sons of the Morning</i>	21
<i>The Gateless Barrier</i>	20
<i>The Master Christian</i>	19
<i>Sophia</i>	19

The list most nearly resembling the above has been sent by R. W., Fairmead, Worcester Road, Sutton, Surrey—who names ten out of the twelve novels given above. If the owner of these initials will kindly send us her full name a cheque for One Guinea shall be sent. R. W.'s list is as follows:

<i>The Farringdons.</i>	<i>The Isle of Unrest.</i>
<i>The Master Christian.</i>	<i>The Gateless Barrier.</i>
<i>Robert Orange.</i>	<i>Sophia.</i>
<i>Quisanté.</i>	<i>Sons of the Morning.</i>
<i>A Master of Craft.</i>	<i>The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.</i>
<i>Tommy and Grizel.</i>	<i>Love and Mr. Lewisham.</i>

Competition No. 59 (New Series).

A contributor sends us some "Literary Truths." Here are three:

Poetry is practised on old envelopes, and published in art linen. Genius is the depths, and cleverness the shallows, of the Olympian stream. Sheridan's genius, however, was a good deal on the Surface.

It is better to be startlingly staid than staidly startling. There is nothing so mild as an ineffective sensation.

We should not in the ordinary way accept these *scintille*. Our readers can do better; and we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best triplet of "Literary Truths."

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, November 7. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

To commemorate the anthropological work of the late Prof. Huxley, the Council of the Anthropological Institute has decided to found a public lecture, which will be called the "Huxley Memorial Lecture," and will be given annually at the opening of the winter session of the Institute. The first Huxley lecture will be delivered by the Right Hon. Lord Avebury on November 13.

IN Huxley's *Life and Letters*, which we shall review next week, two amusing examples of misprints in the proofs of an article he had written for the *Nineteenth Century* are given. "You have a reader in your printer's office," Huxley wrote to Mr. Knowles, "who provides me with jokes. Last time he corrected, when my MS. spoke of the pigs as unwilling 'porters' of the devils, into 'porkers.' And this time, when I, writing about the Lord's Prayer, say 'current formula' he has it 'canting formula.'"

THE revival of "Patience" last Wednesday, nearly twenty years after its first performance, reminds us of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's inimitable gifts as a librettist, and emphasises the fact that he stands quite alone in that department of letters. No heir to this Alexander of wit and satire has arisen. And, oddly enough, time has not dulled the edge of the "Patience" humour, although the craze which it satirised has long gone the way of other crazes. The laughter on Wednesday evening was continuous, sometimes hilarious. And since it is interesting to record the degree with which a new audience takes the points of a classic libretto like "Patience," we have noted the passages which provoked the loudest laughter. It was not always produced by Mr. Gilbert's best. The house laughed loudest at:

JANE: "Bah! But yesterday I caught him in her dairy, eating fresh butter with a table-spoon. To-day he is not so well."

BUNTHORNE: "It is called, 'Oh, Hollow! Hollow! Hollow!'"

PATIENCE: "Is it a hunting song?"

JANE: "Red and yellow! Primary colours! Oh, South Kensington!"

BUNTHORNE: "Tell me, girl, do you ever yearn?"

PATIENCE: "I earn my living."

PATIENCE: "Why does he expect me to love him? He's not a relation."

GROSVENOR: "I am called 'Archibald the All-Right'—for I am infallible."

GROSVENOR: "The consequence was he was lost totally, And married a girl in the *corps de bally*."

ANGELA: "Not supremely, perhaps, but oh so all-but. Oh, Sophir, are they not quite too all-but?"

SOPHIR: "They are indeed jolly utter."

WE were grieved to notice that in some half-a-dozen cases the performers were allowed to interpolate what are known as "gags." Such were received with the silence

they deserved. They included Bunthorne's "gag" to the Colonel, "Go away red man," and his remark to Patience, "If you are fond of touch-and-go jocularly this is the shop for it"; Patience's suggestion that Grosvenor should wear a "paste-board nose," and Bunthorne's inexcusable aside to Jane, so unlike Mr. Gilbert's fine wit, "You're always putting your big foot in it." We suppose it was inevitable that some of the dialogue, no doubt with the author's sanction, should be brought "up to date." Thus "skill of Sir Garnet thrashing a cannibal" becomes "skill of a Roberts fighting a cannibal," not a happy emendation. As Grosvenor is now played by a thin actor it is allowable that he should delete the lines "much stouter than I was." Jane speaks of her charms as "deteriorating" not "decaying," and describes herself not as "massive," but as "good." The "threepenny bus young man" becomes "the twopenny tube young man," and the "Waterloo House young man" has emerged into the "Tottenham House young man."

MR. QUILLER-COUCH's new anthology of poetry, called *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, and published by the Clarendon Press, makes a volume of 883 pages. The scheme of the anthology is simple. The poets are arranged as nearly as possible in order of birth, with such groupings of anonymous pieces as seemed convenient. We shall consider the anthology on another occasion; here we may note some of the poems by living writers that find a place. They include:

Love in the Valley.....	Mr. Meredith.
Phœbus with Admetus	"
Tardy Spring	"
Love's Grave	"
Lucifer in Starlight	"
Chorus from Atalanta	Mr. Swinburne.
Hertha.....	"
Ave Atque Vale	"
Itylus	"
What the Bullet Sang	Mr. Bret Harte.
The Desolate City	Mr. W. S. Blunt.
With Esther	"
A Garden Song	Mr. Austin Dobson.
On a Dead Child	Mr. Robert Bridges.
My Delight and Thy Delight ..	"
England, My England	Mr. W. E. Henley.
"Out of the Night"	"
Ode in May	Mr. William Watson.
He Fell Among Thieves	Mr. H. Newbolt.
"I will arise and go now"	Mr. W. B. Yeats.
"My New-cut Ashler"	Mr. Kipling.
"Recessional"	"
"L'Envoi"	"
By the Margin of the Great Deep	"A. E."
The Poppy	Mr. Francis Thompson.
Renouncement	Mrs. Meynell.
The Lady of the Lambs	"
Ireland	Dora Sigerson.
Sheep and Lambs	Mrs. Hinkson.

We should add that we have instanced only a selection of the poems by living writers

THE title of Prof. Saintsbury's new work is in itself suggestive of a vast task: *A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe*. The work will be completed in three volumes, of which the first, dealing with Classical and Mediæval Criticism, is before us. Prof. Saintsbury puts the genesis of his work thirty years back when, being "asked to undertake the duty of a critic, he had naturally to overhaul his own acquaintance with the theory and practice of criticism, and to inquire what was the acquaintance of others therewith." Prof. Saintsbury's "naturally" ought to wing its way to the conscience of many a young writer who, when asked to "undertake the duty of a critic," merely buys a new silk hat, overhauls his stock of epigrams, and looks round for a writer on whom he may flesh his U pen.

ATTEMPTS at histories of criticism have been few, and it is in connexion with these that we receive our first shock from that awkwardness which haunts Prof. Saintsbury's style, while it can never dim his penetration or obscure his learning. After mentioning Thér's *Histoire des Opinions Littéraires* as one of the very few books which are precedents of his own, Prof. Saintsbury says: "But the way in which 'Critique Arabe,' 'Critique Juive,' &c., are knocked off in a page or a paragraph at one end, and the way in which, at the other—though the second edition was published when Mr. Arnold was just going to write, and the first when Coleridge, and Hazlitt, and Lamb had already written—the historian knows of nothing English later than Campbell and Blair, are things a little disquieting." So, to be sure, are the construction and English of this sentence, which, though it may escape a charge of incorrectness, is, we fear, sunk in inelegance. The second volume of this work will deal with the matter from the Renaissance to the "death of eighteenth century Classicism." The third will be an account of Modern Criticism.

TOMPKINS of the *Daily Chronicle* has passed away, and Mr. Barry Pain, his most intimate friend, has written his obituary in that bottom corner where for years Tompkins's verses have appeared every Saturday morning. We cannot pretend to mingle our tears with Mr. Pain's, because Mr. Pain's tears are so very inconspicuous; and, as for Tompkins, "he wished to go." A good many of us had anticipated him in this desire, and in "the feeling of tedium vite" under which he had latterly suffered. We are glad that no column will be erected over him; as Mr. Pain touchingly remarks, "he had enough of that in his lifetime." Nor can we quarrel with this estimate of Tompkins as a poet: "He had unquestionably punctuality, cheek, and cunning." The last quality was shown in his choice of a dialect; "he could make *say* rhyme with *die* and *commander* with *verandah*, thus escaping a difficulty which weighs heavily on poets in the more legitimate line of business." We take it that there will be no Works.

WE are chary of mentioning Mr. Kipling in trivial connexions—the thing is so preposterously overdone—but we have just alighted on some interesting remarks which he made to Mr. F. T. Bullen when that writer asked him to contribute an introduction to *The Cruise of the "Cachalot."* The common wish of new writers to secure the patronage of an old writer has always seemed to us a sorry and ineffectual device, and this is what Mr. Kipling wrote: "Some rather interesting experiences have taught me that the best way of making a man hate me for life is to meddle in any way with his work. . . . If the book is good, it will go, and if not, nothing will make it stir. . . . All the men who want to stick a knife into me would stick it into *you* as soon as they saw my name prefacing your book. Bitter experience has taught me that that kind of thing doesn't pay. If a book stands by itself, it will stand

by itself; but if you use another chap's name to help it to a start, you will get all the whacks that the other chap would have got if he had written the book, in addition to a few whacks on your own merits." That is about the truth. The distinguished preface always arouses our suspicion, particularly, perhaps, when it is a preface by the Lord Bishop of Inkchester.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN has announced his total withdrawal of his project of erecting a monument to his wife (Helen Faucit) in Stratford-on-Avon Church. This ends the matter. That it is an altogether happy ending we will not say; but the pain and heat aroused in the dispute will doubtless leave a lasting conviction that the great association of the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon Church must not be invaded or disturbed.

Blackwood's Muser without Method is in fierce mood this month. He says that the extension of the franchise has done nothing for the House of Commons, which, "except for its lawyers, differs little in temper or cultivation from the House of 1830. . . . The People sends to Westminster the same sort of men as in the old days were nominated by the great landowners"; and the prevailing opinion is "popular only in shape." We are not responsible for, but neither are we opposed to, the Muser's recognition of People as a noun in the singular. This by the way. The Methodless One turns next to literature, in which he says the democracy has won a more showy success. "Yet even here its success is apparent rather than real, and if we revise our definitions we shall find that the people has not yet reached literature with its sacrilegious hand. It has merely achieved a spurious imitation. In the old days, before the advent of a literate democracy, a distinction was made between literature and printed matter; but to-day the old differences are commonly abolished, and explanations are necessary for those who would not confound the works of Homer with the printed legend on a confectioner's bag. We are all men of letters now, and in nine cases out of ten a pair of scissors is more useful than a grey goose-quill." Most of which is sorrowfully true; and we seem to be sinking, not rising.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Let me correct the Thackeray story in the second paragraph, second column, of p. 396 of the ACADEMY of November 3, by quoting this from Spofford's *Book for All Readers*, 1900, p. 205:

Let me add one [question], reported by Mr. Robert Harrison, of the London Library, as asked him by W. M. Thackeray. The distinguished author wanted a book that would tell of General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. 'I don't want to know about his battles,' said the novelist, 'I can get all that from the histories. I want something that will tell me the colour of the breeches he wore.'

Two other correspondents kindly send the same particulars.

ANOTHER correspondent writes:—"In last week's ACADEMY, in the review of a story, there is a reference to *The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde*. Ever since it delighted us as children I have been searching for that book and its author, but hitherto have never succeeded; and I am writing now in the hope that you will inform your readers, who doubtless, some of them, remember what a world of beauty and mystery it opened to them. Its strange, unaccountable charm in our case was the striking contrast it afforded to the fairy tales of Grimm, the book of our devotion hitherto. We wondered vaguely why it was so different, and the doubt with which the book was received by the parental authorities and their verdict, 'queer,' served only to wrap it in a more delight-

ful mystery. It was read to us, by entreaty, however, again and again, and then it went back to Mudie's and we heard it no more. Will you kindly give us the pleasure—or will it be the disappointment?—of reading it again? Only I hope that we may find the instinct of childhood has not misled us, and that the charm of this book which we remember may have power to charm our grown-up selves to-day." Who can help our correspondent?

EVERY reader of FitzGerald's letters has come to love James Spedding and to desire to know more about him. His forehead and his life of Bacon are so amusing under FitzGerald's pen that they do not satisfy the curiosity they arouse. Well, Spedding is figured to us in a pleasant article of reminiscences, by an anonymous writer, in the current *Good Words*. The writer was a young lady when Spedding was in his prime, and he wrote in *Fraser* his poem "On the Antiquity of Man, by Uncle James," ending:

So I said it, and think not I said it in jest,
For you'll find it is true to a letter,
That the only thing old people ought to know best
Is that young people ought to know better.

The writer continues:

I remember him escorting me to an archery meeting and talking to me about his great work on Bacon, which I was then reading, and which he had not yet finished; how he said he did not wish ever to be called the *advocate* of Bacon, how he had approached his subject with a perfectly unbiassed mind, not knowing in which direction the evidence would take him, and how he was led by the evidence he met with to form the estimate he did of Bacon's character. He told me he had tried to be perfectly impartial, and, if possible, to give the benefit of the doubt to the other side. . . . How he enjoyed "Lord Dundreary": he told us one day he had just been for the second time to see him. (I wonder which was really the most laughter-provoking, "Lord Dundreary" or "Charlie's Aunt"? It is difficult to compare them through this mist of years.) He once gave a prize of a clock for a handicap match at the Toxophilite, and we had an amusing discussion afterwards, as Mr. Spedding declared he could see no reason why he should not himself have competed and carried off his own prize.

Froude is also recalled. "We were talking about novels; Froude said they ought to be amusing and end happily; if he ever wrote one the hero and heroine should be rich and beautiful, and marry, and live happily ever after. Years after he did write a novel, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, and it was one long tragedy."

"As the evening wore on, the back gardens of Greater London blazed with sporadic—as distinct from sustained—pyrotechny." This sets our mind at ease; the good old custom is kept up in the suburbs, and the good old style in Peterborough Court.

THOSE of our readers who have wisely possessed themselves of Mr. Henley's *Lyra Heroica*, should send to Mr. Nutt for *Notes and Elucidations to Henley's Lyra Heroica*, by Mr. W. W. Greg and Mr. L. Cope Cornford. A shilling buys the booklet, which is a graceful and conscientious little undertaking.

AUSTRALIA now publishes every month a *Book Lover*, in which we find pleasant literary chirpings. The editor believes in the paragraph as a medium for reviews not less than general comment; and the effect is quite good. A portrait of Mrs. Craigie is given on the front page of the number before us. Recently, the editor of the *Book Lover* sent to a few friends in England an Australian writer's poems, asking them to introduce the collection to English readers. From one of these—"a poet whom Prof. Tucker, of Melbourne University, recently ranked as one of the

most prominent young poets of the time"—the following bitter reply was received:

I cannot do anything with or for the books you have sent me. I have no influence with the Editors, and am not, and have not been for a considerable time, writing about books. I was, indeed, never a reviewer, except under the whip of want; nothing short of starvation can induce me to review: it is a hideous calling. There are not six books published in a year that one wants to read; and there is seldom one of these one can write anything about except, as I say, upon compulsion. More notably, too, than in most livelihoods the honest reviewer is the cannibal: he is the ghoul of reputations and kills the author, *quâ* author, for pieces of silver and gold. And the good-tempered medium liar whose motto is "live and let live" is unintentionally more cruel than the prompt tomahawker: he only prolongs the agony. The conditions of advertisement are that the unblushing, insistent hard-swearing of the author's friends, if he has any, is the only introduction to the public, and the *sine qua non* of continued success in all writing that is not addressed to this new public prepared by Government education. The time Carlyle foreknew is here. Literature "goes like the Iceland geysers in our time—like uncorked soda-water—and will, as I said, soon have done. Only wait; in fifty years [Carlyle wrote this in 1867: he took a large margin]. I should guess, all really serious souls will have quitted that mad province, left it to the roaring populaces, . . . and we of Literature by trade, we shall sink, I perceive, to the rank of street fiddling." The very measure of free education which Carlyle—wise prophet!—did so much to bring about has reduced his limit by nearly a score of years.

We are sometimes a little despondent ourselves, but never like this.

Poet Lore is very much like itself this month. In an article on "The Plastic Word," we read that newly-created man "roamed, an unconscious cosmopolite; there was no perspective of any past in the mental shadows of which lay speechless and pulseless a plasmic concept—no introspection to pierce the infinite, no moral reflex to tuition the conscience." The following definitions are more luscious than lucid:

A sentence is the incarnation of the idea, and words the sinews of its construction, as thought is the pulse of its being; inspiration breathes its spirit into the soul of the structure, the looming temple from the crude material. Letters as characters are the transvariant bits for the infinitudes of combination, as sounds they are the inflective notes of speech. A simple word is a sensate power awakened by inspirit of meaning which as intent convenes from the mystery of infinite relation.

From the rest of the article, which bears the Boston postmark on every page, we learn that

Speech is the baptism of the material and the immaterial.

Man in the clearance of mental vision caught at angular consonant and rounded vowel wherefrom speech was drawn as remotely as is the note of a violin from the earth-hidden rootlets up through the growth of its native tree.

Old Egypt took grandly to the poets before Moses the Seer of Amen sang the praises of his God and King.

The word is superior to the letters composing it, but the sense is superior to both.

The writer's conclusion is: "So, after all, the lines in Festus are true:

'All rests with him who reads,' &c."

Which seems to put us out of court.

THE "Fellowship of the Three Kings" is a new society that is in process of being formed. The Fellowship has been named from the three kings who followed the star at the fall of the ancient world, and has no doctrines of its own except that there is a spiritual happiness could we but find it. Mr. W. B. Yeats will lecture, and among other papers that will be read at the

Public Chapters of the Fellowship are these on "Agnostic Mysticism," "The Rituals of the Egyptians," "Philosophers of Love and Beauty," and "The Symbolism of Wagner's Tristan and Isolde." The secretary is Mr. D. N. Dunlop, 28, Killarney-road, W.

THE new number of the *American Bookman* has an article called "Four Rather Notable Books of Fiction." Three we know—Mr. A. J. Dawson's *African Nights' Entertainment*, Mr. Hope's *Quisante*, and Mr. Eden Phillpott's *Sons of the Morning*; but the fourth, Mr. Irvin Bacheller's *Eben Holden*, is unfamiliar. But *Eben Holden* is apparently being read in America according to our old acquaintance, the compiler of the "Best Selling Books." Again, we remark with astonishment, that "over there" they seem to read nothing but fiction. The six "best selling" books in America during the past month are all novels:

The Reign of Law. Allen.
The Master Christian. Corelli.
To Have and to Hold. Johnston.
Uncleared Bread. Grant.
Eben Holden. Bacheller.
The Redemption of David Corson. Goss.

FROM Mr. J. H. Slater's introduction to the new issue of *Book-Prices Current* (Stock) we take the following explanation of the recent drop in the value of Stevenson and Kipling first editions:

When a modern, or comparatively modern, book is believed to be unique, or, at any rate, extremely scarce, it will invariably bring a high price, provided it be written by an author of great repute. The fact of the sale is at once reported in the newspapers and elsewhere, and this results in a general search in likely quarters and the discovery of other copies hitherto unsuspected.

Bibliographical.

I HAVE not yet had time to apply any tests to Mr. F. E. Murray's *Bibliography of Austin Dobson*, and, in truth, it is only after repeated consultations that the value and utility of a book of that sort can be fully estimated. I can only say at present that it would seem as if Mr. Murray had bestowed upon his volume an immense amount of careful labour. He deals with Mr. Dobson's prose as well as with his verse, and he has had, accordingly, a wide field to cover. Whether it was necessary or desirable to go into so much detail as Mr. Murray indulges in is, obviously, a matter for Mr. Murray's consideration only. Every bibliographer is an enthusiast, or he would not be a bibliographer; and Mr. Murray evidently is more enthusiastic than most. I hope he will find sympathisers sufficiently numerous to buy up his whole edition. The only thing I at present miss from the book is a note on the references to Mr. Dobson in current literature, both in prose and in verse. A list of the chief critical discourses on his works would have been acceptable. Mr. Murray quotes, I observe, the ballade which Mr. F. D. Sherman addressed to Mr. Dobson, but I see no allusion to the rondeaux addressed to the poet by J. R. Lowell and E. Nesbit.

On the subject of this *Bibliography of Austin Dobson*, Mr. W. Davenport Adams says: "I observe that Mr. Murray prefixes to his *Bibliography* half-a-dozen pages suggested by an article on Mr. Dobson's poetry which I contributed to the *Bookman* in 1896. In the middle of his third page Mr. Murray begins to 'correct' some 'slight mistakes' which he says he has discovered in my paper. These errors of statement, I find, amount to two, both of minor moment. The others are errors of omission, pardonable (I think) in the case of an essay which did not profess to go into extremely minute particulars. I have never had at my disposal the time necessary for the production of such a book as Mr. Murray's;

and, indeed, even if I had possessed the requisite leisure, I should not have devoted it, great as is my admiration of Mr. Dobson's work, to a purpose so remote from the active enjoyment of his writings."

I imagine that Mr. Augustus Hare is not so omnivorous in his reading as he is long-winded in personal narrative. Had he read more widely he could not possibly have admitted into his new volumes so many venerable anecdotes. With these his pages are very thickly strewn. Take, for example, the story of the impudent but well-justified wit who, meeting in the street a pompous person, evidently overcharged with self-esteem, stopped him, and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you anybody in particular?" This ancient jest is attributed by Lord William Lennox to Theodore Hook, and a variant on it is given in the diary of the Rev. J. C. Young. Very interesting is it to try to trace the origin of "good stories," but it is extraordinary how rarely one succeeds in the enterprise.

Mr. Hare, by the way, suggests yet another parent for "that epigram" on "the doctor's eyes," which was recently the subject of inquiry in these columns. According to Mr. Hare, the Rev. Hugh Pearson, in the course of conversation with him, referred to the "capital lines" as the work of Justice Knight Bruce. "Next, please!"

"I note," says a correspondent, "that Mr. Maurice Hewlett has written a romance round the figure of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Surely it has not been left to a present-day novelist to deal with a subject so full of charming possibilities? Of course I know all about the King Richard of *The Talisman*, and the mysterious knight in *Ivanhoe*; but is Mr. Hewlett the first to write a story with Richard as its most conspicuous figure? At first I thought that G. P. R. James had, in his day, laid sacrilegious hands on Richard; but my memory, apparently, has led me astray. It was, seemingly, a formal *History of Richard Cœur-de-Lion* that James produced."

The announcement that Mr. W. P. Courtney is engaged upon an index to bibliographical literature is indeed interesting. It is now some time since Mr. Courtney came prominently before the public, and I should not be surprised if some people were inclined to confuse him with the other Mr. Courtney—Mr. W. L. Courtney, whose name is so constantly to the fore in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, and appears regularly on the cover of the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. W. P. Courtney's promised work will be very welcome. At present he is chiefly known in the book-world as the author of a work on *English Whist and English Whist Players*—a subject, we should say, not at all in the "line" of his namesake.

"C. K. S.," in the *Sphere*, has a note on Messrs. Nelson's editions of the works of Dickens and Thackeray, contrasting the firm's recent literary excursions with those which they made in the days of *The Schonberg-Gotta Family* and "A. L. O. E." There was, however, a time—some twenty-five or thirty years ago—when Messrs. Nelson distinguished themselves very highly by producing handsome English translations of Michelet's works on *The Bird*, *The Sea*, and so forth, with all the original illustrations by that delicate draughtsman, H. Giacomelli. They also produced at that period an English version of an unpublished French work from the pen of Mme. Michelet. It will be seen, therefore, that the firm has a literary tradition of which, evidently, it is not unmindful.

An anonymous correspondent (correspondents of this sort always are anonymous) twits me with depriving Dr. Jessopp last week of the second "p" in his name. As my correspondent ought to know, there are such things as printers' errors. Moreover, when a man has two "p's" at the end of his name, he can afford to dispense with one of them occasionally, just as a man whose name ended (say) in "eaux" could afford to do without the "x" now and then, if need be.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Lord Rosebery v. Lord Liverpool.

Napoleon: the Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. (A. L. Humphreys. 7s. 6d.)

IN a certain way this book, with its sharp criticism of England's policy after Waterloo, and its humanely sympathetic attempts to understand the great Foe who then fell into our hands, is a sign of the times. It marks a change in the English character. Ever since Napoleon's day we have been altering; but only quite recently has our alteration—in the respect to which we refer here—been noticeable. Lord Rosebery's monograph is another token of a growing humanity, a willingness to see the other side too, a new power to recognise the claims of the enemy. The Boer War brought to light—with its talk of Pro-Boers and Little Englanders—the presence of this change of feeling in our midst. Had it not been for that war, it might have been hidden for many years to come; but the struggle has brought it out. It is not that patriotism is weaker than it was, or that England is less admirable; but the gospel of live and let live is getting a surer footing in this island, and individual thought is spreading and spreading. The fact that it is no longer sufficient for the Union Jack to be unfurled for every man who calls it his to be satisfied with the conduct of affairs that is going forward beneath it, is proof enough of this spread of reasoning. We are thinking more as units and less as a people. Whether this is good for the material side of national progress remains to be seen; but that it is better for its moral character is hardly to be questioned.

To pursue the subject further would be to digress too much; but we wish now merely to relate to this movement, this awakening, Lord Rosebery's book, which is a plea for Napoleon's right to have been treated differently, and an indictment, in unsparing terms, of England's conduct towards him. Lord Rosebery has long been utterly dissatisfied with England's custodianship of the Man of Destiny; and, in his own words, he has written this book to lay that ghost. Napoleon on St. Helena has haunted him—Napoleon, that gigantic force, imprisoned into inoperativeness for six wretched years. The thought became an obsession, and when the opportunity came Lord Rosebery stilled it. His own opinion, at any rate, is now known; and by its expression Napoleonic literature is the richer. Literary ghosts can rarely have been laid in such works of singular fascination. In so far as it rebukes England this book can appeal only to the minority; but the drama is so skilfully unfolded, and the central figure is so minutely bodied forth, that it is also a book for all. The spectacle of an ex-Prime Minister sitting down with perfect urbanity, but a determination to tell the truth however unpalatable about one of his predecessors, is so rare as to lend a touch of piquancy which, apart from the merits of the work, should attract readers, especially those of a sardonic turn. These will not be disappointed.

But it is time to show some of the quality of Lord Rosebery's history. The chapter on Napoleon and the Democracy is masterly. Lord Rosebery summarises it at the outset in an epigram: "Napoleon was indeed a child of the Revolution, but a child whose one idea was parricide," and then proceeds to prove the point; but we take our quotations from the last chapter of all, in which the character of the Man of Destiny is attempted. This is good:

Scavenger is a coarse word, yet it accurately represents Napoleon's first function as ruler. The volcano of the French Revolution had burned itself out. He had to clear away the cold lava; the rubbish of past destruction; the cinders and the scoræ; the fungus of corruption which had overgrown all, and was for the moment the only visible result. What he often said of the Crown of France is absolutely true of its government. "I found it in the

gutter, and I picked it up on my sword's point." The gutter government he replaced by a new administrative machine, trim, pervading, and efficient; efficient, that is to say, so long as the engineer was a man of extraordinary energy and genius.

Then he is a scourge. He purges the floor of Europe with fire. As the sword and spirit of the Revolution, though in all the pomp of the purple, he visits the ancient monarchies, and compels them to set their houses in order. True, after his fall they relapse. But it is only for a space, and reform if not revolt is soon busy among them. Had it not been for Napoleon this could not have happened.

In any work on Napoleon in the future Lord Rosebery's sentences must be taken into account. Lord Rosebery brings full justice to the Napoleonic Code. He continues in a noble passage:

One other positive result, which is in truth scarcely less substantial than the Code, may be laid to his account. He has left behind the memory of a period of splendour and dominion, which, even if it does not keep the imagination of his people in a perpetual glow, remains a symbol, as monumental and visible as the tomb in the Invalides, to stimulate the national ambition. The terrible sacrifices which he exacted are forgotten, and, if they be remembered, compare not unfavourably (on paper, at all events) with those entailed by the modern system, even in time of peace; without foreign supremacy or the Empire of the West to be placed to the credit side. And so they may obliterate the eagles and the initials if they will, it avails nothing. France in chill moments of disaster, or even of mere material and commercial well-being, will turn and warm herself at the glories of Napoleon. The atmosphere is still imbued with the light and heat of the imperial era, with the blaze of his victories, and with the lustre of those years when Europe was the anvil for the hammer of France.

And this is the final paragraph of this fascinating work:

Was he a great man? That is a much simpler question, but it involves definitions. If by "great" be intended the combination of moral qualities with those of intellect, great he certainly was not. But that he was great in the sense of being extraordinary and supreme we can have no doubt. If greatness stands for natural power, for pre-dominance, for something human beyond humanity, then Napoleon was assuredly great. Besides that indefinable spark which we call genius, he represents a combination of intellect and energy which has never perhaps been equalled, never, certainly, surpassed. He carried human faculty to the farthest point of which we have accurate knowledge. Alexander is a remote prodigy, too remote for precise comparison. To Cæsar the same objection is applicable. Homer and Shakespeare are impersonal names. Besides, we need for comparison men of action and business. Of all these great figures, it may be said that we do not know enough. But Napoleon lived under the modern microscope. Under the fiercest glare of scrutiny he enlarged indefinitely the limits of human conception and human possibility. Till he had lived, no one could realise that there could be so stupendous a combination of military and civil genius, such comprehension of view united to such grasp of detail, such prodigious vitality of body and mind. "He contracts history," said Madame d'Houdetot, "and expands imagination." "He has thrown a doubt," said Lord Dudley, "on all past glory; he has made all future renown impossible." This is hyperbole, but with a substance of truth. No name represents so completely and conspicuously dominion, splendour, and catastrophe. He raised himself by the use, and ruined himself by the abuse, of superhuman faculties. He was wrecked by the extravagance of his own genius. No less powers than those which had effected his rise could have achieved his fall.

Technically, the only real fault of the book, to our mind, is the inadequacy of its opening. There might with so much advantage have been a preamble, or threshold statement, setting forth the purpose of the inquiry and summarising events up to the deportation of "The Man" to his Rock. For a fine book the beginning, as it stands, is too casual. Indeed, the first chapter, dealing with the

literature of the exile, might almost have been relegated to an appendix. It is not too late now for Lord Rosebery to amend this fault. A second edition will be demanded directly, and he could prefix a prelude worthy of the history that follows. It must be at his fingers' ends. One other point: Lord Rosebery should look to his "onlys." The misplaced "only" is his pet error. So much for flaws of technique. As to Lord Rosebery's judgments—in one instance only do we think him a little wanting in justice: we think that he has not sufficiently considered what the dread of Napoleon—of Boney—was at the time of his defeat, and how great a strain was placed upon the statesmen responsible for his detention—Lord Liverpool and Lord Bathurst. Lord Rosebery has been in office himself: he knows something of the wear and tear of high position, and we think he might have made a little more allowance for Napoleon's English custodians. He is fully alive to the seriousness of the position. In his own graphic phrase, "Europe [that is to say, England; that is to say, Lord Liverpool and Lord Bathurst] buckled itself to the unprecedented task of gagging and paralyzing an intelligence and a force which were too gigantic for the welfare and security of the world." It was a large order, and much may be forgiven the human politicians on whom fell the onus of fulfilling it. For Sir Hudson Lowe, however, we find it difficult to say so much. His unsuitability was too patent.

What the future has in store for Lord Rosebery no one knows. He may project himself again into affairs; a revulsion of feeling against the present Government may bring the ball again to his feet, and he may this time devote his every energy to statecraft. But if not, if he chooses to remain a more or less private gentleman—only occasionally flashing like a brilliant star across the political heavens or lighting up some social gathering by his lambent oratory—we hope with all our heart that he will continue his historical studies. For Lord Rosebery has the true historian's gift. He has patience; he is thorough; he is unsatisfied until every authority has been consulted, every by-way explored; he wants to know the truth. But a man may have all these qualities and yet be inarticulate. Lord Rosebery is mellifluously articulate. And a man may have all these qualities with articulateness added and yet be dull. Lord Rosebery is never dull. He has humour as well as thoroughness, picturesqueness as well as fluency. Better still, he has imaginative sympathy: and by its aid Napoleon's latest biography has been enabled to get more nigh to that lonely Titan than a myriad of his predecessors, who, with all their pains—lacking imaginative sympathy—have but tinkered at his exterior. But his most precious possession of all is, perhaps, temper. Lord Rosebery has the perfect historian's temper. The temper of his *Napoleon* is superb.

Kid Glove Autobiography.

The Story of My Life. Vols. IV., V., VI. By Augustus J. C. Hare. (Allen. 31s. 6d.)

It can hardly be our fault that Mr. Hare's reminiscences make us think continually of gloves. That his own are of soft and creaseless kid we can never be brought to disbelieve; and that he has spent a considerable portion of his life in drawing them on and off at the right moments will not, we think, be doubted by any dispassionate reader of these volumes. Was ever such a genteel person? As a squire of old ladies Mr. Hare cannot possibly have a rival. He seems to have driven hundreds of miles with them in close carriages, gasping for air and small-talk, and the records of such drives between 1871 and this year of grace fill many a page of his journal. On June 29, 1876, Mr. Hare went down into Kent for Miss Virginia Smith's wedding, "toiling in a cab with Lady Craven over the hot chalky hills." In August of the same year he fell in with

the Dowager Duchess of Cleveland at Amptill Station—the Lowther carriage was waiting for both—and "she talked the whole way, but the carriage rumbled so that I could hardly hear a word she said, except that when I remarked, 'What a fine tree!' as we entered the park, she answered rather sharply, 'That *was* a fine tree.' She spoke, too, of the Lowther boys—'They are having their vacancies. I like that word vacancies,' she said." On November 20, 1877, he "drove with Lady Exeter, Lady Catherine Weyland, and Lady Jane Grimston to St. Albans, and went over the Abbey with Mr. Chapel, the delightfully enthusiastic clerk of the works, who repeatedly exclaimed, 'It is the pride of my life, sir, it is the pride of my life.'" On December 6, at King's Cross, "I met Elizabeth Biddulph, Marie Adeane, Alethea Grenfell, and the Dalvels, and we came down together, a merry party to Hertford, where the Robert Smiths sent to fetch us to their picturesque new house of Goldings." On June 28, 1875: "Luncheon with dear old Lady Grey. Then to Lady Wharndcliffe, who looked very lovely seated beneath a great blue-green vase filled with lilies." September 22, 1887: "I came last night to the Locker-Lampsons, at Cromer, finding Julia, Lady Jersey, Brandling, Lady Kathleen Bligh, and Rollo Russell there. To-day we have been to Blickling, where we found Lady Lothian and Lady Pembroke walking in the radiantly beautiful garden of the grand old house." The book is a chronicle of such things. Half the country houses in England are visited, drawn, and described by Mr. Hare; and their inhabitants are eulogised in every degree of gush possible to the human diaphragm. When Mr. Hare tells us that on Sunday, July 10, 1887, he sat in the afternoon in the garden at Lowther Lodge, "seeing a long diorama of people drop in and have tea," he seems to be compressing the story of his life into a sentence. We say "seems," because, to be just, it is not so; but the seeming is great at the moment.

In face of the above extracts and comments it would be unjust not to remind our readers that, as the topographer of London, Paris, Rome, Northern and Central Italy, and nearly all France, Mr. Hare has done work of unquestionable value. It is only when he deals with society that he is garrulous, and we had almost said insufferable. Even from these gatherings of languid festivity he brings back a vast amount of gossip that is entertaining to-day, and may be thought useful and illuminative to-morrow. Not without force, he quotes in his self-defence Coleridge's remark: "I could inform the dullest author how he might write an interesting book. Let him relate the events of his own life with honesty, not disguising the feelings that accompanied them." This is what Mr. Hare does; and he never disguises the feeling of satisfaction which his social and literary successes gave him when they flashed. He tells us that his *Story of Two Noble Lives* was "warmly welcomed by the upper classes of society." The *empressment* which accompanied the invitation of a great lord or lady is carefully recorded. His connexion with the Crown Prince of Sweden, as tutor, is written up for all it is worth; and is there not something absolute about this entry: "March 9, 1881: Met Princess Mary at luncheon at Lady Barrington's, who only presented me by 'Here is Augustus'?"

Here, indeed, is Augustus in more than 2,500 pages. A future generation may see *naïveté* and personal charm in the portentous budget, but to-day these qualities are hardly likely to be recognised, if they exist. Pepys went to work very differently. He committed his diary to a cypher, and left it in manuscript. Mr. Hare blabs all, and does not wait for time to ripen it. It is probable that he would wait in vain; for his book has none of the qualities of a masterpiece. Small, retail, and obsequious the narrative is; and it is in no wise lifted to a higher plane by Mr. Hare's plentiful emotion when a

death or a funeral is described. Here we are on delicate ground; but who made it necessary for us to invade it? Mr. Hare's long and tearful valedictions to his step-mother, to Lady Waterford, to his old nurse, Mary Lea, and to other friends are, though they ought not to be, matter for criticism. Such feelings are sacred; but as written here they are tedious and effeminate. Nor do they gain by chance association (in one's memory of a couple of thousand pages) with passages in which less Christian sentiments are expressed. For example, Mr. Hare tells us that he has had the "small trial" of having to pay another call of £300 on some unfortunate Electric Light shares. "I am not more than very temporarily troubled by such things—it is no use." And yet with an ill-nature which seems to us flagrant, Mr. Hare gives the name of the friend who "involved" him in this piece of finance—adding, "All I have ever made by my writings in fourteen very hard-worked years is gone now through —" [we omit the name].

Not only do ill-natured comments abound, but inaccuracies are far too common. The author of *Ships that Pass in the Night* will not recognise herself as "Miss Harynden." This is, perhaps, a printer's error, but what are we to say of the statement that "We went also to the attractive old town of Woodbridge, where Percy Fitzgerald lived, who wrote so many capital articles." And for what reason does Mr. Hare transfer that capital "Conscious-as-we-are-of-each-other's-imperfections" story from the Law Courts, with Lord Bowen for its hero, to an obscure bench of Lancashire magistrates?

The elements of this autobiography which are of immediate value are, firstly, the general picture presented (in awful overdose, as we have shown) of English country-house life, and the talk of West End dinner-tables; secondly, the many anecdotes of people of real interest, as Browning, Tennyson, Carlyle, Lord Houghton, Lady Waterford, and others. Many of these, however, are second-hand and trivial enough. Here is one. Browning described how once, in going down to dinner, the lady who fell to his share suddenly said to him: "You are a poet, aren't you?" "Well, people are sometimes kind enough to say that I am." "Oh, don't mind my having mentioned it; you know Lord Byron was a poet!" Many will like to know how Lord Tennyson could be roused to write. One day, when he was unusually depressed, his nurse said to him: "Mr. Tennyson, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for grumbling in this way: you ought to be expressing your gratitude for your recovery from your bad illness by giving us something—by giving it to the world." He went off repentant to his own room, and returned in half an hour with "Crossing the Bar." Of such stories there are many, and we have been unfortunate if we have conveyed the idea that Mr. Hare is not very interesting as well as very provoking. In truth, the book contains hundreds of good things, but is so big that there is room for hundreds of sentimental nothings, daily complacencies, and tutorial sermonising. With a frankness which we admire, Mr. Hare tells us how Mrs. Lecky, wife of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, behaved to him at dinner. Finding he did not interest her, she talked exclusively to Lord O'Hagan on the other side of her. "Towards the close of dinner she said to me: 'We have been a long time at dinner.' 'To me it has seemed quite endless,' I said. 'Well,' she exclaimed, 'I do not wonder that you were chosen to speak truth to princes.'" All the same, it is evident that Mr. Hare is a first-class raconteur, and we can believe his statement that whenever he retired to his room in a certain great house the Duchesses used to send a servant to fetch him back to tell them stories.

Mr. Hare is sore about the treatment which the first three volumes of his *Life* received at the hands of reviewers; and in expounding the natural history of criticism, as he sees it, he says that the first review of a

book usually sets the fashion for the rest! This is news to us. But we may remark that this article is the first review of Mr. Hare's book that has come under our eye, and that it is intended as our personal opinion, not as a critical fashion block.

Obiter Dicta.

Studies by the Way. By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry. (Nisbet. 10s. 6d. net.)

SIR EDWARD FRY'S preface is rather alarming in its humility. He tells us that the papers he prints "make no pretence to add anything to the sum of human knowledge." It has always been his habit to "commit something to paper" on subjects that interested him, and he has found the practice to be one of great mental value. Well, as a rule, we should be inclined to suggest that papers which add nothing, in the widest sense, to the sum of human knowledge, and are only written for the purposes of mental training and discipline, are best left unprinted. At the most, let them live their little day in the magazines and cease to be. But, in the first place, Sir Edward Fry is unjust to himself. If his essays are not creative, they are at least pleasantly epideictic. They display an alert intelligence ranging over a wide field of interest, and touching topic after topic with judicious exposition or valuable comment. Sir Edward Fry's versatility of mind is considerable. A knowledge of pre-historic methods of "conveyancing" or an acute analysis of the "Theory of Punishment" you might expect from him: but he is equally ready to discuss the spiritual value of "The Old Testament," or the possible means of improving "Sermons," to study "The 'Banquet' of Dante," or to discourse on those aspects of country life and travel in the Greek world which appear to have a particular fascination for him. And in the second place, even were the intrinsic value of those jottings less than it is, we should yet welcome them, as we have fortunately occasion to welcome many similar books, for a fresh proof of the continued interest taken by successful English men of affairs in letters; for a pledge of the widened and enlightened outlook upon practical life which letters—*literæ humaniores*—are the best discipline to secure. It would be a bad look out for the Bar, the Church, the Civil Service, or any other calling, were its leading men to leave the making of books entirely to the professional scribes. And, happily, we see at present no chance of such a relinquishment.

We have found Sir Edward Fry's paper on "Conveyancing" particularly good reading. It opens with an exordium almost lyric in its glorification of the dusky process:

I have spoken of the legal concepts amidst which the conveyancer dwells in his chambers—thoughts, as I have said, of estates tail and remainders and uses and trusts—thoughts that to many men seem most unintelligible and unal: and yet what a strange power dwells in them! They regulate the succession of estates; and stately mansions and wide parks and noble woods, and all the glory that pertains to such possessions, go to this man or the other according to these musty conceptions; and he who shall venture to run counter to them or neglect them will find in life, or after death (if he then revisit the earth), that those notions are too strong for him; so strongly do the invisible thoughts of men regulate and control the enjoyment of things outward and visible—so much mightier even in this life are the things that are not seen than the things that are seen.

The earliest example of conveyancing mentioned in literature is the purchase by Abraham of the cave of Machpelah, and the minute description of the parcels of land almost suggests that the narrator had a legal record before him: "The field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah,

which was before Mamre, the field, and cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about." Sir Edward Fry discusses a conveyance found on an Assyrian tablet of the seventh or eighth century B.C., the conveyances of the Greek temple inscriptions, the wills of Aristotle and Epicurus, the elaborate curses and penalties spiritual invoked in many conveyances upon the breakers of them; and, finally, points out that the foundation-stone of English liberties, the Magna Charter itself, is modelled upon the phraseology of a conveyance of land.

Knowledge of affairs, fresh observation, classical reminiscence, are happily blended in these papers, and that on Sicily closes with a reflection which must express the feeling of many a northern voyager in all these lands of the South:

Sicily is in some sense a land of shadows—a land where the dead are more present to the mind than the living—a land where one feels oneself to be a breathing man visiting, like Dante, or like Hercules, the realms of phantoms. Everywhere you are haunted by the ghosts of great men, or the memories of great events, or of great and departed nations. In the lemon groves of the promontory of Naxos one fancies the sickly Nicias whiling away the winter, while his fleet rides in the bay outside the Greek harbour; at Syracuse we see a whole host of great shades—Nicias again, and Lamachus, slain near the Anapo, and the ghosts of thousands of Athenians perishing in the great harbour and on the cliffs of Epipolie, and last of all in the quarries, and so vanishing into thin air; and, again, by the shores of Ortygia, we think of Plato and Pindar and Bacchylides and Simonides, the visitors at the court of the stately Hiero; and last, but not least, of St. Paul tarrying for a short space in the harbour, and, perhaps, preaching in some of the squares or streets of the old city. There is yet another figure, as I have already mentioned, who follows one's thoughts through Sicily—the haughty and mystical Empedocles—we remember him on the slopes of Etna, in his native Acragas, and again at Selinus. And even in bright and busy Palermo the dead are more to us than the living. It is of Hamilkar or Marcellus, or Frederick the Second and the brilliant Norman kings, that we think the most. So thoroughly in Sicily do the shadows of the past dominate the living present.

Ripe Prose.

Miscellanies. By Edward FitzGerald. "Golden Treasury" Series. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

THERE are things in this book that it was high time the FitzGerald following knew something about. The Woodbridge recluse remembering his own youth and sympathising with the youth of others, as in "Euphranor"; helping to establish the memory of a good and simple man, as in the memoir of Bernard Barton; striving to persuade people to read more of Crabbe, as in the preface to the *Tales of the Hall*; half humorously, half sadly, and all wisely commenting on proverbial sagacity, as in the preface to *Polonius*,—this FitzGerald is a more approachable figure than the FitzGerald behind Omar Khayyam or even the *Letters*. The FitzGerald who could write this beautiful elegy on his old friend Bernard Barton is too little known:

Lay him gently in the ground,
The good, the genial, and the wise;
While Spring blows forward in the skies
To breathe new verdure o'er the mound
Where the kindly Poet lies.

Gently lay him in his place,
While the still Brethren round him stand;
Th' soul indeed is far away,
But we would reverence the clay
In which so long she made a stay,
Beaving through the friendly face,
And holding forth the honest hand—

Thou, that didst so often twine
For other urns the funeral song,
One who has known and lov'd thee long,
Would, ere he mingles with the throng,
Just hang this little wreath on thine.

Farewell, thou spirit kind and true;
Old Friend, for evermore Adieu!

That this side of FitzGerald is so little known is his own fault or misfortune, no doubt; he had that curious temperament which decrees that its possessors shall rarely display their sweetest. But some of his sweetest is in this little book, and we prize it accordingly.

The book is to be prized, too, for its style. FitzGerald wrote a prose of his own, flexible, sure, and very serene. This glimpse of Bernard Barton as picture-lover and picture-buyer could not be improved upon in any respect:

With little critical knowledge of pictures, he was very fond of them, especially such as represented scenery familiar to him—the shady lane, the heath, the corn-field, the village, the sea-shore. And he loved, after coming away from the bank, to sit in his room and watch the twilight steal over his landscapes as over the real face of nature, and then lit up again by fire or candle light. Nor could any itinerant picture-dealer pass Mr. Barton's door without calling to tempt him to a new purchase. And then was B. B. to be seen, just come up from the bank, with broad-brim and spectacles on, examining some picture set before him on a chair in the most advantageous light; the dealer recommending, and Barton wavering, until partly by money, and partly by exchange of some older favourites, with perhaps a snuff-box thrown in to tura the scale, a bargain was concluded—generally to B. B.'s great disadvantage and great content. Then friends were called in to admire; and letters written to describe; and the picture taken up to his bed-room to be seen by candlelight on going to bed, and by the morning sun on awaking; then hung up in the best place in the best room; till in time perhaps it was itself exchanged for some newer favourite.

It is not only delicate and delightful in itself, but it was the only way in which to write of B. B.—a perfect adjustment of medium to subject.

Of "Euphranor" we wish we had room to speak, but we can say no more than to commend it to all whom it has till now eluded. The circumstance that it was printed in the comparatively recent three-volume edition of FitzGerald disqualifies it, to some extent, from particular notice to-day. Mr. Aldis Wright has discovered a few interesting elegiac verses, one of which has a hint of a quatrain in the Persian poem.

Beauty when laid in the grave
Feedeth the lily beside her,

wrote FitzGerald many years ago: two lines which bring to mind

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean,
Ah! lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen?

One word of complaining: it seems to us a great pity that Mr. Aldis Wright did not take advantage of this opportunity to print "Polonius" entire; particularly as some of the advertisements of the book which we have seen suggest that the publishers still believe it to have been included. To give the preface and omit FitzGerald's very interesting collection of old saws and modern instances, so shrewdly and wisely brought together, was a proceeding which we fail quite to understand. At most it would have added fifty pages to the book—which the book could well stand.

The Dazzling Youth.

The Fantasticks: a Romantic Comedy in Three Acts. By Edmond Rostand. Freely done into English verse by George Fleming. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE is no doubt that not only this particular "free" version of Rostand's early play *Les Romanesques* (called in the present volume *Les Romanitiques*), but the play itself, make a more favourable impression when read at leisure than they did at the Royalty Theatre on the afternoon of May 29 last. On that occasion the cast was scarcely what it might have been, and so dainty and fragile is the texture of the piece that it is bound to suffer in theatrical representation except under conditions the most ideal. It is an extended "proverb in porcelain," a sheer artificiality in egg-shell china, and it requires both perfect acting and a perfect setting. "The scene," says the author, "to take place where one pleases, *provided the costumes are pretty enough*." In that flippant phrase is disclosed Rostand's extraordinary instinct for the stage. A clumsy touch, a crude spot of colour, a too-emphasised gesture, the merest indiscretion, and the whole play crumbles to ashes, and you say, "There is nothing in it, after all." There is nothing in it—except a mood and an atmosphere rendered with perfect technique. The plot—that of parents cunningly fostering a marriage between their children while pretending to veto it with fearful oaths—is as old as the century and many times older. The characters—they are purely conventional. The scene—it is "where one pleases." The verse is polished, graceful, pretty and witty, but in no special degree. Only, the result is a faultless something. In this, just as in his two later plays, Rostand obtains the effect by a series of small felicities; he never reaches it by a single dazzling stroke. Take the character of Straforel, the bravo. His first speech is to describe the various sorts of sham abductions which he is prepared to carry out on due payment:

Sir! we've the obvious, open, schoolboy rape,
Which only needs black cloaks, no matter what their shape;
The rape by cab; 'tis little in request;
The rape by day—the rape by night looks best;
The pompous rape with coaches of the court,
With powdered lacqueys, wigs of every sort—
(The wigs are extra)—eunuchs, slaves, and mutes,
Blacks, bravos, brigands, musketeers—as suits;
The rape done by postillions, three or four,
And half a dozen horses, less or more;
The decorous rape, in dowager's landau—
It is not popular, a trifle slow;
The comic rape: the lady must be fond;
Romantic, in a boat; requires a pond;
The rape Venetian—wants a blue lagoon;
The rape by moonlight, or without a moon—
Moonlight is dear, and always in demand;
The rape lugubrious, by blue lightning planned,
With challenge, single combats, clash of arms,
Great flapping hats, dark cloaks, and war's alarms;
The rape emphatic, and the rape polite;
The rape with torches, *that's* a charming sight!
The rape in masks—we call that classical;
The rape gallant, done to sweet music's call;
The rape in sedan-chair, *that's* new and gay,
The latest thing of all—and *distingué*.

The effect of that speech on the audience is much like the effect of the play as a whole. At first they listen perfunctorily, and then slowly they come under the spell, until at last they are rapt away, the applause is enthusiastic, and the actor must bow his acknowledgments. Of course the play is *bravura*, but it is exquisite *bravura*. Occasionally there are moments when the *bravura*, so hard and smooth, breaks as it were into a radiant blossom—as at the culmination of Act III. where Sylvette murmurs—

Oh, not in distant lands, in untrod ways,
In wild adventure or in unsung lays,
But *here* lives Poetry!

[*She falls into his arms.*]

Despite the dizzying success of *L'Aiglon*, we do not by any means yet believe that Rostand is among the great playwrights of the century. But he is a man of brilliant cleverness, and this play proves the fact as amply as either *Cyrano* or *L'Aiglon*. "George Fleming" has performed the difficult task of translation very creditably, though one or two of her rhymes are atrocious.

"He Loved all the Rawnsleys."

Memories of the Tennysons. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Honorary Canon of Carlisle. (J. MacLehose & Sons.)

IF Lord Tennyson had not said (to one of themselves) that "he loved all the Rawnsleys," this little book had hardly been written. There were a good many Rawnsleys upon whom to scatter broadcast this not very specialised affection. The Index of Names at the end of the volume sets forth:

Rawnsley, Alice.	Rawnsley, Margaret.
Rawnsley, Canon.	Rawnsley, Mary.
Rawnsley, Drummond.	Rawnsley, Sophy.
Rawnsley, Mrs. Drummond.	Rawnsley, Rev. T. H.
Rawnsley, Edith.	Rawnsley, Mrs. T. H.
Rawnsley, Edward.	Rawnsley, W. F.
Rawnsley, Mrs. Edward.	

The Tennysons and Rawnsleys had been neighbours and friends for two or three generations in Lincolnshire; and here is traced over again the poetry-on-the-map, with allusions to the local influence of Somersby, Mablethorpe, Horncastle, Louth, and the rest, upon the poet's mind. The attitude of Tennyson himself towards this yearning for local identification was characteristic. If you said you saw the influence, he denied it, and called you a dolt. If you did not see it, he said you were "wanting." Canon Rawnsley, we hasten to add, does not put it thus. He writes throughout on the supposition that the public expect a great poet to be also an amiable man, and that the author must fulfil the public expectation.

The most entertaining chapter in the book is contributed to it by Mr. Wilbraham Rawnsley. The poet's love for this member of the Rawnsley family was not without the element that chastens. "Once when I was walking with him, he pulled me up sharply for using the word 'awful.' 'You have used that twice this morning. I can't bear it.'" The delinquent assures us that he used the offending "awful" in its legitimate, not its slang, sense, on both occasions; but he quickly adds that he was "very sorry he had used it." Another time he used the word "knowledge," pronouncing it as a rhyme to college. "*He looked at me and said, 'Knowledge, I say.'* I said, 'Do you say acknowledge, too?' He thought a moment, and then said, 'Yes, I do.'" When Lord Tennyson had nothing to correct in Mr. Rawnsley, he could always fall back on the critics. "Soon after the publication of *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*, I found him rather angry at the critics having taken the old man who speaks in the poem as intended for a picture of himself. 'I this old white-headed dreamer! As if I should call myself that! I that have not a white hair in my head!'" Against that expression he could put, for comfort, an allusion to his head which he described as "the greatest compliment he ever had paid him." "Two working-men, masons, he thought, passed him in the street, and he heard one say to the other: 'There goes a Shakespeare-like fellow!'" One must not omit Mr. Wilbraham Rawnsley's tribute to the straightforwardness of the poet. He complimented Mrs. W. Rawnsley for not wearing "a dress improver, or, as he called it in his straightforward manner, a bustle." But one is not sure that he approved of the dress any more than of the improver. "'It is clothes,' said Tennyson, 'that make the immodesty, not the want of them. There is nothing immodest in your natural skin.'"

Tennyson, however, was nothing if not garbed. The little boy who asked him why he wore the purple cloak and wideawake if he didn't like to be stared at, got no answer. Once when Canon Rawnsley was walking with him near Farringford, a char-à-banc of tourists went by. Probably they knew nothing of the poet, but his hat and cloak signalled to them from the roadway. "Lord Tennyson turned his face to the bank and began prodding violently with his stick. 'Are they looking?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Let them look then,' said the poet; and they did look, but they saw nothing but the broad back of his cape and the flap of his ample wideawake." The only thing that would have annoyed the poet more than to hear the passers-by were looking, was that they were not. There is much more of this sort of sorry self-consciousness. And the strange thing is that Canon Rawnsley does not seem to see how pitiful it is.

Of the impersonal side of Tennyson, of Tennyson the wonder-worker in words, we get no real glimpse in these pages. A little side-light is thrown, indeed, on the motive that lay behind the composition of the epitaph for Lord Stratford De Redcliffe's epitaph in the Abbey; and it is not exhilarating. "I hate doing this kind of thing," he said, "but they bother one out of one's life if one refuses. It is the best way to peace." The one item in the book which has added anything to our own knowledge of Tennyson is the correspondence concerning the Poet Laureateship when it became vacant on the death of Southey. The mysteriousness of the ways and means of appointing laureates becomes greater than ever when we find, in Wordsworth's lifetime, Tennyson being put forward for the laurel by Mr. and Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble and her husband), who wrote to Lord Francis Egerton, who, in turn, wrote to the Lord Chamberlain about it. Two letters from Lord Francis to Mrs. Butler show how anxious he was to accede to any request of hers; but any hope he had was dashed by the receipt of a note from the Lord Chamberlain:

DEAR LORD FRANCIS,—The Laureateship is actually offered to Wordsworth. It only remains for me, therefore, to express my regret that I am unable to comply with your wishes in favour of Mr. Tennyson, whose merits are highly spoken of.—Believe me, my dear Lord, yours most truly,
DE LA WARR.

Anyhow, Lord Francis obliged his friend by getting an immediate pension for Tennyson; and the Laureateship also was added to him within a decade of years.

Other New Books.

LONDON MEMORIES.

By C. W. HECKETHORN.

Mr. Heckethorn has done better here than in his similar work, *London Souvenirs*, with which we found fault just a year ago for its irrelevant and violent opinions on chops and steaks, Browning's poetry, and other things outside the scope of the book. Mr. Heckethorn now sticks to his text, the interesting and inexhaustible text of the London streets. His jocularity is still rather clumsy, and is certainly misplaced when it is directed against the Griffin at Temple Bar, which he describes as a "hideous abortion"—a most unpleasing and incorrect phrase. To dispute with Mr. Heckethorn whether the Griffin is a slightly monument or not is outside our scope; we think it very slightly, and we do not know what Mr. Heckethorn means by saying that its colour "leads our country visitors to imagine that it is carved out of green cheese." Mr. Heckethorn's style permits him to say that Dr. Johnson was "flummuxed" by the language of Billingsgate. By the way, he assumes that "Billingsgate" is still heard, and tells of a woman who only recently said, "I go to 'ear the langwidge; it do so remind me of my poor dear

'usbing." We fancy this is a lame version of one of Keene's jokes in *Punch* relating to Covent Garden. We think that Sir Walter Besant is nearer the mark in describing "Billingsgate" as a dead language.

But this book is interesting. From old books, newspapers, and personal observation Mr. Heckethorn has gathered much curious lore about London streets and houses, executions, extinct trades, windmills, earthquakes, fires, and the life of the river; and his pages will both satisfy and stimulate the general reader's interest in these things. Such amenities of "Savage Old London" as nose-slitting, hand-chopping, the pillory, and witch-swimming are described; and we leave it to Mr. Clarence Rook to decide whether the state of society which bred these cruelties ranks lower than the one which sends forth the Hooligan flown with insolence and beer, and gripping his cheap, but murderous, revolver. The study of "The South Lambeth-road" is rightly called "a microscopic bit of topography"; in some respects it is the most distinctive paper in a book which we can cordially recommend to the "Londonarian." (Chatto. 6s.)

THE GREAT BOER WAR.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

"The book was begun in England and continued on board a steamer, but the greater part was written in a hospital tent in the intervals of duty during the epidemic at Bloemfontein," says Dr. Doyle in his preface, and the book shows evident signs of it. Here and there is an obvious straining after effect, and the constant repetition of "the dark Cronjé" in the account of Paardeberg adds to our suspicion that Dr. Doyle is striving for strength and picturesqueness by means which, with greater leisure, he would have avoided. Still, the fact remains that the book is, so far, the only account of the war that has been published. It has the advantage of being written by one who has visited the scene of this great drama, has met many of the chief actors in it, and has seen with his own eyes something of the actual operations. As far as a recollection of many despatches and telegrams may be trusted, Dr. Conan Doyle seems remarkably accurate. He begins at the beginning with an account of the Boer race, and his chapters dealing with the Cause of the Quarrel, and with the events before hostilities began, are written in temperate and well-balanced language. The arrangement of the book is excellent, the only part which might have been fuller being the work of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener at Cape Town, and the sudden concentration on the Modder. It is the account of the actual fighting which is disappointing, and in this Dr. Conan Doyle suffers from the books which he has given as hostages for what we feel we have a right to demand of him. In this respect he has the disadvantage of being compared, not with other men, but with himself, and so far—and so far only—he has fallen short of expectation. Nevertheless, the book will, no doubt, remain for a long while the best and most convenient history of the war. The maps are good, the appendix of casualties up to September 8 is most useful, and the index can be referred to safely. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE SETTLEMENT AFTER
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By M. J. FARELly.

What is to be done with South Africa after the war? is a question which is just now occupying many minds. The settlement will require not only the genius of the great statesman, but the trained intellect of the lawyer to deal with such subjects as the degree to which legislation should admit natives to civil and political rights similar to those possessed by Europeans; the recognition to be accorded to native usages; the regulation of Asiatic immigration; the effects of systems of land tenure, native and European; and so on, and so on; all of which will have to be finally settled in one way or another. As a preliminary, Dr. Farely inquires into the cause of the dispute between Great Britain and the semi-independent

Boer States, and does it from the point of view of the lawyer who is endeavouring to make an impartial summary of a case. The best part of the book most certainly is the inquiry, with its wealth of documents and facts, which, both in the body of the work and in the Appendix, Dr. Farely puts before his readers to enable them to form a clear judgment on all the matters in dispute. In his remarks on the state of things which must prevail when peace is proclaimed, Dr. Farely is not quite so lucid. He seems to advocate a government something like that of India for the whole of South Africa, with a Governor-General and an Advisory Council; but he does not grasp his subject boldly, and he gives the reader the impression that he is afraid of hurting the feelings of some section or other of the population. This attitude on the part of Englishmen has been the curse of South Africa, and it has weighed on everyone from the Colonial Minister at home to the Colonial Minister at the Cape. The considerations at the end are the weakest part of the book, of which the chief value lies in the very fine and impartial chapter dealing with the events and trend of opinion prior to the issue of Mr. Kruger's ultimatum. (Macmillan.)

THE FAR EAST:
ITS HISTORY AND ITS QUESTION. BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE.

Mr. Krausse, who, in spite of his Russian name, appears to be an Englishman, is certainly a man without whom that odd abstraction, the general reader, would not know much about the Chinese question. His works on *Russia in Asia* and *China in Decay*, not to mention the excellent little handbook, *The Story of the Chinese Crisis*, in a way lead up to the present volume. *The Far East* is, as far as some three or four hundred pages permit, a complete account of the history of the Oriental Asiatic world in its relations with Western civilisation, with an examination of the existing factors in the Far Eastern question, and a statement of the evidence bearing upon the subject. Of course, the question resolves itself into a struggle between Great Britain and Russia, and Mr. Krausse sums up the state of affairs in the following words:

The prospect in the Far East is clouded. Its ultimate outcome must, by dint of the working of the forces I have discussed, be partition and absorption until the whole of the map becomes reconstituted. The lion's share must go to Russia. Of that there can be no question. China will by slow degrees be divided, first into nominal spheres of influence; subsequently into protectorates; finally into colonies and possessions of the various Powers. Korea as a national entity is doomed. The only question is whether it will fall to Russia or Japan, and it remains only to be seen whether England will at the eleventh hour pull herself together and strive to save the Yangtze Valley as her share of the spoil, or whether she will, by a continuation of her past and present tactics, allow herself to be elbowed out of Central China, even as she has been out of Manchuria, and is about to be out of the north. Such is the outcome of the situation, such the problem to be solved.

It will be noticed that Mr. Krausse is by no means optimistic, and the worst of it is that the multitude which rules in England cannot be persuaded to take China seriously, or to think anything of the chronic bad faith of Russia. The appendices to the book are particularly useful for reference, as they include a chronology of the history of the Far East, the text of the more important treaties and conventions, and furnish a bibliography of authorities on the Far East. The index is fairly good, and the maps and plans are useful, though the large map in the pocket of the cover is by no means up to date in the matter of railways. Generally, Mr. Krausse should take heed not to split his infinitives, and it is with regret that we notice Frankenstein once again transformed into the Monster. Even if Mr. Krausse were not aware that Frankenstein created the Monster, surely there must have been someone at the printer's or publisher's capable of drawing his attention to this all too

common blunder. We dwell on the point because mistakes of this kind give rise to the horrid thought, What if Mr. Krausse be as inaccurate about Russia's proceedings as he is about those of Mrs. Shelley's hero? (Grant Richards. 18s.)

THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN:
THE MAN AND STATESMAN. BY N. M. MARRIS.

We do not doubt that there is a public demand for a life of the Colonial Secretary; the only point on which scepticism is allowable is whether the public demanded so stout a tome. But this is an age of gossip, and the present volume is the work of a professed admirer who has gathered together from newspapers and other such sources, anecdotes, quotations, characteristic incidents, and even caricatures, and has woven them together with an artlessness which is in itself attractive. It is often said loosely that Mr. Chamberlain has changed his coat. If this means that he has been inconsistent, it is inaccurate. He has been no more inconsistent than a snake which sloughs its old skin. Rightly considered the Mr. Chamberlain of to-day is the product of evolution and environment. All men are that, no doubt, but few in so striking a degree as Mr. Chamberlain. His mind is essentially commercial: first, he strove for his own commercial advantage, then for that of Birmingham, then for that of the United Kingdom, and, lastly, for that of the Empire. The means which he has employed have varied, and rightly so, with the needs of the situation. He began in the screw trade and did well for himself; he became a municipal councillor, and afterwards mayor, and did well for Birmingham. He then turned his attention to politics and joined the Radicals, partly from heredity and partly because that party seemed to him most likely to advance the interests of business. But as his mind expanded to take in the idea of a world-wide empire living on commerce and supported by trade he joined those who have the interests of the Empire at heart, and with whose aid alone it was possible to achieve that commercial expansion, whether personal or national, which has really always been Mr. Chamberlain's aim. This has been the Colonial Secretary's object in life; he has pushed forward commercial expansion in varying circumstances with the tools ready to his hand, and he has done it with all his might. Mr. Marris's book is really a contribution, and a useful one, to the "Life" that will be written in years to come, but for the present it will serve. The collection of photographs of Mr. Chamberlain is perhaps more extensive than his modesty would altogether approve; but they, like the illustrations of Mr. Chamberlain's residences and the caricatures from various sources, have their value for the historian. The chronological tables are useful, and the index is unusually full. Altogether it is a needed and timely work, but one that must be read with discretion. (Hutchinson & Co.)

WOOLINGS AND WEDDINGS IN
MANY CLIMES. BY LOUISE JORDAN MILN.

To produce a book upon the subjects which Mrs. Miln has here adventured was by no means an easy task, if it were to be more than a simple chronicle of curious facts. Mrs. Miln has succeeded in making it much more than that. Her treatment is always broad-minded—conspicuously so, indeed—and she has a sympathy and insight which render her observation of real value. She takes a wide and sound view of sexual relationship which may startle readers who have accustomed themselves to the narrow circle of the single outlook. It is this faculty of seeing things in true perspective, of realising the inevitable force of custom and environment, which enables Mrs. Miln to treat with equal justice and understanding such different marriage systems as those of Norway and Hungary, of Italy and China. The chapter devoted to China is of particular interest, and it is refreshing to read

such sentences as these written by a lady who has made an intimate study of the people :

Of all that I have learned of them I am most convinced of two things. First, that they are a great and an admirable people; second, that the European who knows them most knows them little.

As to the question of the general subjection of Eastern women, Mrs. Miln concludes that it exists more in appearance than in fact. Much of this talk of subjection is without understanding, and we are glad to welcome in Mrs. Miln one whose ideas of women's education would be hailed as heterodox by the elect. For ourselves, we are in entire agreement with her.

It must be added that the binding of the book is deplorable; a demy octavo volume, two and a half inches thick, should have a backing calculated to hold the pages together for at least several perusals. A single reading had served to give three of the illustrations in our copy their unwilling freedom. (Pearson. 16s.)

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: A DIALOGUE

IN UTOPIA.

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

We are often unable to accept Dr. Havelock Ellis's ideals, or even to share his interests; but we recognise in him an earnest thinker whose comments on the present and the future of civilisation are always stimulating and suggestive. The criticism of the nineteenth century which he here puts into the mouths of two shadowy personages in a vaguely remote century perhaps gives us of his best. Doubtless it displays a certain impatience with, and a failure fully to understand, ways of life and thought unshared by the writer; yet it has things to say which we poor folk of the nineteenth century's end may well ponder. An extravagant and aggressive development of nationalism, a complete failure to apply the teachings of science to the organisation of physical and material life, a singular want of care for beauty and craftsmanship—these are among the leading charges which Mr. Ellis brings against us; and who shall claim that they are not justified? Yet one feels that it is easy talking for folk in a distant century for whom somehow—but how?—all the problems which baffle us have been solved. An analysis of the British type of character which closes the dialogue contains some good remarks on the interaction of the two racial elements—the Teutonic and what for the present we must call the Celtic—which go to form that type :

The temper of their race was highly composite. Great Britain had not only been the prey of the most savage races of prehistoric Europe, which had thus passed on their characteristics unchanged to their descendants. Those remote islands had also been the ultimate refuge of the shyest and feeblest races of early Europe. And these, too, had passed on their characteristics to the later possessors of the land, their cunning and reserve, their suspicion, their melancholy silence, their ideals, their dreams. Thus, they were perpetually oscillating between awkward timidity and an arrogance so unbounded that their own doctors regarded it as a disease, and dealt with it as "morbid self-assurance." So was produced an extraordinary amalgam of character which admirably fitted the British race for the special work which at one moment it was able to perform in the world. They were aided as much by the qualities of their weakness as by those of their strength. Their brooding reserve, their gloomy suspicion, their cunning, effected what sheer brute strength alone would never have been adequate to effect.

(Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

Somehow one does not grudge the multiplication of military biographies. They are records of things definitely done or endeavoured, and if it is impossible to give attention to all of them on publication they are assured of their place in the military records of the Empire. Two such biographies, both associated with India, are *The Life of Lieut.-Col. John Haughton*, by Major A. C. Yate (Murray,

12s. net.), and *General Sir Arthur T. Cotton: His Life's Work*, by his daughter, Lady Hope (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. net). Haughton was an Indian frontier man, and commandant of the 36th Sikhs; Cotton was an Indian famine expert, and a strenuous advocate of irrigation. Their lives terminated within a year of each other (1897 and 1898), though at very different ages, and the one on the field of battle the other at home.

It is rather singular that Captain A. T. Mahan does not write a preface to his *Story of the War in South Africa* (Sampson Low) to explain his special standpoint. As a master of strategy on the sea he is certainly not likely to be without fresh ideas on the strategy of the veldt, but the multiplicity of war-books forbids our giving his work more than this mention.

Who was Thomas Hariot? How many of us have any knowledge of this inventor of the telescope, friend of Raleigh, historian of Virginia, and present occupant of a lowly bed in the garden of the Bank of England. It was the Virginian connexion that prompted the Hercules Club, of Vermont, to reprint Hariot's *Brief and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia*, but it is to the biographical zeal of the late Mr. Henry Stevens, the founder of the club, and of his son, Mr. Henry N. Stevens, that we owe the admirable little book of which the full title is *Thomas Hariot, the Mathematician, the Philosopher, and the Scholar, Developed Chiefly from Dormant Materials*. The phrase "developed chiefly from dormant materials" exactly describes the scholarly zeal which produced this admirable volume.

Mr. Edgar Sanderson has broken fresh ground in writing and assembling in one book biographies of such patriot-heroes as Martin Diaz, the Spanish Guerilla chief; the heroes of the Tyrolese war of 1809; those of the Greek War of Independence, 1821-1827 (Byron's war); Simon Bolmar, of the South American Revolution of 1811-1830; Schavyl of the Caucasus, and others. Historical novelists in search of plots will find them here.

Members of the Scottish Presbyterian churches will be the readers of *The Life of Henry Calderwood*, by his son and the Rev. David Woodside (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). As a minister, a University professor, a politician, and an administrator of church affairs, but chiefly as a man of great breadth and kindness, Prof. Calderwood retains a place in Scottish hearts which ensures the popularity of this work. His books on social and ethical subjects were very numerous, and he wrote the *Life of David Hume* in the "Famous Scots" series.

"A cosmopolitan impartiality," says Mr. Henry Norman, in a preface, characterises M. Leroy-Beaulieu's book on Far East problems which Mr. Richard Davey has translated under the title of *The Awakening of the East: Siberia—Japan—China* (Heinemann). Mr. Norman's preface is, in effect, a review of the book which he heartily recommends as an impartial dealing with "the gravest matter before the civilised world to-day."

Lord Rosebery does not pledge himself to all the views taken by Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P., in his little book, *The War Office, The Army, and the Empire*, but in a brief preface he recognises the writer's competence to handle a subject of grave importance. The contents appeared in various newspapers.

To the "Temple Primers" Mr. Dent adds *International Law*, by Mr. F. E. Smith, and *Greek History*, by Prof. Heinrich Swoboda.

New editions do greatly pullulate. We have popular reprints of "Q.'s" romances, *Dead Man's Rock* and *The Splendid Spur* from Messrs. Cassell, at 3s. 6d. each; a second edition of the late Lord De Tabley's *A Guide to the Study of Book-Plates* (Sherratt & Hughes, Manchester); Kinglake's *Eothen* in the "Little Library" (Methuen, 1s. 6d. net.); Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, a pretty pocket edition (Kogan Paul, 1s. 6d. net.); and Fenimore Cooper's *Deerslayer* (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.).

Fiction.

Lord Jim. By Joseph Conrad.
(Blackwood. 6s.)

Lord Jim is a searching study—prosecuted with patience and understanding—of the cowardice of a man who was not a coward. A moment of great trial came to Jim when he was mate of a steamer. He failed. For years he lived dully, never forgetting this failure; and then came an opportunity to retrieve (before God), and he took it. That is the story, in barest outline, which Mr. Conrad has lavished his energy upon, omitting not the minutest tittle of evidence in Jim's favour (and, through Jim, in favour of us all—for Jim's trial and subsequent penance typify the trials and penances of all men); omitting nothing in Jim's disfavour; reproducing every shaft of light that played upon Jim from all sides; and giving us, too, the wonderful bizarre setting of the drama: the mysterious tropical sea, the odd parti-coloured life of the Eastern port, with its natives, its captains, and its traders; and, later, the inner life of the tiny State in the Malay Peninsula where Jim worked out his salvation—all done with a poetical, romantic, half-wistful air for which we go in vain to any other English writer. That the book is of the sea and the East is in a certain way an accident: its application to life, to all of us, is in no way diminished by this chance. For Jim, as we have said, stands for the universal; he has something in common with us all.

We may, perhaps, return to the subject again, more particularly to Mr. Conrad's revelation of the East. But now we may just refer to the vividness of the glimpses which the story gives us, here and there, of some of the men who are engaged in relating the East to the West; those strange links with the two civilisations; voluntary exiles from this country, denationalising themselves that the British flag shall find trade wherever it penetrates. The romance of the merchant service is not a whit less enthralling, and is many times more curious, than that of the Navy, and Mr. Conrad knows it all. There is in this book, *Lord Jim*, a wonderful figure of a latter-day buccaneer; and the old trader Stein, with his butterflies and his resignation and his memories and his power, is a figure that fills the eye. They are embodied forth, these odd sojourners in their wrong hemisphere, so subtly, so almost magically, in this poignant narrative; they come silently and suddenly, and stay. And the strange thing is that the story all the time is of Jim and his poor boyish conscience, and his lost opportunity, and his far-reaching egoism (reaching even to the most confident of Mr. Conrad's readers); and yet, though Jim is the subject, and the beginning and the end, there is the crowded, mysterious East too, and there are these notable men—Brown and Stein, Brierley and Brierley's mate, the German captain and the Swedish chandler, Cornelius and Doramin, Jewel and Tamb 'Itam and, more than all, Marlow. And yet, though so fully drawn, they have a place in the book only and solely by virtue of their relation to Jim. How Mr. Conrad can tell so much so incidentally we cannot explain. But the secret gives him a double claim; for not only does he command attention for his story, but also for his art. He is at once a reader's and a novelist's novelist.

The blemishes are very slight. We are a little doubtful if the picture of Jim given in the opening pages is the right one: we do not quite follow Mr. Conrad's scheme in choosing to place him before the reader as a water-clerk at the outset. His water-clerking was not the most important phase of his life. Indeed, we do not quite see why this adult presentation was called for just there at all: why not have begun with page 3, at the words, "Originally he came from a parsonage"? Again, there is a slight jerkiness in the passages immediately following that might have been smoothed away. Lastly, there is

the mechanical convention of the story itself, which decrees that Mr. Conrad shall retire at page 34 and hand over the rest of the narrative to a story-teller in an arm-chair on an evening after dinner. There is good precedent for this mannerism. One of the finest short stories ever written—Turgenev's "Lear of the Steppes"—is modelled on precisely the same lines; yet we own to a prejudice against it. In the case of *Lord Jim*, the objection is twofold, for it is not credible. This after-dinner story, told without a break, consists of about 99,000 words. Now it is unreasonable to suppose that the narrator, who chose his words with care, spoke at a greater rate than 150 words a minute, which means that he was telling that after-dinner story to his companions for eleven solid hours. Mr. Conrad, we fancy, in his zeal, lost sight of this amusing prolixity. He has also occasionally made his spokesman employ phrases such as no oral story-teller would be likely to compass. As an example, take this interlude on the moon:

There is something haunting in the light of the moon; it has all the dispassionateness of a disembodied soul, and something of its inconceivable mystery. It is to our sunshine, which—say what you like—is all we have to live by, what the echo is to the sound: misleading and confusing whether the note be mocking or sad. It robs all forms of matter—which, after all, is our domain—of their substance, and gives a sinister reality to shadows alone.

That is all right; but we have some difficulty in believing it just there. It is not thus that men speak.

One other point: the suicide of Brierley. We are not persuaded that that is proved.

But these, after all, are nothings. We mention them more in the hope that (for our own pleasure) Mr. Conrad may, perhaps, come to revise his preference for story by story-teller above story by himself than because they really matter. *Lord Jim* is too fine for such spots to injure its beauty.

Peccavi. By E. W. Hornung.
(Richards. 6s.)

MR. HORNUNG rivets our attention on a spectacle of grandiose simplicity. We see a disgraced rector engaged, during the five years of his suspension, in rebuilding his church which an enemy has destroyed by fire. The publicity given to his misconduct alienates from him everybody in his parish. Alone and unaided—the pleonasm is really excusable—he shapes the stones of the new edifice and sets them in their place, while his enemy, the father of the woman he led astray, nurses the implacable hate which is to terminate in a tragic repetition of his sacrilegious crime. There is a moment when the reader fears a breakdown in the poetic scheme of the story. Will the heroic clergyman find a haven in matrimony, and there forget a dead mistress and an expiated sin? Happily he does not, and he stands out in the mind majestically, a type unlikely to be imitated, but one that satisfies the hungriest idealism.

The realism of the story is commendable. We seem to hear the weariful feet of the years of lonely labour; they are verily the "black oxen" of the Celtic poet. Not satisfied with ostracising him, his parishioners kill his dog. He has to be his own butcher and baker and housemaid. One suspects exaggeration, but surrenders to the charm of a simple, direct story, in the perusal of which it is unnecessary to look back at every tenth page to recall some forgotten motion of complicated machinery.

To say that *Peccavi* is far better than the author's last story is scarcely to place it. It is, in a sense, outside his art. Given the idea, and the inspiration for writing it came as a matter of course.

The book is to be read for a single idea, and the character who impersonates it.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

Mr. Hewlett's first long work since *The Forest Lovers*. Book I. is called "The Book of Yea"; Book II., "The Book of Nay." The hero is Richard Cœur-de-Lion; but Mr. Hewlett gives him the name Richard Yea-and-Nay, invented by the troubadour baron yclept Bertram de Born. The romance begins before Richard's coronation, and ends with his death at Chaluz. It is dedicated to the author's friend, Mr. Edmund Gosse, "always benevolent to his intention." (Macmillan. 6s.)

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

A romantic, bustling, adventurous story of a past day by a versatile writer who knows his period to the shape of a periwig. "Gad! so it is!" cried his master in alarm; "but pooh, one man. . . . Drive on, and drive over him, rascal. The lady and I must reach the port to-night ere twelve." It was in the month of May of the year 1805. (Harpers. 6s.)

RONALD KESTREL.

By A. J. DAWSON.

The cover shows a sandy, Eastern scene. Chapter I. takes us to Morocco, which is what we have the right to expect from the author of *African Nights' Entertainment*; then we are whisked to New South Wales; but it is in London that the story settles down to tell of journalism, authorship, love, and—rest. (Heinemann. 6s.)

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS. By S. WEIR MITCHELL.

In his leisure Dr. Mitchell, a well-known New York physician, writes books—many books. His latest is not a novel in the regular form, but a series of conversations and incidents passing in the lives of a certain group of people, several of whom have already figured in the author's earlier book, *Characteristics*. Among the characters, besides Dr. North, physician, are an artist, a scholar, a railway speculator, and a variety of ladies. (Macmillan. 6s.)

A GENTLEMAN. By THE HON. MRS. WALTER FORBES.

A novel of social life, introducing us to the world of titled folk, among them the Duke of Inveresk, "one of the world's darlings," also "one of Nature's darlings, which is a very different matter." *A Gentleman* is the story of a dressmaker's son, brought up by his mother "as a gentleman," of his awakening, and of his successful career. (Murray. 6s.)

TRINITY BELLS.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

A costume story of old New York. The heroine's name is Catharine Van Clyffe, "the bright, lovely Catharine Van Clyffe, who, just one hundred years ago, was a pupil in the school of the Moravian Sisters at Bethlehem." The book contains some good pictures, and a quantity of music and lavender sentiment. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

YOLANDE, THE PARISIENNE.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

Winged words stare at us from the chapter headings, wild imaginings from the text, and on p. 210 we stumble on this: "When we came out of the Sphinx, a fly was waiting outside, with the cabman asleep on the box. I got in, but neither Satan nor Death followed, and I was thankful to be alone." The publisher informs the world in an advertisement that *Yolande* "can hardly be compared to any other similar work if we [*i.e.*, he] except Marie Corelli's *The Sorrows of Satan*." (John Long. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF TYLER TATLOCK. By DICK DONOVAN.

T. T. was a private detective. Twenty-one of his adventures lie at rest between these covers: "The Queensferry Mystery," "Tracked by Teeth," "Between Dead Lips," and so on, and so on. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

THE YELLOW MAN.

By CARLTON DAWE.

Mystery, murder, Chinese secret societies, beginning "between Slough and Windsor, and ending in China." "I almost shrieked aloud with joy. Why? A moment's reflection gave me pause. Truly it was Ah Yon, but for what purpose? . . . 'Makee set flee,' said Ah Yon. 'Kung no 'ave love for you; Wooching welly chuel also. My 'ave come makee look see.'" Mr. Dawe knows China, and has written many books about China, but the Chinaman in fiction remains a bore. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Mr. Le Queux is known to us as a "yarning" novelist with an untiring pen. We gather from a "literary note" submitted by his publishers that he is "a diplomatist as well as a novelist, and is known to most of the European British Embassies," and that *Of Royal Blood* "contains many thinly-disguised portraits of people well-known in Brussels, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, and is in reality founded on fact." If this "item of news" finds readers for *Of Royal Blood* Mr. Le Queux will have his reward. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE CONSCIENCE OF GILBERT POLLARD.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

A leisnrely, somewhat old-fashioned tale, but not necessarily any the worse for that. "So, for a time, Gilbert saw himself as God saw him, and knew that he—he, and not Hedworth—was at heart the ———." (Hodder & Co. 6s.)

OVER GRASS-GROWN TRAILS.

By H. G. SHEDD.

"This, then, is a little book of Western stories, by Harry Graves Shedd, of which five hundred were printed, and the number of this volume is 375." (Lincoln, Neb., U.S.A.: Kiote Co.)

THE DUKE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

The old Duke was a "drefful" bad man. When he was dying he said to his friend, Sir Pursuivant Debrette: "I haven't had a folly that's cost me less than a £50 note, and I've left a wardrobe that would fit out half the men about town." Then he died, and this light-hearted tale by the author of *The Lunatic at Large* toys with the career of the new Duke. (Arnold. 6s.)

EDWARD BARRY.

By LOUIS BECKE.

He was a South Sea pearler. Follow him, and you will have plenty of excitement and adventure, for Mr. Becke is an old hand at the rousing yarn. "Like lightning Billy Onotoa spun round, his sheath knife flashing in his right hand, and the lust of blood in his eyes; in an instant the two were struggling madly together." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

A BOER OF TO-DAY.

By G. COSSINS.

This story is "actual," if nothing else; but we wonder the author was content to end it at the siege of Ladysmith. General Buller, Sir George White, Mr. Kruger, Joubert, are all served up in these pages. This is how the ex-President, having "expectorated fiercely," talks: "Ach! how I hate them, those Englanders! When the time comes, how they will open their eyes at the great guns and the shells! *Almachtig!* they little know how we are putting by for that day." (Allen. 6s.)

We have also received: *The Weird Orient*, by Henry Illiowizi (Philadelphia: Coates & Co.); *Farthest South*, by Harold E. Gorst (Greening, 2s. 6d.); *A Detached Pirate*, by Helen Mileceto (Greening, 3s. 6d.); *A Tragedy of Errors*, by Geraldine Hodgson (Allen); *Straight Shoes*, by C. G. Chatterton (Long, 6s.); and *Olive Tracey*, by Amy le Feuvre (Hodder & Co., 6s.).

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Mr. J. M. Barrie.

An Inquiry.

It is eleven years since the publication of *A Window in Thrums*, and in the meantime Mr. Barrie has issued only three novels. When a favourite of the public asserts himself only once in four years he takes the risk of being forgotten, or at least of receiving polite interest in exchange for enthusiastic admiration; but Mr. Barrie's fame is as authentic, as actual, to-day as it was in 1889. Although *Auld Licht Idylls* preceded *A Window in Thrums*, it was the latter which, at a single stroke, established its author's position. *A Window in Thrums* secured for Mr. Barrie more than the warm regard of his readers; it secured their unchangeable affection; so that everyone is incurably prejudiced in his favour, everyone is jealous for his reputation, everyone is ready to make excuses for him. And it may be said that he has needed excuses; for in these eleven years only his ambition has developed. He has industriously tried to write a great novel, but he has failed; we loyally cover up his failure, pointing to this and that excellence of the books, and assuring one another that none but a man with a touch of genius could have written them; nevertheless we cannot entirely hide our disappointment, and occasionally we hint to him that he might return to short stories. We still confidently believe that he will repeat the success of *A Window in Thrums*, and we shall continue to believe: it is an article of faith; in order not to forget it we constantly remind ourselves of it.

Now, after eleven years, it is permissible and proper to examine the foundation of a man's fame, to test, if we can, its ultimate security. We shall always love *A Window in Thrums*, but that need not prevent us from attempting to find out whether or not it quite deserves all our passionate worship. Our chief boast concerning *A Window in Thrums* has ever been that it makes us both laugh and cry, and we have said this in a tone to imply that to cause laughter and tears is the first and noblest aim of imaginative literature. But the first and noblest aim of imaginative literature is not either to tickle or to stab the sensibilities, but to render a coherent view of life's apparent incoherence, to give shape to the amorphous, to discover beauty which was hidden, to reveal essential truth. The great artist may force you to laugh or to wipe away a tear, but he accomplishes these minor feats by the way. What he mainly does is to see for you. If, in presenting a scene, he does not disclose aspects of it which you would not have observed for yourself, then he falls short of success. In a physical and a psychical sense his power is visual, the power of an eye seeing things always afresh, virginally, as though on the very morn of creation itself.

This supreme visual power, this virtue of the eye which creates by seeing, Mr. Barrie does not possess. No trace of it is discoverable in any of his work. He can select his facts with exquisite skill, but he sees them as a plain man. Take one of the most famous pieces in *A Window in Thrums*—a piece which the author thought sufficiently

good to use again in the stage version of *The Little Minister*—"Preparing to receive company." There is nothing in it that the average reader would not have learnt for himself had he been fortunate enough to witness the scene recorded. The humour of it wants no revealing, and it is neither subtilised nor intensified. The incident is intrinsically and obviously amusing, and the author's phrases are happy—and that is all. It is the unconscious conviction of this lack of visual—that is, creative—power which drives Mr. Barrie to be always, at any cost, either humorous or pathetic, and to divert by nimbleness of fancy and jugglery of phrase. (Remember, that to catalogue his defects is not to depreciate his fine qualities.) When he is neither humorous nor pathetic he is nothing. *A Window in Thrums* is one long oscillation between making a certain class of people ridiculous by reason of their manners, and making them dignified by reason of their extraordinary trials and fortitude. There is no "setting" to the pictures, no landscape, no verbal beauty, no feeling for anything except the figures; the figures might be against a background of brown paper; they are posed like models in a studio; you will find no Egdon Heath in Mr. Barrie, no sense of nature's large inclusiveness; with Mr. Barrie man is man, and nature is something different, something negligible. As regards the humour and pathos, which alone constitute the book (imagine a diet of sugar and salt, a literature consisting solely of humour and pathos!), the humour is more spontaneous than the pathos. The pathos is too much insisted upon, even forced—as in "Waiting for the Doctor," and "Jamie's Home-coming." One cannot but observe how again and again the author saddens one with the fact that it all happened long ago, "in the dear dead days beyond recall," that everyone is dead and buried now, and the old house in ruins. This, to be frank, is not playing the game. From the beginning Mr. Barrie has had a tendency to sentimentalise, by which we mean to affect or exaggerate sentiment; the tendency was distinctly to be felt in *A Window in Thrums*; in *The Little Minister* it became more marked, more noticeably saccharine; and in the stage version of *The Little Minister*, that excessively profitable lump of sweetstuff, it amounted to a confirmed habit of mind.

When we arrive at the "Tommy" books—that history of the poor boy who runs off to London and becomes a renowned author—we are in Mr. Barrie's second period, his analytic period. We find here that his literary sense, never refined nor robust, has almost disappeared. His prose is even more commonplace, more completely devoid of charm, and the dignity of the novel is openly mocked. "There were no fish to catch, but there was a boy trying to catch them." "At those moments the essence of all that was characteristic and delicious about her seemed to have run to her mouth, so that to kiss Grizel on her crooked smile would have been to kiss the whole of her at once." "Young men about to be married used to ask at the book-shops, not for the 'Letters,' but simply for 'Sandys on Woman,' acknowledging Tommy as the authority on the subject, like Mill on Jurisprudence, or Thomson and Tait on the Differential Calculus." This kind of thing, which abounds in both books, might pass in a farcical sketch for an evening paper, but in novels purporting to be serious it is contemptible and distressing. Mr. Barrie seems to gambol through a story like a boy. He cannot resist the boyish impulse to "lark," and he seems quite unable to distinguish between wit and the most feeble smartness. That he should have chosen to write a two-part satire of nearly a thousand pages on a character with precisely the same failing as himself, was natural but unfortunate. "T. Sandys," as his inventor loves to call him, was sentimental enough, but his sentimentality is as nothing to Mr. Barrie's. Both novels, and *Tommy and Grizel* especially, are charged with sentimentality, even at their most satiric. The relations between Elspeth and her brother are an orgy

of sentimentality. In *Tommy and Grizel* Tommy gives Grizel a plant to cherish; when it persistently droops she knows he is ill, and rushes across Europe to succour him; she drops down before him just at the crisis of his flirtation with a lady of title, and then disappears; he rushes back in pursuit of her with a velocity equalling hers; she is stricken with fever (of course); he nurses her back to life (of course); her mental recovery is not complete, but chivalrously he marries her. The manner of Tommy's death (he gets hung up on a spiked wall) is evidently meant for a ferocious stroke of satire; it fails in its effect because it is unrealised and unconvincing. Like all the story after Tommy's departure from Thrums, it has not been imagined—only invented in order to clothe an idea. The Thrums portion of the book—there are 260 unbroken pages about the hearts of Tommy, Grizel, Elspeth, and the manly lover of the last-named—is a tremendously detailed and elaborate piece of work; but it is tedious; and it is tedious because it is petty. There is no large poetic movement in it, no profound stir of passion; it seems out of the world, unrelated to the bigness of life, a twopenny affair which might excite a village. Except for the necessary exaggeration of its sentiment, it is an astonishingly correct chronicle of love and love's counterfeit, but its narrowness and its tepidity stamp it with an unimportance against which all the author's ingenuities of diversion are exerted in vain. The trouble with *Tommy and Grizel* is this: when it is true, it is dull; when it is not dull, it is either flippant or unconvincing; and it is marred throughout by a constitutional sentimentality. Here and there is a delightful page. The idyll of the lark (pp. 112-113) is a bit of sheer loveliness—a perfect trifle. If a last proof were needed, *Tommy and Grizel* proves for the third time that, though Mr. Barrie may be able to make a miraculous use of material which is ready prepared for him, he can do nothing great without such material. He cannot of himself convert normal life into material, and the reason is that he has neither the visual nor the lyric gift necessary to the transmuting of life into elevated art. He has succeeded twice, but only by chance; he is not, in the strict significance of the term, a literary artist.

Such is the conclusion to which reason leads us. But when we return to the best parts of *A Window in Thrums*, we are apt to remark that we care not whether Mr. Barrie is a literary artist or not, he is an undefined Something that we enjoy. As for posterity, posterity may think of Mr. Barrie what it likes; and that is just what posterity will do, till it likes not to think of him at all.

Thackeray Revised (after reading "The Master Christian").

THE Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can:
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
"I wish I was the Pope of Rome."

And then there's Primate Temple too,
With nothing in the world to do
But smile, a spiritual peer,
And sip delicious ginger beer.
I've often wished, I hope no crime,
That I might have *his* easy time.

But since *The Master Christian*
's exposed that awful Vatican,
And proved how Satan makes his perch
Within our own Established Church,
No more I want the Primate's See,
No more the Pope I wish to be

Things Seen.

The Leaf.

"GRAHAM, late Spain," "Baker, late Poletti," were the signs I read over the shops; and into each I read "Present, late Past," as I walked through the main street of this town by the northern sea. Along this street in the late 'sixties I had seen the foam fly, and wondered it could fly so far. The scent of fusees in a holiday crowd came back unbidden. I recalled Jim, the luggage porter, sitting sideways on his trolley as he rattled round the town with the boxes of arriving households. For very relief I looked at the changeless sea. It was my old sea, but desolate. Much else was still mine. These tall wooden palings, the sense of guns up there in the fort, the places in the town where the waves sounded deep or faint, the lodging-houses and their window-tickets—what a harvest of nothings! There stood the Life Boat collecting box, but where was the enamelled picture of the Life Boat? I grew old, and set my face toward the station. A little sound persisted, and I turned. One big leaf, dead, and so dry that it tinkled on the stones, was pursuing me in the dusk at my own pace. The sea muttered and gloomed; the leaf pattered on. I had been disowned; it was fitting that I should be mocked.

Liberté.

THE Frenchman may be more subject to bureaucratic interference than the Englishman, but in his private life he has his *liberté* to the full. The French live and let live; they are not offended as we are by the idiosyncrasies of neighbours; they do not stare; they go their own way. I saw an extreme case of *liberté* in the South of France this summer. On the pavement, in the full glare of the sun, at about eleven in the morning, lay a man in a fit. Around him was a crowd of some fifty persons looking on. They were all believers in *liberté*. They believed in giving him all the sun and all the room he needed in which to have his fit to the uttermost, and therefore they did nothing. It was fine, this fidelity to an idea. In England there would have been all kinds of fussy interference. One officious person would have brought water, another brandy; one would have gone for a policeman, one for a doctor, one for an ambulance; one man would have knelt by the sufferer and loosened his collar; another would have held an umbrella over him to keep off the sun. The wretched fellow would have had no chance: his fit nipped in the bud, he would have been hurried off to a hospital and made a slave. In France they know better; in France there is *liberté*. That man may be having fits yet, unless it happens that it is *defendu* to have fits on the pavement: in which case, Heaven help him!

The Pass.

It was a fête day at the Paris Exhibition, and the people covered the grounds like ants. At four o'clock the fête ended, and at half-past four I had an important appointment near the Petit Palais. I had given myself ample time to cross the grounds, but I had forgotten the hiving habits of the French peasant on a Sunday fête day. To reach my destination it was necessary to cross one of those bridges, eyesores of the Exhibition grounds, beneath which ran a Paris street. The steps of the narrow bridge were thronged with people slowly crossing: hundreds, I might say thousands, were waiting an opportunity to ascend. I, too, waited for a quarter of an hour, and was then but a few yards nearer the lowest of the steps. What was to be done? How could I keep my appointment?

A way I saw, but in the face of French officialdom how was it to be negotiated? It was to slip through the wicket-gate, cross the street under the bridge, and re-enter the Exhibition by the wicket-gate on the other side. But the gate was guarded by six gendarmes—stern and unyielding. Cogitating, I recalled the respect the French gendarme has for official documents, and I remembered that my pocket-book contained many, of a kind. I buttoned my coat, gave my moustache a twist, advanced, imitated, as far as I could, Mr. Winston Churchill's manner, pointed to the gate, and demanded, in fierce broken French, that I should be passed through without delay. The six gathered round me like bees, and the tallest of them, shaking his head, muttered something about a pass. Instantly I whipped out my pocket-book, and, as chance had it, there was a pink card loose between the flaps. This was taken, fingered, examined, volubly discussed: then, suddenly, they all raised their eyebrows, nodded their heads, unbent, and ushered me, with no small ceremony, to the wicket gate. It was opened deferentially. I replaced the pass in my pocket-book. It will be useful again, for it was the card admitting me to the Reading Room of the British Museum.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

MESSRS. CALMAN-LÉVY are issuing a new edition of the joint work of Meilhac and Halévy. It is interesting and instructive to compare these plays with the drama of to-day. The drama of the hour is certainly more intellectual, more complex, more interesting, less innocent, and less gay. Even a generation ago the world was fresher than it is now. It still preserved a pretty note of sentiment, and there was an effervescence, a bubble, about its wit, an innocence in its wickedness, that kept the moralists in good humour even when it went astray. To-day depths in perversity and cynicism have been sounded that poor Meilhac never dreamed of. So in the region of thought complicated heights have been scaled beside which his ingenuous intrigues are infantine. "Frou-frou" is an effective play, agreeable to read; but contrast it with "La Clairière" of Donnay and Descaves, one of the most remarkable plays of our times, and you have all the difference between graceful sentiment and brilliant intellect. Turn from the amusing "Ingénue" of Meilhac and Halévy to such a mordant forcible piece as François de Curel's "L'Envers d'une Sainte" if you would appreciate the immense stride in moral and mental complexity the latter Parisian drama has made. But with the old simplicity has gone a great deal of the gaiety, of the delightful brightness and charm of its character. This we realise as we read over again these old-fashioned plays which carried tears and laughter into the remotest corners of Europe. For who in youth has not wept over the sorrows of frivolous Frou-frou? Who in youth has not felt dreadfully gay after a rakish evening spent in the society of Offenbach and Meilhac and Halévy, with the fast Grand Duchess of Gérolstein, and the faster Belle Hélène? Not to have heard in one's teens "Ah que j'aime les Militaires," "Dites-lui," "Voici le sabre de mon père," is like not having read "Cinderella" or "The Three Calenders" in childhood. And not to have heard Schneider in "La Belle Hélène," and have come out of the theatre humming the cancan or the famous song of Paris with a vague sensation of being frightfully improper, and of having assisted at the jolliest possible sacrilege in the dethroning of the gods of the schoolroom with shouts of laughter—"les dieux s'en vont, les dieux s'en vont!" And to read over years after in the solitude of the library these broad farces, conscious of the vanished high spirits

and gaiety of life: without the glitter of footlights, the bright, impertinent music of Offenbach, the singing, the acting, scenery, and dress: all that made the fun of thirty years ago—the fun seems poor enough and the wit thin enough to be sure. As for the wickedness—which I suspect was the best part of their enchantment in young imaginations—it has vanished like the snows of yester-year. We have gone ahead since those days in stage wickedness. Hélène is but an innocent, rowdy schoolgirl, who achieves nothing worse in the dark region of crime than calling a silly shepherd lad "mon petit Loulou." Both the Grand Duchess and the beautiful Helen might nowadays be acted in the nursery, so boisterous and harmless and ingenuous have they become with age.

The plays contained in the two first volumes are varied, and some, like "Frou-frou" and "La Petite Marquise," are known to everybody. On the whole, I think "La Veuve" the best of the lot, so far. The cynicism of these delicious writers is most kindly and human. Contrast "La Veuve," for instance, with "L'Ecole des Veuves"—a terrible play of the *rosse* school, of a ferocious cynicism—if you would realise how sentimental the wicked Parisian was thirty years ago, how good-natured and transparent in comparison with the depraved and blighted development of modern days. The Countess, ten months a widow, persists in taking her widowhood too tragically for the taste of her friends, who combine in a little conspiracy against the undiminished forces of sorrow. Everywhere in her house are framed portraits of the dear defunct, and in the middle of the drawing-room, above a divan, his bust in marble. Her friends come to dinner, but the Countess will not change her mourning-gown of untrimmed stuff; and when macaroni is served, because the late Count loved it, his widow bursts into tears, and the men profit by the occasion to swallow several glasses of wine "with the air of men who would prefer to drink Bordeaux in a more amusing spot." All noise is banished from the hotel, lest it shall trouble the grief of the Countess; and she invites a poor relation to come and stay with her, to play the "De Profundis" and Chopin's Funeral March every evening. Coming from the dinner-table on the arm of a guest, a naval officer, she sees the bust, and flings herself on the divan under it with a moan. The naval officer mentions that he is soon going to the Martinique, on which the Countess tearfully cries: "He was born at the Martinique." General emotion. It subsides, and he refers to Saint-Pierre; another outburst of the Countess—he passed the first seven years of his life at Saint-Pierre! She then commissions the unfortunate naval officer to procure her a portrait of her husband, which ought to be at the Martinique—"he is on a wooden horse," she explains, "holding a tiny sword in his right hand, his left letting fall a trumpet." The naval officer promises she shall have the portrait of her husband at six years old on his return three months later. Needless to say, the amiable conspiracy of her friends by that time will have succeeded; the dark stuffs will be removed; lights in the house of mourning abundant; laughter once more resounding; the Countess attired in silk with ornaments; and the bust, the famous bust of the dear defunct, relegated to the attic. The naval officer meekly hopes that time, which appeases all grief, will lessen hers—"There are sorrows which time cannot appease. In three months' time you will find me as I am to-day"; and then adds: "You will take every care of the portrait during the journey?" In three months' time he returns to find her going to be married, and the portrait rejoins the bust in the attic. It is a bright and charming play; full of easy wit; written with the delicacy, the grace, the clarity and precision of touch so conspicuous in all the work of these writers. The work throughout is so united, so even, that no one can pronounce what belongs to Meilhac and what is Halévy's. But the stories of Ludovic Halévy may assist us to the

conviction that the delicate finish of style, the quiet humour, the urbanity and charm are all his; while Meilhac brings to the united labour dramatic deftness, the stage art, the more boisterous drollery, the more pungent wit. Never did writers so thoroughly complete one another. Never was collaboration more harmonious. The one never runs ahead of the other. Nothing jars, or frets, or perplexes in this polished theatre of two men of the world. Depth, poignancy may be lacking, as in our more complex days we have come to demand these elements in emotion; but the incomparable ease is a quality that grows rarer, and which here claims our full admiration.

There is something else we must admire in these plays: their complete lack of perversity, their general tone of healthiness and virtue. It is not a prudish or a preaching virtue, by any means. It is a sort of laughing, idle, amiable admission that marriage is the best possible union of the sexes, and that in marriage fidelity to its vows is our best security for happiness. This moral is more strongly insisted on in "Frou-frou" than in any of the other pieces, but the same moral underlies even the lightest, the frothiest nonsenses, like the "Ingénue." What could be of a wittier, more mocking irony than the scene in "La Petite Marquise," where Henriette discovers the futility of her sacrifice of home and husband to the lover who has been writing her burning letters, taking the stars, thunder, eternity to witness the depth and height of his passion?

MAX: It is not at this moment when you are making such sacrifices for me that I could hesitate—for you are making sacrifices for me! aren't you? Good God! aren't you? Your position in the world—your reputation.

HENRIETTE: Everything, everything!

MAX: It is too much, perhaps—

HENRIETTE: No, no, my friend.

MAX: You say that because you haven't reckoned it up—but if you had—

HENRIETTE: I have.

MAX: And that didn't prevent you?

HENRIETTE: I only wished there was more.

MAX: Ah! (*Movement*) So, like this we are going to live together? (*Henriette nods.*) And what shall we do?

HENRIETTE: We'll travel in Switzerland.

MAX: Oh, Switzerland in winter.

HENRIETTE: We'll go to Italy—to Venice.

MAX: (*aside*) I was waiting for Venice.

HENRIETTE: And then we'll return here.

MAX: Always together? Alone?

HENRIETTE: In the beginning, yes. You would not expose me— But time, you know, settles things—later, in two or three years, we can begin and see people.

MAX: Ah!—I am enchanted.

HENRIETTE: Of course.

MAX: (*without conviction*) On my word!

HENRIETTE: I wish I could believe it; but looking at you, in spite of myself—

And when he hears her husband has given her back her freedom, he cried: "But he has no right—certainly not, he has no right. Ah, that would be nice indeed, if the day he wants to get rid of his wife a husband need only say to her: 'You are free,' and if the wife after that has only to go off and drop down upon a poor young man—"

Henriette, disillusioned and wounded on perceiving that what Max wanted was surreptitious visits and not her whole life, exclaims: "He invoked eternity. He took the roar of thunder and the palpitating of the stars to witness"—and takes the next train back to her husband, who lets eternity, the stars and thunder alone.

H. L.

The Book of 1821.

SEVENTY to eighty years ago the most sold, borrowed, thumbed, and talked of book in the English language was "LIFE IN LONDON; or, THE DAY AND NIGHT SCENES OF JERRY HAWTHORN, ESQ., and his elegant friend CORINTHIAN TOM, accompanied by BOB LOGIC, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis. By PIERCE EGAN." The same is reprinted in this year of decorum 1900, by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, with the preface that John Camden Hotten wrote to his edition of 1869. "Eight and forty years ago," Hotten begins, trying to take his readers back to an age forgotten, "this was the book—the literature—of that period, the one which many elderly gentlemen still remember far away in the distance of youth." Already, in 1860, Thackeray had been to the British Museum on purpose to get *Life in London*; and he found it, on reperusal, not so brilliant as he had supposed it. "But the pictures!—oh!—the pictures are noble still. . . . The park! delicious excitement! The theatre! the salon!! the green room!!! Rapturous bliss—the opera itself! and then perhaps to Temple Bar, to knock down a *Charley* there." But, he added sorrowfully, "Now every London man is weary and *blasé*. There is an enjoyment of life in these bucks of 1823 which contracts strangely with our feelings of 1860. Here, for instance, is a specimen of their talk and walk"; and then he quotes this Vauxhall passage:

"If *enjoyment* is your motto, you may make the most of an evening in these Gardens more than at any other place in the Metropolis. It is all free and easy—stay as long as you like, and depart when you think proper." "Your description is so flattering," replied JERRY, "that I do not care how soon the time arrives for us to start." Logic proposed a "bit of a stroll," in order to get rid of an hour or two, which was immediately accepted by TOM and JERRY. A turn or two in Boud Street—a stroll through Piccadilly—a "look in" at Tattersall's—a ramble through Pall-Mall—and a strut on the *Corinthian Path*, fully occupied the time of our heroes till the hour for dinner arrived, when a few glasses of TOM's rich wines soon put them on the *qui vive*; VAUXHALL was then the object in view, and the TRIO started, bent upon enjoying all the pleasures which this place so amply affords to its visitors.

So young Londoners were *blasé* in 1860, were they, and knew no such enjoyment of life as this? Well, I was not born in '60, but in '86 I was Jerry, and S— was my Bob Logic; and we were young and not witless; and we roamed—ah! how we roamed London. That description which seemed out of date to Thackeray in 1860 does not seem out of date when I apply it to '86; it then seems the authentic prean of Youth in London—our youth. To be sure, we did not enter salons or green-rooms, and we never gave a thought to the opera. Nor did we strut anywhere. But how we mowed the night streets, talking, observing, comparing! With what large and irrecoverable grace we dined—*table d'hôte*—for a shilling in Soho, trifling long with the olives, long with our cigarettes and *Le Petit Journal Pour Rire*, which was full of Grévin's *croquis* in the Egyptian style, and Léonce Petit's "Nos Paysans"—all Brittany and Normandy in outline, the cider harvest, the truffle gatherers, the peasants in tall hats shooting for drinks, the ambling priest, the many-gabled village, and the church; and our French host over there at a spare table helping a wing and salad to Madame, who wore a top-knot and chirped to her canary! France in London! Everything in London! Then did we stroll to Leicester-square, and you shall not tell me that the night sky is now so deeply blue over the garden, or the Alhambra lights so wickedly alluring, as they were in '86.

And the clean, quiet Sunday mornings. S— came to my lodging at eleven that we might read Hazlitt in the morning light, and in the evening he received me at his, that we might read Horace over roasting chestnuts, and rant of pale Caecuban and old Falernian as

though we knew the taste of them—even in Soho. And in those far-off days we read *Sappho*, and S— caught Caoudal's trick of pointing and gesticulating at objects with his thumb in a circular twisting motion, like the sculptor working on clay. Or we went round to St. John's Wood, where was a great studio fire, and sketches, and jugs of beer, and halfpenny nap, and lay figures, and stories, and untimely song. And the concerts at the Langham—ah me; and all this was fourteen years ago, when the 'bus drivers were fat. We, at all events, were not *blasé*, and in the Book of Youth it is not so written. But in that book I hope it is written of us, as of Jerry, that we sought "to respect and follow notions of real gentility—and to select the most sensible and agreeable persons in society as companions . . . to join in the *fun*—to enjoy the *lark*—to laugh at the *sprees*, and to be *alive* in all our RAMBLES." The charm of Pierce Egan's book may have gone, but the charm of its title—how that remains!

U.

An Examination Paper on Richard Feverel.

THE following examination paper on Mr. Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* has been prepared (for his own delectation) by a student of that unforgettable book who, beyond the statement that he is a Schoolmaster, wishes to remain anonymous. If any of our readers care to answer any or all of the questions we shall be glad to forward their papers to the Schoolmaster, and to publish his decision and comments in the ACADEMY:

1. Discuss Sir Austin Feverel's qualifications for writing his "Proposal for a New System of Education of our British Youth."
2. Sketch his "System," showing its effect (a) on himself, (b) on his son.
3. Enumerate Richard's Ordeals, and say how he came through them.
4. Compare Lucy with Amelia in *Vanity Fair*.
5. Discuss the merits of the "Pilgrim's Scrip" as a literary device.
6. Put a value on the book (a) as a Love-story, (b) as an essay on Education, (c) as an essay on Woman.
7. Is the author a misogynist or philogynist, a realist or idealist? Upon what do you base your conclusions?
8. Compare the texts of the first and last editions (1859—1899) and say whether you find in the changes evidence of a widening or a narrowing of the author's mind.
9. Say all you can in favour of Bessie Berry. Can anything be said against her?
10. Contrast the significance of "kissin'" and "cookin'."
11. Write short essays on Penny Whistles, Old Dogs, The Wild Oats Theory, Titans, Hot and Cold Blood, Hitting below the Belt, "checked perspiration."
12. Who said, and under what circumstances:
 - "Expediency is man's wisdom, doing right is God's."
 - "Sauces are the top-tree of this science."
 - "You might have shaved your head."
 - "He was a black Berry to me."
 - "Your pipe an't a shrew."
 - "Falstaff is only, to us, an incorrigible fat man."
 - "Will virtuous people let me earn my bread? I could not get a housemaid's place."
 - "We must all die, and the secret of the thing is to die game."
 - "Health's everything."
 - "Johnson haven't got a name for me."
13. Forecast Richard's after-career.
14. What is the conclusion of the whole matter?

Correspondence.

Some Points.

SIR,—Would you allow me to draw your attention to a sentence in the review of Morley's *Cromwell* in your issue for October 27, p. 375, col. 1: "More finished and artistic English *has been* his in the work of his earlier days, *before politics claimed him for their own*"? "Politics" is defined in Chambers's *Etymological Dictionary* (p. 387, 1879) as a noun singular; but here manifestly it is connected as a plural with "their." Further, if the perfect "has been" implies the continuance of an action from a past up to a present time, its employment in this sentence with regard to work accomplished in a period long ago ended must, I fancy, be due to some oversight. One may occasionally hear a Frenchman say, "I have been there yesterday." Similarly, Miss Braddon writes (*The Day Will Come*, p. 359, 1890): "I *have lain* awake many a night *when I was* a girl listening to his footsteps," where the associated perfect and past tenses relate to one and the same early period of the speaker's existence. Also the *Pall Mall Gazette* (April 6, 1896, p. 1, col. 3) makes the statement: "In the war of 1793-1802 twice a French force *has* landed in these islands, and once a large force *had* come within an ace of landing." The above sentences, I would submit, are all alike contrary to the genius of the English language in their association of the perfect tense with descriptions of totally bygone events.

Another point: In "Things Seen," p. 386, in the words, "On every piece of paper *was* scribbled ribald or insulting remarks," a slip (far from rare in modern publications) has, I think, been made in the use of the singular "was" for "were." A recent number of the *Athenæum* falls seemingly into the opposite error where it says (p. 543, col. 3): "Contact with the earth, from which sprang Antæus, the immediate experience of natural things and natural men, *are* the essential food of the poet." Here what is made to serve as a second subject of the verb appears to be simply an appositional or explanatory clause which should be preceded by a dash.

Further, might I suggest the following as possible emendations in your current issue: On p. 377, col. 2, "or" for "nor" in the sentence: "It is not brilliant *nor* very attractive"; on p. 376, col. 1, "so" for "as" after "do" in the words: "He did not do *as* much as was effected by Napoleon"; "probably" for the Scotch "likely" in Mr. T. Edwards-Jones's letter, p. 389, col. 2; and "a usage" for "*an* usage" in I. C. S.'s communication, p. 390, col. 1?—I am, &c.,

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

Lowell's Puns.

SIR,—As the contributor to the October *Lippincott* of the article on "Lowell's Puns," criticised by Mr. Stillman in your columns, permit me to say that I gladly submit with all deference to Mr. Stillman's authority, but feel that he would be the last one to wish his own criticism to remain, where in error, uncorrected.

Mr. Stillman's intimacy with Prof. Horsford must have been before the time of Prof. Horsford's discovery, as he believed, of Norse remains, and his identification of a spot near Cambridge—in fact, some distance farther up the river—with Norumbega. Here he erected a monument, usually called Norumbega Tower, opposite which there is now a popular resort called for that reason Norumbega Park. Mr. Stillman considers it impossible that such an identification could have been made, for the reason that Cambridge is miles from the sea, that it is navigable only by rowboats, and that we should never have heard the last of undergraduate jokes upon the landing in Cambridge. The distance from the sea is, in fact, only three or four miles, and Mr. Stillman will surely recall that schooners pass up to a point opposite the town

through a succession of drawbridges. These facts, however, concern Prof. Horsford's theory, not the essential fact of the identification, or the story. Mr. Stillman may readily learn upon inquiry that the theory did awaken some mild amusement in academic circles, even if it was not of such vital interest and importance as to become the object of undergraduate humour.

In regard to the proper place of Eudamidas in the royal line of Sparta, I will certainly assume the blame of misrepresenting Mr. Lowell rather than lay it at the door of my genial informant, who is, I imagine, a friend of Mr. Stillman's as he was of Mr. Lowell's. My own knowledge of such matters is very ancient history indeed, and my mistake in calling the royalty in question the first King of Sparta may very probably have been due to a hazy recollection of the fact that he was not only "brother of Agis," but also had a right to the prouder title, "Eudamidas the First, King of Sparta." At all events, I am content to know it is "all in the family," and the joke none the worse.—I am, &c., C. G. CHILD.

2312, De Lancey-street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

October 29, 1900.

Craps.

SIR,—According to the Standard Dictionary, published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, of New York, "craps" is a game of chance, in which the object is to guess the numbers thrown on two dice. No doubt it is to this game that "Mr. Dooley" refers in the passage quoted.—I am, &c., HARRY TOWNEND.

"A Dream of Fair Women."

SIR,—While thanking you for your appreciative notice of my translation of M. de Maulde's *Les Femmes de la Renaissance*, may I be allowed to correct a misapprehension, of some importance to the author and the reader, as to my omission of some footnotes, and to clear myself of the implied reproach? The only footnotes omitted are bare references, mainly in abbreviation, to a long list of authorities, printed and MS., occupying twenty-one pages of small print at the end of the French original. The omission of this bibliography was required, as I mention in my preface, by M. de Maulde's publishers, whose motive may be surmised. Since it was thus out of my power to provide the key, M. de Maulde agreed with me that it was useless to encumber the pages of the translation and perplex the reader with enigmatical references like "La Vauguyon, f° 31; Chanzy, p. 148; Bouchet, f° 19 v°; le Tasse, p. 146." The reader is deprived of nothing else.—I am, &c., GEORGE H. ELY.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 59 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best set of "Literary Truths." The prize is awarded to Miss M. C. Cordue, 33, Weymouth Street, W., for the following:

Competence is the canker of genius.

A poet is borne, not appreciated.

It is better to be unread than unreadable.

It is quite possible that each maxim in the above set has been excelled by maxims scattered through the others; but the prize was offered for the best set of three, and has been so awarded. Other contributions are as follows:

In the sixteenth century men looked in their hearts and wrote; in the nineteenth, they look in the hearts of the "general reader," and, if they can, into the editor's.

When a poet is dead, the praises of his verse, however loud, do not reach him.

There is nothing in existence that has not an aspect of beauty. Art perceives that beauty and sets it forth; therefore there is nothing that may not be a subject for the artist. And the more beauty a man can see, the greater artist he is. [A. J. C.]

Mere literary "taste" is not necessarily literary talent, any more than a flint is a rifle. The lock, stock, and barrel must count.

As in the preparation of jugged hare the possession of the hare is imprimal, so for success in literature one must first gain a name. How, for example, would a *Master Christian* or "Absent-minded Beggar" have fared over other signatures?

After all, true literature is but the expression of the best thoughts expressed in the best way. All else is mere trite statement—Ollendorffian sentences of the exercise book.

[H. W. D., London.]

Fiction married to purpose is too often divorced from Art, because purpose is usually a consequence, and not the cause of great works of imagination.

Original minds are valuable because of what they suggest; second-rate minds are condemned by what they express, for in telling all they most frequently teach nothing.

Two critics never err—Time and Human Nature: the first rescues what is true from neglect; the second condemns what is false to oblivion. [A. E. W., Inverness.]

If a thing is worth doing in literature it is certainly worth doing well; but it is a mistake to suppose that because a thing has been well done it was worth doing.

The author's extremity is the devil's opportunity.

There are writers who convince us that language was not given to us to conceal thought, but to conceal its absence.

[F. F. C., Reigate.]

The right word is like the sunlight—it is content in playing hide and seek.

The edges of your style cannot be too fine, and the body of it cannot be too full.

Delicate writers should not trifle with their adjectives, for fear of producing damp that may lead to fog. [C. C., London.]

From other papers we take the following maxims:

The careful author watches his adjectives. There are plenty of them, but, as a rule, only one fits the case in point exactly. [E. P., London.]

A successful novelist, when he writes, must keep one eye on his work, and the other on the amiable weaknesses of his six-shilling public. [E. L. C., R-ihill]

A large circulation is as much a sign of literary excellence as a large paunch is a sign of physical health.

You never know what "cant" is till you read the novel of a woman who writes against it. [F. M. E., Minehead.]

In Bookland the state of the circulation is no index of healthy life. [J. D. W., London.]

It was a bad day for literature when men ceased to write "thou," and began to write by the "thou." [H. S., London.]

Other replies received: J. B. H., Sheffield; A. M. P., Hampstead; L. L., Ramsgate; H. A. M., London; A. G., Cheltenham; R. F. McC., Whitby; T. C., Buxted; G. L., Didsbury; M. A. W., London; A. O'D., London; C. C. B., Epworth (?); M. B., Derby; C. S., Kelso; E. H. H., Streatham; E. G., Hornsey; A. C., Blackford; G. W., Hull.

Competition No. 60 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best prose parody of the style of a living writer. The writer parodied should be well known, and a limit of 250 words should not be exceeded.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, November 14. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1489. Established 1869.

17 November, 1900.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THAT the polite reading world is keenly interested in fairy tales, and in Christmas literature generally, is shown by the incident to which we refer on page 472. We received twelve letters, many of them of considerable length, in answer to a chance question in our last issue as to the name of the author of a fairy tale published twenty years ago. Christmas literature has indeed become a business. Our shelves, our tables, our what-nots, are piled and crowded with every imaginable kind of book suitable to children from two years old to a hundred and two. How to grapple with this fascinating mass of picture-books, story-books and gift-books is our present problem. We hope to solve it by publishing an illustrated Christmas Number of the ACADEMY on December 8.

THE future of the literary drama is certainly promising. In this connexion we are glad to be able to give some authoritative information about Mr. John Davidson's new play, which will not be published before March of next year. It was commissioned by Mr. Tree, and was finished in September, 1899. "King of the Lombards" was the original title, but that was changed by the author on the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards." It is now called "Self's the Man: a Tragi-Comedy." Although the play may be referred to the eighth century A.D., it is entirely modern in conception and treatment, and is not otherwise like any preceding work of Mr. Davidson's. The motto on the title-page will be from *Fleet Street Eclogues*:

Be your own star, for strength is from within;
And one against the world will always win.

It is in five acts, which are entitled respectively: "The Election," "Elixir Vitæ," "The Conspiracy," "Osmunda's Pomander," and "Nil Nisi Bonum."

MRS. CRAIGIE'S new play, "The Wisdom of the Wise," will be produced at the St. James's Theatre next Thursday. On the following day Mrs. Craigie starts for Egypt, and does not expect to return to London till February.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL—with Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Pinero—understand the art, and know the spirit, of true comedy. In "The Noble Lord," now being played to a laughing crowd at the Criterion Theatre, we are given some really bright humorous scenes. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Miss Ellis Jefferys, and Miss Annie Hughes excel in the mock-heroic, and these accomplished players do full justice to their lines. Mr. Bouchier is too conscious of his own absurdities as the "Lord Archibald Melrose." A little more gravity on his part would add a great deal to the success of the whole.

THE *Spectator* in its review last week of Huxley's *Life and Letters* makes a curious mistake. Says our contemporary: "He [Huxley] laughed at himself in the Cambridge doctorate red gown, and in the solemn Osborne function when he was made Privy Councillor, at which

Mr. Jesse Collings, taking a stealthy look at the Queen, found that she was simultaneously taking a stealthy look at Mr. Jesse Collings." Why Mr. Jesse Collings? Huxley himself was the man who took the "stealthy look." It is there in plain print, p. 328, vol. ii.

HUXLEY made his first discovery—"a hitherto undiscovered membrane in the root of the human hair, which received the name of Huxley's layer, when he was nineteen." The next year came his interview with Faraday. The boy of eighteen had been long brooding over a "perpetual motion scheme." His brain was heated by the idea, he could not sleep, till at length he determined "to put the questions which neither my wit nor my hands would set at rest" to Faraday for decision. So he wrote a letter, drew a plan, enclosed the two in an envelope, and tremblingly betook himself to the Royal Institution. We must give the interview in his own words:

"Is Dr. Faraday here?" said I to the porter. "No sir, he has just gone out." I felt relieved. "Be good enough to give him this letter," and I was hurrying out when a little man in a brown coat came in at the glass door. "Here is Dr. Faraday," said the man, and gave him my letter. He turned to me and courteously inquired what I wished. "To submit to you that letter, sir, if you are not occupied." "My time is always occupied, sir, but step this way," and he led me into the museum or library, for I forget which it was, only I know there was a glass case against which we leant. He read my letter, did not think my plan would answer. Was I acquainted with Mechanism, what we call the laws of motion? I saw all was up with my poor scheme, so after trying a little to explain, in the course of which I certainly failed in giving him a clear idea of what I would be at, I thanked him for his attention, and went off as dissatisfied as ever. The sense of one part of the conversation I well recollect. He said "that were the perpetual motion possible, it would have occurred spontaneously in nature, and would have overpowered all other forces," or words to that effect. I did not see the force of this, but did not feel competent enough to discuss the question.

WHEN Huxley decided to enter the medical service of the Navy he applied to Sir William Burnett. In five lines Huxley gives an admirable picture (in character drawing, as in other things, it was one of T. H. H.'s gifts always to speak to the essential) of his patron:

He was a tall, shrewd-looking old gentleman, with a broad Scotch accent, and I think I see him now as he entered with my card in his hand. The first thing he did was to return it, with a frugal reminder that I should probably find it useful on some other occasion.

WE have recently quoted several lamentations on the present state of literature, and are doubtful whether our readers will care to hear another. But the Rev. Stopford Brooke is the utterer of the latest that has come before us, and his authority—increased, if possible, by his new professorship of English Literature at University College—tempts us to quote the following remarks. They occur in a little book published by Mr. Philip Green, 5, Essex-street, Strand, and containing two lectures delivered last

November in the university cities of Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. It will be seen that Mr. Brooke takes a gloomy view of things as they are, but indicates our need:

Poetry has no captains who give it a steady direction. No master ideas, such as Tennyson and Browning had, urge its course towards a clear end, or fill its sails with a steadfast wind. Nor does it represent, as Arnold and Clough did, or as Morris and Rossetti and Swinburne did after them, the main conditions of the age in which we are living. It only represents (with the exception of the work of a few men who are scarcely read) the helpless wavering of a class in society which has no clear ideas as to what it ought to do with its life, and none with regard to its future. It takes up now one subject and now another, and drops them without finishing them. It tries sensuality, and rebellion, and mysticism, and supernaturalism, and imperialism, and spiritual religion, and nature-poetry, and hospitals, and crude coarseness, and crime, and sentimental love, and pessimism, and it composes hosts of little lyrics about nothing. Everything by turns, and nothing long. It amuses itself with difficult metres, and surprising rhymes, and elaborated phrasing, and painting in words, and scientific tricks of versing. It has no great matter, no fine thinking, and no profound passion, and it is the reverse of simple. And the world is becoming tired of it, and longs for the advent of youth, originality, joy, hope, and the resurrection of vital ideas, in poetry. Along with this, and always accompanying this prolific littleness, is a terrible recrudescence of criticism. Every magazine, all the daily papers, every publishing house, is filled with essays and articles and books about poetry, carping, or denouncing, or satirising, or praising without knowledge, and in astonishing excess. I cannot tell how often I have lately seen in the papers and in books that a poet, if not superior, then equal to Shakespeare, has appeared on the stage. And all this overwhelming shower-bath of criticism has chilled the world, which wants, nay, hungers, for some warm and living creation. Moreover, we are still, like Arnold, wearied by endless discussions, by the shouting of people who want nothing said which cannot be proved, who replace sentiment by materialism, who will not allow us to love nature except in accordance with science, who, pinning us down to this world only, forbid us to overclimb the flaming walls and go wandering, like gypsies, into the infinities of love and beauty, because we cannot be as certain of such infinities as we are certain that two and two make four. Were these folk to succeed in infecting the whole world with their theories, fine literature would die of disgust, and poetry be drained of its life-blood.

THE commercialisation of literature is revealed almost every week in a new form. A well-known novelist who contributes a causerie to the *Sunday Sun* says that he was talking the other day about novels to the librarian of a circulating library, who casually remarked that the longer novels are the better for their authors. The novelist picked up his ears at this, and begged for an explanation. "Well, you see," the librarian said, "the whole thing is so exceedingly simple that it lies in a nutshell. You must look at it not only from the author's point of view, but from the circulating library's also. The library clerk is bound to save himself and his employers all the trouble he can. Now, if a subscriber comes in and asks for a long book, the clerk knows very well that the subscriber will take twice the time to get through that book that he will occupy in reading one of half the length. That stands to reason. Anything which tends to the saving of time and labour is an economy, so you can't wonder that when a new book is submitted to the circulating library for subscription the first impulse of the Press Censor is to look at its length. If it is a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-word book, he knows that it will keep people busy for a long time, and so orders as many copies as he possibly can. The young author who realises this has taken the first step to fame and fortune." Personally, we are almost certain that the measure of the popularity of a given novelist's work often depends on accidental and adven-

titious circumstances of this kind. The quality of the bulk of fiction is too even to admit always of more reasonable explanation.

THE cup of praise presented to Mr. Stephen Phillips by the critics in acknowledgment of "Herod" is not without its dash of bitter. *Truth* irreverently says of Herod, Mariamne, and the other characters, that they are simply "embodied quotations from Josephus dished up with Tennysonian source." The attitudes of the *Truth* critic and Mr. William Archer in the *World* make a curious contrast. Thus:

The World.

Mr. Phillips stands as far apart from Tennyson as from either Sheridan Knowles or Browning. He is a totally new phenomenon in English drama of the past two centuries—at once an inventor of situations and a master of language. We have had many masters of language and a few inventors of situations; but we have never had them combined in the same person. Moreover, Mr. Phillips's imagination is not only dramatic, but scenic. He has the instinct of stage effect, in which our Victorian poets have been so notably deficient. He reminds one (to choose a very rough illustration) of the elder Dumas speaking with the voice of Milton. His style is essentially epic; yet it is full of lyrical modulations which (the paradox is only apparent) render it vividly dramatic. In his constant search for sonority of diction, Mr. Phillips reminds us more, perhaps, of Victor Hugo than of any other individual dramatist; but neither in his construction nor in his psychology does he rely upon Hugo's mere flamboyancies of effect. His imagination is grandiose, not fantastic; his style is resonant, not scintillating. For all his romantic trappings, I think he is at heart a classic.

Truth.

Mr. Phillips has been much praised for the versification of his "Paolo and Francesca"; but this poem, as I have before remarked, is simply an echo of Tennyson and Maeterlinck, with a scenic arrangement, and a series of stage directions taken from Victor Hugo. He has brought no new element into literature. But people forget Tennyson, and in their craving for some new thing have made an apotheosis for a photograph. Mr. Phillips's "Herod" certainly fails to out-Herod its many predecessors. After the emphatic sameness of the play at Her Majesty's, one turns with pleasure, for instance, to the majestic development, the powerful characterisation, of Calderon's play upon the same subject, "Herod" is written all in scarlet, and spoken in shouts. Flaubert's "Herodias" shows, too, what a fine student of character, a really great writer, may do with the materials which have come down to us from Josephus. It may all be an illusion, and Flaubert's reconstruction of a kindred environment be equally as false as we feel is Mr. Phillips's. But the one writer has the power of characterisation, the other has not.

WE understand that Mr. Richard Mansfield will create the part of Herod when Mr. Stephen Phillips's tragedy is produced in the United States. In the meantime, Herod is having a great and deserved success at Her Majesty's Theatre. Miss Brayton, who is playing Mariamne at present, gives her beautiful lines with real pathos, and, in the love scenes, shows a tenderness rare enough in modern players of romantic drama.

MR. RICHARD WHITEING's forthcoming book, *The Life of Paris*, will contain five chapters, entitled The Government Machine, Parisian Pastimes, Artistic Paris, Life on the Boulevard, and Fashionable Paris. Never in recent years have so many books, or such good books, on Paris been put before English readers as in the last two years.

BROWNING's greatest work, *The Ring and the Book*, is being examined anew by Browning students in the light of Signor Giorgi's recent discovery of an Italian MS. giving a full report of the trial of Franceschini and his murderous assistants. Signor Giorgi is the librarian of the Casanateuse Library at Rome, and a translation of the MS. by

Prof. Hall Griffin will be found in the *Monthly Review*. Mr. Griffin adds many notes, and he does not endorse the whole of Browning's version of the story, which, though it was to have been "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," presents variations on the facts dictated by artistic reasons, or, in some cases, to be explained as mistakes. The "square old yellow book," from which Browning took his facts, has, however, yet to be translated.

THE war correspondents are now quarrelling among themselves, and Lord Rosslyn has been compelled to apologise for his reflections on the conduct of certain troops in South Africa. Mr. Winston Churchill is particularly loud in his defence of the ability of the British officer. A little while ago it was quite safe and usual to regret the absence of such ability, while yielding unstinted praise to their bravery and energy. For our part, we are inclined to pay little attention to Mr. Churchill's words, which are certainly not wholly supported by Lord Roberts's actions. In any case, no man's patriotism or right feeling ought to be questioned because he endeavours intelligently and modestly to criticise the conduct of fighting by British officers. We are not aware that Mr. Hales has done more than this, or that he has done it from motives that will not bear strict examination.

A CORRESPONDENT asks to be informed of the authorship of two quotations. "The first has run in my head ever since I read it in the late Prof. W. K. Clifford's essays, some ten years ago; the second occurs in the article on Tom d'Urfey in the *Dictionary of National Biography* :

(a) There is not one thing with another,
But Evil saith to Good: My brother,
My brother, I am one with thee!
They shall not strive nor cry for ever:
No man shall choose between them, never
Shall this thing end and that thing be.

(b) Richard Steele praised him, and cold, stately "Atticus,"
Old Rowley lean'd on Tom's shoulder, our king!
D'Urfey, who mocked all the noisy, fanatic fuss;
Plot-bigots moved him to jest and to sing.

"IN Course of Formation." These words head a circular we have received setting forth the intended work of "The Anglo-Heraldic Alliance." "Anglo-heraldic" seems a bit mixed, but hyphenation extends to the name of the promoter, Prof. W. J. Hughes-Stewart-Spratly, who himself claims "27 Royal Quarterings, and Heraldic contact with 330 Peers and Baronets." The primary objects of the Alliance are genealogical research into the origin of the English people, it being assumed that the bulk of the nation has descended from the kings and nobles of old Egypt; the formation of a centre of benevolence to assist unfortunate members of the Alliance; the establishment of lodges and lodge-hotels for members in all the chief centres of society and commerce. As regards the Professor's Egyptian theory, its value may perhaps be gauged by his statement, credited to him by a local paper, that all the Bakers and Barkers are descended from the Pharaohs.

THE ideal newspaper is as far to seek as the ideal friend or the ideal curry, but it seems that another attempt is to be made in New York. The "novel feature" of this ideal newspaper will be that it will tell the truth, will be free from political control, and will contain no sensational matter. To tell the truth about events that are happening 6,000 miles away, or even six miles away, is not easy.

"THE best reader of this century—a reader of genius—was not a university man, but a clerk in the South Sea Office, Charles Lamb." Thus Prof. Raleigh in his inaugural lecture at the University of Glasgow on "The Study of English Literature." Nor is this the only passage in which Prof. Raleigh makes light of the pro-

fessional mind. His address has only just reached us in authorised report, and we shall return to it.

A WEEK or two ago, the editor of *Crampton's Magazine* almost threw up the sponge in the matter of short stories. While not abandoning them entirely, he expressed his conviction that this literary form has fallen on evil days. Mrs. John Strange Winter has nevertheless made her Christmas annual budget of short stories, and has pre-faced them with a little scolding which will be read with interest and, we may add, with some amazement. We are told, for instance, that "several very famous writers are known by nothing else than their short stories: Balzac, Guy de Maupassant, Tolstoi—these are names which occur to me at the moment." Probably another moment's reflection would have reminded John Strange Winter that *Eugénie Grandet*, *Bel Ami*, and *Anna Karenina* are not short stories, and that the fame of their writers rests on these works, and others of similar length. But she trips on to instance the authors of *Les Misérables* and *David Copperfield*, whose novels far exceed in length the average long novel of to-day, and whose short stories are relatively of little importance. We cannot, therefore, feel surprise at her mockery of novels "filled up with more or less wild religious disquisitions, like pills coated with sugar, with deep thoughts and serious problems which are mostly such as 'no fellow can understand.'" All of which usefully indicates the separation of those publics which constitute the public.

IN an article on "The Spirit of Place" we have dealt with Mr. Henry James's book, *A Little Tour in France*. It is fitting that we should record here, as we have not done so there, our admiration of Mr. Pennell's illustrations. Praising Mr. Pennell is a necessity of the times, and is become so familiar that one's words lose emphasis. But, really, we are enchanted by the brilliance of this draughtsman's technique. There are drawings in this book which are radiant in their cleverness. Particularly is the rendering of southern sunlight mastered; and even varieties of that sunlight, from a white blaze to a sleepy, veiled refulgence, are suggested unerringly. To make sunlight dazzle in a drawing seems impossible. It is impossible. But the impossibility becomes less tremendous under Mr. Pennell's brush than anywhere else in modern book illustration. We do not find everything we wish for in his drawings. Somehow they do not touch us like a sketch by Prout. Depth, reverence, and we know not what of tenderness are not often there; but the triumph of hand and eye is complete.

OUR grammatical lictor, Mr. Francis H. Butler, detects a redundant *his* in the sentence concluding our recent review of Mr. A. H. Bullen's new book: "the perfect sailor whose every hair is a rope yarn and every drop of *his* blood Stockholm tar." The sentence would be more scholastically correct if it ended "and whose every drop of blood is Stockholm tar," but here the clause is lengthened by a word, and the mere elision of the *his* leaves it rather unfurnished. Our critic is certainly right when he says of this conclusion of a sentence in last week's ACADEMY: "Our French host over there at a spare table helping a wing and salad to Madame, who wore a top-knot and chirped to her canary," that it requires inversion of the order of "to" and "a wing and salad," and the relegation of the latter phrase to the end. So also in a "Thing Seen," "I cannot rid him from my mind" had been better written "I cannot banish," &c. Our correspondent continues: "Since the time of Canon, who quotes the ludicrous sentence: 'The negroes are to appear at church only in boots' (*Syst. of Eng. Grammar*, p. 133, 1845), the misplaced 'only,' referred to by the ACADEMY, p. 436, has remained an unshifted public stumbling-block. In the following notice, which I cull from the *Daily Telegraph*

for September 20, 1900, p. 6, col. 6, malposition of this word leaves the intended meaning in Cimmerian obscurity: 'Mr. A—— V——, in response to numerous inquiries, begs to announce that he can only receive private pupils on Mondays at his residence.'"

Bibliographical.

THE critical condition of Mr. Robert Buchanan, and the sympathy excited by it, have necessarily had the effect of drawing public attention anew to the extent and nature of his work as man of letters. In these circumstances some interest may attach to a list of his publications, approximately, if not wholly, complete. His first appearance in the literary world was as a poet, and with a volume entitled *Undertones* (1863). Since then he has issued the following volumes of verse:—*Idyls and Legends of Inverburn* (1865), *London Poems and Ballad Stories of the Affections* (1866), *North Coast and Other Poems* (1868), *The Book of Orm* (1870), *The Drama of Kings and Napoleon Fallen* (1871), *St. Abe and his Seven Wives* (published anonymously, 1872), *White Rose and Red* (also issued anonymously, 1873), *Balder the Beautiful* (1877), *Ballads of Life, Love, and Humour* (1882), *The Earthquake* (1885), *The City of Dream* (1888), *The Outcast* (1891), *The Wandering Jew* (1893), *Red and White Heather* (1894), *The Devil's Case* (1896), and *The New Rome* (1899). Mr. Buchanan's *Poetical Works* came out in 1874, followed by a necessarily more ample collection, with the same title, in 1884.

Mr. Buchanan "commenced" novelist so long ago as 1862 by producing a story called *Storm-Beaten* in collaboration with his friend Gibbon (MacGibbon). His first unassisted work in prose fiction was, apparently, *The Shadow of the Sword* (1876); after which there came in succession: *The Child of Nature and God and the Man* (1881), *The Martyrdom of Madeline* (1882), *Annan Water and Love Me for Ever* (1883), *Foxglove Manor and The New Abelard* (1884), *The Master of the Mine, Matt, and Stormy Waters* (1885), *That Winter Night* (1886), *The Heir of Linne* (1888), *The Moment After* (1890), *Come, Live with Me, and Be My Love* (1891), *Woman and the Man* (1893), *Rachel Dene* (1894), *Diana's Hunting and Lady Kilpatrick* (1895), *Marriage by Capture and Effie Hetherington* (1896), *Father Anthony and The Rev. Annabel Lee* (1898), and *Andromeda* (1900). Mr. Buchanan, further, collaborated with Mr. Henry Murray in *The Charlatan* (1895)—a "novelising" of Mr. Buchanan's drama of the same name.

In addition to the above Mr. Buchanan has produced the following miscellaneous works: *David Gray and Other Essays* (1868), *The Land of Lorne* (1871), *The Fleshly School of Poetry* (1872), *Master-Spirits* (1873), *The Hebridean Isles* (second edition 1883), *A Look Round Literature* (1887), *The Coming Terror and Other Essays* (1891), and a pamphlet called *On Descending into Hell* (1889), addressed to the Home Secretary of that day. Mr. Buchanan has also written introductions to the poems of Longfellow (1868) and Roden Noel (1892), and has edited *The Life and Adventures of J. J. Audubon* (1869).

The call for a condensed edition of Mr. Leonard Huxley's *Life* of his father is characteristic of our times—of times in which it appears to have become the fashion to produce inordinately long biographies. It looks as if in future we should be presented with two sets of memoirs of the same person—the first bulky and almost unreadable, and the second terse and really useful. Of course, no one has ever complained of the length of the *Lives* of Johnson, Scott, Tennyson, and so forth. What annoys so many modern readers is the large extent of letterpress bestowed upon the memories of men and women of the second and third rank—the amount of printed matter which can be of no service to anybody, not even to those to whose fame it has been dedicated. That being so, let us have the condensed

biography by all means; its diffuse predecessor can be put aside, or relegated to the top shelves of public libraries. The labours of the bibliographer will not be lightened by this arrangement, but *that* doesn't matter.

A writer of "words for music" has just raised an exceeding bitter cry because, on studying concert programmes, he finds his name omitted, while that of the composer he has written for is invariably given. The protest is legitimate. There can be no "song without words," in the common acceptance of the word "song," and the authors of such effusions should receive due honour. Even now, I dare say, there are worthy people who ascribe to the still living Mr. Henry Russell both the words and the music of ditties to which he contributed the melody and accompaniment only. In this way the late Dr. Charles Mackay has been deprived of much of the credit that was his due. To Mackay, Mr. Russell owed the inspiration of several of the most world-renowned of his songs. This also suggests more work for the bibliographic scribe, who might be worse employed than in rescuing from obscurity the names of the writers of ditties which have swayed the popular heart.

Mrs. Mayne Reid has been protesting publicly against the statement that her deceased husband's stories have ceased to attract and hold the attention of youth. In this, it seems to me, she is abundantly justified by facts. So far is Mayne Reid from being forgotten that I find five of his stories appeared in new editions last year; new editions of five others appeared in 1893. One of his tales—*The Rifle Rangers*—was reprinted four times between 1890 and 1897. Two others—*The Scalp Hunters* and *The Headless Horseman*—were reprinted thrice between 1890 and 1895. Ten years ago there was quite a "recrudescence" of his popularity, five of his books making a fresh appearance in the course of 1890. Obviously people are still found to buy, and presumably to read, the fictions of Mayne Reid; nor do I see how they could possibly fail to fascinate the boys of to-day as they did those of yesterday. Mrs. Mayne Reid, by the way, is herself an author, having written a story called *George Markham: a Romance of the West*.

The decease of Mr. Thomas Arnold has followed very closely upon the publication of his Autobiography, which so many of us read with very special interest. Apart from this work, Mr. Arnold made no very important contribution to literature, though he did a good deal of excellent editing and bookmaking. The most popular of his publications, I take it, were his *Manual of English Literature* (1862), his *Short History of English Literature* (1870), his *English Poetry and Prose* (1882), and his *Selections from Addison and Pope* (1866 and 1876). The *Manual of English Literature* reached its seventh edition in 1897. To the last-named year belongs his *Sacrifice of the Altar*, while his *Notes on "Beowulf"* (which he edited and translated in 1876) appeared in 1898.

The world is threatened with another *Tennyson Birthday Book*. It already possesses at least three of English manufacture. First came, in 1877, the *Tennyson Birthday Book*, edited, curiously enough, by a lady of the name of Shakespear. Of this there were new editions in 1879 and 1885. Then, last year, an Edinburgh firm sent out a volume entitled *Birthday Chimes from Tennyson*; while this year we have received from Mr. J. R. Tutin a *Tennyson Birthday Record* on the good old plan. One would have thought that the two last would have met the popular demand for some time to come.

It is said that the executors of Mr. Ruskin propose to publish two volumes of his letters, to range with *Arrows of the Chase*, which, it will be remembered, came out in 1880, and have not, I think, been reprinted. The *Arrows*, however, were only letters which had been already published in the newspapers; and I assume that the forthcoming volumes will consist of private correspondence. If not, they will be a disappointment.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Huxley.

Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. By his Son, Leonard Huxley. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co. 30s.)

IN August, 1892, at the age of sixty-seven, Huxley was summoned to Osborne to take the oath as Privy Councillor. Passing the *Victory* he recalled how, six-and-forty years before, he had clambered up her side to report himself on appointment "as a poor devil of an assistant surgeon." Between those dates, 1846 and 1892, what things had happened! From a poor struggling youth, from a writer whose name was anathema in every "average respectable household," he had become one of the most distinguished men of the day, honoured at the Universities, welcomed at Court. He had seen, and to him it was somewhat due, Freedom of Thought no longer generally regarded with horror as an attribute of the Devil's, but as the rightful inheritance of every honest man. He had lived through, and done splendid service in, the world-awakening that the *Origin of Species* heralded; he could remember the time when his friends advised him not to publish *Man's Place in Nature*, because such a book would surely ruin its author's prospects; he could look back on a hundred victories in the cause of that Truth whose pursuit was the aim and end of his life—victories won through passes that were never chosen because the way through them looked easy, but because through them the path to the goal led. And now—what were his thoughts? What were his thoughts as he crossed the Solent to receive at the hands of his Sovereign that high honour? Fine thoughts we may be sure. Vanity, theatricality, had no part in his life. Something akin, no doubt, to the thoughts expressed in a letter written earlier that year: "I have always been, am, and propose to remain, a mere scholar. All that I have ever proposed to myself is to say: This and this have I learned; thus and thus have I learned it: go then and learn better." He knew his own mind. He knew exactly what he meant to do in life, and he did it, looking straight before him, unswayed by motives, uninfluenced by self-constituted authorities. If he devoted much of his energy to backwoodsman's work that was because he believed that work called to be done first, and doing it he cleared the brains and stirred the souls of tens of thousands of his countrymen.

Of these two volumes of his "Life and Letters," which have been edited with intelligence and filial conscientiousness by his son, Mr. Leonard Huxley, we have to say that they suffer from the fault common to most modern biographies: they are too long; there is too much in them. This does not apply to the independent, good, impersonal writing from Mr. Leonard Huxley's own pen, but to many of the letters. A third might have been left out, and still there would have remained a Velasquez-Sargent picture of Huxley. His services to science apart—and scientific men will tell you that they meet his hand at every turn—a life so strenuous, so intellectually honest, so progressive in the best sense, is a beacon to all and sundry.

Nothing fell into his life unstriven for. He struggled, and what he gained was his by right of conquest. Health was not even on his side; headache and dyspepsia pursued him. In the late fifties we find such entries in his diary as: "Headache! headache! Used up. Hypochondriacal and bedevilled! Not good for much! Toothache, incapable all day! Voiceless! Missed lecture! Unable to go out!" Yet through it he persevered, never losing faith in himself:

I do not think that I am in the proper sense of the word ambitious. I have an enormous longing after the highest and best in all shapes—a longing which haunts me and is the demon which ever impels me to work, and will let me

have no rest unless I am doing his behests. The honours of men I value so far as they are evidences of power, but with the cynical mistrust of their judgment and my own worthiness, which always haunts me, I put very little faith in them. Their praise makes me sner inwardly. God forgive me if I do them any great wrong.

Or in his aim in life, which he thus describes:

To smite all humbugs, however big; to give a nobler tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration for everything but lying; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognised as mine or not, so long as it is done.

Apart altogether from his writings, the mere titles of which fill several pages of the Appendix to Volume II., his public career would have satisfied any ordinary man. He sat on ten Commissions; for ten years he was Secretary to the Royal Society, and, later, President; he was a member of the first London School Board; Inspector of Fisheries; and, in addition to all this, there were his professional duties at South Kensington and Jermyn-street. And this list by no means exhausts the official calls upon his time and energy. Small wonder that before the age of fifty he broke down, and was obliged to take a long rest. Many years of work were still before him; but it was frequently interrupted by ill-health, till the year 1871, when the warnings could be no longer disregarded, and he was obliged to resign one by one his public appointments. "I am continually in a blue funk," he writes, "and hate the thought of any work—especially of scientific, or anything requiring prolonged attention. . . . I am afraid of everything that involves responsibility to a degree that is simply ridiculous."

His "official death" was followed by an attempt to regain his health at Filey and at Bournemouth; and his health was certainly mending when he received a "fillip which started him again into vigorous activity." This was the first of Mr. Gladstone's articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which that versatile statesman attempted to show that the order of creation given in Genesis I. is supported by the evidence of science. The gladiatorial fight that followed, extending over many years, is still fresh in everybody's mind. Huxley threw himself heart and soul into the controversy, and hard as his hitting was, the original draft of his articles was sometimes stronger. One of the articles was returned by Mr. Knowles as "rather too pungent in tone." It was toned down by Huxley with this comment:

I spent three mortal hours this morning taming my wild cat. He is now castrated; his teeth are filed; his claws are cut; he is taught to swear like a "mien"; and to spit like a cough; and when he is turned out of the bag you won't know him from a tame rabbit.

Huxley was no kid-glove fighter. He did not spare himself; he did not spare his enemies; and he gloried in the fight, as all strong natures, with strong views, must. He was not of those who turn the other cheek: when he was hit he hit back, and casuistry, emotional rhetoric, and shuffling he smote hip and thigh. When he felt scorn, he showed his scorn. He was very human; when he thought he was right, he had small sympathy for the views of the other side; he lacked Darwin's gentle courtesy, but his militancy was always in defence of straightforward and honest thinking. The wild-cat element was strong in him, and though on occasion he pared the creature's nails, they always grew again. He was not a Francis of Assisi, but a man whose aim in life was to understand life, its woof and warp and intention, to think and see clearly, and to whip hypocrisy. "Everything which entered his brain by eye or ear," said Prof. Romanes, "came out clarified, sifted, arranged, and verified by its passage through the logical machine of his strong individuality."

He held strong views, he spoke them; and the hearer he liked was the gritty, hard-headed working man, with

no illusions, but with plenty of fundamental brain power. "I am sick of the *dilettante* middle class, and mean to try what I can do with hard-handed fellows who live among facts. . . . I believe in the fustian, and can talk better to it than to any amount of gauze and Saxony." Gladstone, "in the affairs which I do understand," is nothing but "a copious shuffler"; Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* "is more dammed nonsense than poor Rousseau's *blether*"; "read Butler, and see to what drivell even his great mind descends when he has to talk about the immortality of the soul"; "I grieve to say that my estimation of Balfour as a thinker sinks lower and lower the further I go." He had wit, too. Note this delightful comment on Dean Stanley's "historical impressionability":

Stanley could believe in anything of which he had seen the supposed site, but was sceptical where he had not seen. At a breakfast at Monckton Milnes's, just at the time of the Colenso row, Milnes asked me my views on the Pentateuch, and I gave them. Stanley differed from me. The account of Creation in Genesis he dismissed at once as unhistorical; but the call of Abraham, and the historical narrative of the Pentateuch, he accepted. This was because he had seen Palestine—but he wasn't present at the Creation.

In his private letters he checked neither his humour nor his scorn, but beneath them ran, undammed, the river of an "underlying tenderness veiled beneath inflexible determination for what was right." To his family, as to the world, it was the same. "We felt," says his son, "our little hypocrisies shrivel up before him; we felt a confidence in the infallible rectitude of his moral judgments which inspired a kind of awe. His arbitration was instant and final, though rarely invoked."

It was Cowley who said: "Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see." True! Huxley elected—indeed, he was forced by temperament and the calls of his intellect—to guide his life, and to view the world, by the light of reason only. The majority are granted the joy of faith; and through that faith gain a blessed happiness that was probably denied to him. He had nothing to say against them. He could not see things as they saw them, that was all. Mystery surrounded him; he was profoundly and reverently conscious of that, but to his mind there was no way of withdrawing even a corner of the veil save by patient study of the laws of nature. Hidden were Nature's laws; and there was no better way of spending one's time than in attempting to discover a few of those laws. He was no enemy of sincere, honest belief in others: what he hated was false emotional thought, conclusions based on no evidence, and casuistical shuffling. A good man—good in the real sense of the word—even though orthodox, called to the deep in him. Such a man was Charles Kingsley; and we wish we had space to quote in full the letter of over five pages, addressed to Charles Kingsley by Huxley, that begins on page 217 of the first volume. Huxley believed in God, his own God, not the self-appointed God of one of the countless religious bodies. Browning believed that "all's love, yet all's law." Huxley said "All's law," and there stopped. Love, like everything else, comes from knowing the law and following it. Heaven and Hell are here in this world. We and others are blessed by our good acts; we and others are cursed by our bad acts—here. The Law behind the Veil, if careless of the single life, careless even of the type, plays no tricks. It makes us pay its own terrible price; and the price, to our finite intelligences, seems often awfully out of proportion to the offence. A few weeks ago a party of cyclists were riding down Barnet Hill. One of them fell, and died within a few days from his injuries. His offence was foolishly riding too fast down a hill, and his companions were committing the same offence. "All's love, yet all's law," said Browning.

Said Huxley: "I am no optimist, but I have the firmest

belief that the Divine Government (if we may use such a phrase to express the sum of the 'customs of matter') is wholly just."

Science seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before facts as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all risks to do this.

Again:

The more I know intimately of the lives of other men (to say nothing of my own) the more obvious it is to me that the wicked does *not* flourish nor is the righteous punished. But for this to be clear we must bear in mind what almost all forget, that the rewards of life are contingent upon obedience to the *whole* law—physical as well as moral—and that moral obedience will not atone for physical sin, or *vice versa*.

And this is the man who was called infidel and atheist. "I have a great respect for the Nazarenism of Jesus," he once wrote to Romanes—"very little for later 'Christianity.' But the only religion that appeals to me is prophetic Judaism. It may be well to remember that the highest level of moral aspiration recorded in history was reached by a few ancient Jews—Micah, Isaiah, and the rest—who took no count whatever of what might or might not happen to them after death." Indeed, Huxley once promised himself that he would make a cento "out of the works of these people," adding to it something from the best Stoics and something from Spinoza and something from Goethe. "There is a religion for all men."

Huxley chose his own epitaph—three lines from a poem written by his wife. The lines are:

Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep;
For still He giveth His beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best.

This epitaph might be supplemented by another, the epitaph he himself composed for Henslow: "He had intellect to comprehend his highest duty distinctly, and force of character to do it." That was Huxley.

"Ghosts" Mitigated.

The Coming of Peace (A Family Catastrophe): a Play in Three Acts. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Janet Achurch and C. E. Wheeler, with a Preface by Janet Achurch. (Duckworth & Co. 3s. 6d. net)

Friedenfest is one of Hauptmann's earlier plays, and, though it exhibits throughout a very fine technique—the author was only twenty-seven when he finished it—the piece runs a little stiffly and has none of that large, free movement which characterises, for instance, *Die Versunkene Glocke*. On the other hand, it is neither vague nor loose; its meaning is precisely defined. *The Coming of Peace* (the translators would have been better advised to retain the original title—*The Festival of Peace*) recalls in some measure, as Miss Achurch points out, Ibsen's *Ghosts*. It is a milder, less repulsive, and less vindictive version of *Ghosts*. It deals with the middle-class family of Scholz: Dr. Fritz Scholz, aged nearly seventy; his wife, twenty years younger; and three children—Augusta, Robert and William—all nearing the thirties. Old Scholz was an atrocious martinet when his children were young; hatred sprang up between them; the boys left home—Robert to become a hack writer, William to pursue the art of music. The father also left; apparently he could not tolerate his wife and daughter, despite the fact that he chiefly had made them what they were. For six years mother and daughter lived together, a nagging, whining, unattractive pair. The whole family was morose, dark, brooding, soured. In

the children these traits had been intensified by the paternal training. Once William had struck his father for vilifying his mother. We are introduced to the Scholz House on Christmas Eve, and on that night another and brighter element has been brought into it—Mrs. Buchner and her young daughter Ida, both of them kindly, good-humoured and genuine; Ida is engaged to William. All the Scholz men come home, and there is a reconciliation under the fostering influence of the Buchners: a lame reconciliation, yet sincerely meant and costing a frightful effort. The entire play is occupied with this reconciliation and the immediately following outbreak of Scholz bad-temper and the death of the aged Doctor. The scene between the father and the son who had once struck him is simply heartrending. Everyone is astounded that the old man should have gone so far to meet his child. The following passage is the key to the whole action:

WILLIAM: A good deal is beginning to dawn on me.

ROBERT: With my brain and so on, you know, I have grasped it long enough. Everything that happened had to be; I never held father responsible—at least I haven't for years. Certainly not for me—not for any of us. But to-day I have really *felt* it; and that, you know, is quite another thing. Frankly, it's taken me right off my balance. When I saw him so—so anxious over you, it was like a blow to me; and now I shall always be thinking: That was there, living, in us. Why on earth didn't it show itself before? In father—in you—and, by God! in me too. It was there in us! And he has been stifling it in himself—father, I mean—yes, and we too, for years and years.

WILLIAM: I see one thing: we not only show a different self to every one of our fellow-creatures, but we are fundamentally different to each.

ROBERT: But must it be so with us? Why must we forever keep each other at such a distance?

WILLIAM: I'll tell you why; because we have no natural goodness of heart. Take Ida for instance: what you have got at by hard thinking is natural to her. She never sits in judgment, she treats everything so gently, with such sympathy, and that spares people so much—you understand—and I believe it is that—.

Hauptmann has certainly made an impressive if gloomy spectacle of the fitful better impulses of these people struggling against the sinister characteristics of the Scholz blood. Seemingly they conquer, and then in a moment the battle is lost. As regards William, however, we are allowed to believe that, helped by Ida, he will win the struggle against the Scholz in himself. *The Coming of Peace* is a serious contribution to dramatic literature; the force of a profound moral animates it, and the author is absolutely fearless in his aim to be true. At present the play would have no chance on the regular English stage. It would be called lugubrious. It is lugubrious, and so are many fine things. We are sometimes so.

The translation is satisfactory.

Greek Minstrelsy.

Songs of Modern Greece. With Introductions, Translations and Notes. By G. F. Abbott, B.A. (Pitt Press.)

In gathering his aftermath Mr. Abbott has endeavoured to supplement rather than repeat the choice already made by other collectors "in Western Europe." He mentions the German book of Passow and the French book of Fauriel, and we suppose, though he does not name it, that he has also avoided the contents of the "Greek Folk Poesy," published with, if we remember right, some valuable folk-lore disquisitions from the pen of Mr. Stuart Glennie, by Miss Lucy Garnett some four years ago. The new collection is the more valuable to scholars, while doubtless it loses in sheer literary attractiveness, for this abstention. These Greek songs are particularly interesting to the student of origins, because they preserve the

folk-song types which lie, probably everywhere, at the back of the literary development of European poetry. Thus Mr. Abbott gives examples of the heroic lay in its two forms of choric *ronde* or *carole* and minstrel ballad. The former are sung by men and women dancing in a ring at weddings and similar festivals. They hold hands, and after each line or two lines chanted by the leader the rest of the company chime in with a burden. The latter are delivered in monotonous recitative to the accompaniment of a simple lyre by an itinerant rhapsode. Behold the germs, here of epic, there of lyric poesy. Mr. Abbott describes one of these minstrels, Barba Sterios of Thessalonica. Like another, he was old and blind:

Every afternoon he might be seen sitting cross-legged by the road-side, under the shadow of the old Venetian walls, forming the centre of a ring of admiring listeners whom the shrill strains of his lyre drew from far and near. Alas! poor Barba Sterios would have cut but an indifferent figure by the side of the stately Ion. His only platform was mother earth: instead of a richly embroidered dress he was modestly clad in a homespun coarse shirt developing into a kind of kilt below his belt; a blue tunic open in front surmounted this under-garment and allowed its broad flowing sleeves to bulge out in the evening breeze. Again, his head was not encircled with a golden wreath, but with a humble turban hanging loose over his right ear—not a gorgeous but, on the whole, a picturesque figure enough.

The heroic songs of either type belong to the Greeks of the mountains, the hardy shepherds of the war of Independence. Though in all probability absolutely similar in character to the songs of the name and fame of the Thessalian Achilles which Homer worked up into the *Iliad*, they deal mainly with modern themes. They celebrate the events of that war, such as the siege of Mesolonghi, and the feats of Klephts and Armatoloi, illustrious in the days of the Turkish domination. The subject-matter, but not the form, dear to the Greeks of the islands and the sea-coast towns is different. Here epic gives way to Romance. The note is most often that of love, idyllic and a thought pagan. These are the poems quoted by Mr. Lang to justify Theocritus, "so ardent, so delicate, so full of flowers and birds and the music of the fountain." Unfortunately we are hampered in illustrating these qualities by the fact that Mr. Abbott, though the industry and learning which he has spent on the collection and explanation of his examples is beyond praise, is not a translator. His versions are wooden. The fragrance is gone. The musical soft vowels, gayer and sweeter than those of any Italian *ritornel*, do not echo in his ear. Does the dainty intention laugh a little through the following?

THE WOMAN OF CHIOS.

Down on the sea-shore: down on the beach,

CHORUS: Down on the sea-shore a little woman,
A little blooming orange-tree.

Are women of Chios, priests' daughters, washing (linen),

CHORUS: A little woman of Chios is washing (linen),
A little blooming lemon-tree.

A little woman of Chios, a priest's little daughter,

CHORUS: A tiny little woman of Chios,
A little blooming orange-tree.

She is washing (linen), and spreading it, and playing with the sand,

CHORUS: She is washing (linen) and spreading it,
A little blooming lemon-tree.

A gilded, well-rigged-out vessel sails by,

CHORUS: A vessel sails by, little one,
Little blooming orange-tree.

It gleamed and its oars gleamed,

CHORUS: It gleamed, little one,
Little blooming lemon-tree.

The North wind blew, a strong northern gale,

CHORUS: The North wind blew, little one,
Little blooming orange-tree.

And lifted up her long skirt,
CHORUS: And lifted up little one,
Little blooming lemon-tree.

And the ankle of her foot came to sight,
CHORUS: And came to sight, little one,
Little blooming orange-tree.

And the sea-shore gleamed, and the universe gleamed,
CHORUS: And the sea-shore gleamed, little one,
Little blooming lemon-tree.

So, had she not been a princess, and with the dignity of her house in reserve, might the saucy maids of Phaeacia have chaffed Nausicaa.

Mr. Abbott gives the folk-lorist much matter to perpend, particularly a "swallow-song" sung by *quêteurs*, who carry round a wooden swallow on the feast of the Worship of the Cross in the third week of Lent to bring good luck to the houses since spring has come. Such a "swallow-song" Athenaeus mentions as used in Rhodes. But in Athenaeus' day it was probably the literal first swallow of the year that was carried, having been caught and sacrificed as soon as seen.

St. Kilda.

St. Kilda. By Norman Heathcote. (Longmans. Net 10s. 6d.)

THE little islet of the West, "set far amid the melancholy main," has always possessed a poetical and unique interest. During nine months of the year it is unapproachable by reason of the Atlantic storms, when, says the resident minister, "spray is carried over the highest cliffs, and masses of green water pour over rocks 300 feet in height." Dr. Johnson once vowed he would spend a winter on it. "We shall have fine fish, and we shall take some dried tongues with us and some books"; but neither he nor any other writer has realised that day dream. Nine months' confinement on an island ten miles in circumference, with no company save that of the simple, unlettered natives; no means of communication except that of launching a message on the sea to take its chance of wind and wave, has cooled the enthusiasm of the most ardent lover of storms and solitude. Mr. Heathcote has pursued the next best alternative by spending as much of the summer as was available there, and he has set down the results in a modest and charming volume. The spot is so little that he was able to do the work thoroughly, and the book yields a curious sense of completeness as though it cannot possibly leave anything more of importance to be told of St. Kilda. In a measure, this is due to the author's many-sided sympathies. He declares himself no naturalist, yet the ornithology of the island must have attracted him if we are to judge from the interesting and satisfactory chapter devoted to it. True, the subject could not have been very difficult to master, since there are very few land birds, such as the starling and the hooded crow, and only a round score or so of sea birds; but it is highly interesting to read of the primitive methods by which fulmars (whose flight is finely described) and gannets are captured, while the descriptions of various sea-gulls, scart, puffin, and guillemot, deepen the lines of the picture, and deepen one's impression of rock and breaking wave and clamouring bird.

The topography of the island has not before been studied so thoroughly. Martin, its first historian, gave a map, but appears to have drawn upon his imagination for its details, so that the results of Mr. Heathcote's careful survey are doubly welcome. He has taken a greater liking to the people than did some of his predecessors, and writes of them in optimistic terms: "They are better housed and better fed than any other people in their rank of life," and "they have no worries." Happy St. Kildans! He is afraid, however, that their unsophisticated nature will in the future be contaminated by tourists. One hopes

it will not be so; but Mr. Heathcote has done something to bring about the result he deprecates by the excellence of this book.

We must conclude our notice with a word of criticism. The volume generally deserves unstinted praise. It is modelled on Mr. Kearton's *With Nature and a Camera*; and if the photographic illustrations are not quite equal, more than due amends is made by the excellence of the drawings, of which, in our opinion, the frontispiece and "Boating in St. Kilda" are the best. Also, the pictures are not only good in themselves, but they really do illustrate the text. The one fault we have to find with Mr. Heathcote is one of style; he writes simply and without rhetoric—that has to be recorded in his praise; but for the sake of the English language it were desirable that he should distinguish between simplicity and bald colloquialism. A book of this kind should undoubtedly be as lucid, direct, and simple in its language as is possible; but surely that result may be achieved without the incorporation of expressions that are almost, if not absolutely, slangy in character. To show what we mean, here are a few passages out of very many with the phrases italicised: "I had long wanted to *bring off* this expedition," p. 5; "The horse began to kick, the driver *laid into him*," p. 71; "someone *collared* the pennies," p. 85. A very good writer might occasionally employ any of these phrases without offence; but when the style is homely, hoddenn grey almost, they produce an effect of commonness.

"Some of the Best Fighting in Literature."

The Story of Burnt Njal. By Sir George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. (Graut Richards. 6s.)

THIS book was published some forty years ago in two imposing volumes, with notes, appendices, introduction, and maps. It passed as a scientific work, and therefore remained unread of the multitude. Now, after the death of its author, it is republished under the editorship of Mr. E. V. Lucas, in a single attractive volume, with the hope that it may appeal to its proper second public of boys, young and old. That is its true mission. For it is before all things a stirring story, full of brave battle and the elementary directness of quick and stirring life. "Some of the best fighting in literature is to be found between its covers," says Mr. Lucas. And it is true. The thing is a Saga—that is to say, it is a narrative of actual events handed down by word of mouth, and no more embellished than is inevitable in such a process. It is at once a record of facts, a living picture of everyday life in those distant ages (before King Canute the Dane conquered England), and withal an engrossing tale, as full of appeal to the imagination as any contrived romance of the present day. One feels the breath of truth in its inartificiality. It is through the sheer interest of the events that it comes right and holds the reader; there is no attempt at artistic plot and heightening of the situation. Skarpheddin, instead of dying as a conventional hero should amid a pile of his slaughtered enemies, is burned like a rat in straw, unable to lift a hand, for all his past exploits. The finding of his body bears the stamp of eye-witness:

He had stood up hard by the gable-wall, and his legs were burnt off him right up to the knees, but all the rest of him was unburnt. He had bitten through his under lip; his eyes were wide open, and not swollen nor starting out of his head; he had driven his axe into the gable-wall so hard that it had gone in up to the middle of the blade, and that was why it was not softened. . . . Then he was stripped of his clothes, for they were unburnt; he had laid his hands in a cross, and the right hand uppermost. They found marks on him; one between his shoulders and the other on his chest, and both were brauded in the shape of a cross; and men thought that he must have burnt

them in himself. All men said that they thought that it was better to be near Skarpheddin dead than they weened, for no man was afraid of him.

These *minutiae* have no trick of fancy. So, again, great hero though he be, he is represented as an ugly man, with very plain detail. Of the Homeric single-combats, which clang through the book in heart-rousing manner, take the onslaught of Skarpheddin on Thrain, across the half-frozen Markflet:

A great sheet of ice had been thrown up by the flood on the other side of the Fleet as smooth and slippery as glass, and there Thrain and his men stood in the midst of the sheet. Skarpheddin takes a spring into the air, and leaps over the stream between the icebanks, and does not check his course, but rushes still onward with a slide. The sheet of ice was very slippery, and so he went as fast as a bird flies. Thrain was just about to put his helm on his head; and now Skarpheddin bore down on them, and hews at Thrain with his axe, "the ogress of war," and smote him on the head, and clove him down to the teeth, so that his jaw-teeth fell out on the ice. The feat was done with such a quick sleight, that no one could get a blow at him; he glided away from them at once at full speed. Tjorvi, indeed, threw his shield before him on the ice, but he leapt over it and still kept his feet, and slid quite to the end of the sheet of ice.

Or take the sword-play of Kari against odds:

Against Kari came Mord Sigfus' son and Sigmund and Lambi Sigurd's son; the last ran behind Kari's back and thrust at him with a spear; Kari caught sight of him and leapt up as the blow fell, and stretched his legs far apart, and so the blow spent itself on the ground, but Kari jumped down on the spear-shaft and snapped it in sunder. He had a spear in one hand and a sword in the other, but no shield. He thrust with the right hand at Sigmund and smote him on his breast, and the spear came out between his shoulders, and down he fell and was dead at once. With his left hand he made a cut at Mord and smote him on the hip, and cut it asunder and his back-bone too; he fell flat on his face, and was dead at once.

Yet in this book running blood the hero is the wise and peaceful Njal. Even to these men the chief thing, after all, was the sage and gentle heart.

The City of Flowers.

Florence. By Edmund G. Gardner. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

READERS familiar with Mr. Edmund G. Gardner's *Dante's Ten Heavens*, and his more recent Dante primer, will be prepared for the quiet and lucid English of the present dainty volume, and for the skill with which the author sifts from an enormous mass of material the essential and most suggestive facts. But it is necessary to read this book to learn how easily the author moves about in the crowded and perplexing thoroughfares and byways of mediæval art and letters. So perfect an example of intelligent compression is the chapter dealing with the Medici and the Quattro Cento, that we hope, as soon as he has done with the promised volume on Dante's lyrical poems, he will write the history of Italy, which *il lungo studio e il grande amore* have peculiarly fitted him for. At the least, we trust that when the "Mediæval Town" series is complete he will write a general introduction to the Italian section. Such a volume need not be larger than the present one, and should enable the reader to correct the impressions given by the study of isolated phenomena, and help him some little towards the answering of the question which Prof. Villari puts, but does not answer, in his *Machiavelli*, "How is it that Italy

became so weak, so corrupt, so decayed in the midst of her intellectual and artistic pre-eminence?"

With such a question Mr. Gardner has, of course, no concern here: his task was to write a popular history which could be used as a guide-book to the streets, buildings, and artistic treasures of Florence.

The history naturally falls into four periods: the first extends from the death of Countess Matilda in 1115 to the birth of Dante, 1265, during which time "the most triumphant Republic of the Middle Ages was organised—the Constitution under which the most glorious culture and art of the modern world was to flourish. The great Guilds were henceforth a power in the State and the Secondo Popolo had arisen—the Democracy that Dante and Boccaccio were to know."

The century from the birth of Dante to the deaths of Petrarch and Boccaccio in 1374 and 1375 spans the second period, two or three events of which only can be mentioned here: the battle of Campaldino in 1289, when the Ghibellines and their allies were utterly defeated. According to Leonardo Bruni, Dante fought in this battle, and may have taken part in the subsequent harrying of the Aretines and the capture of Caproni.

"At evening the nightingales are loud around the spot" (the site of Campaldino in the Casentino); "but their song is less great than the ineffable stanzas in the fifth canto of the *Purgatorio*, in which Dante has raised an imperishable monument to the young Ghibelline warrior" (Buonconte da Montefeltro): The quarrels between the Bianchi and Neri, which resulted in the expulsion of the former in 1302, among whom was Dante, an exile henceforth until his death in 1321 at Ravenna: and The awful plague of 1348, which swept over Europe, robbed Florence of more than half her population. The great names in painting, architecture and sculpture during this time are Giotto, who died in 1326; Cimabue; Arnolfo, of whom Symonds wrote that "no Italian architect has enjoyed the proud privilege of stamping his own individuality more strongly on his native city"; Andrea Pisano, Orcagna, and Francesco Talenti. In literature, in addition to the three great names already mentioned, there are Guido Cavalcante, Dino Compagni, Villani, and Franco Sacchetti, politician, novelist, and poet, who, says the author, "may be taken as the last Florentine writer of the period."

After this second or heroic period comes the era of the Medici; then the preaching and death of Savonarolo—closing the Middle Ages; and, finally, the Renaissance passes with the death in 1564 of Michelangelo—"Michel, piu che mortale, Angel divino."

The book is beautifully and fully illustrated, and the second part describes in detail the buildings, paintings, streets, and bridges; the whole concluding with an interesting account of the country round about Florence, with special reference to the Casentino so intimately associated with the life of Dante during his exile.

But more famous than its castles, or even its Dantesque memories, the Casentino is hallowed by its noble sanctuaries of Vallambrosa, Camaldoli, La Verna . . . La Verna hallowed with memories of Savonarola and the Piagnoni, and still a place of devout pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Rock . . . Here the Middle Ages still reign a living reality, in the noblest aspect with the *poverelli* of the Seraphic Father; and the mystical light, that shone out on the day of the stigmata still burns: "while the eternal ages watch and wait."

"I HAVE a great love and respect for my native tongue, and take great pains to use it properly. Sometimes I write essays half-a-dozen times before I can get them into the proper shape; and I believe I become more fastidious as I grow older."—HUXLEY.

Other New Books.

THE BYSTANDER.

By J. ASHBY-STERRY.

Mr. Ashby-Sterry's weekly article in the *Graphic* under the above title is as well known as anything in journalism, and one opens this book with an idea that it is a collection or quintessence of the familiar column. But it is not; there is no reprinting. The vein, nevertheless, is the same; and how shall we describe that? It is the vein of the leisured bachelor who lives in the heart of London, has long lived there, has his club and friends at hand, and is not so bound to routine that he cannot give up a morning to the spring sunshine, or to an antiquarian whim. The man who will prove that he has leisure, that he is not competing with his readers for bread, and that he has time and inclination to note the little graces and accidents of daily life, is sure of an audience. Mr. Ashby-Sterry may have hustled as hard as most of us in his time; but in his *Graphic* column, and in these pages, he has a "What-shall-I-do-this-morning?" air which is very alluring to Londoners who know to a nicety what they must do this morning. And, this said, all is said. It seems hardly necessary even to name Mr. Ashby-Sterry's subjects. The free sights of London, ingeniously intertwined with the memory of Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, is one of them; and if a plea for late rising were not another, we should feel bound to begin our inspection again in fear that we had diagnosed the book amiss. But there it is—"Before Breakfast." Likewise, we look for, and find, such a piece of harmless May-morning sentiment as "Unknown Friends," and find it written round the figure of Tollamore Turleywane, oft encountered in Bond-street. Add to his observation and his sentiment a turn for small Utopian suggestions and you have Mr. Ashby-Sterry's gifts in full view. He would like to see—that is to say, while he is writing it—a Bayard Society whose badged brethren were pledged to assist all strangers and feeble folk in the streets of London with information about buildings and cab fares. He would like to see City men live over their shops again, or at least nearer to their shops, being momentarily concerned for their railway nerves. He has a friend who says, "Quite well, thank you!" the moment he shakes hands, not putting you to the tedium of insincere inquiry, and so: "What a deal of trouble would be saved if people were to walk about with inscriptions round their hats!" &c., &c. It looks trivial, and it is trivial; but Mr. Ashby-Sterry does it all in such an engaging, self-possessed way, and with so much kindness and anecdote, that you cannot help liking his book immensely. (Sands. 6s.)

THE TALE OF A FIELD
HOSPITAL.

By FREDERICK TREVES.

"This is a bad business." "Yes, but we took the bally trench." Mr. Treves was the first speaker, and a British private, crippled for life by a Mauser, was the second; and the story occurs in Mr. Treves's chapter called "The Fighting Spirit." It is the fighting spirit that emerges in highest interest from the sombre and often painful pages of this little record.

We need not refer here to a recent controversy; as Mr. Treves says, "war, as viewed from the standpoint of a field hospital, is anything but cheery." Nor does Mr. Treves spare us on occasion the horrors of fighting. The utterances of wounded men who saw the fray again through the vapours of chloroform were often terrible in their suggestion. One poor fellow was evidently haunted by the spectre of a certain fight. "His fragmentary utterances made vivid the unearthly land he was traversing. All who stood by could picture the ghostly kopje, and could almost share in his anguish when he yelled: 'There they are on the hill! For God's sake, shoot! Why don't

we shoot?'" The book is full of things rightly seen and noted; and we are minded to give the touching "thing seen" with which the book ends abruptly. It is the record of a soldier's end—unhalo'd and unassuaged.

I remember at Chieveley one morning before breakfast watching a solitary man approach the hospital lines. . . . He dragged his rifle along with him; his belt was gone; his helmet was poised at the back of his head; his frowzy tunic was thrown over his shoulders; he was literally black with flies. His clothes had not been off for many days, and he had missed the ambulance, he said, and had walked to the hospital.

How far he had come he could not tell, nor could anyone gather how he had fared or where he had slept. All that was evident was that he was wet with dew and had spent the night in the open. He knew that for vague hours he had been making his way, with ever faltering steps and failing eyes, towards the red cross flag on the crest of the hill. And now he had reached it. As to why he had come: "Well! he had a touch of the dysentery," he said, "and was about played out."

Poor lad! this was a sorry home-coming at the last. A squalid ending of a march; staggering in alone, a shuffling wreck, without a single comrade, with no fife and drums, no cheering crowd, and no proud adoration of mother or wife. He was helped to a bell-tent and put to bed on a stretcher, and on the stretcher he died.

Mr. Treves has secured a series of perfect photographs, and his little volume has the luck to isolate itself in one's memory. (Cassell. 6s.)

TURKEY IN EUROPE.

By ODYSSEUS.

We must confess that we distrust books on current politics written under a pseudonym, for we always suspect that the affectation of mystery lends more weight to the volume than the author's real name would supply. However, in the present case, Mr. Edward Arnold assures us that the writer of *Turkey in Europe* is a man who would be at once recognised as a great authority on the Eastern Question. And, indeed, "Odysseus" has produced a very useful book, and has compiled within his four hundred and fifty pages a summary of the history and present state of the Balkan Peninsula which will be of the greatest value to those who have not time to read longer histories, or to visit the countries for themselves. His book opens with a couple of chapters comprising a brief sketch of the country before and after the Turkish Conquest, and in succeeding chapters the Turks, the Greeks, the Bulgarians and Serbs, the Albanians and the Vlachs, are dealt with as well as the Armenians, who, though not a European people, are so intimately mixed up with what is known as the Eastern Question as to make their inclusion necessary. The two chapters on Mohammedanism and the Orthodox Church are also exceedingly well placed, and are vital to a proper understanding of the problems of the Balkan Peninsula. The author is by no means one of the dry-as-dust style of historian; occasionally he is humorous, and a vein of irony runs through his pages. Many readers will be glad to make the acquaintance of the classic Khoja Nasreddin Effendi, a species of Calino, who is the hero of a great number of comic Turkish stories. Here is a characteristic tale of the Khoja:

One hot night the Khoja slept on the verandah to be cool. He awoke, however, in a fright, and saw what he took to be a robber dressed in white, climbing over the garden wall. He seized his bow and at once sent an arrow straight through the imaginary burglar. . . . On calm examination, however, he found that the white object was one of his own nightshirts which his wife had washed and hung on the wall to dry. The Khoja accordingly began to call out "Praise be to God" and other religious exclamations, which awoke the neighbours, who mistook them for the morning call to prayer. Finding it still wanted several hours to sunrise, they surrounded the Khoja and indignantly inquired what he meant by his

untimely piety. "I was thanking God," he replied, "that I was not inside my shirt when I shot an arrow through it."

"Odysseus" appears to have visited the greater part of the Balkan Peninsula, and to have studied the situation on the spot, but there are one or two points which we have noted that need revision. Servia can hardly be called a creation of the Treaty of Berlin, since Milosh Obrenovich was acknowledged hereditary Prince by the Sultan in 1830, though of course it was not until 1878 that the country ceased to be tributary to the Sultan. The Albanians are almost unknown to most Europeans, so that a few mistakes in dealing with them are perhaps excusable. In the matter of dress, "Odysseus" is wrong in saying that the *fustanelle* is never worn by the Ghegs. It is the peculiar dress of the Mussulmans of the towns, especially Scodra, and the red baggy trousers embroidered with black braid, which he says are worn by "most of the Ghegs," are only the dress of the same Mussulmans in coldish weather. The Albanian League was not formed "about 1880," but early in April, 1878, and was not a national protest against the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro, but against the proposed surrender of the Gussinje-Plava district among the mountains on the inland frontier. Moreover, the name of the Mirdite chief who was banished in January, 1881, was not Pip Prink Doda, but Prek Bib Doda. He was a young man of no consequence, and would have been insignificant had it not been for his name and birth. But in general, "Odysseus" appears to be accurate as well as painstaking, and his book is undeniably the best *résumé* we possess of the modern phases of the Eastern Question. (Edward Arnold. 16s.)

THE OLD DRAMATISTS: CONJECTURAL
READINGS.

BY K. DEIGHTON.

Shakespearean scholars are pretty well agreed that, as far as the text of their poet is concerned, the term of conjectural emendation has been reached. The obvious corrections have long ago been made, and a spilt of ingenuity has added but few to the brilliant guesses of Theobald, whom the perverse intelligence of the eighteenth century rewarded for his work with a pillory of the *Dunciad*. A modern editor can make no better contribution to the purity of his text than by turning out the accepted emendation and restoring the reading of the First Folio or other old print in passage after passage. Consequently, as far as Shakespeare is concerned, Mr. Deighton comes rather late in the day, and, for all his industry and his considerable acquaintance with Elizabethan texts, we doubt whether any of his emendations are destined to rise higher than the footnotes of the "Cambridge Shakespeare." Like most of his fellowship, he appears to act on the conception that Shakespeare's text must be corrupt whenever it is not readily paraphrasable, and disregards the fact that during a considerable part of his career Shakespeare wrote English which, though rarely unintelligible in its main drift, often defies paraphrase. A sense of humour is a saving grace in an emendator. Mr. Deighton does not show a sense of humour when he proposes to convert

A fellow almost damned in a fair wife,

into

A fellow almost damned in an alfares,

and explains "alfares" as an Old Spanish or Moorish term from the Arabic *alfáris*, "ensign." The emendation that moves laughter is lost. Naturally, Mr. Deighton is more lucky in trying his hand on Ford, Shirley, and the miscellaneous plays collected by Dodsley and Hazlitt. For in these there is much correction of obvious misprints still to be done. It is amusing to find that Mr. Deighton prefaces his second series by cancelling, without comment, twenty-three of the proposed emendations contained in his first. (Thacker, Spink & Co.)

PIETRO VANNUCCI, CALLED
PERUGINO.

BY GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.

This is Dr. Williamson's second contribution to the useful little series which he edits, and which has already distinctly made its mark. His treatment of Perugino is satisfactory within its very obvious limits. He is of the school of Morelli, a diligent student of technique, much occupied with periods and with questions of authenticity. The "Apollo and Marsyas" of the Louvre is not by Perugino, he will tell you, because, among other reasons, "the feet of the two figures are very Peruginesque, the open and upward curling great toe is clearly defined; but the hands have not the awkward, bony shape of his earlier work, nor the very thin, boneless appearance of his mature work." We do not wish to depreciate the value of this science, which, no doubt, is an element in the criticism of art; but it is not the whole nor the coping-stone of it; and he who desires to arrive at a final summing-up of the æsthetic value of Perugino's work will not find Dr. Williamson quite so discriminating or helpful as he could wish. On Perugino's strong point, indeed, the sense of space and atmospheric distance in his exquisite landscape backgrounds, he lays due stress, but hardly, we think, upon the qualities of weakness and prettiness which render him one of the least pleasing of the great masters. There is a corner in the Belle Arti at Florence from which you can bring into one view the large picture of the Assumption, and one very similar in general conception by Botticelli. The comparison is damning to the Umbrian; and the characteristics of that unfortunate altar-piece, the feeble sentimentality of gesture and pose, the figures not floating in the heavens but swung there as by wires, the invincible determination to soften every curve which spots the canvas with annoying circles—these, alas! pursue him from beginning to end of his career. It is the sensuous, unvirile art of a devotional manual. (Bell.)

CHINAMEN AT HOME.

BY THOS. G. SELBY.

The work of preaching the Gospel in China, quite apart from the chronic feeling of unrest that proceeds from the knowledge that in the midst of silence trouble is nigh at hand, must be the more interesting from the intellectual surprises that lie in wait for the missionary. "What you have been saying about the promise of the future is good," said a shrewd hearer to the missionary who had been expounding the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, "but a sensible workman always insists upon an advance of wage before he begins his task." A Chinaman asked whether Adam might not lawfully have eaten the forbidden fruit if he could have contrived it in successful secrecy. The claims of Jesus, according to another Chinaman, cannot be seriously discussed, wanting the eight natal characters of his horoscope. Here is a *casus conscientie*: "Is Pom-pom at liberty to keep in his store sham dollars with which to buy off the simple-minded burglar?" Here, on the other hand, is an example of what a Chinaman can do in the way of illustrating the sacred scripture—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," was his text:

You say that it is hard to worship a God who cannot be seen, and that you have no inward evidence of His activity. A mirror, from the back of which all the quicksilver had dropped away, might as well complain that it could find no trace of the objects placed before it. Clean thoughts, clean affections, clean desires have the same function in human nature as the quicksilver at the back of the mirror. When the heart is filled once more with holy thoughts, the perfect image of God will again be seen there.

Mr. Selby was for twelve years a missionary in China, and his book, from which we have quoted rather at random, is wholly readable. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Walter Jeffery's book, *A Century of Our Sea Story* (Murray, 6s.), is an attempt to tell in short space our naval story of 1800-1900. It follows that such events as the loss of the *Eurydice*, the historic escape of the *Calliope*, and the sinking of the *Victoria* are brought again before us. What is perhaps specially new is the author's collections concerning old sea ceremonies, etiquette, punishments, and the changes that have come over nautical speech within living memory. The book has a scope and a quality of its own, and we cordially commend it to our readers.

Fourteenth century town life in England emerges in a thousand details from the Great Gild Book of Beverley. This priceless document gives a code of the laws promulgated by the fathers of the town at the beginning of the fifteenth century, when Beverley was, and had long been, the cathedral centre of the most populous and wealthy of the Yorkshire Ridings. The substance of the Gild Book is now embodied in the Selden Society's fourteenth volume, entitled *Beverley Town Documents* (Quaritch).

No personal event in South Africa has affected the nation more than the death of General Wauchope. It was to be expected, and wished, that a record of this distinguished and hapless soldier should be written. Such a record—*General Wauchope* (Oliphant, 2s. 6d.)—has been written in the right compass by Mr. William Baird, who dedicates his book to the officers and men of the Highland Brigade who were at Magersfontein. Mr. Baird wisely refrains from an obvious controversy, leaving his record to tell its own tale.

A Life of Mrs. Booth, by Mr. W. T. Stead, will, of course, find readers. Mr. Stead's book, which is issued by Messrs. Nisbet, is of no great length, and it professes to be no more than a character-sketch. But a character-sketch by Mr. Stead is often a brilliant affair, and in any case the full and authoritative biography of Catherine Booth has already been written by Mr. Booth Tucker. Mr. Stead's point of view is by no means "Army"; rather he seeks to sketch for those outside the fold Mrs. Booth's influence in the making of modern England.

"There is a distinct demand for a simple book on horticulture—a book, for instance, such as a country gentleman who is anxious to encourage his tenants, and to interest them in their cottage gardens, could put into their hands." To meet this need, which we do not think is at all imaginary, Mr. F. C. Hayes has written *A Handy Book of Horticulture* (Murray, 2s. 6d. net). Mr. Hayes is Lecturer in Practical Horticulture in Alexandra College, Dublin; and his book, comely to look at, seems to us to be well arranged and free from over-loading.

Australasia, edited by Mr. William Showring, makes a timely appearance in Messrs. Kegan Paul's "British Empire" series. The papers comprised in the volume are mostly reprints of lectures delivered at the South-place Institute by travellers, governing officers, and others.

New editions are many and handsome. To their "Library of English Classics" Messrs. Macmillan add the robust version of *Don Quixote*, made by Thomas Shelton in 1607, seven years before any translation was made on the continent. The facts of Shelton's life are obscure, but, as Mr. Pollard says, whatever his birth and behaviour (there is a shadow on his loyalty), he had a fine command of the English tongue.

Cervantes is also represented on our table by a neat two-volume reprint of his *Exemplary Novels*, in Malbe's translation, and with an introduction by Mr. S. W. Orson. Mr. Orson expresses some just surprise that these "novels," printed in 1613, and described by the censor of the day as "very honest pastime," have fallen into so much neglect, portraying, as they do, "human virtues and failings in almost every grade of life, from princesses to servant maids, and from dukes to muleteers." Messrs. Gibbings have in the past done excellent work in reprinting classics, and this presentation of the *Exemplary Novels* of Cervantes is entirely welcome.

Fiction.

The Mantle of Elijah. By I. Zangwill.
(Heinemann, 6s.)

WHATEVER Mr. Zangwill may be worth as an artist, it is clear that he is more than a temperament—he is a force. He exercises a gift noticeable in commanding spirits and parodied in mediocrities—the gift of range. He has the large interest in life detached from himself which has been the inspiration of all great, as distinguished from little, masters in fiction. His ego cheerily travels and is impressed by life. It is venturesome and industrious, therefore it does not starve for lack of subject matter, or feed upon itself. There is a kind of genius in being a Jew, but Mr. Zangwill discovered that the ghettos of the world were not enough for him. If not the ghettos, neither were the studios; and so at last we find him penetrating political laboratories.

Elijah is a prophet who preaches Peace and Economy in days which the younger generation vaguely imagine to have been extinguished under crinolines. In the olive-season Elijah became a Cabinet minister, and nursed an Elisha whose precocious taste in mantles awoke his patron's hopes of an appreciative heir to his own. But England emerged both from the crinoline and the glasshouse of 1851, and learned to "maffie" as well as traffic. Then Elijah's mantle went begging, for Elisha became an Imperialist. The tragi-irony of the book is both general and personal. The man who wished to see "the wen of India amputated" and "the spider spinning his web across the cannon's mouth" lived to see his own daughter—the sensitive and idealistic Allegra—suffer as the wife of a person who, when head of a great department of the State, fomented a war which Beaconsfield himself might have disdained to excuse. And this person was Elisha!—a very respectable though incongruous Elisha, be it added, "car, en apparence toujours, il n'a rien sacrifié rien répudié, ni son nom, ni ses théories, ni 'sa surface' de radical," as M. Bérard says of another English politician.

Broser is Elisha's workaday name, and it is one that cleverly indicates the formidable tenacity, the expansive self-complacence, and innate coarseness of fibre which characterise him. He is to England what the Lyons of *Unleavened Bread* is to the United States. By cunningly describing himself in his election address as "a humble follower of Marshmont," the Elijah of Mr. Zangwill's story, he involved the latter in "opinions more iconoclastic than he had ever professed." Yet it was Marshmont's "translation" to the Upper House which induced Broser to propose to his daughter; and his humility did not prevent him from remarking to the first Mrs. Broser, when she pleaded her inability to converse with political gentlemen, "Well, talk about me. That will always interest them." But his second helpmeet knew the texture of his humility, and when, on the occasion of going to a music-hall, he observed: "I couldn't risk hanging about. I've wired for a box," a "suspicion that what he could not risk was being *incognito* awoke within her a feeling of absolute pity for his limitations."

On its political side the book is distinctly successful. Herein Mafekingness, so to call it—though Mr. Zangwill has naught to do with South Africa—is viewed philosophically. Kingdoms progress *en masse* in legislation and in almanacs, but the quality of the type varies hardly at all through the centuries. Otherwise, we would all be Beyond-Men. Underneath "Rule Britannia" breaks the cry, "Fee-fo-fum," a primitive cry for blood or treasure. The clever journalist and political opportunist are shadowy artists in insincerity; euphemism is so habitual with them that to break to them the painful news that black is not white after all is to incur a serious responsibility. These are not Mr. Zangwill's words, but they outline the train of thought which he suggests.

On the domestic side his novel leaves something to be desired. An immaculate lady of the old school found fault with him in our hearing for the pertness of his early Victorian children; but it must be observed that Mr. Zangwill does not attempt to reproduce the typical early Victorian domestic life. He makes, however, a gallant effort to create the aristocracy in their own homes. His duchess drops her final *g's*, as the privileged may hear the Duke of Fife do on the platform at this day. When Allegra remarks that something is an "economic fallacy," she exclaims: "Good gracious—what is the world comin' to! Such a phrase in your mouth—it's like a cigar!" Did they drop their *g's* in those days? It hardly matters. What does matter is the importation of a type whose presence in a mundane narrative is as perplexing as that of Melmoth the Wanderer. We refer to the philosophical Raphael Dominick, in whose company the probabilities suffer severely. It is a character such as a poet-romanticist could invest with charm. Knowing him to be patently of the stuff of dreams, he would have filled him with the mellifluously mysterious speech of dreams, and he would have been "lifeless, but beautiful." But the lips of this bodiless Zangwill open but to emit a crashing discord of clevernesses. In Chapter XXI., Book II., he avenges his creation by making even Broser momentarily impossible. We also object to the manner in which the characters run against one another for the convenience of the plot. This is certainly Victorian—both early and late.

The feminine triumph of the book, in our opinion, is Elijah's wife. In youth (like how many heroines of fiction?) she had clasped a hunted hare to her bosom, an action that had made Elijah fall in love with her. But the cherisher of hares was a nagger of the most impracticable kind. "You sent him to the shambles!" she screams to her innocent husband when she heard that their headstrong son had been killed in the war. But when Elijah is being mobbed for Little Englandism she rediscovers the hare in him, and cries: "Fight fair, you hounds of hell." It is probable that this woman will appear overdrawn to many, but we can vouch for the fact that she is an ably-studied Cymric type. Allegra, the heroine, is drawn more ambitiously. She writes a letter to her middle-age as Mrs. Meynell did to her old age. But she uttered no words comparable with these:

Oh, in some hour of thine my thoughts shall guide thee.
Suddenly, though time, darkness, silence hide thee,
This wind from thy lost country flits beside thee.

Yet Allegra's letter, which recurs as a *motif* in the book, rings pathetically true. The Idealist she thought to marry turned out to be Self-Interest under another name. The Idealist she did not marry was become a mere Egoist, and for refuge she had nothing better than a motherly representative of the feudalism she had once despised.

But we must pause. Mr. Zangwill's book is, as a whole, worthy of his reputation. It is wise and witty, serious and pathetic. If it be not all life, it is at least life and Mr. Zangwill; and the second of these twain is not bad company even when out of place.

As a Watch in the Night. By Mrs. Campbell Praed.
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE mystic symmetry of the title-page, whereon "Scenes from the Waking Life," "Interlude," "In the Life of Dream," and, again, "Scenes," are superimposed like the layers of a Neapolitan ice, is a fair warning of the nature of Mrs. Campbell Praed's story. In a word, reincarnation, the adapted Buddhism which calls itself esoteric, is the theory which a story of modern life is used to exemplify.

The story is of a woman-artist who for years has been the adored friend of one man and the mistress of another. And we are happy to add at once that we are thoroughly

satisfied with Mrs. Dorothea Queste, with Gavan Sarel (her lover), and with the charming Kaia (though she does sing "a wild sort of melody inexpressibly plaintive"), out of jealousy for whom Dorothea in the end compasses the ruin of Sarel's political career. The mischief lies in a shadowy old humbug named Charafti, who is consciously guilty of innumerable pasts, and persuades Mrs. Queste to launch herself into "fourth dimensional vantage space." That seems to mean the area of such a vision as that which in an omnibus at night the opposite window shows you of what goes on in the street at your back. Mrs. Queste's pasts are two. She sees them in immense detail; and Mrs. Praed describes them in the historic present. She has taken, you are certain, immense pains to find among the categories of Greece and Imperial Rome the precise equivalents for Mayfair, the Row, smart society, an archdeacon, a court train of duchesse satin, and a picture hat, the gift of a bridegroom; her imagination even avails to identify a debate in the House of Commons with a gladiatorial combat—and you may be sure the fourth-dimensional Dorothea turns down her thumb with the best. For she was a person of importance, dwelling in "a mansion situated in its own grounds"—nothing semi-detached, mark—and frequented "fashionable gatherings." The fact is, that Mrs. Praed has spoiled a good story very well. You have only to stick to the layers of plain vanilla and her ice is palatable enough—only, of course, the result is not Neapolitan. But, if you come to that, why should it be?

Love of Comrades. By Frank Mathew.
(Lane. 3s. 6d.)

WOMAN masquerading as man is a favourite in current fiction, where she takes after Miss Ellen Terry's Imogen rather than Spenser's Britomart. In the present story, the scene of which is laid in Ireland in 1640, Mr. Mathew allows the masquerader (Margery) to speak for herself. She is a distressingly arch little person, who is always wanting to be "fondled" or "cuddled" in the throes of her adventures. Those adventures arise from her attempt to deliver to Strafford a letter entrusted to her by a brother whose murder she seems to have borne with super-sisterly fortitude. They culminate in her being cut down after ignominious suspension. Her lives are a cat's; but the fact that, from the first, one is aware that she did not exhaust them diminishes the tension proper to high romance. Her exuberant feminism prevents the story from rising to dignity, although the figure of a knight, haunted by children whom he has slain lest "nits" become "lice," is obviously intended to impress the reader. A bracing effect of *plein air* is gained when Margery suddenly arrives at the sea:

The blue waters curvetted, fondled by an affable wind.
Green waves poised near me and crumbled into shivering foam. . . . The glittering beach resounded with the din of their romps. Said I to myself, "This is a beautiful world."

Mr. Mathew's pretty talent is, in fine, serviceable for better things than the conventional improbabilities of his latest novel.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE HOSTS OF THE LORD. BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

A long novel of Indian life, marked by Mrs. Steel's well-known characteristics—minute and sympathetic knowledge of the country, movement, and characterisation, battling against a background of bewildering detail. The scene is laid in a small Indian town, where lives Laila Bonaventura, daughter of General Bonaventura and Anari

Begum. She is beloved by a native officer and a British officer, and so follows jealousy, fighting and tragedy. (Heinemann. 6s.)

WHILOMVILLE STORIES.

By STEPHEN CRANE.

A posthumous volume containing thirteen stories, probably the last stories that Mr. Crane wrote. Whilomville, from which the collection takes its name, was in no sense a summer resort, but "the advent of the summer season meant much to it, for then came visitors from the city—people of considerable confidence—alighting upon their country cousins." The stories, which are well illustrated, appeared in *Harpers's Magazine*. (Harpers. 5s.)

A YEAR OF LIFE.

By W. S. LILLY.

Every man, it has been said, has it in him to write one novel. At the age of sixty, Mr. Lilly, author of *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*, *First Principles in Politics*, &c., &c., &c., favours us with his novel. It treats modern life, although there is a quotation from George Chapman on the title-page. The beginning is alive: "Sir Philip Savile was giving a little dinner to three friends, and was particularly pleased with himself and his surroundings, as, indeed, he had some reason to be." (Lane. 6s.)

GOD'S LAD.

By PAUL CUSHING.

A vivid adventure story. In the early chapters Mr. Cushing, having justly observed that "only one key fits the lock of the Present and that is the Past," tarries in the eighteenth century, but once the tale is started the period is 1849, when "the good ship *Samantha*, not a hundred days out from New York, dropped anchor in the beautiful bay of San Diego." (Pearson. 6s.)

THE SMALL PART LADY.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

Thirteen short stories from our cheery Dagonet's manufactory. Dagonet rides like a cork on the waves of time and custom. His sentimentality is incurable; his heart is ever young. "Most of us," he says, "have dreams—day-dreams which are agreeable, night dreams which are frequently the reverse, and one special dream, arranged for endurance, which is commonly known as 'the dream of my life.'" These stories are entertaining in a way, and forgotten as easily as the speeches of a Borough Council mayor. (Chatto.)

THE LADY OF DREAMS.

By UNA L. SILBERRAD.

This is a story of East-End life, but we understand that the author has not studied her characters in their homes or described their haunts from personal observation. It is rather a tale of "mean streets" evolved from the inner consciousness of one who has not walked them. Miss Silberrad is the author of that clever novel, *The Enchanter*. (Heinemann. 6s.)

SONS OF THE COVENANT.

By S. GORDON.

A long, industrious tale of Anglo-Jewry. Mr. Gordon, who is the author of several excellent novels, has dipped deeply into that world already made living to us by Mr. Zangwill's Ghetto stories. One of the characters in *Sons of the Covenant* is Mr. Diamond, a "ritual slaughterer," whose office "it is to make beef, mutton, or veal out of live cattle for his co-religionists' consumption in accordance with Mosaic traditional precept." (Sands. 6s.)

ONE OF OURSELVES.

By L. B. WALFORD.

The author of *The Baby's Grandmother*, and a score of other readable tales, never disappoints her particular public. The opening passage of the present story strikes its note: "'Of course she would be one of ourselves,' said

Mrs. Tom Farrell. Mrs. Tom was the very head and front and centre and apex of 'ourselves.' She had hopped into the ring early—that is to say, she had married into the great, widespread family connection of the Farrells"—and so on. (Longmans. 6s.)

AN ARISTOCRATIC DETECTIVE.

By RICHARD MARSH.

We do our best to keep up with Mr. Marsh. This is the eighth volume that he has published this year. We have begun to take quite a sporting interest in Mr. Marsh, and ask ourselves anxiously—"Can he manage twelve in the year?" *An Aristocratic Detective* is, of course, all about an aristocratic detective. Fiction detectives always have just enough thrilling cases on tap to fill a volume. Mr. Marsh's new detective is called the Hon. Augustus Champnell. When he informs his father, the Earl of Glenlean, that he proposes adopting the profession of detective, the following dialogue takes place:

"A what?"

"A detective."

"Do you mean a policeman?"

"My dear father!"

(Digby, Long. 6s.)

DEACON BRADBURY.

By E. A. DIX.

A very American story, the scene of which is laid in an American village. The dialect, which is prominent on every page, is not easy to those who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake. "B'cause I ain't. An' I'd like—no one'd like better—to've given a trifle in this matter f'r instance—that is, ef y' 'd 've accepted it —." Mr. Dix may be entirely right, but his method of spelling does not vastly allure the reader. (Macmillan. 6s.)

A SUFFOLK COURTSHIP.

By M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

A pleasant domestic tale of the ins and outs of farmhouse society life in East Anglia fifty years ago—the kind of tale that Malvern and Matlock Bath will receive gladly. Fifty years ago! So in the chapter where Susie found it so difficult to die of love, the gig box on market days would bring home such literary purchases as a copy of the *Illustrated London News*, the month's *Family Herald*, and the *Language of Flowers*. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

JULIE.

By A MAN.

We have not an idea who "A Man" is, but feel sure that he is not very old. We doubt even if he be a man. At any rate he or she makes it all right for Julie in the end, that is on the last page, where she finds herself, for the first time in her life, "sweetly and comfortably folded in a lover's arms" (the arms of Douglas Gale, Lieut.). "It was wonderful! it was glorious!" says our author, "better than roses, better than wine, better than music." But we do not quite see why Julie's hair should have "come unrolled." (Water Scott. 2s. 6d.)

THE MYSTERY OF LADYPLACE.

By CHRISTIAN LYS.

Mystery, murder, a ghost (a white monk), a Mephistophelian German doctor, ending in a double wedding, "and a pretty one everybody says." The story opens in a London ball-room, with the theft of a pearl necklace, and shifts to Ladyplace, a house on the banks of the Thames, with ruined cloisters. (Warne & Co. 6s.)

We have also received: *The Doctor Speaks*, by W. J. Dawson (Richards); *The Justice of Revenge*, by George Griffith (White); *Shadows from the Thames*, by E. Noble (Pearson); *Pride of England*, by Marcus Reed (Constable); *Adventures of Merriman Bros.*, by W. Palmer; *The Charming-ton Mystery*, by Le Voleur; *The Vereker Family*, by May Crommelin (Digby, Long).

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The Spirit of Place.

WHAT is the spirit of place? This is a question that one simply dare not have spread before Dr. Johnson, even in connexion with Fleet-street. The Doctor's love of Fleet-street had not, one imagines, anything to do with the spirit of place, though it had everything to do with the life of Fleet-street as interpreted by his own spirit. And his own spirit led him to talk about a pie-shop in the Strand while roaming the farthest Hebrides—a nostalgia of pie, not place. Iona moved him, but not in the way we mean. It reminded him of the Marathon of books. One would put the question to Lamb with a good heart; but even Lamb's remarks might seem rather 1820. That he "felt the genius of places" is most true—Pater says it—but the feeling for place did not exist for Lamb as it does for ourselves. We refine far ahead of Elia. The spirit of place which Mrs. Meynell recognises is as modern as the phonograph. It is indeed electric in character, and you may try in vain to mesh it in such words as personal, psychological, elusive, and impressionistic. Some of these words suggest, by association, that the spirit of place is a superfluity of intellectual naughtiness, or a wreath of Bostonian soul-cirrus. And, in truth, the sentiment does now and then refine itself away into something which one would rather dismiss as preciousness than pursue as doctrine. M. Maurice Barrès is reported to teach a new topography in terms resembling these. Arrived in a town, you are to scour it promiscuously for an hour, drinking in its spirit. Then you lie down in a darkened room for an indefinite period, confusing the place with your soul. If you have luck you will find the inevitable word for Toledo. It is not exactly thus that Mrs. Meynell deals with the spirit of place (the subject and the phrase are her own); in her hands it may remain a stumbling-block to the Jews, but to the Greeks it is not foolishness. In Mrs. Meynell's essay on "The Spirit of Place" are these sentiments, which we hold to be delicately true and illuminative.

Of all unfamiliar bells, those which seem to hold the memory most surely after but one hearing are bells of an unseen cathedral of France when one has arrived by night; they are no more to be forgotten than the bells in "Parsifal."

They mingle with the sound of feet in unknown streets. They are the voices of an unknown tower; they are loud in their own language. The spirit of place, which is to be seen in the shapes of the fields and the manner of the crops, to be felt in a prevalent wind, breathed in the breath of the earth, overheard in a far street-cry or in the tinkle of some blacksmith, calls out and peals in the cathedral bells. It speaks its local tongue remotely, steadfastly, largely, clamorously, loudly, and greatly by these voices; you hear the sound in its dignity, and you know how familiar, how childlike, how lifelong it is in the ears of the people. The bells are strange, and you know how homely they must be. Their utterances are, as it were, the classics of a dialect.

"You know how homely they must be." You know this, that is to say, if the spirit of place makes any appeal to you. No doubt, pleasure of every kind may be defined as

a sort of renewal of the freshness of life. Such a renewal comes, in apt degree, to the man who turns out upon the streets of a strange town and sees its tramcars moving in their orbits and its theatre bills glowing on the walls. Or it may come to him through the absence of tramcars and theatre bills; by the presence of some reed shaking in the wind; some bare little park; some pedlar on his round; some sunny, empty square; some grateful silence which only a shop-bell breaks. But a man who is sensitive to the *genius loci* is sensitive throughout. He is as easily repelled as pleased, and is not at all a travelling expert who has given a guarantee that he will extract honey from every municipal flower in his path. Lamb could not endure Hastings; he found that its *genius loci* was dissipated by insincere visitors, and he said, with delightful choice: "I should not so feel in Staffordshire." In Staffordshire! and he was right. Not in Hanley or in Burslem, with their vistas of chimneys and cinder-heaps, had he been bored. There he had found the clear spirit of the place, and had yielded himself to it for good or evil, exultant or resigned, but in either case alertly perceptive, and therefore not unhappy. A feeling for place will lend interest and significance to the back gardens between Liverpool-street and Stratford; and even the hinder parts of Romford will only dismay—they will not excoriate—a mind so endowed.

The feeling for place is no mere cult of these latter days. It pervades fiction, and colours poetry. Mock it, and you mock Dickens, and Matthew Arnold, and Stevenson, and Mr. Henry James. In Dickens it was the endowment of houses and streets with that overplus of humanity for which his brain had no leisure to find surnames and clothes. In Arnold it was the willingness to linger on anything that was at once tangible and spiritual, or, if you will, the desire to draw spiritual food even from stones to fill a heart from which faith kept ebbing. How you see this in the "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," which begin thus:

Through Alpine meadows soft-suffused
With rain, where thick the crocus grows,
Past the dark forges long disused
The mule-track from Saint Laurent goes.
The bridge is cross'd, and slow we ride
Through forest, up the mountain-side.

The autumnal evening darkens round,
The wind is up, and drives the rain;
While, hark! far down, with strangled sound
Doth the Dead Guier's stream complain,
Where that wet smoke, among the woods,
O'er his boiling cauldron broods.

Stevenson had the sense of place in full. In him it was ever gay, never studious. He could abandon it without a pang, and in his *Inland Voyage* it is for ever cheating—no, not cheating, but teasing you with its gusty variations. But then Stevenson is a little like Sterne, whose *Sentimental Journey* is a misnomer if you go to it for the spirit of place. Sterne has points to make, and dead donkeys to bewail; and Stevenson has a world of light philosophy to deposit, not to mention such shy benefactions as "What a number of things a river does by simply following Gravity in the innocence of its heart." And yet Stevenson can pause to give you as much *genius loci* as this at one time:

A miry lane led us up from *Quartes* with its church and bickering windmill. The hinds were trudging homewards from the fields. A brisk little old woman passed us by. She was seated across a donkey between a pair of glittering milk cans; and, as she went, she kicked jauntily with her heels upon the donkey's side, and scattered shrill remarks among the wayfarers. It was notable that none of the tired men took the trouble to reply. Our conductor soon led us out of the lane and across country. The sun had gone down, but the west in front of us was one lake of level gold. The path wandered a while in the open, and then passed under a trellis like a bower indefinitely prolonged. On either hand were shadowy orchards; cottages

lay low among the leaves and sent their smoke to heaven ; every here and there, in an opening, appeared the great gold face of the west.

And Mr. James? Being the indirect inspiration of this article, Mr. James's quality may now wait such prominence as our conclusion can give. It would be interesting to observe how far this place sentiment wanders back through the fabric of our literature. We cannot at the moment think of it as visible before the last century. Had Shakespeare and the Elizabethans any feeling for the genius of places? In truth, it is not one that we expect to find where there is much life and light and warmth of blood. The patriotic fervour which regards place is another thing altogether; and where emotion prevails, there will scarcely be room for constructive emotion. Oddly enough, the first writer who challenges mention is Defoe. His sense of place was extraordinary, and in *Robinson Crusoe* it is part of the triumph. In *Colonel Jack* the Moorfields, the fields toward St. Pancras, Dallow's Glasshouse in Rosemary-lane, and the lanes about St. Bartholomew's-close are put before us with almost uncanny realness; and if ever the "historic shudder" of Flaubert is to be felt it is surely in certain passages of the *Journal of the Plague*, where the drear Thames banks or City streets of the seventeenth century are felt as something familiar and immediate, and as they are felt nowhere else. But Defoe did so many things so coldly and so well that one has learned to consider the man an enigma, and to give up the attempt to discover where his pen moved like a piston, and where—if ever—it trembled like a wand. We have already called Sterne a fraud in this connexion. Travelling over nearly the same Old France as Mr. James, his fantastic spirit recked little of the places in his path. "There's Fontainebleau, and Sens, and Joigny, and Auxerre, and Dijon the capital of Burgundy, and Chalons, and Mâcon the capital of the Mâconese, and a score more upon the road to Lyons—and now I have run over them—I might as well talk to you of so many market towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them." Cowper had a real sympathy with places, but he exercised it in ways which perhaps tend to disguise his possession of such sympathy. Assuredly Byron had it, though we prefer to look for it only in *Don Juan*—the poem which reflects his suspended and defeated emotions. Haidée's island is more than described, it is felt; and the account of Don Juan's entry into London by Shooter's Hill, and through Kennington to Westminster Bridge, is full of that gusto we are considering. Lamb's feeling for place was both abundant and delicate, and it is the first thing that meets you in his Essays, if you begin with the first. With Lamb the feeling was particularly humane and relative; not a separate satisfaction. Indeed, to end a survey not yet fairly begun, Lamb belongs to an age when men were not intimate with many places. There was so much ado to reach them, so much cold and hunger to dissipate at the journey's end, travel had in it so much of dread and discomfort, that the mind could rarely have been prepared for subtle influences. The feeling for place is a delicate tendrilled plant which flourishes where travelling is swift and cushioned. Whatever, be it knowledge of French or a good map, simplifies the business of getting about is favourable to the perception of the spirit of place.

To such facilities Mr. Henry James added others when he set forth on the journey which inspired his *Little Tour in France* (Heinemann). A lifelong debt to the genius of France has indeed begotten in him a doubt whether that debt ought not to have been discharged in greater fulness than by a record of surface impressions; and we have a self-examining preface, very characteristic and difficult, but asking only to be read twice and slowly. The end is that Mr. James does not repent his water-colour quality of observation, does not wish to do greater things for France in sterner forms. As why should he? If we

were to side for an instant with Mr. James against himself it would be on the ground that so fine a method as his is perhaps applied with a too processional patience to all these French towns and villages. That is to say, for its method, which is fine edged and Ariel-like, the book seems rather long and heavy in the hand. It is an affair of measure, that is all. Six places fewer, and we had said nothing.

The water-colour metaphor is Mr. James's own, and more than once he recurs to the idea of the brush. The figure is right. Almost always where Mr. James touches us most he is a draughtsman and colourist. Take this glimpse of Tours:

Tours has a garrison of five regiments, and the little red-legged soldiers light up the town. You see them stroll upon the clean, uncommercial quay, where there are no signs of navigation, not even by an oar, no barrels nor bales, no loading nor unloading, no masts against the sky nor booming of steam in the air. The most active business that goes on there is that patient and fruitless angling in which the French, as the votaries of art for art, excel all other people. The little soldiers, weighed down by the contents of their enormous pockets, pass with respect from one of these masters of the rod to the other, as he sits soaking an indefinite bait in the large indifferent stream.

The feeling for place could hardly be more delicate and sane than it is here. Mr. James has all that delight in place names, and the habit of taking them seriously, which one expects of him. Le Mans had suggested feudal sturdiness, Plantagenet hauteur; but it yielded a sight of the cathedral that has soon faded, and a ten-minutes' musing in another church. Mr. James took his disappointment quietly, and ordered a *bitter-et-curaçoa*. It was then that he saw Le Mans.

The afternoon was warm and still; the air was admirably soft. The good Manceaux, in little groups and pairs, were seated near me; my ear was soothed by the fine shades of French enunciation and by the detached syllables of that perfect tongue. There was nothing in particular in the prospect to charm; it was an average French view. Yet I felt a charm, a kind of sympathy, a sense of the completeness of French life and of the lightness and brightness of the social air, together with a desire to arrive at friendly judgments, to express a positive interest. I know not why this transcendental mood should have descended upon me then and there; but that idle half-hour in front of the café, in the mild October afternoon, suffused with human sounds, is perhaps the most abiding thing I brought away from Le Mans.

Pray do not imagine that Mr. James spends himself on streets and stones, on white roads, rushing grey rivers, and the mossy east-purlicious of cathedrals. His human element is far stronger than we have planned out to indicate; and we find in such a picture as that of the ancient peasant sunning himself against the walls of Carcassonne, with his crutches and his memories of the campaign in Mexico, content to return, old and battered, to the mediæval city where he had played as a child, an incident as true in life and much more discreet in art than certain over-cut gems of Sterne. Take, also, this inn-window look at Narbonne:

Innumerable rusty men, scattered all over the place, were buying and selling wine, straddling about in pairs, in groups, with their hands in their pockets, and packed together at the doors of the cafés. They were mostly fat and brown and unshaven; they ground their teeth as they talked; they were very *méridionaux*.

If the fine love of place is a little suspect; if it connotes ever so indefinitely an eye unwilling to search the heavens, or a heart bereft of greater satisfactions; if it has in it something of refuge, of despair—it is still the frail flower of our own age, and may be cherished discreetly until the tree of faith begins once more to make wood. You may think this a curious association of ideas; yet we fancy it is just.

Things Seen.

The Odd Man.

WHEN I had walked four miles I sat upon a gate to rest, partly because I was tired, but also because my sixth sense told me that something was about to happen in that neighbourhood. Men on horseback, white-breeched, with bright top-boots, were gathered there, and from behind the stables came the jolly baying of hounds. Then a man, clad in runner's costume, shirt open at the neck, came towards the gate. He carried a small sack bag tied to a rope: it bulged with something, and I smelt the smell of aniseed. "Must I get down?" I asked. "Yes," he said; "the hounds will be through here in twenty minutes." He went lightly into the field, and, trailing the bag on the ground, started to run. The clock struck three. My eyes followed his little figure through hedges, across fields, and over the distant hill. "Who is he?" I asked, and was told he was the odd man about the place. That odd man, whoever he was, earned his wages. Twenty minutes later I watched the hounds rush, with cries of delight, into the field, pick up the scent, scramble through the hedges, scurry across the fields, and disappear behind the hill, followed by the straggling field. Quarter of an hour later the odd man, breathless, in colour like a peony, stumbled homeward from his circuitous hare run. He threw down the aniseed bag, put on his coat, muffled his throat, and went off—to rest? No! to prepare the dogs' meal. He appeared again, removed the aniseed bag from the ground, carried a stray bucket to the stables, and then jumped upon the gate and strained his eyes towards the hill. The hounds had been sighted. We shouted and danced with excitement. Then, suddenly, tearing up the road towards us, came a riderless horse. The odd man jumped into the road, stopped the beast, gave him over to a groom to hold, and was just in time to prevent half the pack from escaping from the field. Then he helped an exhausted rider from his recalcitrant steed, and producing a cloth from his pocket dried the coat tails of another which had been flapping on his horse's steaming flanks. When all the field had come home he walked three horses up and down while their masters had gone indoors to refresh, and then when the drag hunt had quite come to an end he fetched a bag of tools to do something to the lock of the gate. And that was the last I saw of him—mending the lock.

"There is a Tide —."

HE had kept the moth under a glass for about sixteen hours; in the early moments of its captivity I had pleaded for its release—in vain. Now it sat silent on the piece of paper which formed its floor, and awaited destruction. It had long since ceased to beat its wings against its prison walls and had given up hope; there was patient resignation expressed in its crestfallen attitude.

I grew stern and commanding. "You must either put that moth in the killing bottle at once or let it go free," I said. The small boy laughed; he explained that it had no wish to be free; he volunteered to prove the truth of this statement by removing the glass. "Very well," I said; "do so." Carefully he lifted it; took it away altogether; stood hovering over it, ready to lower it instantly if the moth showed signs of movement . . . it sat patiently on, absolutely unconscious of its freedom, making no effort to move or fly.

"Touch it," I said; "it doesn't understand; it has forgotten what it feels like to be free." He covered it again smilingly. "I told you so," he said; "it doesn't want to go away." There was horrid triumph in his eyes. "I have given it its chance," he added; "it has lost it. Now

it must stay in prison!" He patted the top of the glass with a comfortable smile.

"Give it one more chance?" I pleaded; "it was so weak for want of air it couldn't fly." "Well," he said, "it shall have one more chance. I will let it go free if it flies away while I count twenty."

He lifted the glass again. He felt the game was becoming exciting. He began to count. We both held our breath—watching—5—6—7—8—: the sun shone in, and a butterfly flitted past the window. The moth made no movement. I was reminded of the prisoner in the Bastille—11—12—13—it moved; it raised itself almost imperceptibly as though it were trying to make sure if it were alive; the excitement became painful—15—16—it stood feebly fluttering its wings; the small boy hurried a little in the counting—17—18—it was fluttering still—if it could but realise how the time was going—19—20—still fluttering—and a prisoner again.

"There," said the small boy, with a laugh; "it has lost its chance." "Yes," I echoed feebly, "it has lost its chance"; and I moved away with the sick feeling of having watched a tragedy play itself out before my eyes. Yet I doubt not it is a common thing to die a prisoner because we lose the chance that would make us free.

FitzGerald's "Polonius."

I WAS glad to note that the reviewer of FitzGerald's *Miscellanies* in your columns last week regretted the decision which caused Mr. Aldis Wright to omit all but the preface to *Polonius* from that collection. For two reasons: one being that no edition of *Polonius* is now obtainable, and the other that a book of extracts made by a wise man like FitzGerald is as much an index to his character and personality as any words from his pen can be. Not that the book is all extracts either. It has many sage extracts in FitzGerald's phrasing; this, for example:

Plato's philosopher pursues the true light, yet returns back to his former fellows who dwell in the dark, watching shadows.

Polonius is very good, very FitzGeraldian. In turning idly over the pages of the copy before me—William Pickering, London, 1852, with its charming motto on the cover, *La verdad es siempre verde*—I note the following:

TRAVEL.

Fool, why journeyest thou wearisomely in thy antiquarian fervour to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the desert foolishly enough, for the last 3000 years. But canst thou not open thy Hebrew Bible, then, or even Luther's version thereof?—CARLYLE.

Once it was, "Farewell, Monsieur Traveller; look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable the benefits of your own country—be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swum in a gondola."

We may now add—"You must swear by Allah, smoke *chibouques*, and spell Pasha differently from every predecessor, or we shall scarce believe you have been in a *hareem*!"

"Never went out ass, and came home horse."

Still, "A good traveller," says Shakspeare, "is something at the latter end of a dinner."

CONTENT.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—JOHNSON.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

Contentment, says Fuller, consisteth not in heaping more fuel, but in taking away some fire.

POETRY.

"Milton is very fine, I dare say," said the mathematician, "but what does he prove?" What, indeed, does Poetry prove?

"It doth raise and erect the mind," says Bacon, "by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind, whereas Reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

But Sir Philip Sidney says the poet shows the "nature of things" as much as the reasoner, though he may not "buckle and bow the mind" to it: "He doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further."

"Some have thought the proper object of Poetry was, to please; others that it was, to instruct. Perhaps we are well instructed if we are well pleased."

"Poetry enriches the blood of the world."

TORY.

Tacitus wrote (says Luther) that by the ancient Germans it was held no shame at all to drink and swill four-and-twenty hours together. A gentleman of the court asked "how long ago it was since Tacitus wrote this." He was answered, "Almost 1500 years." Whereupon the gentleman said, "Forasmuch as drunkenness is so ancient a custom, let us not abolish it."

An old, ruinous church, which had harboured innumerable jackdaws, sparrows, and bats, was at length repaired. When the masons left it, the jackdaws, sparrows, and bats came back in search of their old dwellings. But these were all filled up. "Of what use now is this great building?" said they; "come, let us forsake this useless stone-heap."—GERMAN.

These are sufficient to show how much of FitzGerald will be unknown to many persons if *Polonius* is not reprinted; and the golden opportunity for reprinting it seems now to have been lost. The book illustrates, more than any other I know, what might be called the impact of juxtaposition. FitzGerald concentrates from all sides shafts of bright light upon the matter in hand, and the cumulative effect is very emphatic.

The copy of *Polonius* from which I have been quoting is unique. It was presented by FitzGerald to a friend at Woodbridge, and has a number of marginalia in the author's own hand. The Preface, for example, has been amended here and there. The beginning of the third paragraph has been altered to:

A French Epigram of the Time says that *Ipecacuana* is worth all the Ana which were the fashion in Louis the Fourteenth's Reign. Johnson said Mr. Selden's Table-talk was the same.

And that exquisite passage about the motto on the roof of Castle Ashby is amended to:

The parapet balustrade round the roof of Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire, and carved into the letters, "NISI DOMINUS CUSTODIAT DOMUM, FRUSTRA VIGILAT QUI CUSTODIT EAM." Not amiss to decipher as you came up the long avenue some summer or autumn day, and to digest afterwards at the little "Rose and Crown" at Yardley, with such good Homebrewed as used to be there before I knew I was to die.

In the body of the book are these pencil notes:

Simplicity is "sine plicâ," without fold, without duplicity, a word, as Trench says, that should not be applied to any folk but such as is not of this world (p. xlvi.).

Kindness is the recognition of our kind (p. lxi.).

On p. lxxxix. of the ordinary edition is this anecdote:

Argenson's friend read a book many times over, and complained of the author's repeating himself a good deal.

"Argenson's friend" has been altered, in ink, to "He had a pretty turn for self-science, who," and so on.

One more of FitzGerald's afterthoughts:

"When in doubt play a trump." When doubting of one duty go and do another; and that very act will light you to the generous side of the question (p. cxxviii.).

Finally, there are two loose scraps of paper: one is this anonymous extract, cut apparently from some newspaper, and entitled by FitzGerald "Truth and Whole Truth," with, for second title, a sentence in Persian, which may be translated: "Ignorance is not without falsity":

Enjoyment soon wearies both itself and us! effort, never. That man is happy, for instance, who devotes his life to the cultivation of an island, to the discovery of one that is lost, or to the extent of the ocean. In London it is he who was born rich, not he who has made himself rich, that commits suicide; and, on the other side of the picture, it is not the poor man, but he who has become poor, that kills himself. The miser grows old enjoying rather than wearied of life; but the heir who comes into possession of his active gains sinks into ennui. So I would rather be the Court gardener who watches and protects an aloe for fifteen years, until at last it opens to him the heaven of its blossom, than the prince who is hastily called to look at the opened heaven. The writer of a dictionary rises every morning like the sun to move past some little star in his zodiac; a new letter is to him a new year's festival, the conclusion of the old one a harvest home; and, since after each capital letter the whole alphabet follows successively, the author on his paper may perhaps frequently celebrate on one and the same day a Sunday, a Lady-day, and a Crispin's holiday.

The other insertion is this tiny scrap in FitzGerald's hand:

"Only Early Bird gets Worm,"
"But the Worm —?"

V.

✕ An Unforgotten Fairy Tale.

THERE has come under our notice a striking instance of the lasting gratitude of readers to a writer who has once charmed them. A fortnight ago we casually mentioned *The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde* as a charming fairy tale. Last week we published the letter of a correspondent who, as a child, had read this book, but had lost sight of it, and was an-hungered to read it again. This simple inquiry has brought us no fewer than twelve replies, showing by their number, and still more by their tone, that after twenty years (for the book was published in 1880) there is a very large amount of floating affection for this book, and of floating loyalty towards its author. Thus Miss Netta Syrett writes: "Until quite recently, when, after the manner of cherished books, it has disappeared from my shelf, *The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde* was one of my treasured possessions. It was written by Mary de Morgan, illustrated by Walter Crane, and, I think, published by Macmillan. I was much interested in your correspondent's letter about this delightful book of fairy stories, for it strengthens my conviction that it is the poetical, mysterious type of fairy tale that appeals to the childish imagination, and not the burlesque, bristling with topical allusions, which of late years has usurped the name. One looks in vain nowadays for beautiful stories like *The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde*, or George MacDonald's *Princess and the Goblin*, or Mrs. Molesworth's *The Cuckoo Clock*. Magic is surely the essential quality of a fairy story, and magic these books certainly possess. The new 'fairy' book may be amusing, vivacious, even witty; but magical, seldom or never." The identification of the

book, by the way, is carried to the full by one correspondent who gives the title-page as follows :

THE NECKLACE
OF
PRINCESS FIORIMONDE,
AND OTHER STORIES.
BY
MARY DE MORGAN
(Author of "On a Pincushion").
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WALTER CRANE.
LONDON :
MACMILLAN & Co.
1880.

Several correspondents think that Miss de Morgan's earlier book, *On a Pincushion*, is even better than the *Necklace*. Speaking of both stories, a Brighton correspondent, whose name we are not able to decipher, says that "the fact that they have not been reprinted or become more widely known has been a loss to the children of to-day," and Mr. J. R. Mitchell suggests that Messrs. Macmillan should reprint the *Necklace*. We have had similar replies and suggestions from other correspondents. It may not be known even to our informants that Miss de Morgan is a daughter of the late Prof. de Morgan, whose mathematical genius was so brilliantly inventive.

It happens that in this propitious hour a new book from Miss de Morgan's pen is published. The tales in *The Wind Fairies*, just issued by Messrs. Seeley, are of the true fairy order, and they are told in the right spirit, with perfect seriousness, and with that touch of mystery which belongs of right to a magic world. Their author knows that the fairy country is a moon-and-star-charmed land, where nothing that is prosaic or mundane can find a place. In tales like "Vain Kesta" and "The Ploughman and the Gnome," therefore—which, by the way, are the least successful in the volume—she has been careful to introduce no fairy element. It is in "Dumb Othmar," or in "The Pool and the Tree," where she gives the rein to her poetical fancies, that Miss de Morgan is at her best. Othmar is a boy whose beautiful voice is stolen by the spirit dwelling within a magic violin. Following the evil dwarf to whom the musical instruments belong, Othmar comes to the top of a high hill, at moon-rise. Here the dwarf lays the horns, viols, and trumpets in rows, and presently, to the sound of his shrill whistling, they rise from the ground and melt into human shapes. "The flutes and pipes were tall and thin, and they and the violins had changed into beautiful girls with slender throats. . . ." After a time they began to sing, and "each voice was like the sound of its own instrument, only it said words through its tones, and in Othmar's ears their music sounded as never music had sounded before. . . . When he took his eyes from the dancers for a minute, he found that the place was quite full of all the animals who are never seen by day. There were crowds of bats and owls, and odd moths poised in the air, and seeming to watch the musicians and listen to their singing."

It is a charming fancy such as this which, unless we are much mistaken, delights children infinitely more than the boisterous fooling with which it is assumed they can never dispense, even in a fairy tale. Children's taste in these matters is instinctively better than that of their elders. It is the story which the writer has himself taken seriously, upon which he has lavished the most beautiful words at his command, that they love best. If they tolerate humour at all, in a fairy story, it must be of such a subtle and delicate nature that it does not dispel the enchanted atmosphere of that land "where even the old are fair": the sort of humour upon which Hans Andersen could venture, but which lesser people would do well to avoid. Miss de Morgan has chosen the path of safety.

Correspondence.

"Crossing the Bar."

SIR,—Surely there is something wrong in the story you quote from Mr. Hare's *Story of My Life* relating to Tennyson and "Crossing the Bar." The story, in your own words, runs as follows :

One day when he [Tennyson] was unusually depressed, his nurse said to him : "Mr. Tennyson, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for grumbling in this way : you ought to be expressing your gratitude for your recovery from your bad illness by giving us something—by giving it to the world." He went off repentant to his own room, and returned in half an hour with "Crossing the Bar."

But we know, on indisputable authority, that Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar" long after he had been raised to the peerage, and composed it while crossing the Solent on his way to Farringford. Mr. Hare would seem to have confused the issues in his passion for anecdote.—I am, &c.,
ARTHUR WAUGH.

"Boys of the Empire."

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a paragraph which appeared in your paper of November 3, written evidently without knowledge of facts. You call our action in the matter "a very scurvy trick"—rather a severe statement to make on the tale of an interested individual.

The case stands thus. In 1888 we published for some time a journal called *Boys of the Empire*. It was registered at Stationers' Hall then. It ran as a weekly paper for a considerable time, and when it was no longer issued in parts we sold the work in volumes, which are still selling. We had under consideration a plan for re-issuing the journal, when we noticed an advertisement of a similarly-named paper about two months before the Sunday School Union issued their first number. Our solicitors drew the attention of Mr. Melrose and the Sunday School Union to our possession of the title, which, indeed, is printed on all our stationery. We pointed out that, as it stood in the register at Stationers' Hall, they must have known they had no right to it, and we asked them to take another title. About four weeks were wasted in negotiations, and then the Sunday School Union, or their friends and agents, declined to withdraw from the position they had taken up. In consequence of this, and in order to protect our title, we at once re-issued our weekly edition of *Boys of the Empire*, and three numbers were issued and sold before our friends the enemy produced their No. 1. These papers were sold on our advertisements, and through means of our other boys' papers, and not owing to Mr. Melrose's advertisements ; in fact, there is no doubt that the opposition *Boys of the Empire* has been sold through our advertisements, as we publish ten weekly journals having large sales, and use these as a medium for pushing the new paper, in addition to the usual methods of posting bills. As the law stands at present we have no redress, as it is so difficult to prove damage when we are doing so well ; but it is simply ridiculous for Mr. Melrose to complain when, after an attempted attack upon our stronghold, he found the garrison wide awake.—We are, &c.,

EDWIN J. BRETT, LTD.

(T. Murray Ford, Manager).

Giacomelli.

SIR,—Following on "The Bookworm's" remarks *re* the above in this week's issue, it may interest many of your readers, especially those who care for beautiful books, to learn that most, if not all, of Giacomelli's books can be bought at much reduced prices from second-hand book-sellers.

I have frequently seen *The Bird, The Insect, The Sea,*

Nature, &c., offered for three or four shillings, the published price in cloth being "twelve-and-six," all published by Nelson & Sons; there was also, *With the Birds, Songs of the Woods*, "with ninety illustrations," and "100 illustrations" by Giacomelli. The plates in all cases being engraved by the finest engravers of the time, let anyone possessing *The Insect* turn to pages 55 and 119, engraved by Whymper, and, with the writer, regret the death of "wood-engraving."

It also may be new to many to learn that the same firm of publishers, in 1865, issued from their house a *Vicar of Wakefield*, illustrated by the late "Keeley Haswell."—I am, &c.,

T. EDWARDS-JONES.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 60 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best parody, not exceeding 250 words, of the style of a living writer. The attempts sent in strike us as careful and clever. We award the prize to Miss Judith MacKinnon, Spilfeathers, Ingatestone, Essex, for the following:

LA P'TITE BAB'LINETTE.

(With apologies to Mr. Gilbert Parker, M.P.)

"La p'tite Bab'linette, m'sieu' ? You say how com' she here—my leetla sunshine ! Voilà ! I tell you. Allons, there is a girl at Fort Retraite so beautiful, *mon Dieu* ! Holy ! she was fine always to see—la pauvre Angèle ! But, Mother of Heaven, she have a lover—a *caurien* ! Eh bien, m'sieu', a man is a man—comme ça ! What you tink !—one day she have a leetla chile. Enfin ! there is troub'—there is the grand explode. *Dis donc*, m'sieu', the grand'père of she—he have the heart of flint—sacré ! he drive her from the door—God of love !—to the snow—so cold ! Ah, *la pauvre* ! she die—the game for her is done ! *Quel mort*—what death ! Yes ! And the chile ?—thunder ! how she cry ! Alors, comes a moose to his *cache*—bagosh ! He tak' the chile—so gentil ! he hold her safe—mais, like that—*patte en l'air*. He trot-trot—Jésu ! he make a grand journey that night—Mother of Heaven ! he do a Hell-to-split gait ! *Bien*, m'sieu', straight to Tonpiac he come—chut ! what makes three hunder' mile to a moose ?—straight to m'sieu' le curé.

"Hein—you not believe ? Holy smoke ! but you make me angry ! I go !"

And the Scarlet Hills echoed from afar his song :—

Oh ! the moose in a trap and the moose who goes free—

Tire-l-on ! tire-là ! là ! là !

When the trap it is loosed—Oh ! the moon and a tree !

Voilà ! Tire-l-on ! tire-là !

Other parodies received are the following :

CUPID'S WAKING.

(After Georgs Meredith.)

This is the tantalising thing to the pursuers of Beauty ; when she is found she becomes a habit, an assumption ; only at rare moments does the elusive goddess appear to strike. He is then no pursuer, he is the slave, yet happier than when still a hunter. The tacit assumption waits a query to proclaim "She is beautiful," unless the little God of Love should oust the disdainful, strengthen the passionate—and there is love indeed. But such love, ye pretty, simpering maids is never yours. Beauty alone has that tacit acknowledgment. Mere prettiness chatters like a bell with a thousand tongues clicking out the fair one's prettiness, and leaves no place for the great Awakening from the sleep of disdain to the heralding of Love. Beauty alone, with the key of ecstasy, can free the half-fledged cupid on its way. Chrysalis-like and ready for the butterfly, Cupid lay rosy in Bertram's heart, but only waiting for the time to burst his case, and emerge masterful and eager to test the battlements of Evelyn's soul. He had but to knock at the postern to be admitted, unconditioned ; she would have made no terms, and would have asked none. The chrysalis took wings the day he saw her stretched asleep, palely smiling, the fortress doors ajar, and one porcelain delicate hand, waiting loosely to be kissed. . . . The key to the castle is won by stealth ; to take more were treachery ere yet the defender is awake.

[F. H. T., St. Margarets-on-Thames.]

LUCILLA.

(After Mrs. Humphry Ward.)

Lucilla lay on a sofa, her head wrapped in a white Shetland shawl. She pressed her delicate fingers against her thin temples, where the ripples of brown hair still waved in heavy masses. Her Dante fell on the ground. She made no attempt to pick it up.

"A few more minutes," she whispered, "and James must be back. Oh ! this suspense, what killing work it is ! How long he has worked with no recognition from the unheeding world outside—and as Professor, with a settled income, lifted above sordid worries—"

The squeak of boots on the staircase made the poor, overwrought woman leap from her couch. She threw herself on the man who entered timidly, unwinding a knitted scarf from his neck.

"James," she cried sobbing, "have you got the appointment ?"

The man made no answer to his wife's appeal. He selected a chair out of the range of her eyes, and let his head drop on his hands.

"I've withdrawn my application," he said.

"Impossible !" she gasped. "Oh, my dearest, for the love you bear me, do not kill me outright."

The husband started from his seat, strode backwards and forwards in the little room, the planks creaking under his tread.

"Lucilla, in heaven's name, don't make it harder for me than it is," he groaned. "Night and day I have fought the matter out with my conscience. For our love's sake, yes, but for honour's sake, how can I take my stand in open competition against the fortunate of the earth ? Even to you I have not confessed the secret of my tainted origin. . . . Lucilla, my father was a pork butcher. . . ."

The poor wife's head drooped. But she cast her shawl aside, rose, and staggered to her feet. He bent towards. She seized his head in her hands and pressed her lips to the bald spot : "My noble James !" she murmured.

[R. M., Brighton.]

MR. SWINBURNE CRITICISES THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

Parody is sometimes the sincere, if sinister, homage which perverted talent pays at the shrine of incontestable genius ; more often it is the effete product of a mind, essentially mimetic, whose original and inveterate imbecility has developed something of the mischief, and all the malignity, of simian decrepitude. To which class belong the score or so of mocking-birds, who are led or driven, for the guerdon of a guinea, to gibe or gibber, strut or stammer, with notes borrowed from the masters of incomparable speech and peerless song, it would need the discernment of a Daniel to decide. Some, no doubt, are nothing more heinous than misguided and miscalculating enthusiasts, who desire to derive a not wholly infamous immortality from a momentary association with men, whose mannerisms they can mimic, but whose merits they are impotent to emulate or destroy. There are others, who take the assonance, alliteration, and matchless music which are the radiant and glorious garment of rare and translucent thought, to cover or clothe the senseless emanations of the shrunken cerebellum of a palsied ape.

[F. G. C., Hull.]

In addition to the above we have received :

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The Literary Week.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS, who, like the late Mr. Huxley, has had experience of the bloodless warfare of controversy, will in his next book tell some plain truths about current literature. The volume will be called *Ephemera Critica*, and Mr. Collins has this to say in his preface: "These essays are partly a protest and partly an experiment. As a protest they explain, and, I hope, justify themselves; as an experiment they are an attempt to illustrate what we should be fortunate if we could see more frequently illustrated by abler hands. They are a series of studies in serious, patient, and absolutely impartial criticism, having for its object a comprehensive survey of the vices and defects, as well as of the merits, characteristic of current Belles Lettres."

THOSE who have read Mr. Max Beerbohm's charming "fairy tale for tired men," called "The Happy Hypocrite," will be glad to hear that Mr. Beerbohm has dramatised this trifle, which contains a deal more purpose and intention than many a bulky tome. It will be produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but we have not heard which actor has been cast for the hero, Lord George Hell, who was "proud of being horrid," and whose appearance resembled Caligula with a dash of Falstaff.

MR. J. M. MORRISON is about to issue, through Messrs. Gay & Bird, a translation of the poems of Leopardi. In a modest preface, Mr. Morrison gives a brief account of Leopardi's life, and says:

If it is any justification for one's temerity in attempting what one of our greatest living authorities and critics has pronounced to be a task never likely to be accomplished adequately in our language, may I say that several able renderings of the *canti* have appeared in German, whilst they have been practically ignored with us? It seemed to me strange that England should be left behind in an honest attempt at least to interpret the great Italian classic of the nineteenth century to a wider public in this country than those who can approach him in the original. . . . Of the thirty-four *canti*, ending with "The Genista," that last and most mature and most sublime product of Leopardi's genius, I have omitted three from this translation; two ("Consalvo" and the "Palinode") as being likely to seem of little interest or even trivial to English readers, the third ("On the Marriage of my Sister Pauline") as being, though fine in itself, mainly repetitious of the lofty sentiments and of the fervour and passion of Leopardi's other patriotic odes. . . . I have retained Leopardi's form and metre, employing the same regular, and sometimes intricate, sequences of rhyme wherever he does. Leopardi, however, latterly almost discarded this artificial aid to verse, as if it were a base fetter which impeded the free soaring of his genius.

A LITTLE play was produced on Wednesday night at the Kennington Theatre which should not be overlooked by those who care for that unusual thing, literature on the stage. It is called "Carrots," and is a translation, admirably done by Mr. Alfred Sutro, of Jules Renard's "Poil-de-Carotte." Renard has described himself as

"chasseur d'images," but in this little dramatic experiment he is simply a story-teller, with all the charm and naïveté which has gone from the stage to the short story, such stories as Mary Wilkins, for instance, can write. The thing was a picture, not only because Miss Gertrude Elliott looked and acted delightfully in it; it presented clear, quaintly-defined types of character; it had truth to nature, and a fresh, youthful humour. "Poil-de-Carotte" is already, in France, a synonym for a particular kind of child, not at all the usual French kind. The little play was received with ready sympathy at Kennington; it is to be hoped that we shall soon be able to see it at a less distant theatre.

MR. ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS seems to have become Lord Rosebery's publisher. After the *Napoleon*, he issues the text of the Rectorial Address at Glasgow, apparently from Lord Rosebery's MS. The address was a fine appeal to the nation, full of arresting and inspiring passages. None better than this on the British Empire:

How marvellous it all is! Built not by saints and angels, but the work of men's hands; cemented with men's honest blood and with a world of tears, welded by the best brains of centuries past; not without the taint and reproach incidental to all human work, but constructed on the whole with pure and splendid purpose. Human, and yet not wholly human, for the most heedless and the most cynical must see the finger of the Divine. Growing as trees grow, while others slept; fed by the faults of others as well as by the character of our fathers; reaching with the ripple of a resistless tide over tracts and islands and continents, until our little Britain woke up to find herself the foster-mother of nations and the source of united empires.

MR. SPOFFORD'S *A Book for All Readers* (Putnam)—with which we have already dealt briefly—is "Designed as an aid to the Collection, Use, and Preservation of Books, and the Formation of Public and Private Libraries." One of the chapters is called "Humours of the Library," from which we make a few extracts:

In a Wisconsin library, a young lady asked for the "Life of National Hawthorne," and the "Autograph on the breakfast table."

Boy's remark on returning a certain juvenile book to the library: "I don't want any more of them books. The girls is all too holy."

Anthology is the study of insects.

Belles lettres are the letters of French writers.

Cicero was known for Latin poetry.

Charlotte Brontë is an American nine-tenth-century children's book.

Hudibras was an early Saxon poem.

Mr. Swinburne once wrote "A Century of Scoundrels."

At last! A new weekly comic paper is announced at the price of a penny. The Editor is Mr. Leslie Wilson, and Sir George Newnes is the publisher. There is room for it.

OF living critics, who is the least likely to be a worshipper of Coventry Patmore? The answer is, of course, Mr. Augustine Birrell. And the *Speaker* has turned Mr. Birrell's mind upon Patmore, with the result that it has been able to print an article at once tactful and racy, kindly and destructive. We print a salient passage:

It would be cruel, and perhaps unfair, to collect from the ample materials Mr. Champneys has placed before us Patmore's testimonials to himself and his depreciations of his contemporaries. He had no doubt of his own consecration—he even conceived he had had lain upon him an injunction from on high, first to be the poet of Wedded Love and next to render into verse that would reach the hearts of men the mystery of the Virgin Mother of God. Whimsical notions of this kind are a true test of genius. If a man can carry them along with his other burdens without injury to his deportment, without allowing them to obscure his outlook or upset the equanimity of his mind, it will not be difficult to pronounce him great. It is for the careful reader of these volumes to say whether Coventry Patmore can stand a test to which he need never have been exposed. If, despite the darkness of our blockheadism, we are compelled to say Aye or No to this question, for our own part, and without an ounce of braggartism, we are sorrowfully compelled to say No! We notice plainly enough the contortions of the Sybil, but the Inspiration we cannot discover. We anxiously await, as from a witness in the box whose evidence is all-important to our case, words of illuminated wisdom, of penetrating thought, something to testify the seer, the thinker; but they never come. The man, as he now stands revealed to us, seems less than his verse. Given the *Angel in the House* and the *Odes*, we should have constructed, had we been bidden to write the poet's life and been unsupplied with any other materials, a very different being, happier, wiser, and more cheerful. As it is, we encounter a man full of protests and complaints, of extravagant opinions and ill-natured comments, without the strength and force of the great combative natures, and destitute of the charm that belongs to those who are quiet, wise, and good.

That is Mr. Birrell's view. We do not share it, and in Mr. Birrell's failure to appreciate Patmore we discern the limitations which enabled him to write down Emerson. We always enjoy Mr. Birrell's criticism because it is alive; but, though alive, and even boisterously so, is it not a trifle flat-footed?

MR. HENLEY tenders Mr. Sidney Lee a qualified apology for his recent assertion that the *Dictionary of National Biography* had excluded the heroes of certain forms of sport. Mr. Lee protested, and Mr. Henley admits that names whose absence he had bewailed in print are actually present in the Dictionary. But he adds: "All the same, having looked into the matter for myself, I cannot but come to the conclusion that, in this matter of sport, the *D.N.B.* has not been altogether so well guided as it might have been. To take the P.R. only: we get Broughton, and Mendoza, and Jackson, and Sayers, and Paddock, and Painter, and Spring. But we do not get men so eminent in their line of life as Slack, nor Hen Pearce, nor the Evanses (*père et fils*), nor Dick Curtis, nor Owen Swift; and, what is worse, we have never a word of either Jem Belcher or Jack Randall—all things considered, the two greatest fighters that ever stripped. So that my apology is offered, and must be accepted, with reservations."

THE New York *Nation* has usually something to say of a great man that is not said in England. It was outspoken on Ruskin; it is outspoken on Max Müller; yet it has done justice to both. Of Max Müller the *Nation* says:

Despite the unsatisfactory nature of much of his later work, Müller was by no means a mere go-between, feeding the public with grain raised by others. It is true that he was somewhat vainglorious and not very scrupulous in the allotment of praise which should be rendered for what was done by others under his supervision. What he constantly

proclaimed to be his own great work, the edition of the "Rig Veda," was in reality not his at all. A German scholar did the work, and Müller appropriated the credit for it. But, even in this case, though the judgment be true, it is harsh. The German scholar was paid for his labour, and did the best he could to circumvent Müller in getting out his *editio prima*. The incident is not altogether creditable to either party, but one thing is certain: there would have been no scholar doing the work at all had not Müller started it. That his hand left the plough and he hired someone else to do willingly what he was unwilling to complete, is a matter of minor importance. Then, again, Müller's "Ancient Sanskrit Literature," published forty years ago, was an independent and thoroughly scholarly book, which has ever since held its own with the first publications in this complex field of investigation.

IN his guide to English composition, reviewed in another column, Mr. L. Cope Cornford remarks that French and German teachers have come to the conclusion that the classics may be cheerfully abandoned in favour of the simple plan of teaching boys to express themselves in the language into which they are born. We do not believe that the highest authorities (by whom we mean the most consummate literary artists, and not the most energetic educationalists) hold such an opinion. It is increasingly difficult and unprofitable to keep up classical education, but it is for ever idle to depreciate the effects of Latin and Greek on the mind. In a recent article in the *Paris Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, M. Anatole France has these observations:

I bear a desperate affection for Latin studies. I firmly believe that, without them, the beauty of the French genius is done for. All those of us who have thought somewhat vigorously have learned to think from Latin. I do not exaggerate when I say that that ignorance of Latin is ignorance of the sovereign clearness of expression. All languages are obscure beside Latin. . . . Take "Hamlet"—it is a whole, immense world. I doubt whether anything grander has ever been done. But what do you want a scholar to extract from it? How is he to seize the phantom ideas that are less substantial than the wandering phantom of the *Elsinore esplanade*? How is he to obtain clearness out of the chaos of images as uncertain as the clouds whose changing forms the young visionary shows to Polonius? The whole English literature, so poetic and so profound, offers similar complexity and similar confusion. . . . Now, open the histories of Titus Livy. There everything is well-ordered, lucid, simple. He is not a profound genius; he is a perfect pedagogue. He never troubles us; but how logically he thinks! How easy it is to explain his ideas, to examine each part separately and show its relation to the whole! This in regard to form. As to content, what do we find there? Lessons in courage, in devotion, in worship of ancestors, in the cult of fatherland. Here is a true classic! I speak not of the Greeks. They are the flower and the perfume. They have more than virtue; they have taste. I mean that sovereign taste, that harmony which is begotten of wisdom.

MEANWHILE it is true, as M. France himself admits, that the abandonment of the classics grows more complete. Not Latin felicities of speech but Anglo-Saxon felicities of slang are mingling with the academic French of to-day. We can understand this. To an imaginative Frenchman the acquisition of a racy English word, which he knows is understood in the East, in the West, on every sea, and in every port, must bring a sense of exaltation. Hence the English "hall" is ousting the French "antichambre," and the English lunch is eaten instead of "déjeuner." "Un vigoureux shake-hands" occurs in a new French novel, and even such expressions as "to boss" and "to give 'em beans" contribute to the growing anglicisation of French.

"I MUST write another time of other books and plays," says Mr. G. S. Street in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, but straightway adds: "Another time—alas! no. This is the last *causerie*—confound that word for the last time!—I shall write in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. I hope you have not been too dreadfully bored." No, we have not been bored. Why this hegira?

IN reply to an inquiry we inserted last week a correspondent writes: "The lines

Richard Steele praised him, and cold, stately 'Atticus,'
Old Rowley lean'd on Tom's shoulder, our King!
D'Urfey who mock'd all the noisy, fanatic fuss,
Plot bigots moved him to jest and to sing,

are extracted from an 'Impromptu' consisting of twenty-two lines addressed to the writer when he left Exeter (the city of D'Urfey's birth), some dozen years ago, by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, Vicar of Molash, by Ashford, Kent, who is the author likewise of the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. I have the original MS. inserted in my copy of Mr. Ebsworth's fascinating *Cavalier Lyrics for Church and Crown*, 1887. The printed lines vary somewhat from those in the original MS.; in the latter they run thus:

Addison praised him, the chill, stately 'Atticus,'
'Old Rowley' lean'd on Tom's shoulder, our King!
D'Urfey who mock'd all the noisy, erratic-fuss,
Plot bigots moved him to jest and to sing."

"I FEEL creeping over me the conviction that it is indispensable to life, that it supersedes all other sources of information, and in future the *sine qua non* of a library will be the possession of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*." Lord Rosebery spoke these words in a vein of banter at Edinburgh last Saturday afternoon, but we have no doubt that his words have most effectually advertised the *Encyclopædia*. A shrewd business man remarked that the speech was worth £10,000 to the present promoters of that work. The promised *Supplement*, by the way, is likely to run to six or seven volumes, and perhaps more. The editor is Mr. W. H. Chisholm.

EVERYONE with a love of biography and a taste for succulent foot-notes will welcome Dr. George Birkbeck Hill's edition of *The Memoirs of the Life of Edward Gibbon*. We shall deal with the book in due course, quoting here only the first striking words of Dr. Hill's Preface. "If, as Dr. Johnson said, there had been only three books 'written by man that were wished longer by their readers,' the eighteenth century was not to draw to its close without seeing a fourth added. With *Don Quixote*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Autobiography of Edward Gibbon* was henceforth to rank as 'a work whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow such as the traveller casts upon departing day.'" One disappointment, at least, Dr. Hill has suffered in the discharge of his task:

I discovered with real regret in the course of my reading that two passages that throw a charm over the genealogies with which the autobiography opens had been proved to be mere illusions. To that pride of descent "from a patron and martyr of learning," which Gibbon felt as "a man of letters," he had no just claim. More than a hundred years ago Sir Egerton Brydges showed that the historian was not sprung from the Baron Say and Seale who was murdered by Jack Cade for the crime of "erecting a grammar school," and "building a paper mill contrary to the king, his crown and dignity." In our own day Mr. J. H. Round has, at a blow, demolished the fabric by which Henry Fielding and his kinsmen, the Earls of Denbigh, were made "the brethren" of "the successors of Charles the Fifth."

HOLGER DRACHMANN is a name unknown to the ordinary English reader. It is borne, nevertheless, by a dis-

tinguished Danish poet and dramatist, to whom English men of letters are about to do honour. A dinner at the Carlton Hotel, at which Holger Drachmann will be the guest of the evening and Mr. Edmund Gosse the chairman, has been arranged for the 30th inst.

THE Irish Texts Society, formed, it will be remembered, in 1898, is pursuing its work in a healthful frame of mind. The next volume to be issued by the Society is a complete collection of the poems of Égan O'Rahilly, a famous Munster poet of the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The volume will contain text and literal translation, with introduction, glossary, and notes, besides brief special introductions to such of the poems as require elucidation. The work has been prepared and edited, chiefly from MSS. in Maynooth College, by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen. It is hoped that it will be ready for distribution by October next at latest. Good progress has been made in the compilation of the Society's Irish-English, English-Irish Dictionary, which will be issued in pocket size.

IN our correspondence columns will be found another letter on the origin of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." As Mr. Hare's anecdote has evoked criticism, we will give another from his pages which may pass unscathed. Under date October 8, 1877, Mr. Hare recounts a meeting with Tennyson at Haslemere.

He asked if I would like to go out, and we walked round the gardens. By way of breaking the silence I said: "How fine your arbütus is." "Well, I would say arbütus," he answered, "otherwise you are as bad as the gardeners, who say Clemätis." When we returned to the house, Hallam Tennyson brought in his mother very tenderly, and put her on a sofa. She is a very sweet-looking woman, with "the glittering blue eyes" which fascinated Carlyle, and a lady-abbess look from her head-dress—a kind of veil. Mrs. Greville revealed that she had broken her promise of not repeating an unpublished poem of Tennyson's by reciting it to Mr. Carlyle, who said: "But did Alfred give you leave to say it?" and Tennyson said: "You are the wickedest old woman I ever met with: it is most *profligate* conduct"—and he half-meant it too. Tennyson then insisted that I should tell him some stories. I did not like it, but found it was no use to resist—I should have to do it in the end. He asked for "a village tragedy," so I told him the story of Caroline Crowhurst: he said he should write it in a play or a poem. Then I told him the stories of Mademoiselle von Raasloff and of Croglin Grange. He was atrociously bad audience, and constantly interrupted with questions. He himself repeated a little story, which Mr. Greene, of the *English History*, had told him—of a man who felt that his fiddle, to which he was devoted, was the source of temptation to him by leading him to taverns, where he got drunk. On the Mississippi River, he said, he heard a voice saying to him that he must destroy the fiddle; so he went down, kissed the fiddle, and then broke it to pieces. "I put in that kiss," said Tennyson, "because I thought it sounded better."

WE are tempted also to appropriate an anecdote of a day in 1874. Mr. Hare says:

I went to luncheon at Lady Castletown's; she was not come in from church, but I went up into the drawing-room. A good-looking, very smart young lady was sitting there, with her back to the window, evidently waiting also. After a pause, I made some stupid remark to her about heat, or cold, &c. She looked at me, and said, "That is a very commonplace remark. I'll make a remark. If a woman does not marry she is nobody at all, nothing at all in the world; but if a man marries at all he is an absolute fool." I said, "I know who you are; no one but Miss Rhoda Broughton would have said that." And it was she.

THE late Mr. Thomas Arnold, brother of Matthew Arnold, devoted the later years of his life to the teaching of English Literature at Dublin University, and he was the author of a *Manual of English Literature*, and *Chaucer to Wordsworth: a Short History of English Literature*. A new edition of the latter work is now issued by Mr. Thomas Murby, of Ludgate Circus Buildings. The book is of moderate size, and well arranged and indexed.

FROM San Francisco we hear a voice crying:

A steamer is pointing its high, sharp prow to the open sea,
A tug pants by with deep-voiced cry blown far and free;
At the docks is a forest of masts with a maze of cordage
and spars,
And the flags of the nations are fluttering there 'mid the
stripes and the stars.

The voice is that of Charles Keeler, whose *Idylls of El Dorado* are fuller of the new America than of the old poetry.

Bibliographical.

REALLY there ought to be some protection for the illustrious dead. Here is the Elizabethan Stage Society announcing a dramatisation of *Marmion*, which is to be enacted in costume in a lecture theatre, with songs and choruses, and illustrations by the aid of lantern slides! Poor Sir Walter! He has suffered much over *Marmion*. That the poem should have been "dramatised" at least twice in America is bad enough; but in 1848 it fell into the hands of Edward Fitzball, of melodramatic memory, who transferred it, "in three acts," to the boards of Astley's, where it shone for a time with the aid of "equestrian spectacle" and "comic underplot"! Much more worthy treatment was accorded to the poem nine years ago in Glasgow, where an adaptation of it by Mr. Robert Buchanan was put upon the stage, to the accompaniment of music by Sir A. C. Mackenzie and brilliant scenery by Edmund Glover. I am afraid, however, that even Mr. Buchanan's "*Marmion*" has not secured permanence on the Scottish boards or any other.

Mr. Max Pemberton has done good service by recalling the fact that it was Sir Wemyss Reid who gave the first impulse to the present Brontë movement. It is, indeed, twenty-three years since Sir Wemyss brought out his work on Charlotte Brontë. This was followed, in the same year (1877), by Mr. Swinburne's eloquent *Note* on the same subject—a book running to only ninety-seven thinly-filled pages, but eminently characteristic of its author, who, in his opening sentence, described Sir Wemyss's book as "the priceless contribution to our knowledge of one of the greatest among women, for which the thanks of all students who have at heart the honour of English literature are due to Mr. Wemyss Reid." The *Note*, by the way, was dedicated "To my friend, Theodore Watts."

Mr. Arthur Lawrence, who is to write a *Life of Sims Reeves*, is already known as the author of a biographical sketch of Sir Arthur Sullivan. No doubt he will make good use of his material, such as it may be. It is of the operatic career of Reeves that the accounts have hitherto been so meagre. Mr. Sutherland Edwards published in 1881 a memoir of *The Life and Artistic Career of Sims Reeves*, but it was a very slight performance. Better than this was Mr. Reeves's own book of *Recollections*, issued in 1888, followed up as it was, next year, by another narrative, entitled *My Jubilee; or, Fifty Years of Artistic Life*. Unhappily, the reminiscences of public favourites are apt to take, in print, a very vague form—though it is only fair to remember that Mr. Santley's Autobiography made a substantial and acceptable volume.

The announcement of a book of parodies by the Rev. Anthony C. Deane—*New Rhymes for Old*—reminds me, as no doubt it has reminded others, that we possess no satisfactory anthology of rhythmical travesty. Mr. Walter Hamilton made, with great industry, a big collection of parodies in verse, but it was in no sense an anthology: rather was it, simply, the materials for one. Travesty is not difficult, and there are in the world a tremendous number of bad parodies, for which no condemnation is too strong; but a selection of such things, made with a keen sense not only of humour but of literary finish, would be a very welcome addition to our libraries. Who will essay the task? Why not Mr. "A. T. Q. C."—of present-day parodists "one of the best"?

We are to have from Mr. John Davidson, in book form, a new drama in verse, which he is going to call *Self's the Man: a Tragi-Comedy*. This, we are told, was commissioned by Mr. Beerbohm-Tree. Will it ever be enacted? Mr. Davidson is pathetically true to the "poetic drama." I have on my shelves his *Godfrida*, bearing date 1898; also his *Plays* (1894), containing five pieces: *Bruce* (1886), *Smith* (1888), and *An Unhistorical Pastoral, A Romantic Farce*, and *Scaramouch in Maxos* (1889)—all printed for the first time on the dates named. And, meanwhile, the only work of his that has been actually performed is his verse-translation of Coppée's *Pour la Couronne*. Such is the irony of life.

We are promised, in the "Westminster Biographies," a miniature memoir of George Eliot, by Miss Clara Thomson; and, in the "Beacon Biographies," a little life of Edwin Booth, the actor. Both, no doubt, will find readers on account of their succinctness and handiness. Of Booth we have already the biographies by Mrs. Clarke, Mr. William Winter, and Mr. Laurence Hutton, not to mention the book of *Recollections* by Mrs. Grossmann. The "official" life of George Eliot, by Mr. Cross, is a little bulky; but Mr. G. W. Cooke's "Study" is within reasonable limits, and the memoir by Miss Blind is comparatively slight. Both of the last-named date from 1883.

It is, of course, by "The Church's One Foundation" that the late Rev. S. J. Stone will be popularly remembered. The hymn is an excellent one, and deserves its vogue. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Stone's volumes of verse will not be wholly neglected by this and the coming generations. There is some good work, not only in *The Knight of Intercession*, and *Other Poems*, but also in the more recent *Lay of Iona*, and *Other Poems* (1897). Mr. Stone wrote, I believe, "a village idyll," called *Deare Childe*; but with that book I am not acquainted.

I see Messrs. Bell & Sons announce a shilling edition, in paper covers, of Calverley's *Verses and Translations*. Could they not see their way to give us an edition of Calverley's verse-work, complete in one volume? The *Verses* and the *Flyleaves* have been published together; but to these should be added the *Translations* and the *Literary Remains*, with Sir Walter Sendall's memoir by way of preface. The time for bringing Calverley's literary products together, in cheap and handy shape, seems to have arrived.

A bibliographical interest attaches to Mrs. Clifford's play, *The Likeness of the Night*, as published by Messrs. Black on Tuesday. This, it appears, is not absolutely identical with the play so named printed in the *Anglo-Saxon Review* for March. The drama issued by Messrs. Black consists of the original text "considerably altered and added to" by the authoress, at the request of Mr. W. H. Kendal. The version in book form is, in other words, the "acting" version.

In connexion with the new American magazine called *Good Cheer*, no further notice seems to have been taken of the fact that *Good Cheer* has always been the title of the Christmas number of *Good Words*.

Reviews.

Another Converted Decadent.

Œuvres Complètes de Paul Charles Joseph Bourget. Tomes I.-III. (Paris: Plon Nourrit & Cie. 8 fr. each Vol.)

MONSIEUR BOURGET has taken the wise step—more common, perhaps, in England than in France—of issuing during his lifetime a “complete” collection of his own writings, with such corrections and explanations as he thinks they require. The only objection to this course is that the collection will probably never be absolutely complete during the author’s lifetime, and as M. Bourget is still some years off fifty, we hope he will add many volumes to the three before us. These last are made up of two volumes of the critical essays that first established his reputation, and one of novels, comprising *Cruelle Enigme*, *Crime d’Amour*, and *André Cornélis*. As these are not his earliest efforts in romance, we gather that he considers them the most typical of his early manner, or in other ways best suited to his new readers. They are excellently produced, with all the pomp of large paper and good printing that we here associate with a library edition, and the *clou* of the series is supplied by the preface, in which M. Bourget declares his conviction that for the moral diseases of France, as regards both society and its individual members, “Christianity is at the present moment the sole and necessary condition of health or cure.” When this was published last year it excited much hostile comment in the Paris Press, which prides itself upon being, above all things, Voltairian, and it was said in many quarters that M. Bourget had, since his election to the *Académie*, gone back on his former professions. The attack was renewed when, in his last published volume, he claimed to have established the fact that in “every series of observations upon human life everything occurs as if Christianity were the truth.” But the attack then changed its form, and it was said that if M. Bourget has become a Christian, he has no right to republish such books as he is now doing.

As to the first of these charges, it may be said at once that, even if it were proved, it would give no ground of offence to reasonable people. A man who violently attacks opinions that he has once violently asserted does, indeed, prove himself to be an unsafe guide for the future; but M. Bourget has much too gentle and refined a spirit to be violent one way or the other. Although, at his entry into the world of letters, he found himself called upon to lament his inability to believe, he is perhaps nearer the truth than he is aware of when he describes this attitude of mind as one not of negation but of expectation. M. Bourget, like most mystics, wears two faces under his hood; and while he thinks that the reasonable side of him rejects as a myth “the pale face of the Crucified One” that he learnt to adore in his youth, the stronger or sentimental side aches with what one of his critics calls “a bitter homesickness for religious faith.” Hence his conversion—if conversion it be—should surprise no one but himself, and the seeds of it have for a long time been pointed out by the more clear-sighted of his critics. Thus, M. Doumic, writing in 1894, pointed out that M. Bourget’s “religion of human suffering” was really “a Christianity timid and inefficacious”; and, while noting the change that had come over the spirit of his writings, claimed that his genius was “evolving in the direction of a doctrine more and more positive, and altogether bordering on Christianity.” And this tendency is one of those things which appear more plainly when looked at from a distance. Hence it is perhaps less plain to his French than to his English readers, to whom, as he himself said of Renan, “the self-styled rebel appears in his true light as a deeply and intimately religious thinker.”

In making the second charge—which means, if it means anything, that a writer who is also a Christian should

not publish anything with an immoral tendency—its authors have, perhaps, been led by hostility to the accused into paying a higher compliment to Christianity than they perhaps wish to do. In England, where centuries of Puritanism have managed, at any rate, to drive the grosser forms of immorality beneath the surface, no one professing any form of religion could hope to be taken seriously unless he used the most jealous care in keeping his page clean. But on the Continent this has not always been so. Boccaccio, the commentator of Dante, as well as author of the *Decameron*, was, no doubt, a sincerely religious man; Rabelais, though on slighter grounds, has been claimed by most English writers as another; Balzac professed the Christian faith at a time when reactionaries vied with republicans in denying it; yet all three had abundant reason to regret with Chaucer on his death-bed that they had written so much ribaldry. M. Bourget might therefore plead in justification that, as one of his characters would have said: “That which is of the flesh is flesh, and that which is of the spirit is spirit”; and that the profession of the most sublime of religions does not hinder a man from calling a spade a spade in treating of contemporary manners. But he has not done so, and it will, therefore, be as well to let the three novels he has now reprinted speak for themselves. In *Cruelle Enigme* we have the story of a fatherless boy brought up by his mother and grandmother in a state of innocence. In due time he falls a prey to a married Delilah, who takes him with her to Folkestone. He thereby causes the two protectors of his youth the cruellest grief, arising, as is expressly said, as much by their fears for his soul as for his worldly future, and he suffers the same pangs himself when convinced by an old friend of the family of his mistress’s innate infidelity. Then he again meets his love and again falls, taking from the affectionate souls who live only for him their last gleam of comfort. Why love should cause so much suffering is the enigma that the book propounds.

Crime d’Amour advances us a little in the solution of the problem. A woman, beautiful and sensitive, is married to a worthy being who thinks that he best shows his affection for her by working for her and their child. Mistaking this devotion for neglect, she falls a victim to the friend of the house, the husband’s schoolfellow, a lady-killer, who has taken to seduction to enable him to forget his rather lackadaisical conviction of the hollowness of existence. The husband, gaining some inkling of the state of affairs, successfully appeals to the other’s better feelings; and the lover, already beginning to tire of his new conquest, breaks off the connexion by accusing his mistress of unfaithfulness with an officer who has lyngly boasted of her favour. At first, in frenzy, she justifies the accusation; but after an illness that follows upon her distracted condition, she sees that it is her duty to live henceforth for her husband and child. She therefore forgives her seducer his love crime, and he feels, for the first time, that “something has sprung up within him through which he can always find reasons for living and acting—the religion of human suffering.”

In *André Cornélis* we have the same three persons of the drama with a difference. Here, again, the husband is a self-made man, who has married above him and has failed to gain the love of his beautiful and accomplished wife; but she is incapable of the depth of feeling of her erring sister in *Crime d’Amour*, and will not yield to her lover until she can do so lawfully. Consequently, the lover is obliged to have the husband, whose suspicions have already made him weary of life, taken out of the way, and then marries the unconscious widow. Her son, then a mere child, grows up with the secret resolve to avenge his father’s death, and circumstances soon led him to fix the guilt upon his step-father. The life of the latter, persecuted by remorse, becomes in its turn a hell, until at length he is stabbed by the son, and contrives in his

agony to scrawl a few words to his wife causing her to think of his death as a suicide, while the son's revenge becomes ashes in his mouth.

We entirely fail to see how these three tales justify the charge of immorality. M. Bourget does not write for maidens and children, but he is too true an artist to deal in sensuality for its own sake, and there is not a description in these three stories that could rouse the passions of the most imaginative boot-boy. That the occurrences he depicts actually happen, would be forced upon the knowledge of every adult by the reports of cases in the divorce and police-courts, even if they did not form the plot of nine-tenths of the novels and plays of Republican France as of early Georgian England. But he does not attempt to make vice attractive, and had he written his stories with the express purpose of illustrating the axiom that "lawless love is guilt above," he could hardly have done so more forcibly than by the fate which he here brings down upon the heads of his guilty lovers. As he himself says in his slightly precious way, the commands "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and "Thou shalt not covet," might be written as epigraph to much of his work, and the danger of giving rein to the passions is marked in every line. Except in the choice of a subject, which the peculiarity of the national taste in some sort forces upon the French romancer who would make himself heard, could any tract writer do more?

This does not blind us to the fact that M. Bourget has written other tales less edifying than these; but when he republishes them it will be time to deal with them. Nor do we attempt to palliate the pessimism apparent in certain of his writings which gives them, in our judgment, an unhealthy tone. This seems to be due to the pose, whether natural or affected, adopted by the admirers of Baudelaire, and known as "*Décadence*"—a phrase which M. Bourget has explained as the weariness of life felt by those natures whose over-sensitiveness unfits them for the struggle for life under the conditions of modern civilisation. Like other sufferers from nervous disease, a *décadent* generally treats his excessive sensibility as a possession in which he should take an honest pride, and the contemplation of it soon leads him to prefer morbid self-analysis to any attempt to do his duty to those about him. Most of M. Bourget's characters suffer from this failing; and, if we may be so impertinent as to see the artist in his work, we should say that the pessimistic side of their creator may be traced to a childhood passed in *lycées*, where he was as unhappy as many sensitive boys are at school, and an adolescence spent under the shadow of the Commune. That he has taken the most effective way of curing himself of this by his return to the Church will be the opinion of most of his readers, and we trust that, like his fellow *décadent*, M. Huysmans among the Benedictines, he may find rest for his soul.

A Nation that Was.

The North American Indians of To-Day. By George Bird Grinnell, Ph.D. Illustrated. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 21s. net.)

THOSE of us who are old enough to have been brought up in familiarity with Leather-Stocking and Chingachgook and the romantic, but unconvincing, Uncas—that Raoul de Bragelonne of the American cycle—will be reminded by Dr. Grinnell's volume of the sad conversion that changed the chivalrous and high-minded Mohican (no reader of Fenimore Cooper can consent to "Mohegan") into a melancholy, resigned and bewildered nominal Christian, known as Indian John. The portrait was probably drawn from life, and appears to remain sadly true. Chingachgook has ceased to be a warrior, and has not yet succeeded in becoming a prosperous citizen. As we read this careful

analysis of tribes and reservations, an image gradually takes shape before us of noble elements wasting away, of vitality sapped, patience, willingness, and industry coming somehow to nothing; of a race full of intelligence, poetry and generosity, standing, sad and perplexed, before the oncoming of a great social machine, the course of which no goodwill, either of white man or of red, avails to turn aside.

That is the first impression; but as we read again, and as we study the fifty-eight large portraits, we begin to differentiate and to perceive that the Indian problem is not single. To think of the future of all Indians together is like thinking of the future of Europe. For practical purposes we consider rather the future of the separate nations. The 262,965 Indians now under the tutelage of the United States Government represent probably at least as many nations as have gone to make up the inhabitants of our own continent. "The linguistic families of North America number fifty-nine and represent over eight hundred tribes." Among these varied tribes and families exist racial differences almost as well marked as those that divide the Russian peasant from our town artisan. The fifty-eight portraits show not only distinct varieties of type, but distinct degrees of development. The Apaches, in particular, have a cast of features that recalls the leaner old Roman type, of which modern representatives may not rarely be found in Scotland, and of which General Wauchope was a fine example. Naiche, who wears the uniform, presumably, of a United States scout, and two medals, might pass for a Scotch sergeant, or, for that matter, a Scotch general; Bartelda, of the same Apache tribe, suggests the profile portrait of the young Napoleon as a lieutenant. An Apache of another tribe, Henry Wilson, might have been photographed from some early Florentine fresco: Masaccio must have looked very much like him. Some of the Sioux (including Crows) and Flatheads (who were so called not because they artificially flattened their heads, but because, unlike some of their neighbours, they abstained from artificially making them pointed) have countenances that would stand out with distinction in any collection of European portraits. Swift Dog, of the Standing Rock Sioux, has a false air of Savonarola masquerading in the panoply of an Indian brave. On the other hand, there are heads among other tribes very much less pleasant to contemplate. Some of the Assiniboinés, for example, if the portraits given are in any degree typical, would evidently require some centuries to bring them to the level of modern civilisation at its poorest.

An examination of Dr. Grinnell's detailed analysis tends to confirm the impression produced by the portraits. "All the Apaches . . . are energetic and industrious, eager to work, provided only there is a promise of reward for labour." "Many of the Flatheads are well-to-do, possessing good herds of cattle and horses, fenced farms, fairly good houses, and raising crops of grain and hay, good gardens and perhaps a little fruit." On the same reservation and under the same management as these prosperous Flatheads are to be found Kutenais, belonging to a different race and a different stage of development, who "still support themselves by hunting and fishing and by the wild roots and fruits which they gather in their seasons." Various branches of Sioux seem to do well when well managed; but it is sad to read of that fine Sioux tribe, the Crows, that "they have been badly handled in the past and are rapidly dying off." The Iroquois, again, were a fine race both physically and mentally, and well advanced on the way to civilisation, "living in permanent villages, whose houses were built of logs and which were fortified with palisades. They cultivated great fields of corn, beans and tobacco, raising each year more than they could consume," and they had a system of recording their songs and stories by belts and strings of wampum in which the arrangement and design of the beads was related to the narration. They were noted for their fierceness in war,

but they formed a league, under Hiawatha, in the middle of the sixteenth century, for the total abolition of war. It is curious to recollect that Henry the Fourth of France was, about the same time, laying a similar scheme before Queen Elizabeth. Up to thirty years ago the Iroquois do not seem to have deteriorated. "Dr. Brinton has told us that 'the five companies (500 men) recruited from the Iroquois of New York and Canada during our own Civil War stood first of the list among all the recruits of our army for height, vigour and corporal symmetry.'" Now, however, most of the Iroquois governed by the New York Agency seem to be progressing very slowly, if at all. But the Oneidas of the same stock at Green Valley, in Wisconsin, seem to be doing particularly well; nearly all talk English, are regular church-goers, recognise the importance of education for their children, and are, in fact as well as in theory, American citizens who vote at all elections and "cast their ballots as intelligently as their white neighbours."

The health of the Indians is in many cases very unsatisfactory; in part, no doubt, because they have been taught to live in houses before they had attained enough knowledge and civilisation to keep those houses healthy. With them, as with the Highlanders, whom in many ways they so much resemble, consumption is the chief cause of death, though epidemics, especially measles, seem to claim a considerable percentage. Probably the health, hardly less than the happiness and prosperity, of an Indian depends principally upon the character of the autocrat who, under the name of an agent, rules over him. Practically the agent can do exactly what he pleases with his subjects. "If he thinks best, he can cut off their supply of food at an hour's notice; he can shut up in the guard-house any man whom he chooses, can divorce any couple, can deprive anyone of his tools or stock or house. Over a white man married to an Indian woman he has the same power, and, in addition, he may expel him from the reservation or confine him in the guard-house for an indefinite period." Nor are the men entrusted with these vast powers always carefully chosen: "For many years the officials sent out to the various agencies . . . were usually . . . minor politicians 'out of a job.'" As the post of agent is "exceedingly ill-paid," it is not strange that many agents made dishonest profits. Moreover, the fatal American custom of making appointments political, causes agents to be liable to lose their appointment at the end of four years, and to be replaced by a man who possesses no experience, and is a stranger to the Indians. All these things, much as they are to be regretted, yet set the Indian problem in rather more hopeful a light. If, under circumstances so singularly calculated to impede advance, there has been a distinct, though slow, progress, what progress might not be hoped for under management more enlightened and more consecutive? The American nation cannot afford to lose the elements of nobility, endurance, and loyalty that belong to the Indian race—a race, moreover, which, unlike that of the negroes, mingles well with that of the whites.

Nor is it the American nation alone which has a duty towards Indian fellow-subjects. In Canada also there are Indians to the number of some 100,000. To these, who lie beyond the scope of his survey, Dr. Grinnell gives but a couple of paragraphs, just enough to make us fear that the Canadian Government has done little or no better than that of the United States. The health of the Indians in Canada is equally unsatisfactory; their numbers are about stationary, but show a small decrease in the last year recorded. How many of the millions of Englishmen who know the Indians of Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper have even a suspicion that more than 100,000 descendants of them owe allegiance to the Queen of England? Surely, here is a fresh and interesting field of inquiry for some travelling Briton. Will not some writer of our nation arise to do for the Canadian Indians what Dr. Grinnell has done for those of the United States?

An Honoured Woman.

Emma Marshall: a Biographical Sketch. By Beatrice Marshall. (Seeley & Co., Ltd. 6s.)

MRS. MARSHALL, her daughter informs us, was the author of nearly two hundred volumes. She was born in 1830 at Norwich, being related to the great banking family of Gurneys, but it was not till she had reached the age of thirty years, was married and had a family, that she began to write, so that between 1861 and 1899 she must have published at the average rate of a volume every ten weeks. Yet Miss Marshall tells us that her mother's literary work was always secondary to her domestic duties. Such productiveness, such sustained industry, were worthy of Dumas. The fame of Mrs. Marshall may not long survive her death; but it is an indubitable fact that a number of distinguished figures in literature thought highly of her historical and other tales. Among these were Longfellow, John Addington Symonds, and John Nichol. With Longfellow she corresponded pretty regularly, and his letters to her, printed in the biography, are full of kindly appreciation. He wrote once: "I have all your novels ranged together in a bookcase in my bedroom, so that I can see them every day, and now and then read a page or two in them, and refresh my memory with something pleasant coming from you."

The letters from John Addington Symonds are very interesting. Here is a passage:

I have been working much too hard lately: two volumes of the Renaissance in Italy, a life of Jonson, a life of Sidney, and one or two minor pieces, all going at the same time. I feel so much uncertainty about the future of things in England and Europe at large that I should like to make my literature a breadwinning industry. But what I write does not get so well paid as what you do, and you know too well how trying it is to write for money.

What he thought of Mrs. Marshall's fiction is shown in a letter dated from Davos Platz in 1883:

All my boyhood and young manhood, and all the noble memories of the best of fathers, came over me in one melodious chime evoked by an honoured woman's hand. I have always regarded you, if you will permit me at this moment of deeply stirred sincerity to say the simple truth, as one of the brightest ornaments of literature applied to pure and healthful purpose for the youth of England, applied also to the uses of the home by one who has worked for her loved ones.

Mrs. Marshall's most outspoken, and perhaps most valuable, critic was John Nichol. Writing of her *In the East Country* (a novel which introduces Sir Thomas Browne), he says:

I have now read through your book with much pleasure and admiration, tempered by some lack of sympathy for one of your heroes, . . . your Puritan Andrew. . . . The longer I live, the less I agree with Puritan theology or, with what concerns us more nearly, Puritan views of *this* life. . . . They, and some of your former people too, . . . start with the idea that enjoyment is, in itself, an evil thing; whereas I hold with Plato, that pleasure, including spiritual exaltation, or artistic, mental, and even physical delight, is, in itself, a good, and only hurtful when in excess. . . . You talk of Andrew's *self-sacrifice*, a noble thing for a noble end, but, in *itself*, . . . a mere Western Juggernaut. In your Andrews, and all, male and female, of the same type, it is wholly marred by its indissoluble marriage with self-sufficiency, self-righteousness, and self-glorification. If there be a future world, I expect to find Aspasia, and even Ninon de l'Enclos, in as good seats as any of the Fifth Monarchy men. . . . Excuse this outbreak.

With his usual brusque acumen, John Nichol had certainly laid his finger firmly on the weak spot in all those two hundred volumes. For the rest, Mrs. Marshall was a conscientious and sincere craftswoman. Talent she decidedly had, of a quiet, modest kind. Like Mrs.

Oliphant, she laboured hard for the children's sake, and proved brilliantly that the "literary character" need not always be what Benjamin Disraeli said it was. In the five cathedral cities of England in which she lived she did what she could towards the spread of tolerance and enlightenment. Miss Marshall relates that once, when the services of Prof. Sylvanus Thompson had been engaged for a series of science lectures at Gloucester, the use of the room was curtly refused, and her mother charged with attempting "to take the bread out of a fellow-citizen's mouth to put it into an outsider's."

Mr. Marshall's career was remarkably even and uneventful. It called for just such a brief and discreet biography as Miss Beatrice Marshall has written. The book (which is illustrated) is a very favourable specimen of its kind. The one fault of it is the style, which is stilted. The author, no doubt, was unduly oppressed by a pious sense of the dignity and sacredness of her task. It is a pity, for Miss Marshall has quite an attractive style of her own, though there is no trace of it in the present volume.

Mental Crochet-Work.

Roses of Pæstrum. By Edward McCurdy. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

ASSUREDLY it were not hard to make a book about Pæstrum—Pæstrum celebrated in the verse of Virgil, Ovid, Martial, Claudian; Pæstrum fragrant yet with remembrance of roses that granted two summers to the Pæstrum year. Under the inspiration of those gaunt Doric columns of dismantled temples, such as are seen in old John Berkenhout's work, Pæstrum sheds a glamour surpassing that of any Italian rose, save the white rose in whose image Dante tells us that Paradise is shaped, the glamour of a mighty race hardly to be more clearly distinguished in Modern Greece than in this Dorian city by the sea. Pæstrum, and its god Poseidon, whose white horses could not save it from Lucanians, Saracens, and that pious vandal, Robert Guiscard, deserves to enlist an epic poet, to say nothing of a vagrant essayist, in its service.

But Mr. McCurdy goes to Pæstrum for little save his title. His essays, which treat of Italy and the "mediaeval spirit," may be denominated mental crochet-work; they are made up of little elegancies, deftly fashioned in a piece; yet porous withal, and not free from the affected sentiment which is obscurely known as "preciousness." The first symptom of this delicate malady appears in the preface, where we are assured that "now that the leaves" of Mr. McCurdy's book "are all placed together" he knows that "they are but wind-flowers." If they only were!

But though they are not wind-flowers, they reveal a mind which, even if we measure it against one of the fluted pillars of a Pæstrum ruin, is something more than dapper.

Dante's love-story is related with simple charm, and it was a happy thought to compare it with that told in "Aucassin and Nicolette."

How virile the song-story, how dreamlike the book of the new life. For in "Aucassin and Nicolette" the minstrel sings of the love that "many waters cannot quench, love more potent than desire to be dubbed knight or follow tournaments, more potent, too, than threats of hell and hopes of Paradise." . . . In the "Vita Nuova" the lover is pale and protesting, prone alike to verse and tears, to hold colloquies with love, and to call on passers-by for pity, but shrinking from rather than seeking contact with the lady; and the lady, she is gentle, pitiful, but yet a shadow—she glides silently across our path of vision, she is robed in red or in white, she is attended by one or more other ladies; a word, a gentle look, and she has passed by,

and we only see the lover repining in solitude, or writing verses to other ladies in order to veil the identity of his love.

It is a mind of no ordinary sensibility which perceives, as our author does, the injustice done to antiquity by the ruthless stripping away of Nature's "girdle of beauty" by too zealous conservators. Respecting the Baths of Caracalla, he writes that the glades and thickets, mentioned by Shelley, "are there no longer. No glint of colour in the arches. Their dull red is arid and bare as the sand beneath them. There is nothing to . . . hinder the realisation of the fact that these were once baths and are dust baths still."

On the whole, this is a nice little book, despite the crochet-work and the irritating preciousities of Mr. McCurdy's style.

Other New Books.

THE BIBLE TRUE FROM THE BEGINNING.

VOL. VII.

BY THE REV. E. GOUGH.

Some centuries ago there was a certain Cardinal Cajetan, or Cajetano, who thought, like St. Thomas Aquinas, that Christianity should be defended with the weapons of reason as well as with those of faith. As he flourished during the Revival of Learning, he found that the stories in Genesis were a little hard to swallow in their literal sense, and he accordingly wrote a book explaining them away as allegories. The book was received with the respect due to anything emanating from the pen of a prince of the Church, and the Roman Court were a great deal too wise to hint at even a suspicion of its unorthodoxy. Yet it never, so far as we know, confirmed in the faith a single waverer, and is now as completely forgotten as the maunderings of the prophet Brothers.

Not otherwise does Mr. Gough proceed. To every alleged instance of immoral teaching, self-contradiction, or downright absurdity taken from the Bible he has but one answer—allegory. In this volume, wherein he reaches the great event round which the whole of Christianity centres—viz., the Crucifixion—he explains away the clear and simple narrative of the Gospel in the same manner. Herod is Fleshly Glory, Pilate is the Military Power, and Jesus is the Truth. Hence, when the Bible says that Pilate delivered Jesus to the priests, it means that "the Military Power gives up the Outer Christ who is in Faithful Preachers" to the Judaisers. Hence it is idle to look for the site of Golgotha, which, as he broadly hints, never existed, and we need not trouble ourselves with the fact that the darkening of the sun mentioned in the Gospel is not referred to by profane writers. If the murder of Jesus was, as the author says, "a spiritual killing," what is the use of hunting for evidence of an historical one?

Ex pede Herculem. If the reader is inclined to this sort of stuff, he will find here plenty of it, for the work is to extend to eight volumes. For our part, we think Philo handled the allegorical method with more intelligence and at less length for the Old Testament, and that the Gnostic authors, from whom Mr. Gough quotes largely, were, at least, as good guides as he through the New. Perhaps the oddest thing about the book is that its author should still be, as we gather from his title-page that he is, a Congregational minister. (Kegan Paul.)

THE HANDY MAN AFLOAT
AND ASHORE.

BY REV. G. GOOD-
ENOUGH, R.N.

We have no doubt, any of us, that "Jack's the Lad."

For if ever fellow took delight in
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,

Dam'me I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad.

With my tol de rol, &c.

Certainly Mr. Goodenough believes in Jack, and he

writes of him with ample knowledge and appreciation. This is a book which it is a real pleasure to read, though it is by no means a model piece of literature. It might be better in arrangement, and in parts it is too scrappy. But the heart of the matter is here, the facts are reliable, and, above all, the author rejoices in his subject. He does not present to you pictures of a navy morally swept and garnished, neither does he invite you to consider minor shortcomings. What he does is to give a clear account of a system which produces a set of men of whom the nation may be honourably proud. All through there is the intimate personal touch which gives life to details, breadth to sympathy. How the Handy Man is trained, the routine of his ship, his songs (the above quotation is from one of the most popular of them), what he eats and smokes, drinks and reads, his vocabulary, his weaknesses and his amazing generosity—these matters are all treated with kindness, toleration, and humour. The way they have in the navy is a good way. It works well all round, even with grumblers. A carping marine complained that he'd been given "'all the thick of the coffee—all grouts, sir.' 'Very good,' said the officer, 'you may have the thin of the soup to-morrow. See that he has, mind, sergeant.' That man never made another complaint during the time he was in the company." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

TITANIA, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY A. S. CRIPPS.

This collection of a hundred pages comprises specimens of the work of twelve years. In 1888 Mr. Cripps was lyric about Titanias, Undines, Perdidas. In 1898 he was pre-occupied chiefly with Christian mysticism in an elegiac vein. The technical qualities of his verse had improved in the meantime. His muse was always modest, austere, and correct, but some of the later and longer poems show dignity and strength, and a rather fine restrained passion. The piece on the Death of St. Francis discloses a certain lofty simplicity of imagination, and a deep sense of what Sir Thomas Browne called "the mystical mathematicks of heaven," which are quite worthy of the theme:

I that in Christ had tasted to the full
The nails and knotted scourges of the world,
Now felt the contrary and greater woe,—
The utmost ache of God's atoning grief,—
Their bitterness who scourge and drive the nails,
And bring upon themselves a darker pain
Than any felt by scourged or crucified.
Upon my heart gnawed, worse than sorrow of death,—
Sorrow of selfishness, and cursed my Cross
With black forsaking of the Face of Love,
My God, my God, Thou wast forsaking me!

On the whole the religious poems are much the best. The remainder, and especially the sonnets—Mr. Cripps walks even too "circumspectly in that funambulatory track and narrow path"—lack both colour and movement, though there is a song here and there which contains a pretty fancy very neatly expressed. The nine lines on the death of a child—"Early to Bed"—would look well in an anthology. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

ANO, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY HENRY HOUSMAN.

Mr. Housman, in his preface, ingeniously wards off the remark, *Nec satis apparet cur versus facitet*, which the sarcastic critic might carelessly fling at this little volume. Nevertheless, the implied question is one which Mr. Housman would find it extremely difficult to answer. There is too much of the "yielding-to-the-importunities-of-friends" tone in the author's preliminary observations. More than half the book is occupied with four narratives in verse, none of which is good; the least tedious is "The Four Knights of Sussex," a fairly picturesque elaboration of "some dim recollection of an old nursery story." Mr. Housman is more successful in the very short pieces with

an aphoristic turn to them. There is some tolerable proverbial philosophy in "A Handful of Couplets":

Beauty God makes, and having made it, straight
The devil steals and uses it for bait,—

One short piece is entitled "Advancing spring hath wintry days":

Advancing spring hath wintry days,
Ascending paths have downward ways,
And quickest flights have sore delays.

Tides oft seem ebbing while they flow,
Spring flowers are frost-nipt ere they blow,
Returning health ill days can show.

And so on. It is not high passion, but it exhibits an indubitable fact. Spring flowers are frost-nipt ere they blow. (Brighton: W. J. Smith.)

GIRLS' CHRISTIAN NAMES.

BY HELENA SWAN.

Someone inclined that way might write an amusing analytical book about the choice of Christian names, the popularity of some names, the epidemic rejection of others, the localisation of certain names in certain social spheres, and what not. Perhaps the choice of names is a too vast chaos of fad, association, and vanity to be handled. One thing is certain, Christian names are rarely bestowed nowadays for their meaning. The name is chosen, and its meaning is looked up afterwards. Ethel means of noble birth, and one hears it shrieked from an upper window in Leather-lane. Maggie means child of light, and it is probably common among the chainmakers' children at Cradley Heath. Hilda means "battle-maid," and is bestowed by Quakers. Susan means a graceful white lily, and is scorned of flower-girls. Gladys means lame, and "has of late years become popular." Una means "born in famine," and is usually found among girls born in luxury. Such contradictions abound. Another curious thing is the identity of names seemingly widely separated. Alice is a variant of Ethel, and so is Audrey. Yolande is Violet writ fine. Winifred and Gwendolen are one. Miss Swan has done her work very prettily. We only wonder that, taking such pains, she did not give us a special list of names grouped under the headings Hebrew, German, Norse, Saxon, &c., or have arranged her index so. The etymology of each name is carefully declared or surmised, and then its history and the names of its famous owners are given; finally, we have its occurrences in literature noted. Oddly enough, in her diligent search for poetical eulogies of girls' names Miss Swan has overlooked Lamb's sonnet on Edith, which it would surely have suited her purpose to quote. We will present her with it here:

In Christian world MARY the garland wears!
REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous NIXON swears.
Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines!
What air of fragrance ROSAMOND throws around!
How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound!
Of MARTHA, and of ABIGAIL, few lines
Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely JOAN be fashioned. But can
You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN?
And is not CLARE for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess
These all than Saxon EDITH please me less.

(Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

LIFE IN SCOTLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY JAMES MURRAY.

How many Englishmen know of the existence of the remarkable "Statistical Account of Scotland, 1791-1799," compiled by Sir John Sinclair, Baronet? It is anything but statistically dry, and is repellent to the ordinary reader only in its bulk, which runs to twenty-one large volumes. Sir John Sinclair's idea was to get an account

of each parish in Scotland from its minister; and he practically succeeded. The ministers entered into the scheme with zest, and most of them supplied information far exceeding what the schedule of inquiries contemplated. The result was a huge budget of facts relating to the domestic economy, customs, amusements, superstitions, and education of the people at a time when they were emerging from what we should now be tempted to call barbarism. A good idea of the period may be formed from the simple fact that the Statistical Account—of which Mr. Murray's pages are the whipped cream—abounds in lamentations over the spread of tea drinking and whisky drinking as vices between which there was little or nothing to choose. The disuse of the old Kilmarnock bonnet in favour of hats is frequently noted with regret, as a sign of spreading luxury. The minister of Forres says :

The drinking of whisky instead of good ale is a miserable change, and so likewise is the very general use of tea. These put together have been exceedingly hurtful both to health and morals. It will probably be considered as a pretty curious fact that, instead of two or three tea-kettles about sixty years ago, perhaps one for the laird, another for the parson, and a third for the factor, there are here now two hundred at the least.

The book abounds with such curiosities, and it will usefully swell that tide of interest in old Scottish life which has risen of late so conspicuously. (Paisley: Gardner.)

A LIFETIME IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY SIR JOHN ROBINSON, K.C.M.G.

When the time comes for the great and comprehensive history of South Africa to be written, one of the most useful volumes to which the compiler will turn will be this story of the first Premier of Natal, Sir John Robinson, K.C.M.G. In telling the story of his life in South Africa Sir John Robinson really gives the history of Natal, the colony in which his father settled and in which he brought up his family. Just half a century ago Robinson the elder went out to South Africa, and in November, 1852, started the *Natal Mercury* in partnership with a local printer. The paper was a little weekly sheet, but it seems to have been needed by the young community, for it gradually became a bi-weekly and eventually a daily paper. In 1854 Mr. Robinson became its sole proprietor, and in 1860 handed it over to his son, the future Sir John Robinson, and the first Premier of Natal. In 1863, after a visit to England, the young journalist became a colonial legislator, being returned for Durban. He started with three great cardinal lines of policy, which he adhered to all through his career—Railway Extension, Responsible Government, and South African Union. Responsible Government was granted to Natal in 1893, but in 1887 Sir John Robinson had been chosen by Natal as its sole representative at the first Imperial Conference just before the Queen's Jubilee. It was on this occasion that Sir John was knighted by the Queen. The autobiography is so modestly told that it is really more of a history of the colony than of the writer, but the Minister and the colony were so closely bound up together that, perhaps, this was inevitable. It is interesting to have the opinion of so well-balanced a mind on the Boer War. Sir John Robinson, in a chapter on this phase of South African history, says that everything that he has heard and read since the Bloemfontein Conference broke up makes it more and more manifest that British supremacy was the one thing hanging in the balance, and that the struggle has been a contest for existence between Boerdom and the Empire, between British paramountcy and Republican domination. This pronouncement is of great value at the present time, as Sir John Robinson has had every opportunity for learning the truth, and the calm judgment which would cause him to arrive at a just conclusion. The state of his health unfortunately prevented him from being present at the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, but all

interested in South Africa will be glad to make his acquaintance in these modest and pleasantly-written pages. (Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d.)

THE HOLY YEAR OF JUBILEE. BY HUBERT THURSTON.

The practice of celebrating the beginning of a new cycle is not new or peculiar to the Christian Church. Following her usual policy in the case of things in themselves indifferent, the Church of Rome has adopted and adapted to her own ends and the spiritual welfare of her children the customary rejoicings over the opening century. The Christian ceremony of unsealing that one of the five great doors opening from the portico of St. Peter's into the nave which is kept fast from jubilee to jubilee is generally attributed to Burchard, master of ceremonies to Alexander VI. His first investigations showed that the golden door of Jubilee, of which there was common report, was no door at all; merely "there had been an altar in that place where we thought there had been a doorway." That difficulty was easily circumvented, and pretty soon there was a doorway in fact: "Since the populace had this idea, I was unwilling to disturb a belief that could only foster devotion." With the Pope's formal opening of the *porta santa* begins the observance of the Holy Year, and with the door are loosed the floodgates of the Church's Treasury of Merit for the extinction of the debt of temporal punishment due for sin forgiven. Father Thurston's book is a searching study of what is at the least an extraordinary example of the Church's instinct of conservation. (Sands. 12s. 6d. net.)

The "English Theological Library" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. each volume) is inaugurated by the issue of reprints of the *Sermons* and *Analogy* of Bishop Butler in two volumes. The intention is to issue either complete editions or selected portions of the writings of the principal English theologians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with such introductions and notes as may make these works of real service to students, especially those preparing for university and ordination examinations. The volumes are handsomely produced, and the series is furnished with a general introduction by the Bishop of London.

Recitation is not a very popular art among adults; but at school it is both popular and useful. Bell's *Standard Elocutionist* used to be the great collection; but we fancy its knell has been sounded of late years by numerous successors. Among these none is so imposing as *The Public School Speaker*, compiled by Mr. F. Warre Cornish, the Vice-Provost of Eton, and published by Mr. Murray. The greater part of this portly volume is filled with selections from British poetry, drama, prose, and oratory; but the Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian classics have short sections to themselves. We do not quite see merit in the alphabetical arrangement of authors in each section, which places Shakespeare between Lytton and Shelley, and Milton between Mickle and William Morris; but the selection of pieces and the printing are alike admirable.

The verse collected by Mr. Philip Gilbey in *The Troubadour* (Cassell, 1s. 6d.) is intended also for recitation; and it is the editor's belief that many collections of poems for recitation are but ill-adapted for declamation, though beautiful in themselves. And yet to many poems extremely well fitted for recitation, Mr. Gibbs adds Shelley's "Skylark" and Adelaide Procter's "Lost Chord," neither of which seems suitable.

A naïve and engaging autobiography is *Reminiscences of Morris Steinert*. Mr. Steinert is a pianist of considerable repute in America, and a zealous collector of old instruments. In a long and varied career begun in Bavaria in 1831, and continued mainly in the United States, Mr. Steinert has seen men and things worth talking about, and from it all he has deduced the lesson "to enjoy what we have, and to be happy at any cost."

Fiction.

The Life and Death of Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan. 6s.)

MR. HEWLETT'S new book prepares a situation from which we would choose to escape, because, in our opinion—admirers of Mr. Hewlett as we are, believers in Mr. Hewlett as we are—it is a failure. A splendid failure; yes; but a failure.

The principal cause of this failure is the author's divided mind. Psychologically Mr. Hewlett's Richard may be true. Richard may have been like that. But a psychological study must be concentrated to have any real force, and in Mr. Hewlett the psychologist and romancer are always at war. During their conflict the story loses force, and the reader is puzzled into something that is often very like fatigue. A man must do one thing or the other, and Mr. Hewlett has tried to do both.

Yet even had Mr. Hewlett suppressed his pleasant, robust, romantic tendencies, and decided exclusively to exhibit Richard as (say) Mr. Meredith exhibits Sir Willoughby Patterne, the attempt would, we think, have been a mistake. It would have been an error in tact—novelists' tact. Because Richard Cœur-de-Lion is essentially a romantic figure to the imagination, a man of action, and a novelist dares too much who would lay bare the machinery of such a character and disturb such an illusion. Indeed, our own advice to Mr. Hewlett would be never to touch history at all. History always means old prejudices and foregone conclusions, and these things take a tremendous discount off the novelist's efforts. In *The Forest Lovers* Mr. Hewlett made his own history, and it was entrancing. He should always make his own history, we are convinced.

And we are not sure but that Mr. Hewlett would do well to cultivate a quieter manner. Nothing is better than sparkling wine now and then, but for steady use the still is best. Mr. Hewlett effervesces all the time. To be sure, no one effervesces better, with more savour and spirit; and there are some excellent pages in this book; but his efforts seem to us a woful waste of superb energy. The total effect is as though a dead steed—or, if you will, dead leopard—were being flogged with every grace and gusto that the art of flagellation knows. "What a consummate whipster!" we say; "but what a singularly deceased animal!"

Mr. Hewlett must take himself in hand, be more single-minded again. For few of our novelists have finer powers than he.

Chloris of the Island. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Illustrated. (Harper Brothers. 6s.)

IF Mr. Marriott Watson had as much imagination as he has fancy, and if his powers of invention equalled his powers of—shall we call it?—contrivance, he would be in a fair way to rejuvenate the dying romantic school. For his literary methods are admirable, and he knows the right word when he sees it. He is a most delicate craftsman, and hates anything less good than his best. With him a sentence is a procession, not a string, of words. The present book shows no new departure. It is in the heroic vein, and Chloris Carmichael, member of a bullying family who on their Cornish isle concocted sundry nefarious schemes in the year 1805, is just such a heroine as we have seen many times before. The first collision of Warburton, the quite satisfactory hero, with the hard-riding Carmichaels is better than anything else in the book, except the very brilliant description of the yacht in the "Gut," on page 60. After the beginning, the intrigue lacks the inventive quality even more than is usual with Mr. Marriott Watson. For instance:

"I pay a double debt, Mr. Warburton," he said, and pulled at the trigger.

At that moment there was a short cry, and out of the interior darkness of the passage stepped Chloris Carmichael.

"You shall not, Nick," she cried angrily. "You are blood-guilty. I will not have you so stain yourself."

"Get you gone, Chloris!" said Nicholas savagely. "Interfere not!"

Dr.pping the torch she held she sprang at his arm.

"Nay, I will be obeyed! I command obedience!" she cried fiercely. "Do you think you have some poor serving-maid to reckon with? Put that down, you mad-man!"

These almost supernatural appearances "in the nick of time" are a device too entirely *fatigué* for the use of a novelist of pretensions—too facile, too inexpensive. The writing is as meticulous, as prettily mannered, as ever. "Gouts of blood . . . distained his cravat." The *National Observer* might be alive again. Sometimes Mr. Marriott Watson exceeds his license, as in, "If these were brothers . . . they were *discriminated by a marvellous incongruity.*" But how infinitely better are even these things than the *clichés* of the hack!

Verity. By Sidney Pickering. (Edward Arnold. 6s.)

WHEN, at the commencement of a novel, "a reddening winter sun" is "sending long, level beams across the fields"; when the hero's Christian name is Noel; and he has a "hawk's eye" and "a knack of getting what I want," then the wise reader is fairly sure that that novel will contain a great deal of conventionality and not much original observation. In the case of *Verity*, however, the wise reader, without being wholly mistaken, would have a narrow escape of being in the wrong. Conventional the novel is, and signs of original observation are sadly to lack, but it is far better than most stories about dashing young fellows named Noel—especially considering that the youth's surname is Champneys. Mr. Pickering has somehow given a picture of rural England in the time of the Regency which has a decided effectiveness; and the course of his plot, too, is fresh and even surprising, though the end is not quite convincing in its sudden tragedy. *Verity*, one of five sisters named after the virtues, and child of a hard-drinking, loud-swearing scoundrel of a parson who struck and starved his daughter of twenty-three, and was mixed up with smuggling crimes, is a human enough girl, not at all an angel (as admirers of Noels are wont to be), and she is drawn without the slightest trace of sentimentality. The author has lavished all his sentimentality on a single figure—that of Zadok Tregoze, the son of the soil who loved *Verity* and died for her. Noel, the *jeune premier*, of whom it is recorded that he kissed two girls in one chapter, is a failure. On the whole, *Verity* is a praiseworthy book. Invented with skill, and written with conspicuous care, it shows a little imaginative power, and a pleasant fancy everywhere. The author is sometimes innocently unfortunate in his phraseology, and he has been content to take several characters at second hand, instead of direct from life.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A VIZIER'S DAUGHTER.

BY LILLIAS HAMILTON, M.D.

Dr. Lillias Hamilton is known to fame as the lady doctor at the court of the Amir of Afghanistan. This novel, "a tale of the Hazara war," is entirely Afghan. "Every character," says Dr. Hamilton, "is drawn from a model, and should, therefore, as far as it goes, give an

accurate description of one phase, at any rate, of Afghan life." The Chief Secretary, Dr. Hamilton tells us, "is described as he was *then*, not as he is now, surrounded with the luxury of the most refined and cultured intellects in the world." The MS. of the book was shown to the Chief Secretary, wisely, we think, remembering the fate of *Charlotte Leyland*. He read it and said: "I think it very like what I was." What a nice man! (Murray. 6s.)

A DAUGHTER OF THE FIELDS. BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

A pleasant, simple story of Irish life, the life that ends in marriage, by an Irishwoman who is three parts poet and one part novelist. Meg, the heroine, was of finer clay than her mother, or, as Bridget put it, referring to some cream cakes she had made, "Not that the mistress 'll know the differ; but Miss Meg's more delicate in the appetite, as is but natural, seein' how the mistress rared her, God help her." Meg married the Captain, and the Epilogue speaks of a nursery. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

A ROGUE IN LOVE. BY TOM GALLON.

The author of *Tatterley* has been described as one whose novels have a "distinct Dickensian flavour," and *A Rogue in Love* seems to come under that category. It is a story dealing with that class of life where the characters call each other "mate," and say "fink" instead of "think." Much of it is faintly humorous; but the beginning introduces us to prison and murder: "Matey, 'tain't so bad as that, is it? An' I led yer into it! Ain't there nuffink I kin do?" Of course there was. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

LOVE IN OUR VILLAGE. BY ORME ANGUS.

A collection of nine sketches of Dorsetshire village life, from the sympathetic pen of the author of *Jan Oxber*. In a preface Orme Angus explains the thread of continuity that runs through the sketches. The peasant, she maintains, is not dull. "No life can be called dull where there is that supreme desire of man for maid and maid for man." So we are given a series of stories, studies of character and dialect, based upon the love affairs of various dwellers in the village. There are pictures too. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE INIMITABLE MRS. MASSINGHAM. BY H. COMPTON.

"It was early in the month of May, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine ——" The yarn is told in the first person. Book I. passes in London Town and Kentish lanes; in Book II. we are transported, with the narrator, to Botany Bay: "I would have saved you," said Patty, "but you have rejected me; you shall learn what a woman scorned can accomplish." (Chatto. 6s.)

FROM VALET TO AMBASSADOR. BY PHILIP TREHERNE.

Written in the first person. The narrator begins as a valet and ends as an ambassador to the Court of Mangaboo. We have not been entertained by this valet's progress. The valet in "The Lackey's Carnival" had humour of a kind. Mr. Treherne's gentleman has none. Such a passage as this is just nothing: "Your grandfather, my boy, had all the disadvantages of a public school and university education; you, James, have to suffer for the time-honoured tradition of indiscriminate primogeniture." (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

ALIENS AFLOAT. BY H. E. A. COATE.

"Go where, bo'sun?" asked the elder apprentice in a quiet tone, "to hell, or to sea?" As may be gathered from the above, this is a story of the sea, telling how the British ship *Magic* set sail for Sydney manned by a foreign crew, and what befel her in the Southern Ocean. When Dora and Gregory rose from the surface of the "seething cauldron, locked in each other's arms . . . from out the

heavens a shaft of golden light fell upon them as they swept onward to that life that knows not death." (Elliot Stock. 6s.)

THE WHITE BATTALIONS. BY FRED M. WHITE.

Mr. Fred M. White, if we may be permitted the locution, has "gone it" this time. The cover of his book shows a company of soldiers advancing upon the British Lion, and on page 12 we read: "And then in a moment there flashed out a roar of war, war—France and Russia at the throat of England!" Mr. White writes like this: Example I.—"The City of all Emotions throbbed and palpitated with a fierce knowledge of life. Paris the Gay, Lutetia the Splendid, stood quivering on tiptoe with the garlands in her hair and the singing robes about her." Example II.—"The Cleopatra of the North still lay sinuous in the embrace of the quicksilver Antony of the South." (Pearson. 6s.)

MADAME BOHEMIA. BY FRANCIS NEILSON.

A story of New York Bohemian life by the stage-manager of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and two other London theatres. Mr. Neilson evidently knows the Bohemian side of New York life well—such corners as Guarini's dive, to which we are told Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett were wont to repair "for the soup and spaghetti for which Guarini was famous." (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE JOY OF CAPTAIN RIBOT. BY A. PALACIO VALDÉS.

Signor Valdés is a Spanish novelist. Minna Smith is his translator. Sylvester Baxter is his introducer. When the author wrote to Mr. Baxter about *The Joy of Captain Ribot*, he said: "It is a protest from the depths against the eternal adultery of the French novel." The last two lines of Signor Valdés' masterpiece are:

"Uncle Ribot, I am waiting for you!"

"I am coming, my girlie, I am coming."

A SCHOLAR OF HIS COLLEGE. BY W. E. W. COLLINS.

A story cast in a somewhat old-fashioned form beginning with pictures of English country life and a venerable type of squire. "All I know is that this d——d schooling cost a pretty penny. More than £500 I have paid for the young rascal already, and there seems to be no end to it." The college part of the book begins at Chapter VIII. with a "rather more than a year later, on a February night, some three weeks after the commencement of the Easter term, four men were standing round the fireplace of a ground-floor room in the back quad of St. Hilary's." (Blackwood. 6s.)

JEAN KEIR OF CRAIG NEIL. BY SARAH TYTLER.

A pleasant domestic story passing, as the title indicates, in Scotland, by an author whose name is well known to the readers of what are known as the rectory public magazines. Jean, aged twenty-two, had neither brother nor sister, and the intercourse between herself and her father was of "an affectionately distant character." (Long. 6s.)

We have also received from Messrs. Sands & Co. four novels by Mr. Charles Garvice. They are entitled *Her Heart's Desire*, *Nance*, *The Outcast of the Family*, and *A Coronet of Shame*, and have had a large sale in America, where, we are also informed, more than 250,000 volumes have already been sold. The scenes in each case are laid in England, and the incidents, dealing largely with English society, are of an exciting character. We have also received from Mr. John Long *The Strength of Straw*, by Esmé Stuart, and *Friendship and Folly*, by Mary Louise Pool

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Patmore's Philosophy.

IN our review of Mr. Champneys's biography of Mr. Coventry Patmore, we left untouched the large section dealing with his speculative opinions and unpublished fragments. We propose now to give some view of both. Our space, indeed, will not allow us to follow Mr. Champneys in his full and very excellent account of the poet's whole system, but we may give, perhaps, an idea of its central portion.

The whole of his teaching, both in prose and poetry, was based upon the principle that "the things which are unseen are known by the things which are seen"; or, in his favourite quotation from Goethe, "God reveals himself in ultimates." The universe, no less than man, is made after the image of God. But, since things equal to the same thing are equal to one another, it follows that Nature is throughout analogous with man, as both are with God. On this, the system of the Neo-Platonists, Mr. Patmore proceeds, in verse and prose, perpetually discerning in Nature the revelation of man, in man of Nature, of God in both. For his first principles he relies on intuition, which, like all true poets and Platonists, he holds to be a higher reason. Of the ladder of symbols by which he ascends to God and the "choir invisible," the base, to him, is nuptial love. He rightly discerns the mystery of sex as the core of creation—"Which two great sexes animate the world." And nuptial love he considers the image and key of the ultimate relations between God and man. Hence he exalts the sanctity of true marriage, as not opposed to, but a heightening of chastity. Chastity lost can be regained by struggle. "There, of pure virgins seen, Is purer none, Save one, Than Mary Magdalene," he says in one Ode. True marriage is that wherein spiritual union precedes, exalts, and justifies the union of sense. "Bright with the spirit shines the sense, As with the sun a fleecy cloud." It is such marriage alone which is a symbol of the marriage between Creator and creature.

These views explain his life-long devotion to the single theme of sex, which, in his hands, comprises the whole scheme and philosophy of human life. He carried the analogy into literature, art, and even (as Mr. Champneys rightly judges) politics. The method of symbolical interpretation which resulted from his philosophy he applied to the ritual of his church, and to the explanation of Scripture. In this he merely revived a primitive tradition, thrust out of sight by modern Rationalism. There is an example among the fragments in this book where he applies the loss and finding of Christ in the Temple to man's spiritual loss of Christ amidst the cares of business. Finally, he says, the soul finds Him in the Temple, its own *body*. For it is a consequence of the principles we have sketched, that in the study of the analogies of the body man has a key to the knowledge of God, so far as such knowledge applies to his own needs. The poetic beauty with which he handles this method can only be understood in the reading; nor will it be relished by the average Anglo-Saxon, with his terror of imagery. It is a further result of Coventry Patmore's principles

that he holds no men to have been without some truth; and therefore applies his system to the heathen myths, finding in them analogies to Christian doctrine, as did the Early Christians. Hence the abundant allusions to pagan mythology in his poems, never arbitrary, but showing true insight into analogy. The difference between his poems and his prose is strictly the difference between synthesis and analysis. What in the one is condensed in all the splendours of inclusive imagery, in the other reappears set forth with almost scholastic plainness and severity—so far as the difficult subject-matter will admit.

The fragments which are given in Mr. Champneys's biography from his papers or his letters are unequal, especially in the poetical sections, but often contain the quintessence of his spirit, for the not too many who are in sympathy with his peculiar cast of mind. Thus in verse:

Men oft see God,
But never know 'tis He till He has passed.

Or this very characteristic couplet:

What little, laughing Goddess comes this way,
Round as an O, and simple as Good-day?

Here is one of his most truculent epigrams:

A bee upon a briar-rose hung,
And wild with pleasure, suck'd and kiss'd;
A flesh-fly near, with snout in dung,
Sneer'd, "What a Transcendentalist!"

The second line of the following is in the poet's most Crashaw-like vein of exquisitely discriminated diction:

Thou'st turned my substance all to honeycomb,
Each atomy a cell of discrete sweet.

Lovely is the line on primroses:

That touched mine eyes like kisses cool.

Touched with his own grave pathos is this couplet:

Sad as a ship far off at fall of day,
Alone upon the wide sea-way.

He speaks, with keen observation of natural contrast, about

The baby leaves of aged elms in Spring.

And there is a very fine bit, full of ominous magic:

A cloud-bank pale
With phantom portent of unhappy peace.

This has the great and singular suggestiveness of his best work. Another couplet has the vignette quality which one finds in Milton's—and Coventry Patmore's—"L'Allegro":

The sunny field of shadowy stooks
Untied by ambush-fearing rooks.

Finally, we may cite a passage the serenely sweet felicity of which is entirely his own:

As seen from smoky street, the thymy head
Of some high hill alone with the sweet sun.

To quote the aphoristic and other prose fragments of Coventry Patmore, when they bear on religion, is a more difficult matter; because they are usually intimately concerned with his most recondite spiritual psychology, and are not unfrequently couched in the special terms of his own religion. Thus they would each require a commentary of some length to be made intelligible for average readers. But it is possible to adventure on a few, which shall be given without comment:

A little bone, questioned by the anatomist, remembers
the whole beast, a million years deceased.

Thy love is an incessant trouble in my breast, like one
of those little quiet wells where the upheaval of the sand
never ceases.

Like milk from the kind, impatient breast, so willing to
feed that, on the approach of the baby's mouth, it waits
not to be pressed.

Good people and religious are the first to say, "He hath a devil" of any one whose way is widely different from, and may be greatly higher, than their own.

The song that is the thing it says.

That which is unique in the soul is its true self, which is only expressed in life or art when the false self has been surrendered wholly. In saints this surrender is continual; in poets, &c., it is only in inspired moments.

None can move this world unless he stands upon another.

As the Word of God is God's image, so the word of man is his image, and "a man is known by his speech."

By this you may know vision: that it is not what you expected, or even what you could have imagined, and that it is never repeated.

Then comes a selection, partly from letters, partly from writings for the press, with the difference from those already quoted that they are on secular themes—largely literary. Here there is scarce any need for commentary; yet it may be said of the two first extracts that he did actually acknowledge a power and meteoric splendour in Shelley which it would not be surmised that he confessed from what is here said. Browning, on the other hand, he would not accept as a poet—repelled by his outrages on form. This he held more essential than matter—firmly though he insisted on the latter:

I have been reading Shelley again, after never having looked at him for thirty years. My young impression of him is quite unchanged. Most of his poems—even his most celebrated, as "Prometheus Bound" [Unbound]—is all unsubstantial splendour, like the transformation scene of a pantomime or the silvered globes hung up in ginpallaces. He is least unreal when he is wicked, or representing wicked people, as in the "Cenci."

Browning has nearly every poetic faculty—except that of writing poetry—in an eminent degree. But as a pie must have a crust, and a good pie must have a good crust, so a good poem must have, not merely worthy contents, but a beautiful exterior; indeed, the external in poetry is of more consequence than the internal.

I have lately read again Morris's poem, "Love is Enough," which you gave me. It is a most lofty and delicate atmosphere of mystic tenderness and joy. I don't know that a poem can have higher praise. But it is one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary says, "No fellow can be expected to understand."

[By this he probably meant that it was beyond the vulgar comprehension. He always maintained his high admiration for this single poem of William Morris.]

There is a good deal [in Coleridge] which is not much worth reading, but when he is himself, that is, in about one-sixth of what he has written, he is quite beyond any modern poet in the power of expressing himself consummately and with apparent ease. Yet he, more than anyone else, always gives me the impression that poetic expression is far from having reached its last development. Language, I am sure, has latent musical powers beyond anything we at present imagine; and if I were twenty years younger, I would set about endeavouring to prove this. Perhaps I may yet do a little in that way.

[His Odes were his contribution to the experiment. But he held that only in a handful had he made adequate use of the metre; and he still cherished vague ideas of further possible refinements in versification.]

It is a common mistake of modern artists—poets, painters, musicians, and others—to think that they are intense when they are only tense. Great intensity is always calm, often gay and playful in its exterior.

I went to see the exhibition of the Blake drawings at the Burlington Club, and they quite confirmed me in my old view of Blake as artist and poet. It was nearly all utter rubbish, with here and there not so much a gleam as a trick of genius. He does not seem to me to have been mad, but only to have assumed a sort of voluntary madness of freedom from convention in order to make himself original. He is, therefore, in a measure original, as any tolerably clever and perceptive mind would become if it chose to pay so ruinous a price for originality. He reminds

me a good deal of that "pet lamb" we had at Heron's Ghyll, who imperceptibly grew into a strong pet ram, and was still called the "pet lamb," until suddenly it dawned on us it was not a lamb at all, but a very ill-behaved ram assuming the airs and privileges of his infancy. So, you remember, we sent him to the butcher's.

The synthetic eye, which is the highest and rarest faculty of the artist, is almost one and the same thing with what is called poetic imagination, and is the source of all artistic beauty. The heather is not much, and the rock is not much, but the heather and the rock, discerned in their living expressional relationship by the poetic eye, are very much indeed—a beauty which is living with the life of man, and therefore inexhaustible. The greater the number of objects that are taken in at once by the poet's or the artist's eye, the greater the beauty: but true poets and artists know that this power . . . can only be exercised, in the present state of our faculties, in a very limited way: hence there is generally . . . a great simplicity in and apparently jealousy of their subjects, strikingly in contrast with the works of those who fancy that they are describing when they are only cataloguing. The power of seeing things in their living relationships which constitutes genius is rather a virtue than a talent. . . . Simply to believe the witness of their own eyes is what few men ever dream of unless such witness happens to have the testimony of common consent. There is, perhaps, more of the innocent vision of ripe genius in English poetry than in all other poetry, ancient and modern put together; and this confers upon English poetry a rhythmical excellence which is not only scarcely ever found in the poetry of any other modern people, but which no other modern people seem to have faculties to comprehend.

The whole of this last passage, which we have abbreviated, is profound and true. Indeed—while we leave to the reader these extracts too varied and question-raising to be summed up—it may be said, in conclusion, that, if the judgments on individuals may often call for *caveat* and modification, the statements of general principle appear more sound to the roots the more they are meditated. This was characteristic of Coventry Patmore. He is not strong in "appreciation," but in philosophic analysis of artistic law his writings have a quite classic weight and permanence.

A FAREWELL.

With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part.
My Very Dear,
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet
And many a tear
In our opposed paths to persevere.
Go thou to East, I West.
We will not say
There's any hope, it is so far away.
But, O, my Best,
When the one darling of our widowhead,
The nursling Grief,
Is dead,
And no dews blur our eyes
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,
Perchance we may,
Where now this night is day,
And even through faith of still averted feet,
Making full circle of our banishment,
Amazed meet:
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the termless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

By Coventry Patmore. Quoted in the "Oxford Anthology," by A. T. Quiller-Couch (Clarendon Press).

Things Seen.

One of the Public.

ON my first attempt at public speaking the ordeal was made easy for me. I was allowed to sit, and the audience seemed really eager to hear what I had to say. It was composed of a score or so of earnest men and women, members of a reading circle, and they had gathered in a narrow room to hear me discourse on Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. The sight of those intelligent people, each head inclined a little forward, each face lit with encouragement, gave me confidence, and I spoke for an hour and a half, spoke to one person after the manner, I believe, of orators. She was an elderly woman, small and thin, with deep eyes that glowed behind her spectacles. Her ungloved hands showed the marks of toil, her shabby black dress indicated her station, but her soul, it seemed to me, untarnished by her hard life, leapt up to meet my thought. The last clause of the book, that clause which some call the most pathetic passage in literature, telling how "he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of his Maker," I read to her alone, to her eager eyes, eloquent as an animal's conscious speechlessness. I closed the book, and the little company filed past me, murmuring words of thanks; but she remained behind—which was what I expected. Then she began to talk—how the woman talked!—"I oughtn't to have come," she said; "I oughtn't to have come, for there was a lot to do at home, tidying up, and the lamp to clean. But I always come to a lecture on Shakespeare, or Plato, or Bacon—I don't care who it is—and I thought to-night it was Shakespeare; but the gentleman you have been talking about does just as well. Oh, that poor dear Colonel! I do hope they looked after him in that place; but, you know, I don't very much care whether he died or not. People who die in books don't really die—once I read a book about Black Bess, and that made me cry, because I knew that Black Bess had really died. It was on the way to York, and Dick —, I forget the gentleman's name —" At this point the caretaker turned down the lights, and I escaped.

On Westminster Bridge.

A FEW suburban worshippers, whose trams had been late in arriving at the terminus by St. Thomas's, were hastening to Evensong at the Abbey.

Two urchins were crossing from Westminster: one looked five, may have been eight, and, judging from his omniscient expression and the patronage he extended to the younger babe, might have been fifty.

He had been impressing the younger babe with historical accounts of New Scotland Yard and of the Abbey, but Three-Year-Old's attention wandered, for just then there passed four or five unhappy-looking demonstrators, whose sashes of green and gold proclaimed to all and singular that they were Free Foresters or Ancient Druids. Three-Year-Old removed his emergency-ration thumb from his mouth, to point it admiringly at the receding band.

"Look at them Awse Gawds!" he said.

Then the Elder Brother spoke. Should he allow the honour of the family to be disgraced by such ignorance and make no protest?

"Awse Gawds! Them Awse Gawds! Listen at 'im. Awse Gawds, fat 'ed!"

Three-Year-Old was subdued. The floods had risen, and only the restoration of the well-loved thumb to its first estate availed to keep them back. But the Elder Brother spoke on. As Lambeth opened its mighty jaws to swallow up the twain, I heard the relentless voice:

"Awse Gawds. Yer must be bawmy, stright! Awse Gawds!"

The Poloniad.

WE were looking about for a subject when there arrived—for the first time, we think, in this office—the half-yearly volume of *Great Thoughts*. The title struck us. It had never struck us before, but just then it did. Perhaps the multitude of little thoughts on our book-table had something to do with it; or some ripened sense of the frivolity of weekly journalism clamoured for expression. Here, at least, was something the reverse of frivolous. Great thoughts! Not smart paragraphs, not bright, chatty articles, not whispers from the theatres, not up-to-date features, not something to suit all tastes, but great thoughts. Why, they needn't even be great. If only *thoughts*, how splendid. So we took the volume to the nearest armchair.

And now we know that "the pleasure of knowledge is the use of knowledge" (T. T. Lynch); that "a wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper" (Seneca); that genius is "the highest individual embodiment of an unconscious activity of reason" (Martensen); that imagination is "the first wheel of the soul" (Sibbes); that "the best source of wealth is economy" (Cicero); that language is "the indispensable tool of thought" (Bautain); that "stretching out his hand to catch the stars, man forgets the flowers at his feet" (Bentham); that man is "the incarnation of thought" (Descartes), or "a piece of diseased egotism" (Birrell), and that he is "not simply an example of his kind, nor an individual; but is designed to be a person" (Lacordaire). It seems amazing that the editors of papers like *Truth*, and the *World*, and the *Onlooker*, never record these things. They prattle about society! Society! This is what the editor of *Great Thoughts* says about society. Pray read it aloud:

The great evil of an excessive devotion to society and fashion is the mechanical hollowness and insincerity which it breeds. The relish of existence is destroyed, the glory of the soul is darkened, the splendour of the universe, with all its moral sanctions and godlike possibilities, is dwarfed and hidden, to multitudes of tender and receptive spirits, by the loathsome treachery, the frivolous fickleness, the petty jealousies, and the shallow judgments of that empty and contemptible presence which men call society. Masterful, lawless, and intrusive, it is still destitute of every claim to honour and regard, and every woman who aspires after nobleness should shake its dust from her feet, and go forth beneath the stars to commune with God, and to lay hold of the sanctities of eternity. "Womanhood," as one has finely said, "should be the consecration of the earth." But how can that consecrate which is itself debased and unworthy?

Ye great and little fishes!—how? And note the words: "as one has finely said." Another great nameless thinker! There are cogitators in a large way of business whose tracks are all hut covered up in these sumptuous pages under such expressions as:

It has been said.
It has been well said.
It has been aptly said.
It has been finely said.
It has been nobly said.
It has been beautifully said.
It has been exquisitely said.
It was said of old.

Others are hidden from our sight under such names as Dr. Winchell, J. S. Zelig, Sibbes, Cogan, Robert Tuck, B.A., the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, and Colton. We think of them all as having lofty pale foreheads. They probably pass us in the street, knowing that they have deposited their thoughts in this weekly register, yet, like ordinary people, they go modestly to catch their trains. Who is the being among us who wrote the following thunderous sentences about "The Blight of Atheism"?

The whole spiritual universe is shattered and shivered by the hand of Atheism, into innumerable glittering quick-

silver globules of individual personalities, running hither and thither at random, coalescing, and parting asunder without unity, coherence, or consistency. In all this wide universe there is none so utterly solitary and alone as a denier of God. With orphaned heart—a heart which has lost the Great Father—he mourns beside the immeasurable corpse of Nature, a corpse no longer animated or held together by the Great Spirit of the Universe—a corpse which grows in its grave; and by this corpse he mourns until he himself crumbles and falls away from it into nothingness. The wide earth lies before such an one like the great Egyptian sphinx of stone, half buried in the desert sand; the immeasurable universe has become for him but the cold iron mask upon an eternity which is without form and void.

It is only when we have submitted to the surf-beat of this denunciation that we remember that we have never in our lives met an atheist. We have met the word, and we have met one or two young persons who applied it to themselves; but atheists and atheism do not exist, and if they did they could not exercise an hour's consistent influence on any human being. Another unnamed great thinker throws off this about Music:

Wondrous is the power of music, passing that of fabled necromancy. It takes a man out of his most sordid surroundings, and sets him in heavenly places. It touches fibres of the inner nature, lost, forgotten, ignored, and makes them thrill with new life. It seals the eyes to outward sights and unfurls new vistas full of transcendental beauty; it breathes over hot wounds and heals them; it calls to the surface springs of pure delight, and bids them gush forth in an arid desert.

We surmise that this was delivered in undulating accents by a Dissenting preacher in a chapel off, say, the Kingsland-road. And if it took its audience out of that neighbourhood it was not uttered in vain.

To be sure, we find a difficulty in extracting from this budget of good advice and great thinking anything like a trend, a steady sign-post, or an abiding conviction. Our mind reels under the shock of seas of sententiousness. The editor, too, seems to be so occupied in thinking great thoughts on his own account that he does not hold his party in leash. On one page we find Dean Paget bewailing the horrors of war, on another a sketch of "Alfred Krupp, the Cannon King," with a wood-engraved portrait of a peaceable old gentleman whom we should have taken for a Clapham plate-holder. Again, on page 82, our blood is stirred by some thoughts on the "Love of Country" in which we are told that "God has made us Englishmen, and it is His Will that we should do our best for England"; while in a later article, on the "Higher Patriotism," we are exhorted to "beware of the Khaki Bible." We turn to things of which we have a less faint understanding, and alike in literary criticism and descriptions of nature we find the great manner. Of a poem by Mr. John Davidson it is written that "the weird melody of the Celtic genius blows, flute-like, through every line, and the poem is quick with the passion of despair." We have great confidence in Mr. Davidson's prospects as a dramatist, but we should never have thought of saying that "his soul [his soul!] claims kinship with Massinger and Webster and Kit Marlowe. . . . He can crush his lightnings into a lily's bell or sheathe them in a tear." Nature as seen by great thinkers quite transcends the nature that we see during a Saturday-to-Monday, though faint perceptions of it have come to us when passing Mr. Rimmel's shop in the Strand. Thus:

Late in the afternoon the sunlight steals round into the mossy cove on the hillside, where the lovely phantom of the waterfall is hidden, and turns the misty whiteness of the spray to spun-glass and crystal, against its setting of olive-green and golden-green mosses, transfiguring their crimson capsules, each with its pendent crystal drop, into resplendent rubies. The upper part of the fall is still in shadow, but above the green swirl of water cutting the

sky at its head drops of water from the fall over the unseen ledge above sparkle like diamonds against the blue.

It was like a beacon to the storm-tossed mariner (a touch of the manner there!) to see the title, "Learning to Think," at the head of a column. That hit our need exactly. We had felt the need of learning to think great thoughts; and we settled into our armchair to receive the missing lesson of our life. The article began:

Of the thousands who visit Hastings, few are aware that in one of the churchyards of that ancient town there lie buried the remains of one who, in his day, was a great friend of English children. Take the 'bus, which carries you through the quaint and narrow main street of the old town. Stop at the church on your right, where the 'bus leaves the town to go into the country beyond. Enter the churchyard, and in the higher part—for you are upon sloping ground—and near the centre, you will find a regular and unauthorised path, made by the feet of many pilgrims, which threads between the graves. Follow it, and it will lead you to the quiet resting-place of George Mogridge.

He was a writer whose books, forty or fifty years ago, "were to be found in English homes and school libraries all over the land." An excellent man, we are sure, and *Great Thoughts* is an excellent little paper. But we are convinced that great thinking is not our forte.

Sedulous Apéry.

IN a little red-covered manual, called *English Composition: a Manual of Theory and Practice* (Nutt), Mr. L. Cope Cornford has carried out a dubious project with much intelligence and critical taste. His title is rather misleading. "English composition" is already taught in schools, but it connotes the art of writing clearly and correctly about ordinary matters, and with such elegance as you expect in a good business letter; whereas this book is a manual of the art of writing as Stevenson understood it. Inspired by Continental practice, particularly the French, Mr. Cornford sets out to teach schoolboys to think literary thoughts and write them down with literary force and grace. In its essence and its bulk this book is a guide to such practice, although its earlier chapters on "The Subject" and "The Four Essential Factors of Composition" may overlap, or coincide with, such instruction in Composition as is now generally given. A crucial question is therefore precipitated. Is it well to teach the literary art to English schoolboys? We do not think it is well. The arguments we should urge against such instruction are of a natural kind. It is alien to the genius of the nation. It is not likely to produce fine or very useful results. It is a diversion of the natural energy of a boy into channels which are barely wholesome. It is beset with the difficulty that at every stage in such instruction you find yourself asking the boy to write more than he thinks, or—what is the same thing—to think for writing's sake. These may be "stock objections," but we cannot help that. There are such things as "stock" facts, and we think that the teacher who should try to take his class through Mr. Cornford's course would only run his head against them and be bruised. The literary art, as an art, is absurdly over-valued in these days. Its use and beauty are great only when it is in the hands of a great writer, and there is no evidence that great writers can be produced at will. In this respect literature differs from other professions. Every doctor, however obscure, can set broken bones, prescribe medicine, and alleviate the pangs of the dying. But the ordinary writer—what does he do for society? He commonly wastes a great deal of its time, and disorders his own soul. Or, granted that he wreathes in smiles the faces of tired men bending over their evening papers in railway carriages, that he inspires

small talk, promotes wit, and redeems the sordid day—still, in practice it has been found that this work is so alluring or so easy—which you please—that thousands embrace it, and thousands more stand in a melancholy fevered queue waiting to embrace it. We are over-run with ordinary writers, and Mr. Cornford wishes to raise them like sweet peas. We call this a dubious project, but we repeat that Mr. Cornford has forged a likely instrument for tickling the soil.

In essence his book is a consideration, by example, comment, and suggested exercises, of the qualities which should be found in the “five orders of composition,” identified by Mr. Cornford as The Story, Description, Dialogue, The Letter, and The Essay. Thus among the examples of Description we are given three attempts to render the force and character of wind, by Roger Ascham, Richard Jefferies, and Charles Dickens. The examples are well chosen, and they form, with Mr. Cornford’s commentary, a critical demonstration that will be useful and agreeable to many. But as a matter for the schoolroom we misdoubt it. Mr. Cornford’s instructions to the teacher are as follows:

The love of nature is lively, or latent, in nearly all children; in many, it becomes little less than a passion. Let the Subject set be—Seeing the Wind, as Ascham calls it—the wind’s action, as manifested in any manner soever; as acting upon trees, or open country, or houses, or the sea. And let the pupil be obliged to make a definite observation of nature with this definite end in view; if possible, writing his notes out of doors, face to face with his subject.

Here the business of Invention is at first to analyse—investigate, take to pieces—the scene under observation; next, in certain cases, to combine and improve; of Selection, to choose those elements that serve to suggest the rest of the picture, and so to convey the whole impression—the effect—it is designed to produce; and of Disposition, to arrange these elements in the order that most vividly conveys the impression; bearing in mind that, as a general rule, the first and last things mentioned, necessarily, by reason of their position, strike the dominant notes in the composition.

Not for worlds would we send boys out into the wind to write about it. Nor would we, with Mr. Cornford, ask them to ape Bunyan in Dialogue, or Lamb in an Informal Essay on the old and new schoolmaster, or Dickens in his rendering of the terrors of “The First Day at School,” or Abraham Cowley on “Myself.” The main question could be argued at almost any length, and we have little space available, but a passage in Prof. Walter Raleigh’s recent inaugural lecture at Glasgow, on “The Study of English Literature,” seems to us worth quoting in this connexion. It is the business of Prof. Raleigh to inculcate the taste for literature. Yet he points out with perfect truth, and a procession of instances, that our greatest writers have owed little to the nourishment of schools:

Some writers there are, no doubt, like Matthew Arnold or Cardinal Newman, who are the highest products of academic culture—although even these took pleasure in pointing out the faults and failings of the nursery in which they were reared and in making fun of their foster-mother. But for the most part the greatest of our writers came from less scholarly surroundings. Now it is a small tradesman, familiar with debtors’ courts and prisons and the haunts of thieves, a Government spy, a venal pamphleteer, and one of the best prose-writers in the English language, Daniel Defoe. Again it is a country girl who amuses herself by taking note of the visitors at her father’s parsonage, of their conversation and their petty foibles, and for her own diversion writes books describing the society that she knows—Jane Austen. Or it is a printer’s apprentice who, after the manner of good apprentices, marries his master’s daughter, rises to affluence and beguiles his later years with original composition—Samuel Richardson. Or it is a banker—Samuel Rogers. Or a peer and darling of society—Rochester or Byron. Or it is a farmer’s son who collects traditional songs and ballads

and exercises his satirical vein in the theological disputes of his parish. Or it is a provincial High Bailiff’s son plunged at an early age into the riotous life of the street, the tavern, and the theatre in Elizabethan London. What could a poor Professor of Literature have done for any of these?

The truth is, that even self-discipline such as Stevenson’s issues in a talent which, though it may dazzle in its day, may in the end be found to be doubtful and derivative.

Nothing that we have said is intended to discourage literary beginners from using Mr. Cornford’s book, which will probably help them in many ways. It will certainly introduce them to the difficulty and endlessness of the literary art, and so enable them to define their ambitions.

Correspondence.

“Crossing the Bar.”

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. Arthur Waugh contends that something is wrong with the version Mr. A. J. C. Hare gives in his *Story of My Life* of the circumstances under which “Crossing the Bar” was written. There is no necessity for me to repeat that version, and the account alluded to by Mr. Waugh, as given by the present Lord Tennyson in his “Life” of his father, is familiar to all. Mr. Hare is undoubtedly wrong as to *when* the poem was composed, but in what he says about *how* it was written he receives support from Canon Rawnsley’s new volume, *Memories of the Tennysons*.

In the Spring of 1900 Canon Rawnsley was visiting at Farringford. Tennyson was recovering sufficiently from a bad attack of influenza to take short walks, though, as a precaution against any sudden attack of faintness, he never went unaccompanied either by his son or his nurse. One day, when walking with his visitor, Tennyson spoke of the certainty of life beyond, and quoted a verse from his “Crossing the Bar.” After finishing the quotation he said: “I wrote that between here and home in a single walk,” and he turned to the nurse who was with them and said: “Did I not, nurse?” She replied: “I know it was written down when you got home from your walk.”

Canon Rawnsley continues: “It did not seem strange that it should have been so swiftly composed. It reads so simply and inevitably that one can well believe it was written right off, so I said, ‘Yes, but then you had been thinking over it for years.’ And he answered: ‘Well, I suppose the most of us think a good deal—do we not?—of the time when we shall put out to sea.’”

Canon Rawnsley seeks to reconcile the version with that given by Tennyson’s son by suggesting that while the thought of the poem might have been given to Tennyson one day when he crossed from Lymm to Yar, the working out of it must have taken place on the walk between the Briary and Farringford.—I am, &c.,

(REV.) R. WILKINS REES.

Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

Dr. Bridges’s “Opus Majus.”

SIR,—In 1897 Dr. Bridges published an edition of Roger Bacon’s *Opus Majus*. It was searchingly reviewed in more than one literary journal, and unsparingly condemned for its many textual inaccuracies. Dr. Bridges tried to defend himself, but has now acknowledged the justice of the severity by reprinting one part of the book, and giving a list of corrections for the rest. A few additional notes also appear. For this (which he incorrectly calls a “supplementary” volume) the charge made is 7s. 6d.—the original two volumes costing 32s. Surely the Clarendon Press, who have washed their hands of the book, should issue this volume free to those who were led

to purchase the book because of the esteem in which their name is held. At any rate, Dr. Bridges should do so, in atonement for what he himself confesses to have been "insufficient equipment of expert skill."

J. CALDER ROSS.

Ada Negri.

SIR,—I have seen from time to time quotations from the work of this Italian poetess, about whom a good deal was written in English papers a year or two ago. I should be very glad if any of your readers can give me a brief connected account of Ada Negri. The following poem by her appears in the *Philadelphia Conservator*, and I should be interested to know whether it was written in English or whether the following is only a translation from the Italian. I fancy that you may not object to print the whole of the verses for their own sake. They have no title.—I am, &c., Bedford.

H. T. T.

The verses to which H. T. T. draws attention are as follows:

Yea, there are hundreds, thousands, millions more,
Unending hosts there are.
The serried ranks are muttering like the roar
Of thunder from afar.

And they advance, chilled by the icy air,
With even step and slow.
They're clad in sackcloth and their heads are bare,
Their eyes in fever glow.

All, all united, as if seeking me—
Grey forms, by suffering bowed,
Of snrting waves a turbid, troubled sea,
Of faces wan a crowd,

Covering, imprisoning me, they press around,
Their hoarse breath fills my ear,
Their long-drawn sobs and sighs—oh, woful sound—
Their blasphemies I hear.

"We come from houses where no fire glows,
From beds where rest is not,
Where, broken, tamed, the body slowly grows
Accustomed to its lot.

We come from caves and dens, from chambers low,
From many a dark retreat,
Shadows of peril and of pain we throw
Wherever tread our feet.

And we sought faith that to ideals cleaves,
Alas! we were betrayed;
And we sought love that hopes and that believes,
Alas! we were betrayed.

And work we sought that gives new life and strength,
Only repelled to be.
Where then is hope? Oh mercy! Where is strength?—
The world's defeated, we!

In the great flood of sunshine's golden light
All round us and above
Bursts forth upon the air in joyous flight
A hymn of work and love.

An iron snake the steam-train thundering winds
Through towering mountain-wall,
And industry is summoning arms and minds
With warlike trumpet-call.

A thousand mouths each other seek, enticed
By love's intent desire;
A thousand generous lives are sacrificed
In glowing furnace-fire.

And we are useless!—Who has thrust us, who
On this stepmother earth?
Who has denied us every wish we knew,
Yea, from our very birth?

What unknown power with hostile hand does reign
And will not let us free?
Why does blind fate cry out to us: In vain?—
The world's defeated, we!

Natural Law in the Cycling World.

A few weeks ago a party of cyclists were riding down *Barnet Hill*. One of them fell, and died within a few days from his injuries. His offence was foolishly riding too fast down a hill.

SIR,—Permit me to take exception to the above (cut from your review of Huxley's life, page 460). Your facts are wrong.

The cyclist was not travelling too fast; he was going at a moderate pace. The cause of the fatality was a stone drain-cover which stands up from the surrounding surface of the road, and the fault lies with the local authority in not keeping the road in proper repair.

The immediate cause of the accident was side-slip, which occurs frequently in the streets to the most moderate riders. I know men who ride fast to avoid side-slips on greasy roads. This is a form of accident which we cyclists have very little power to prevent. It may, roughly speaking, be attributed to the faults of others, not to the sufferer.

Perhaps you will say this does not affect the argument: the thesis remains, though the "law" is shifted from the cyclist to the local authority. But before I admit that I want you to acknowledge that you were prejudiced; and that the expression of it gives pain to the readers who knew the cyclist. A man who meets with his death through the criminal negligence of others should not be condemned as "foolish."

There is no finality in speed. Our ancestors crawled, our fathers walked, we cycle. Notwithstanding what each has thought of the other, there is a law of progress. A cyclist cannot be foolish because he goes too fast. He cannot go too fast. The natural "law" will stop him from doing that; but the natural law does not manifest itself in neglected drain covers.

You may, on Huxleian lines, say, perhaps, that the man who elects to go fast must increase in adequate degree his faculty of caution, and the law that prevents accidents must be stronger in him. His sense of sight must improve. But one of my cycling friends (a most cautious man) was recently thrown at night under similar circumstances.

There undoubtedly is law behind all accidents; but, when you invoke it, please put the blame on the guilty cause instead of the innocent victim; otherwise, as in this case, you may fall unconsciously into prejudice. You are prejudiced against speed in a form of motion which is undoubtedly a great factor in present-day progress. Men who rode ten miles an hour ten years ago are now riding twenty, and will in ten years hence be riding thirty: and it will be regarded as quite reasonable. The man who was killed was riding seventeen. (I am a cyclist and do *Barnet Hill* very frequently.) Prejudice is not becoming in a reviewer of Huxley's work. His shade might resent it.—I am, &c.,

E. B. RIDGWAY.

The Bank House, Wood Green,
November 18, 1900.

[Mr. Ridgway's imputation of "prejudice" is absurd. We print his letter, as he evidently knows all the facts of this unhappy accident; but we do not think that his statement affects our argument.]

THE approach of Christmas is authenticated by the arrival of the Christmas numbers. Messrs. Pears' Annual is composed of a spirited last century story in seventeen chapters by Mr. Max Pemberton, and three pictorial supplements, of which the largest, "The British Lion," from the original painting by Vastagh Gezah, is a good piece of colour-printing, and an admirable picture for the walls of a nursery.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 61 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the most suitable words to be inscribed on the beacon-tower raised to the memory of William Black on Duart Point, on the west coast of Scotland. The inscriptions suggested are not very remarkable, but we award the prize to Miss (?) C. C. Bell, Epworth. C. S.'s inscription would have had an almost as good claim to the prize if instead of "the hardy toiler of the northern deep," he had written "seafarers":

In memory of William Black, the home of whose genius was this coast of Scotland, the scenes and characters of which he portrayed in many a story of undying interest, this tower is built, and this lamp is lit; a guide and a sign to the seafarers whom he loved.

Other suggestions are as follows:

To the memory of William Black, novelist, this tower has been erected, amid scenes whose beauty and terror he described with equal power and felicity; that, in death as in life, he may remain a constant friend to the hardy toiler of the northern deep.

[C. S., Lochfyne.]

To William Black, whose name we would fain save from being "writ in water," by memorialising it in this beacon: which beacon shall be famed abroad as a light and guide to all mariners sailing these seas, even as his books have carried far the renown of our Western Highlands.

[A. M. P., Hampstead]

In life he filled us with delight,
Weaving a web of fancies bright;
In death his mem'ry comes to guide
Poor wanderers o'er the heaving tide.
Oh, happy fate! In life to charm,
In death to shield his friends from harm!

[M. A. B., Camberley]

He loved the sea, and the heather,
And the people of the north,
And the old songs of the Gael.

[A. W., Tonbridge.]

This beacon has been raised as a memorial to William Black, on the coast of the land he so faithfully describes, by those whom his genius has illumed and taught, and who wished to throw a guiding light for men over the sea he loved so well.

[E. L. C., Redhill.]

To William Black, whose best novels were inspired by a devoted love of Highland life and scenery, this landmark, and memorial of his unchangeable affection, was erected for the benefit of Highland fishermen.

[A. E. W., Inverness.]

In life he loved this country-side,
Here let the memory of him dwell,
A tower to be the fishers' guide,
Across the waters: All is well.

[H. M. G., London.]

Erected to the memory of William Black, novelist, who by the creation of fictitious characters has done so much towards the perfection of the real characters of his readers.

[E. P., London]

Replies also received from: E. H., Ealing; T. C., Buxted; R. H. S., Fulham; F. G. C., Hull.

Competition No. 62 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best Literary Riddle. All riddles must, of course, be accompanied by their answers.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, November 28. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

Announcements.

MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. have arranged with Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for permission to use Edward FitzGerald's translation of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* in their edition of this work, which will be characterised by a full commentary on each stanza by Mrs. H. M. Batson, and a biography of Omar by Prof. Ross.

MESSRS. METHUEN are about to publish the first volume of *The History of the Boer War*, by F. H. E. Cunliffe, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. This volume carries the war to the Relief of Ladysmith.

OWING to the success of the new pocket edition, on thin paper, of the late Dr. John Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*, Messrs. A. & C. Black have decided to issue a similar edition of the Waverley Novels in twenty-five volumes. The first two volumes—*Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* will be published on December 1, and two volumes will be issued monthly thereafter until the set is complete in November, 1901. Each volume of the new pocket edition of the Waverley Novels will have a photogravure frontispiece, and will contain the late Dr. Laing's copyright notes, as well as Messrs. Black's copyright corrections and emendations, obtained by careful collation with Sir Walter Scott's own interleaved copy of the Novels, which has been long in their possession.

The Relation of St. Paul to Contemporary Jewish Thought, now published by Messrs. Macmillan, to which was awarded the Kaye Prize in 1899, is an essay by Mr. St. John Thackeray.

The Divine Love, by the Rev. Charles Abbey, published by Macmillan & Co., is a study of Christ's sayings on judgment and condemnation.

MESSRS. WATTS & Co. are about to publish a new work by the Rev. R. C. Fillingham, Vicar of Hoxton, well known as "The Radical Parson." The book is entitled *Christ in London*.

A LARGE-PAPER issue of Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan's edition of Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Womeo," limited to 125 copies, each numbered and signed by the artist, is to be published by Mr. Grant Richards. Many of the illustrations are in photogravure and in duplicate.

H.M. THE QUEEN has just accepted from Mrs. Mayne Reid an advance copy of *The Life and Adventures of Captain Mayne Reid*, which will be published this week by Messrs. Greening & Co.

Two new volumes in Messrs. Greening's "English Writers of To-Day" series will be published next week. These are *Bret Harte*, by T. Edgar Pemberton, to which Mr. Bret Harte has contributed a prefatory letter, and *Swinburne*, by Theodore Wratislaw.

MISS HELEN MILECETE, the author of *A Girl of the North*, has just returned to London from Canada in time for the publication of her new novel, *A Detached Pirate*, which, by the way, has been published in America, with very great success, under the title *Miss Vandeleur—Pirate*. Miss Milecete is now engaged on two new novels, one of which will be published in the spring.

MR. HEINEMANN announces a new "Dooley" book with the title of *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy*. Among the great variety of subjects discussed are Marriage and Politics—The Servant Girl Problem—The Future of China—The American Abroad—The Paris Exhibition—Alcohol as Food—Anglo-American Sports—The Negro Question—The American Stage, &c. The book will be fully illustrated and will have as a frontispiece a portrait of Dooley in colours by William Nicholson.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD & SONS announce for immediate publication a sacred anthology of prose and verse entitled *Flowers of the Cave*. The editors are Mr. Laurie Maguire and Mr. Cecil Headlam, whose volume of *Prayers from the Poets*, published by the same firm last year, is now in its second edition.

MESSRS. SANDS & Co. announce for immediate publication a new contribution to turf history, entitled *Ashgill*; or, *The Life and Times of John Osborne, Jockey, Trainer, Owner, and Breeder of Thoroughbreds*, by J. B. Radcliffe. The work will treat of the interesting career of John Osborne ("Honest John") the doyen of North-country horsemen from 1846 to 1892. It will contain over thirty illustrations, consisting of portraits of jockeys, trainers, horses, &c., besides family groups, and views of Osborne's residence.

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TABOOED SCIENTIFIC WORKS.—The Manager of the University Press, Limited, begs to inform the Medical Profession, Clergymen, and Teachers that the Scientific Works indicated at a recent trial and burnt by order of the Court—viz., Dr. Havelock Ellis's "STUDIES in the PSYCHOLOGY of SEX," Professor Krafft-Ebing's "PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS," Dr. Ch. Féréz's "THE SEXUAL INSTINCT," and G. Mortimer's "CHAPTERS on HUMAN LOVE," in the future, cannot be stocked by Booksellers in Great Britain, and will only be supplied direct from Leipzig and Paris.—The University Press, Limited, 2, Broad Street Buildings, London, E.C.

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ON HUMAN SUFFERING.

CXXXVI.

What man is there that hath a sickly child,
That doth not love it more than all the rest?
Thus is our grief for sorrow reconciled,
And larger love exalts the parent's breast—
The little sufferer is of all most blest,
For love and sympathy are dearer far
Than all the joys that other children share.

CXXXVII.

So every sorrow hides a central joy,
And with all suffering and pain'd under-song
There is a leavening mixture of alloy,
That more than compensates the seeming wrong,
For to all such far other joys belong—
A keener sensibility to bliss,
A finer insight into all that is.

CXXXVIII.

So Pain and Sorrow also have their part
In the great scheme of universal good,
Without them how refine the human heart,
Too soon elated unless these withstood?
So lightly do we flit from mood to mood,
We seldom see the sorrow of the thing,
Until the Angel Pity droops her wing.

CXXXIX.

And Sorrow is not only to refine,
For Love leaps up with tenfold sympathy,
To mitigate the suffering and the sin
That are a part of the divine decree,
In that foreshadowing of the life to be—
Where Pity hath become an Angel grace,
And Sorrow shows once more a smiling face.

ON RELIGION.

CXC.

But live the Christ-like life, and thou shalt know
"Whether the doctrine be of God or not!"—
What simpler answer could our Lord bestow?
How doth it lighten our poor human lot!
How soon are all our doubts and fears forgot!
For God reveals Himself in many ways,
Till Disbelief a Doubt of Doubt betrays.

CXCVI.

His laws are built upon Eternal Truth—
Truth that is evermore inviolate!
'Tis but the fashion of misguided youth
Infinite Wisdom to interrogate,
Youth irreligious, unregenerate!
But with each Spring a deeper feeling flows,
Lights with the Lily, reddens with the rose.

* * * * *

CCI.

What man is there would be afraid to die
If Christ should meet him in the way to-morrow,
And tell him of the shadow drawing nigh?
Dost think that he would look on Death with sorrow?
Nay, rather, would he not new comfort borrow
To know that Christ doth live, hath power to save,
That there is Victory even in the grave?

CCII.

And canst thou doubt that Christ doth surely live
That Sun and Moon and Stars hold Him in awe:
Disorder never yet had power to give
The cosmic cycle, the Metonic law—
What other inference can our reason draw?
We feel the beat of His o'er-shadowing wings,
The harmony in all created things.

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The Literary Week.

HOLGER DRACHMAN, the Danish poet, who to-night (Friday) is to be entertained to dinner by some of his English *confrères*, has written novels, plays, sketches of travel, and short stories. His work is not very well known in this country, but some may remember a little set of breezy stories of a Danish fishing village, No. 24 in Mr. Unwin's "Pseudonym" Library. The volume, which was called *The Cruise of the "Wild Duck,"* was by Drachman, who is described as loving the sea as only Englishmen and Scandinavians love her.

He who makes an anthology, however conscientious, however good it may be, must expect bad weather. The rumble of the storm that is about to break over Mr. Quiller-Couch's head has already reached our ears. It is the latter part of his Oxford Anthology—the section devoted to poems by poets of our day—that has roused the singing-birds. One of his critics sends us a tabulated list of Mr. Couch's inclusions and exclusions. Another writes: "Q.'s anthology! What a triumph of respectability. There should now be a Cambridge collection to set the balance right as regards the nineteenth century people."

WE are always glad to receive letters of literary interest from our readers, although our pleasure is tempered by the impossibility of finding room for all of them. A well-known journalist, grown grey in his craft, once remarked that every letter an editor did not publish made an enemy. Hoping humbly that this is not the case, we may remark that there are some letters which it is a waste of time to write to an editor. Among these we would include new theories on the meaning of the Round Towers of Ireland, ill-written jottings on the Shakespeare-Bacon folly, playful attacks on the author of *The Master Christian*, and exposures of errors appearing in our columns that are obviously not due to ignorance—the kind of errors that a generous world places, not always justly, on the broad shoulders of the printer. We can honestly say to those correspondents who have sent us letters—facetious, solemn, and minatory—that we did know that Colonel Newcome dies in *The Newcomes* and not in *Vanity Fair*. Such slips are always discovered just too late—and wept over.

THE very latest of the War Books (we have received six since Monday) is *Campaign Pictures*, by the irrepressible Mr. A. G. Hales, of the *Daily News*. In the forefront of the book Mr. Hales prints some verses of his own composition called "Australia's Appeal," with this footnote:

I have decided to enclose these verses in my book because some critics have pronounced me anti-English in my sentiments. Heaven alone knows why; yet the above poem was written and published by me in Australia just before war was declared between England and the Republics, at a time when all Australia considered it very probable that we should have to fight one of the big European Powers as well as the Boers.

In his very interesting article on Ysaye and Busoni, which we print this week, Mr. Arthur Symons remarks,

that "it is a fashion of the moment to prize extravagance and to be timid of perfection. That is why we give the name of artist to those who can startle us most. We have come to value technique for the violence which it gives into the hands of those who possess it, in their assault upon our nerves. We have come to look upon technique as an end in itself, rather than as a means to an end." Mr. Symons's subject is a musical performance, but just here we have no doubt that he has many forms of art in his mind, and not least the literary art. An expert violence is the quality in the writing of to-day which most quickly secures attention. It is, indeed, the property of violence to secure attention. But unfortunately the response is not, nowadays, a chorus of protest, but a chorus of praise. "Make us jump again," the critics cry; and the author makes them jump again. However, there are signs that the nerves offered so freely to these literary galvanists are becoming slack and tired. The old, quiet art that was, and is, and ever shall be the true art is coming into request.

VERY simple and engaging is the idea of Mrs. Meynell's poem, "The Modern Mother," in the December *Monthly Review*. It is that a child gives its mother a kiss of greater warmth and eagerness than she had expected. She would have been content with "a little tenderness" or gratitude:

Nay, even with less.
This mother, giver of life, death, peace, distress,
Desired ah! not so much
Thanks as forgiveness; and the passing touch
Expected, and the slight, the brief caress.

Oh, filial light,
Strong in these childish eyes, these new, these bright
Intelligible stars! Their rays
Are near the constant earth, guides in the maze,
Natural, wild, keen in the dusk of days.

In giving these verses we have quoted half of a charming little poem.

IN the same number Mr. William Archer writes interestingly on the subject of a Pantheon in connexion with Westminster Abbey. Incidentally, he considers which of our writers would now be resting there if the Pantheon had been ready to receive the illustrious dead in 1850; and he names more than thirty writers to whom the honour might properly have been accorded. Lord Rosebery's paper on "The Love Episode of William Pitt"—"this strange, tender episode—this secret mirage in a long aridity of office"—adds details to our knowledge of Pitt's love for Eleanor Eden. Lord Rosebery's special business is to bring forward letters in the possession of Captain Ernest Pretymann, M.P., and Mr. Dickson, Mayor of Bath and M.P. for Wells; and out of the twenty-six pages filled by his article twenty are occupied with the quotation of these documents.

THE inscription on the memorial to Mr. William Black will take, we understand, this form: "To the Dear Memory of William Black, Novelist. Erected by his many friends and admirers in all countries, on a spot which he knew and loved."

THE lost *Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde* is found indeed. Messrs. Macmillan inform us that Miss De Morgan's story has never been out of print; and they send us a copy dated 1880. We can only conclude that in some way, not very scrutable, this fairy-tale has missed the fame it deserves. A story that after twenty years is so well remembered—as our recent correspondence proves the *Necklace* to be—must have been worthy of a boom; but then booms were not every-day phenomena in 1880. The book has twenty-five illustrations by Mr. Walter Crane.

"WITH Notes by Henley." Messrs. Gibbings issue a new edition of Beckford's *Fathek*, with notes by Henley, and an introduction by Dr. Garnett. "Henley" is not "W. E.," but Beckford's friend, the Rev. S. On the other hand, it is our own W. E., with a vengeance, who is contemplated in *Henley and Burns*; or, *the Critic Censured*, by John D. Ross. The book, which is sold by Mr. Eneas Mackay, at Stirling, is described as "a collection of papers replying to an offensive critique on the life, genius, and achievements of the Scottish poet." The papers bear such titles as "Henleyism and the First Edition of Burns," "A Critic Searified," "The Misrepresentations of a Critic," and "Speech by Mr. Faithful Begg, M.P." All the papers are reprints, and the book is apparently merely a backwash of that tide of protest which long ago swept over Mr. Henley's "bloody but unbowed" head.

THERE seems to be a split in the Book-plate camp. The supporters of the *Book of Book-Plates* (Williams & Norgate) are before all things devotees of the Book-plate beautiful; and they are not satisfied with the proceedings and influence of the existing "Ex-Libris" Society. This society, we are warned, is "a society of collectors of book-plates; not lovers of art collecting plates for the enjoyment to be derived from the study of their beauties, but book-plate hunters, whose measure of the value of a plate is its rarity, and who, so long as a plate is rare and much sought after, ask no inconvenient questions as to its merits." Now we can understand the collecting of book-plates for Art's sake, and we can understand the collecting of them for History's sake; and we can easily see why the Art-loving collector deprecates the "quasi-learned disquisitions of an historical nature" which are the delight of the History-loving collectors. It is probably better that these antagonistic connoisseurs should part company. The Book-plate Society will now receive those who decide to "secesh." The new Society will consist of artists, collectors, and others interested in book-plates from an artistic standpoint. The *Book of Book-Plates*, now in its third number, will be its organ, and there will be an annual exhibition and an exchange club. The subscription of 10s. 6d. annually includes the subscription to the *Book of Book-Plates*. Clearly there is life in the Book-plate still.

CONCERNING the novel *Julie*, by "A Man," of which we recently said, in our notes on fiction, "We have no idea who 'A Man' is, but feel sure that he is not very old," a correspondent writes: "I may say that, when the story was published serially in the *Clarion*, the author's name was given. 'A Man' is Mr. Robert Blatchford, better known, perhaps, as 'Nunquam,' of *Merrie England* fame. As a friend of Mr. Blatchford, I regret to say that he is fifty years of age in March next. It may interest you to know that, within the last half-dozen years, 'Nunquam' has given some ten books—novels, sketches, essays, and quasi-economic volumes—to the world. I think it was Mr. W. T. Stead who said of him: 'He is the best-beloved journalist in England.' I believe that to be true, and would ask to be allowed to say, further, that I believe him to be one of the most brilliant writers in England, and one who will yet be recognised as such by all lovers

of literature." We congratulate Mr. Blatchford on the possession of such a backer; and are not ignorant of Mr. Blatchford's achievements, for which we have great respect. But we failed to recognise him in the rôle of sentimentalist.

A WRITER in the *Pilot* has a curious note about an alleged printer's error in the Prayer Book. An old clergyman objected to compulsory education, and when it was suggested to him that the Church at least intended that her children should read, because in the Collect we pray: "Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn," &c.—the old gentleman contended that the comma after "them" was a printer's error, and that the true reading was "hear them read." The writer shows that the theory is to some extent supported by the preface to the Prayer Book of 1549, and by the "Injunctions" issued in the reign of Edward VI. In both these documents the instruction is that the people should hear the Scriptures read. On internal grounds the *Pilot* writer contends that the comma is better away, seeing that "mark" means to attend, and should logically follow the hearing. Whereas, in practice, mark has almost come to mean to mark with a pencil (vide *How to Mark Your Bible*, &c.). In any case, the discussion is now more curious than significant.

THE anonymous editor of Kinglake's *Eothen*, in the "Little Library" series (Methuen), has discovered a fine mare's-nest in the sixteenth chapter of that delightful book. Kinglake says of the Jordan: "All the pilgrims—men, women, and children—are submerged *en chemise*, and the saturated linen is carefully wrapped up and preserved as a burial-dress that shall ensure for salvation in the realms of death." On this the editor makes the surprising remark: "Some critical scholar of eminence should be called upon to emend or explain this mysterious passage. At least, if people are allowed to print such things in the nineteenth century, what right have we to emend the classical authors when they choose to be unintelligible." The critical scholar of eminence would merely invite the editor to open his dictionary, where the word *enure* (or *inure*), intransitively used, is defined as "to be applied," or "to become serviceable." Kinglake tells us that the people believed that garments saturated in the Jordan, and used as shrouds, would preserve the body after death.

SIR GEORGE M. SMITH's recollections of Charlotte Brontë in the December *Cornhill* make first-rate reading, although rather as a personal statement of things known than as a statement of things not known. The acceptance of *Jane Eyre*, the visit of Charlotte and Anne Brontë to London, and of Charlotte's later visits and meetings with Thackeray, are recounted in delightful detail. Charlotte Brontë's "high falutin," and her social awkwardness, were not pleasing to Thackeray, who laughed at the one manifestation and was depressed by the other. He greatly offended Miss Brontë by introducing her to his mother in a crowded lecture-room, and in a loud voice, with the words: "Mother, you must allow me to introduce you to Jane Eyre."

THE sequel to this affront, as Miss Brontë considered it, is related by Sir George Smith with spirit:

On the next afternoon Thackeray called. I arrived at home shortly afterwards, and when I entered the drawing-room found a scene in full progress. Only these two were in the room. Thackeray was standing on the hearthrug, looking anything but happy. Charlotte Brontë stood close to him, with head thrown back and face white with anger. The first words I heard were: "No, sir! If you had come to our part of the country in Yorkshire, what would you have thought of me if I had introduced you to my father, before a mixed company of strangers, as 'Mr. Warring-

ton'?" Thackeray replied, "No, you mean 'Arthur Pendennis.'" "No, I *don't* mean Arthur Pendennis!" retorted Miss Brontë; "I mean Mr. Warrington, and Mr. Warrington would not have behaved as you behaved to me yesterday." The spectacle of this little woman, hardly reaching to Thackeray's elbow, but, somehow, looking stronger and fiercer than himself, and casting her incisive words at his head, resembled the dropping of shells into a fortress.

By this time I had recovered my presence of mind, and hastened to interpose. Thackeray made the necessary and half-humorous apologies, and the parting was a friendly one.

SIR GEORGE SMITH tells us that his mother and sisters complained that Charlotte Brontë seemed to be always noting and analysing people around her, and everything that happened; and that *Vilette* is full of scenes which he can trace to incidents which occurred during Miss Brontë's visits. Indeed, his mother was the "Mrs. Bretton" of the novel, and he himself stood for "Dr. John." The scene at the Brussels theatre was suggested by Rachel, whom the Smiths took her to see; and the scene of the fire sprang from an incident at one of Dickens's private theatricals at which she was present.

IN an interesting article on "Rhyme" in the same magazine, Mr. Frank Ritchie gives some good examples of ingenuity in bringing about the needed jingle. There is Byron's

He loved his child, and would have wept the loss of her,
But knew the cause no more than a philosopher.

The *Ingoldsby Legends* are, of course, a museum of brilliant rhymes. Mr. Ritchie quotes these:

Should it even set fire to the castle and burn it, you're
Amplly insured both for buildings and furniture.

The *Times* made it clear he was perfectly lost in his
Classic attempt at translating Demosthenes.

There's Setebos storming because Mephistopheles
Dashed in his face a whole cup of hot coffee lees.

Browning was another far-fetcher of rhymes. In the "Glove" we have:

Oh, what a face! One by fits eyed
Her and the horrible pitside.

In the "Grammarians' Funeral":

He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
Fonnd, or earth's failure,
"Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered: "Yes!
Hence with life's pale lure."

This rhyme would be laughed to scorn in a minor poet, and what shall we say of the following from "Master Hugues"?

Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive;
Four overbears them all, strident and crepitan;
Five . . . O Danaides! O Sieve!

UNDER the heading "William Morris as a Man of Business" the following interesting note appeared in last week's *Notes and Queries* above the signature C. C. B.:

I am more than a little puzzled by a sentence in Mr. Mackail's *Life of William Morris*. Speaking of Mr. Morris as a man of business, Mr. Mackail says (vol. i., p. 221): "That neglect of detail which is one of the secrets of success came to him naturally." A little farther on he varies the phrase, and calls this neglect "detachment from routine." Surely this is mere confusion of terms. It is possible to be exact and systematic without being a slave of the machine; and is it not a fact that the most successful of men—nay, the greatest men—in every walk of life have, as a rule, been careful of detail? . . . It may be said that the director of great affairs may be careless of detail if he employs careful subordinates; but this is begging the question, and apparently is not what Mr. Mackail means, for he quotes in illustration of his remark

this curious speech of Morris: "I keep fifteen clerks doing my accounts, and yet I cannot find out how much money I have got." His accounts cannot have been in very careful hands. . . .

It is worth while to ask how far this indifference to detail affected Morris's art work. We may attribute to it, I suppose, at least in part, the level monotonous character of much of his verse. He is said to have written 700 lines of *The Earthly Paradise* in one day. One may marvel at such fertility, but cannot help regretting that his habit of "letting things slide" in business should have invaded his literary workshop.

"IT HAS BEEN SAID."

[See article, "The Poloniad," in last week's ACADEMY for remarks on the introduction of quotations with phrases such as "It has been said."]

"It has been said"? Oh! I'll declare
That I'm at present unaware

By whom the truth was stated so,
But as for finding out, you know
I've not sufficient time to spare;

Yet, when with readers I would share
Remembered scraps, what should I care
If I assert of each *bon mot*?

"It has been said"?

And if (the trick become a snare)
I "quote" expressions found nowhere
But in my writing—well, I show
"The modesty that doth bestow
On wit more brilliance," as (I swear)
It has been said!

J. C. F.

IT was certain that Mr. Dooley would, sooner or later, turn his attention to the American historical novel. He has done so, and he gives its genesis as follows:

"What's a historical novel?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Marry come off," said Mr. Dooley. "Don't ye know? Toddlones, if I had me cleaver on th' bar I wud smack thee f'r a ham-headed fluke. Idzims, I wud. Odswoonds, egad, th' wench speaks th' thruth."

Mr. Hennessy moved cautiously away, and measured the distance to the door, but Mr. Dooley's fit was over. He smiled proudly, and resumed his ordinary speech: "Th' historical romance is a story, Hinnessy, about something that didn't happen before ye was bor-rn. A few years ago Hogan, that does most iv me r-readin, was hurtin' his eyes over what he called reelism. That's where a modest sewin'-machine marries a rayspactable grocery store, an' they talk f'r th' r-rest iv th' book about who shall wind th' clock. Hogan says they was a revulsion again' this sort iv thing. It came with prosperity. Durin' hard times people r-read about Dinnis comin' home at night an' throwin' a plate iv warrumed-over mutton at th' wife, an' they'd exclaim, 'Great Hivens, how thrue to nature!' But whin people begun to get dividends fr'm th' busted banks, an' pay day became less jerky an' irreg'lar, they had to have a taste iv rayle rayfined life, an' th' historical novel come in."

At considerable length Mr. Dooley epitomises the typical historical novel of the day. The hero's principal exploit is riding Bucephalus "up Tottenham Court Road, beyon' the railroad tracks, across th' Liffey, over Parlymint, into Cinthral Park."

"Thim things cudden't happen," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Annything cud happen that far back, whin they wore romantic clothes," said Mr. Dooley.

HAPPILY a literary paper is not called upon to take a side in Imperial affairs, except when such affairs touch literature. It behoves those who are not fighting in the arena to look at things with clear eyes undimmed by passion or prejudice. This certainly should be the attitude of the poet, who stands as the representative of the highest form of art and thought. He who wears the mantle of

the seer should be just and tolerant, even if the bias of his feeling ousts generosity from his mind. We assert that no temperate observer of the unhappy, but what we consider to be the inevitable, state of affairs in South Africa, could feel anything but pain on reading the poem contributed by Mr. William Watson to the *Speaker* of last week. We quote the poem in full without further comment :

I hear a voice of murderous wrath :
 We have not burned enough, or slain ;
 Too little havoc marks our path ;
 Wherefore so gentle, so humane ?
 From countless roof-trees be there rolled
 The smoke of expiatory fires !
 More incense yet an hundredfold
 The unsated God of War requires.
 Blind from the first, blind to the end,
 Blind to all signs that ask men's gaze !
 In vain by lips of foe or friend
 The world cries shame upon your ways.
 Fulfil your mission ; spoil and burn ;
 Fling forth the helpless—babes as well ;
 And let the children's children learn
 To hate you with the hate of hell.
 From whatsoever taint remains
 Of lingering justice in our heart,
 Purge us : erase the poor last strains
 Of pity : such your noble part.
 So shall the god of war not lack
 His tribute ; and the long-foiled Light
 Be for the hundredth time thrust back
 Into the night, into the night.

A FEW days later another poet, Ibsen, gave his views to a representative of the *Ovrebildet* on the subject of the Transvaal War. In the course of the interview Ibsen remarked that the Boers had themselves taken unrighteous possession of their territory, after driving out the original inhabitants. The Boers came as a semi-civilised people, and not with the intention of spreading civilisation. On the contrary, they had for a long time done much to hinder the spread of the higher civilisation. If, then, the British, who had a higher culture, came and wished to push their way into the country, that was no worse, and, indeed, not so bad as what the Boers themselves had done. "The British are only taking from the Boers what they themselves have stolen ; the Boers must put up with that. The Boers have defended themselves bravely, but they had also good positions to defend."

Bibliographical.

I MADE reference last week to Mr. A. H. Lawrence's *Life-Story, Letters, and Reminiscences* of Sir Arthur Sullivan. This was published last December by Mr. Bowden, and may fairly be accepted as the official biography, inasmuch as, in compiling it, Mr. Lawrence had Sir Arthur's "heartiest co-operation," the work being issued with its subject's "goodwill and sanction." "Sir Arthur," wrote Mr. Lawrence, "has placed in my hands the letters which he wrote home over a period of some thirty years, as well as letters which have been written to him, and the like. Moreover, Sir Arthur has revised and passed the proofs of those chapters dealing with incidents in his life." In a word, Mr. Lawrence's book was, and is, virtually Sir Arthur's autobiography, and very slight additions to it would bring it completely up to date. Next to it in interest and value may be placed the memoir of Sullivan with which Mr. Charles Willeby opened, in 1893, his *Masters of English Music* ; and it should not be forgotten that Sir Arthur contributed "a chapter of autobiography" to the *M.A.P.* series called "In the Days of My Youth."

Mr. W. H. Helm's *Studies in Style* turn out to be a series of imitations of the literary methods of some well-known fictionists, or schools of fictionists—thus at once

recalling Thackeray's *Novels by Eminent Hands*, in which, however, there was a broader vein of caricature. In our own day the most successful things of this sort have been the *Condensed Novels* of Bret Harte, a separate edition of which came out, in a cheap form, in 1891. These parodies have, indeed, always been popular ; and Mr. Edgar Pemberton, we may be sure, will have something to say about them in the book about Mr. Harte which is to appear this week. An intelligent "appreciation" of Mr. Harte is, in truth, to be desired. He is one of the few well-known writers of our day who has *not* been "boomed."

Talking of parodies and parodists, I note the announcement of a volume of burlesque in verse by Mr. Anthony C. Deane. Mr. Deane (who figures so brightly in the Christmas number of the *World*) is running up quite a list of "works." I have on my own shelves his *Frisolous Verses* (1892), his *Holiday Rhymes* (1894), and his *Leaves in the Wind* (1896). He is also the author, I believe, of a book called *A Poet's Choice* (1898). Are there any more ?

Quite recently I had occasion to refer to Henry Russell and his famous songs, and now comes the news of his serious illness—serious, because he is in his eighty-seventh year. He has been one of the halest and heartiest of veterans, and, just five years ago, gave evidence of his mental activity by writing and publishing his autobiography, entitled, very appropriately, *Cheer, Boys, Cheer! Memories of Men and Music*. Some of us were disappointed with the book, which was, however, readable. Mr. Russell's musical talent, I may record, has descended to one of his sons, who is known in the professional world as Mr. Landon Ronald. His other son, Mr. Clark Russell, needs no introduction to the reader.

I announced some time ago that Colonel Prideaux was at work on a *Bibliography of S. T. Coleridge*, a list in chronological order of the publicly and privately printed works of that writer from 1793 to 1834, including his contributions to annuals, periodicals, and so forth. A bibliography of Coleridge was contributed by the late R. H. Shepherd to *Notes and Queries*, for May and June, 1895. Colonel Prideaux's work will, however, show a considerable advance upon Mr. Shepherd's, alike in the number of items and in accuracy of detail. It will be issued, by subscription, by Mr. Frank Hollings, Great Turnstile, W.C.

I understand that Mr. Theodore Wratishaw's book on Mr. Swinburne will be much more of a critical study than of a memoir. The biographical details, I gather, will be comparatively few, but I believe they will at least have the advantage of being absolutely correct, which is not always the case with the biographies of contemporaries. Even while a man is alive legends grow up around and about him, and they are apt to be repeated by successive scribes. I trust Mr. Wratishaw's volume will include a bibliography brought up to date. The *Bibliography* published by Mr. Redway is now thirteen years old.

The *New Century Review* is to have a new editor and a new publisher. Hitherto its title has been an anachronism, but in a few weeks it will be all right—which is more than we shall be able to say for Mr. James Knowles's review, unless he alters its name in January. As a nation, however, we are tolerant of anachronisms, as is proved by the continued existence in our midst of a *Fortnightly Review* issued monthly.

Occasionally one gets a sort of thrill. I remember experiencing one, some years ago, when I saw in the "contents" of a number of *Macmillan's Magazine* a poem "by William Wordsworth." Now I see that one of the December monthlies contains a contribution "by William Allingham." If only these were cases of re-incarnation !

To the little list of memoirs of George Eliot which I gave in this column the other day, a correspondent asks me to add the monograph on this subject which Mr. Oscar Browning contributed to the "Great Writers" series. I mention that little book with pleasure, though I had no intention to be exhaustive. THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Wilderness of Mediocrity.

An American Anthology. By E. C. Stedman. (Boston and New York: Houghton & Mifflin.)

IN this well-filled volume Mr. Stedman, one of the most eminent of American critics, has brought together specimens of every American poet with any claims on attention, from the beginning to the present day. It is thus a bird's-eye view of the whole range of American verse. The work could not have been done more carefully and conscientiously; it enables us to judge, with at least an approach to adequacy, what is America's claim to respect in the greatest of the literary arts.

It is clear that America has no distinctive national note in poetry: the time is gone by when people vaguely looked for something strikingly novel, gigantic, commanding, unprecedented, from the "young nation" of the vast territory. We know now that she is not young, but old—a transplanted England, born to age. And her verse is English verse, with all the matured and over-matured characteristics of later English verse, when her verse is at its best. The effect produced by this volume, it must frankly be said, is not satisfying, not impressive. It does not seem that in poetry America can, or will, find her own, and take rank by her mother-land, even by the later England of Tennyson and his successors. An anthology of the English poets since Tennyson would, we think, make a better show, on the whole, than this complete anthology of American poets. That is not a hopeful thing to say; an ungracious saying, perhaps, but necessary. The especially depressing conviction which the book forces on us is that the advance of American poetry has not been sustained. There seemed more than hope for a nation which had produced such a group as that of Poe, Emerson, Lowell, and Longfellow. If another Emerson were unlikely, or even another Poe, it seemed no unattainable ambition to advance beyond Longfellow. But America has not even maintained the level of Longfellow. Among the later poets none stands prominently forth but Lanier and, in a minor degree, the minute grace of Father Tabb. The overwhelmingly materialistic genius of America is, we fear, chilling, if not killing, to poetry. It looks strongly as though the poetic gift were flickering down, rather than spreading and broadening. Sad and strange that the wind of those free prairies and vastly splendid mountains cannot fan to greatness the flame which feeds on the souls of all great nations, from Palestine to England, from Italy to Persia and the Himalayas!

There seems no lack of singers, if there be a lack of great singers. From a survey of these voluminous pages one gets an impression that almost every cultivated man or woman in America must be writing poetry—and publishing it. But all these swallows will not make a summer. It is a democracy of song indeed, where no man is better—or much worse—than his neighbours. There is a fatal air of level accomplishment over these pages; mere accomplishment, uninspired and undistinguished. The bed-roll of names somehow has a depressing effect—Tudor Jenks, and Titus Munson Coane, and Edith Matilda Thomas, and so forth, and so forth. Mr. Stedman's necessity of being historically comprehensive has forced on him the inclusion of a host of names for which there is no other real justification; but the result is a frowning wilderness of mediocrity, which nowise improves as we near the present day; and the heart of the reviewer sinks in this waterless land. As to the influences governing American poetry, they are mostly those of the period from Wordsworth to Tennyson. There is no hint of influence from the Rossetti and Swinburne movement, so powerful in England; while Lanier is the only one who has gone back to the Elizabethans and the seventeenth century.

The poets of the early American days are decidedly old-fashioned, and mild, very mild. Though Mr. Stedman zealously champions him, we are not among those who are exhilarated by the chaste muse of William Cullen Bryant, the first considerable poet of America. Then you have specimens of James Gates Percival, who was called the American Somebody-or-other—they were all American Burnses or Shelleys or Miltons, &c., in those days—and was laughed at by Lowell. You have Nathaniel Parker Willis, whose stilted fame is now decently interred, and many another. But you come at last to the opulent season of Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, and Holmes, and forget your jourueying in the desert. How many, one wonders, read Emerson's poetry? It is often unworkman-like; save in special passages, it lacks the singing note, the metre is unpliant, unseusitive; few poems are good wholes. It is possible to deny his being a poet at all. Yet at his best, and nearly always in casual passages, his thought has a depth which forces the expression into rightness, and startles with its truth like Wordsworth's. Take this passage:

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent,
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

Some of his best small poems are omitted by Mr. Stedman, while others are given of less merit. But we may quote, well-known though it is, the deep and paradoxical "Brahma":

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.
Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.
They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt;
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.
The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

It is not possible to quote from Whittier, whose best things are too long for insertion; and it were idle to quote poets whose finest work is so well known as Poe, Longfellow, and Wendell Holmes. Thoreau shows poorer in verse than prose, and Lowell seems to us very ill represented in this anthology as regards the character of the selections. Julia Ward Howe's stirring "Battle-Hymn" was lately cited in the ACADEMY. Parsons, restrained and classical, seems to us to have little to restrain, despite his reputation. Of his ode to Dante, the really fine part is the two opening stanzas, and they are common in English anthologies. The specimens of Walt Whitman are long. Let us rather take a poet little known here, Stoddard. His work is rather cultivated than original, his best piece being decidedly the ode on Lincoln. It is in the metre of Marvell's great Cromwell ode, and though decidedly too diffuse, and unequal, the finest stanzas are fine. The poem would be a notable one if it were subjected to judicious compression:

One of the people! born to be
Their curious epitome;
To share yet rise above
Their shifting hate and love,

Common his mind (it seemed so then),
His thoughts the thoughts of other men:
Plain were his words and poor,
But now they will endure!

No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
But prudent, cautious, pliant still;
Who since his work was good
Would do it as he could.

Doubting, was not ashamed to doubt,
And, lacking prescience, went without:
Often appeared to halt,
And was, of course, at fault;

Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
And, loving both sides, angered both;
Was—not like Justice, blind,
But watchful, clement, kind.

No hero this of Roman mould,
Nor like our stately sires of old:
Perhaps he was not great,
But he preserved the State!

That is excellent, and not far from classical. Thereafter we come to such more or less well-known names of the present day as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Mrs. Piatt, Mrs. Chandler Moulton, and the dead Sidney Lanier. Lanier is by far the foremost of these names; a poet of true genius, but represented here by lengthy extracts. Thereafter things broaden progressively to level mediocrity. Let us take a few of the less-known names. We cannot share the Transatlantic admiration of Boyle O'Reilly. But we may choose a snatch from the delicate and miniature muse of Father Tabb:

THE WATER-LILY.

Whence, O fragrant form of light
Hast thou drifted through the night,
Swan-like, to a leafy nest,
On the restless waves, at rest?
Art thou from the snowy zone
Of a mountain-summit blown,
Or the blossom of a dream,
Fashioned in the foamy stream?
Nay—methinks the maiden moon,
When the daylight came too soon,
Fleeting from her bath to hide,
Left her garment in the tide.

Among a throng of more ambitious poets are a few who sing for the children, and they are welcome relief. Chief of such is Eugene Field, whose "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" is, or should be, known in all households of children.

Let us take, finally, a specimen from a writer quite unknown here, who is an evident follower of Walt Whitman, but has matter of his own. It is "The Soul of the World," and the poet is Ernest Crosby:

The soul of the world is abroad to-night—
Not in yon silvery amalgam of moonbeam and ocean, nor
in the pink heat-lightning tremulous on the horizon;
Nor in the embrace of yonder pair of lovers, either heart
beating to heart in the shadow of the fishing-smack
drawn up on the beach.
All that—shall I call it illusion? Nay, but at best it is
a pale reflection of the truth.
I am not to be put off with symbols, for the soul of the
world is itself abroad to-night.
I neither see nor hear nor smell nor taste nor touch it, but
faintly I feel it powerfully stirring.
I feel it as the blind heaving sea feels the moon bending
over it.
I feel it as the needle feels the serpentine magnetic current
coiling itself about the earth.
I open my arms to embrace it as the lovers embrace each
other, but my embrace is all inclusive.
My heart beats to heart likewise, but it is to the heart
universal, for the soul of the world is abroad to-night.

We have purposely quoted from the authors unknown here; and many deserving notice among these have neces-

sarily escaped us; but the general effect is as we have stated: a few poets of whom America may be proud, many of ephemeral merit, a large bulk for whose inclusion there is only historical excuse, and in the modern ranks scarcely that. Frankly, many poems are swept into Mr. Stedman's net which are only fitted for some popular—very popular—reciter.

The Tyranny of Love.

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (John Murray. 5s.)

BEFORE us lies as dainty an example of book production as we have seen for many a day. It is a slight, parchment-covered volume, bound after the style of the Morris books, tied with water-silk green ribbons, and it contains nothing but love-letters. They were written by a girl who died at the age of twenty-two, and they reveal an exquisite nature—that elected to surrender itself entirely to a passion for a man who tired of her. Instances of such hapless devotion are not common nowadays. The love-letters written by this unhappy girl have a quality, a literary finish, and a delicate abandonment that give distinction to the volume.

Why the book was published we do not know. Nor do we propose to discuss the ethics of the publication, except to say, that if the man to whom they were addressed be still alive, we may be spared the ordeal of meeting him. An "explanation," printed by way of preface to the book, includes the very obvious statement that "the woman by whom these letters were written had no thought that they would be read by any one but the person to whom they were addressed." Naturally. Then why were they published? This is the explanation given by the anonymous writer of the preface:

But a request, conveyed under circumstances which the writer herself would have regarded as all-commanding, urges that they should now be given to the world: and, so far as is possible with a due regard to the claims of privacy, what is here printed presents the letters as they were first written in their complete form and sequence.

It might be suggested that the letters are merely a *tour de force* by some clever woman who, in the tranquility of matronhood, remembers her ancient emotions. That may be. Our experience of love-letters has been meagre. But if these love-letters were written for the occasion, we can only say that the writer has a most remarkable gift of simulating sincerity, and revealing her innermost feelings in a way that makes even a reviewer blush to think that he has been peeping and prying into intimate confessions.

The thread of story is slight and soon told. She loves: he loves. Her love increases: his love diminishes. She idealises: the pinnacle upon which she has placed him supports her world: he consults his mother (there is always a mother): the mother disapproves. His love declines: he ceases to write: she takes ill: he refuses to see her: she dies. The gentleman does not come well out of the correspondence. Perhaps he intends to give the proceeds of his share in the sale of the book to a hospital for women.

For the girl one feels a great pity. Her love was of so fine a quality, her nature so rich, her humour so delicate, her abandonment so foolishly complete, her surrender so absolute. "I am wondering," she says, "whether this evening we shall see you walking quietly in and making everything into perfection that has been trembling just on the verge of it all day long." . . . "Though I reach and reach, and sadden if you are sad, I cannot make your sorrow my own." . . . "My heart goes to you like a tree in the wind, and all these thoughts are loose leaves that fly after you when I have to remain behind." . . . "You have swallowed up all my moral qualities, I have none left, when it is so sweet to beg. Give me back crumbs of

myself." . . . "Every day your love binds me more deeply than I knew the day before: so that no day is the same now, but each one a little happier than the last." . . . For our own part we find the letters in bulk too cloying. They are personal to an almost inhuman degree. We miss the larger utterance, the interest in life itself, in life's crowded interests of which love, if the best and the most helpful, is but one. We miss the fine understanding of the proportions of things which distinguished the Browning love-letters. But it is only fair to remember that the writer of these was an inexperienced and untried girl who consistently idealised her lover, thus placing him in a position which (we understand) is almost unbearable to anybody with a knowledge of himself and a sense of honour. It is quite clear that this gentleman was not able to live up to the passion of his correspondent. One of his remarks she quotes. It was to the effect that her metaphors made him giddy. "I love you," she says on another occasion, "and me you like cordially." That was it, he liked her cordially, and under the strain of her undisciplined passion his love waned. It was strongest in the earlier letters, when the affair was new to him, when she wrote:

You and peace hold me so much a prisoner, have so caught me from my own way of living, that I seem to hear a pin drop twenty years ahead of me: it seems an event! Dearest, a thousand times, I would not have it be otherwise: I am only too willing to drop out of existence altogether and find myself in your arms instead. Giving you my love, I can so easily give you my life.

The end is tragedy lit by the fine, pure flame of her soul. She is dying, and he refuses to see her, which looks like sheer brutality. But no action of her beloved can bruise the loveliness of her nature:

How I suffer, how I suffer! If you could have dreamed that a human body could contain so much suffering, I think you would have chosen a less dreadful way of showing me your will: you would have given me a reason why I have to suffer so. Dearest, I am broken of every habit I ever had, except my love of you. If you would come back to me you could shape me into whatever you wished. I will be different in all but just that one thing.

Again:

I will die, because in no other way can I express how much I love you. I am possessed by all the despairing words about lost happiness that the poets have written. They go through me like ghosts: I am haunted by them: but they are bloodless things. It seems when I listen to all the other desolate voices that have ever cried, that I alone have blood in me. Nobody ever loved as I love since the world began.

And:

Oh, dear face, dear unforgettable lost face, my soul strains up to look for you through the blind eyes that have been left to torment me because they can never behold you. Very often have I seen you looking grieved, shutting away some sorrow in yourself quietly: but never once angry or impatient at any of the small follies of men. Come, then, and look at me patiently now! I am your blind girl: I must cry out because I cannot see you. Only make me believe that you yet think of me as, when you so unbelievably separated us, you said you had always found me—"the dearest and most true-hearted woman a man could pray to meet." Beloved, if in your heart I am still that, separation does not matter. I can wait, I can wait.

Soon she dies, with these last words: "Most dear, most beloved, you were to me and are." Now I can no longer hold together: but it is my body, not my love that has failed." The last letters, we are told, were not posted. They were found after her death and forwarded—what a word! She was a woman of parts: hers was a rare mind and a beautiful soul, but she loved too well, too unwisely well, and she paid for her excess. She paid with her life for her indifference to the poise of the laws that govern life.

The Peace of Nonentity.

The Riddle of the Universe at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated by Joseph McCabe. (Watts & Co. 6s. net.)

Now that the stake is uprooted, one seems to see it figuring retributively as a staff in the right hand of Science. On she goes, sublime in an immense sincerity, along the road that leads to Perfect Knowledge. And suddenly she pulls up, in the person of Prof. Haeckel, and tells us that she has travelled to the verge of the twentieth century without meeting God, and does not expect to meet Him. The beldame, with red though comely hands, confesses, moreover, that she has "finally destroyed the myth" that attributes immortality to the soul of man. Giordano Bruno is avenged.

Die Welträthsel is the title given to the scripture of this communication, which Germany has already absorbed in four editions. In translating it under the title of *The Riddle of the Universe*, Mr. McCabe, a conscientious interpreter, has assumed, inadvertently no doubt, that of a work by Mr. Edgar Douglas Fawcett, published in 1893. Prof. Haeckel perceives the universe filled with Substance, of which movement and sensation are innate and original properties. It is the nature, it is the law, of Substance to manifest itself continually in operations of growth and decline, of evolution and of devolution:

While the embryo of a new world is being formed from a nebula in one corner of the vast stage of the universe, another has already condensed into a rotating sphere of liquid fire in some far distant spot, a third has already cast off rings at its equator, which round themselves into planets.

And this is the end of worlds: first, all life is extinguished by the radiation of heat from its planetary domiciles; then the substance of the revolving spheres contract, the speed of their motion slackens, their orbits and that of their moons grow narrower. Anon—

The frozen moons fall on to their planets, the planets on to their suns. Two distant suns, perhaps already stark and cold, rush together with inconceivable force and melt away into nebulous clouds. And such prodigious heat is generated by the collision, that the nebula is once more raised to incandescence, and the old drama begins again.

It is to be noted that we catch our scientist dreaming. But "a dreamer lives for ever, and a toiler dies in a day," which, as regards the first half of the verse, is contrary to the Professor's philosophy.

That philosophy is, we opine, most noteworthy for its inclusion of the soul in the science of physiology. The soul of man is "merely a collective title for the sum-total of man's cerebral functions; and these are just as much determined by physical and chemical processes as any of the other vital functions, and just as amenable to the law of substance." Consequently, when the parts of the cortex by which those functions are discharged succumb to disease, the soul, as conceived by Prof. Haeckel, dies, and there's an end. He does not, like Mr. Fawcett, flirt with metempsychosis; he does not contemplate the re-arrangement of scattered atoms in some original order. In the privacy of the Unborn, man passes the ignoble fish-stage. Man and ape, dog and rabbit, pig and sheep, are indistinguishable from one another as embryos. "But man has a soul," says the Christian. Retorts Prof. Haeckel: "So have all animals."

In the Christian conception of soul, memory is the salient feature. By the possession of a high degree of conscious memory man has made experience the mother of civilisation. But his debt to unconscious memory is immeasurably greater; if it be true, as we understand from Prof. Haeckel, that the cell-soul erects itself, by memory, into the likeness of the generic type with such

idiosyncracies as follow from the individuals to whom it owes existence. "Heredity is the memory of the plastidule, while variability is its comprehension." A statelier sentence no prophet ever penned. It deposits the god in the machine; it chambers him in the protist's unfinished shell and in the chrysalis. He is—or are we dreadfully unscientific?—the soul in action.

Of Prof. Haeckel's treatment of revealed religion it is enough to say that it is entirely free from reverence; it is even a little uncharitable and vulgar. He brushes spiritualism away with a wave of his hand.

This decidedly is a good way to avoid seeing ghosts, and ghosts are precisely the last phenomena that the Professor would desire to see. For *The Riddle of the Universe* denies the existence of spiritual shape apart from corporeal shape, or the life of spirit apart from body.

The book leads to the wholesome conclusion that we men, the brothers of fish and apes, owe to our relationship a kindly feeling towards our inferiors in the evolutionary scale who check our pride by surpassing us here and there in the good gifts of sight and smell, and by the fact that their ultimate oblivion is no deeper than our own. To complain of our futility were to rebuke that in ourselves which erected us as we are. We have lost God the Father. We have lost even Mr. Fawcett's "God of Absolutism . . . a unity of interpenetrative individuals who have bought their glory by suffering," and perhaps we could bear the loss. We have lost Spinoza's passionless Monad, who in thinking creates and in remembering eternises; and what have we gained? We have gained Substance; in effect we have gained the Universe itself, amorphous and unintelligible, an abyss full of revolving conflagrations in the midst of which we await disintegration—the peace of nonentity.

To such a glimpse, like one of Ivan the Terrible's punishments, chilling and scalding by turns, are we led at the close of the nineteenth century by the greatest living zoologist. But the hell of Michelangelo is merely horrible, and here is a touch of grandeur. Moreover, the annihilation of the ego will always be sugared by the optimist as atomic immortality. For ourselves we prefer to say that even atheism and thanatism are speculations. There is no end to the road that Science is diligently pursuing. She is tireless, but so might we imagine God to be, even "Our Father"; and if He walked before, she would not out-pace Him though her sandals were winged.

Three Good War Books.

In the Web of a War. By H. F. Prevost Battersby. (Methuen. 6s.)

How we Kept the Flag Flying. By Donald Macdonald. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

The History of the Boer War. By F. H. E. Cunliffe. (Methuen. 15s.)

MR. BATTERSBY'S book reads almost like a budget of war *pensées*. The effect arises from his strong inclination to comment, and from the way in which his book is cut up into very short paragraphs—a relic, doubtless, of their first appearance in the *Morning Post*. Mr. Battersby was with Lord Roberts, and witnessed the surrender of Cronje and the re-making of the army at Bloemfontein. With all his sententiousness, he does not spare us the crude horrors of war. His description of the Boer laager at Paardeberg is as follows:

The chief feature of the laager was its smell. Camping on battlefields one becomes acclimatised to the scent of death. But no human soul could have grown used to the reek of that slaughter-house. It was appalling. Shrapnel had scattered the bodies of beasts; lyddite had turned them inside out. Cattle, twisted out of the likeness of kine, stripped to a red and skinless horror, rent into mounds of

broken pieces, lay on every hand, and had lain there for a week, under a sun that turns meat sour almost between the plate and the mouth.

Mr. Battersby's *obiter dicta* are nearly always striking or interesting. We wonder whether his criticism of British officers is right. He says that the spirit of enterprise is no longer theirs. They have hot courage, love of country, and the desire to get on; and they will carry these to the length of dying on the field or in hospital. But all the time they are sick of the whole business, and long to see Hurlingham, and Cowes, and cricket, and shooting again. Thus, in staccato:

Their heart is not in enterprise, but in the little ways and plays of settled conditions.

They would, had it been their decision, have "left the cursed place to the Dutchmen."

Since it was not, they starve, and fight, and die with the best grace and most excellent courage possible.

But the change is there, from the spirit of the men who won the Indies and made America, and set our flag over the seas.

An individual book that makes us forget its late arrival—late as things go in the publishing which now follows an army as doggedly as its own commissariat.

In Mr. Macdonald's *Ladysmith* book we are agreeably disappointed. We expected "the same old thing," but we found freshness of view and a grip on what is interesting. Mr. Macdonald is an Australian, and represented the Melbourne *Argus*. "Siege Impressions," the title of the seventh chapter, might be the title of the book. Mr. Macdonald is great on shells. One shell tore to splinters the floor of a room in which breakfast had just been laid for Dr. Jameson, Colonel Rhodes, Lord Ava, and others. It entered the cellar below, and blew the floor up into a chaos of splintered timber and crockery. When a Ladysmith divine heard of it he said: "Good gracious! and Olive's violin is packed away in that cellar. Was anyone hurt?" Dodging shells is no use if you are fated to be smitten. There was a Doctor Starke in Ladysmith, an amiable tourist, a visitor from Torquay, who went every day to the river with an angler's basket, containing his luncheon, to be out of danger. He was a quiet man, a widower; he had fads, and several daughters in England, and in Ladysmith he befriended a homeless cat and took it every day with him to the river bank. He was nursing this cat one day at the door of the Royal Hotel, and chatting to Mr. M'Hugh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, when a shell came and cut him in two above the knees. Mr. M'Hugh was quite unhurt. This mild widower's death made the troops mad; "'e's a Devonshire man," said a Devon soldier between his teeth, "an' I'm Devonshire mesen'. Whoy doant they let us take yon gun?" Mr. Macdonald tells this: "One man was having a quiet bath on his own verandah when a shell struck a tree, cannoned off the side of the house without exploding, and rolling like a hoop along the verandah, upset the bath-tub and its occupant without hurting either." He has many such stories, and better ones about the physiology of heroism and the physiology of funk. There were volunteers whose nerve was simply unequal to fighting. "They were pitied rather than despised. Their colonel took them aside and appealed to them to pull themselves together and act like men, but . . . they were for the time being incapable of fighting, and pitiful as such an exhibition may be, none felt it so much as the men themselves." Some men funk'd shell and nothing else; concerning whom Mr. Macdonald tells a good story. "Early in the siege, an old major, whose fighting record is beyond question, was lecturing his men on the folly of ducking to shell. 'When you hear it, men, it's actually past, so that ducking your heads is quite useless.' Just then came a hissing shell from 'Silent Sue' close over the major's head. He ducked. The men laughed, and the major observed, 'Ah, well, I suppose it's just human nature.'"

Among other things Mr. Macdonald tells us why the flag that Sir George White kept flying over Ladysmith will never hang in St. Paul's Cathedral. On the night of the succour a crowd of officers gathered round the flag-pole, and, moved by a common impulse, pulled down the flag and tore it into a hundred heirlooms.

Mr. Cunliffe's history of the Boer War has been appearing in monthly parts, and the first of its two volumes is now issued. The excellence of this work is double; for the narrative is vivid and temperate, and the illustrations form a picture gallery of the war which is not likely to be rivalled. The history is planned on simple chronological lines, beginning with the Boer initiative and the battles of Talana Hill, Elands-laagte, Rietfontein, Lombard's Kop, Nicholson's Nek, and so on. Just because it is so evenly good and comprehensive Mr. Cunliffe's story does not call for quotation. Among the illustrations we notice an excellent drawing of a Pompom with the Pompom shell shown in its actual size; its length being that of a man's middle finger. On page 285 is the best photograph of the interior of an armoured train, packed with soldiers, that we have seen. Besides illustrations of all sizes, we have maps, plans of battlefields, sectional drawings of guns, &c., &c. An ideal gift for the Christmas of 1900, especially as it contains the promise of its other half—Volume II.

Some Jews in London.

The Jew in London: a Study of Racial Character and Present-Day Conditions. Being two Essays prepared for the Toynbee Trustees by C. Russell, B.A., and H. S. Lewis, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE title of this book is a misnomer. It should have been "Some Jews in London." No survey of the Jew in London, however cursory, could have omitted all consideration of the influence of cosmopolitan financiers on the happiness of the nation and the destiny of the Empire. The Jew of Maida Vale and of Hampstead is scarcely mentioned, while the Princes of Jewry who have gained entrance into the ranks of British aristocracy and are domiciled in London during a portion of the year are not so much as referred to. Of the marked difference between the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim—nothing is said. There is a contradiction between the claim in the title and the performance in the book. It inflames our desire: it fails to gratify our passion. Still, within the four corners of the area described by the authors the work they have performed is wholly satisfactory, and the spirit in which they have laboured is that of high-minded seekers after truth. The Jewish question is like the mariner's compass: there are 64 or even 360 points of view from which it can be approached. The present writer's humble labours in that field have taught him that generalisations about the Jew are like generalisations about women or the weather—futile, unscientific, and dangerous. Hence the value of this patient study of some Jews of London.

Prof. Bryce's preface is the least satisfactory portion of the book. He declares that the two Essays which form this volume are "primarily an attempt to describe the Jewish community in London." They are nothing of the kind. The book is devoted to the Jew of the East-End. Prof. Bryce declares, moreover, that "inter-marriage between Jews and Christians has already begun." If this is true it is important. But is it true? Mr. Russell, the writer of the first Essay, asserts, in reference to the question of amalgamation with the English race, that "the main obstacle is the rigid prohibition of inter-marriage, which is one of the articles of the Jewish religion." Mr. Lewis declares that mixed marriages are admittedly rare, and he does not think that mixed marriages are increasing among the working classes. Surely, if there were any real

intention on the part of the leaders of the Jewish community to merge their race with ours, as the Huguenots and the Flemings merged theirs, we should have heard of it by this time. If, on the other hand, there is no such intention, the formation of an island of Orientals, isolated, self-concentrated, alien in idea and aim, can only be regarded with regret, even if the members of that community were not only superior to our own, but had attained the angelic standard of life and character. But the Jews are not angels. The commonly received opinion is that the standard of commercial ethics as recognised by too many Jews is lower than that acknowledged by the rest of the world. Jews admit it. Even Mr. Lewis, himself a Jew, admits that the bulk of the Polish immigrants have no sense of truth whatever, that "obvious perjury" on the smallest provocation is committed in case after case at an East-End police-court where the parties concerned are foreign Jews. Mr. Lewis, while condemning Judge Bacon's well-known remarks, declares that they are based on "a substantial substratum of truth." "I fear that it cannot be denied that their [foreign Jews] standard of business morality is often defective." An undue proportion of users of false weights and measures appear to be foreign Jews, if the return of convictions issued in the Minutes of the London County Council may be taken as evidence. With great fairness Mr. Lewis admits that the bankruptcy laws are evaded by persons who pass through the Courts and reappear in business with suspicious celerity and without apparent loss.

Admirably written as are the two Essays, we cannot but feel that in the desire to be fair and kindly the drawing of the subject of this book is somewhat out of perspective. The foundation of the British nation is character. Our chance of racial survival is intimately connected with our love of truth and with our continued aversion to crooked ways. If the fraudulent tendencies of the great majority of the destitute aliens who swarm in from Poland are inherent, is not the logical conclusion, first, that the facts should be accurately ascertained; and second, that if it be found that the character of these alien immigrants is, and remains, of a lower standard than is compatible with the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race, then the lesson the authors of this book desire to teach is not the one that we ought to learn?

Other New Books.

MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS. BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's manysidedness fits him peculiarly for the keeping of an interesting commonplace book. We know that he is not wholly represented here, that in addition to being a country gentleman, an ardent sportsman and accomplished naturalist, he is a politician, a leader in agriculture, and a man of books. With these latter his "memories" are not greatly concerned; but they may serve as material to future historians anxious to know how a Scottish laird passed his time towards the end of the nineteenth century. We learn from the preface that he has a habit of recording the day's deeds in written notes, that would grow too bulky if not occasionally reduced to print. Many of these brief chapters have already appeared in newspapers. Some are devoted to botany and ornithology, many to angling and a few to shooting. Not infrequently does he touch upon topics of controversy such as are lightly discussed in the smoke room of a country house, and on which considerable difference of opinion exists. One that particularly haunts him is the morality or mercy of sport, an argument that belongs to this questioning, self-conscious age. We do not propose to discuss it now further than to raise one point that has apparently escaped his attention. Most of his remarks are addressed to the stern opponents of all sport,

who say that it is brutal and debasing and barbarous to make a pleasure and a pastime of killing. A man whose boast is that he has shot five hundred pheasants of a morning has been engaging in an amusement that may fairly be held up to reprobation. Not taking this extreme view, however, we believe the substantial objection to excessive game-preserving is that it leads to a jealous exclusion from the land of all but the owner's friends. To take one example from the Border country wherein Sir Herbert has gathered material for these charming essays, Flodden Hill is ruthlessly closed to the public for the sake of the pheasants. If there were no Game Laws there would be no temptation to shut up this favourite picnic ground. Many of our great landlords, it is true, do not worship "the sacred birds" quite so slavishly. Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Buccleugh may be cited as examples of those who freely share their privileges with the public. It were easy, however, to draw up a Black List of others who adopt a quite opposite course, and, in consequence, are in the way of bringing about a severe agitation. Moderate men quite admit the value of field-sports, but they say that they may be purchased at too high a cost. It is a matter of increasing national importance that the poor be induced to return to the land, and if those who at present own it do not make concessions the end thereof will be what it was in Ireland. On the salmon question Sir Herbert avoids a similar point. It is advisable, even were sport to suffer a little, that pains should be taken to preserve all who work on the water, be it in salmon-cobble or herring-boat, because they and their children are material for the mercantile marine and the navy. Of course this subject holds but a small place in Sir Herbert's book: but we hope next time he goes a-fishing in the Tweed he will re-cognate the Game Laws from our point of view, and put the result in a third volume of essays, to be as warmly welcomed as this one. (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH

PRINTING: 1476-1898.

By HENRY R. PLOMER.

Mr. A. W. Pollard, the general editor of "The English Bookman's Library," in which this volume appears, could hardly have put it in more capable hands than those of Mr. Plomer, whose researches in the Record Office and elsewhere have thrown much light upon the dark period of English printing during the first half of the sixteenth century. Mr. Plomer gives us a well-informed and well-arranged outline of his subject, starting from Caxton and ending with the Kelmescott Press, and the new Greek type designed by Mr. Selwyn Image for Messrs. Macmillan. We wonder how many readers are aware that the claim of Caxton to be the first English printer rests on an emendation. His first English printed book was the *Dialogus and Sayings of the Philosophers*, issued on November 18, 1477. But there exists a version of St. Jerome's *Expositio* of the Apostles' Creed, which, according to its colophon, was "Impressa Oxonie et finita anno domini M.cccc.lxviij. xvij die decembris." Mr. Plomer, and we believe, the majority of modern bibliographers, burke the claim of Oxford by assuming that M.cccc.lxviij is a misprint for M.cccc.lxviiij. They may be right, as other Oxford books of 1478 and 1479 are known, and some of them resemble the *Expositio*. Nevertheless, it seems a somewhat cavalier method of treating the evidence. Mr. Plomer's book is itself a beautiful example of modern English printing, from the press of Messrs. Constable at Edinburgh. And it has some admirable illustrations, including facsimiles of Caxton pages, and of two specimens of Kelmescott Press work. Of the merit of the latter Mr. Plomer has a very high opinion, and he lays especial stress on the care taken by Morris to make his unit, both of type arrangement and of decoration, the double, not the single, page. Of the Vale Press in relation to the Kelmescott Press, Mr. Plomer writes that its productions "have that rather irritating

degree of likeness which makes every difference—and the differences are numerous—appear a wilful and regrettable divergence." (Kegan Paul.)

THE ORIGINS OF ART.

By YRJO HIRN.

The author is a lecturer at the Finnish University of Helsingfors. His valuable book, however, is not a translation, but an original work, written in excellent English. Metaphysics are out of fashion, and the "Aesthetik" of Hegel does not so much as find a mention in Mr. Hirn's bibliography. He approaches his subject from the side of anthropology and psychology, and sets himself to determine the nature of the primitive impulse lying at the root of art-production, asking himself whether it primarily satisfies practical and utilitarian ends in life, or whether it is "autotelic"—that is, finding its essential end in its own satisfaction. He concludes that the art-impulse is an independent one, arising out of the need for what Aristotle called "Katharsis," the purging of the moods and emotions.

All works of art have a common element notwithstanding their diversity. They express, each in their own medium, a mood or moods of the artist: they arise, that is, out of the impulse to expression, which is as primitive as feeling itself. Every man seeks automatically to heighten his feelings of pleasure and to relieve his feelings of pain. The artist is the man who finds that he can gain such enhancement or relief, not only by the direct action of giving expression to his feeling, but also by arousing a kindred feeling in others. Hence originates in him that desire to transmit his moods to an external audience which must be regarded as the simplest and most primordial inducement to artistic production.

But the art-impulse requires material to work upon, and this is provided by various non-aesthetic, sociological needs. Primitive man uses art to convey information, to propitiate a lover or a ruler, to stimulate and intensify vital energy, and to work magic by the creation of an illusion in which the distinction between subjective and objective is resolved. This thesis is expounded in a series of brilliant chapters, full of psychological subtlety, and stored with the results of a wide range of anthropological reading. It is an important contribution to a fascinating and progressive branch of inquiry. (Macmillan.)

THE STORY OF MY CAPTIVITY.

By ADRIAN HOFMEYER.

In judging it, it must be remembered that Mr. Hofmeyer is not an Englishman, and does not look at South African matters from a strictly English point of view, and that he is writing in a language which is not his own. This double disadvantage may, to the reader who is accustomed to conceal his feelings or who has never been in a position which aroused strong feelings, give Mr. Hofmeyer the air of being unnecessarily hysterical; but he has lost much and suffered much for the faith and loyalty that is in him, and allowance must be made for all these things, especially as the greater part of the story was written in prison under great difficulties. Mr. Hofmeyer is, we believe, the brother of Mr. Jan Hofmeyer, of the Afrikaner Bond, whose influence in South Africa has been so sinister. Adrian Hofmeyer, however, is a loyal Afrikaner, and because he was loyal he was seized by the Boers at Lobatse and imprisoned. The whole story is given here with much detail, for Mr. Adrian, being a Dutch pastor, is gifted with eloquence, and gives full rein to it. In the prison at Pretoria he came in contact with the English officers, and, as so many disgraceful falsehoods have been published of late about our officers, it is interesting to take the opinion of an Afrikaner who had every opportunity of judging for himself what the English officer is like. Here is a passage worth quoting:

And now I have for many months been a fellow-prisoner of the British officer. I have lived with him under the same roof, I have come in daily contact with him, and

learnt to know him intimately. And from the very bottom of my heart I say I have learnt to value and respect and love him. The British officer is a gentleman, and a fine one withal. His self-restraint, his resourcefulness, his in many cases splendid intellectual development, his invariable courtesy, his kindness, his courage, have taught me honestly and fervently to admire him. What the officers were to me during my term of imprisonment I can never forget and never repay.

To those who know the British officer all this is nothing new, but it is pleasant testimony from a fellow-prisoner of a different race. (Edward Arnold. 6s.)

THE PRAYER OF ST. SCHOLASTICA,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

It is, perhaps, unfair to try these poems, modest and unpretending as they are, by too severe a test. They are essentially feminine; uniformly emotional, in a gentle, somewhat languorous way; diffuse, with a pretty level of cultivated expression; pure and high-minded in sentiment. They are not striking, though here and there is a graceful and attractive fancy. When a good and polished woman gives the sincere best that is in her for those who may sympathetically receive it, it is ungracious to complain that she is not a Sibyl nor even an Elizabeth Browning. Lady Lindsay shows at her best in a passage like this, from the poem which gives its title to the book:

To-day, this day most tender and serene,
When Winter's mask foretells the coming Spring,
While droops the earth, like to a tired child,
Within the arms of Evening, that calm nurse
Who croons in monotone her lullaby:
To-day pale memories throng to upward light
From out the dusky pictures wrought of years.

That is elegant and poetical; but the texture in the bulk of the verse is not close enough; the sentiment and expression come with too easy and copious a lullaby flow. Yet these poems will doubtless find their audience, especially among Lady Lindsay's own sex; and they will at least teach "nothing base." (Kegan Paul.)

SONGS AND LYRICS. BY CHARLES WENTWORTH WYNNE.

Mr. Wynne, who has already won some reputation as a poet, is far too facile. These lyrics suggest the indiscriminate contents of a commonplace-book of verse. There is little selection of thought, little condensation of expression. The following lyric is an average example of his book:

THE WHITE POPPY.

Like a shimmering poppy, robed in white,
With sashes and bows of golden green—
A very woman of soft delight,
Yet moulded as the flowers have been:

Within her eyes the palest blue
Bespoke a mind to calmness given,
A soul in which a man might view
The very sanctities of Heaven.

And when she smiled it seemed as tho'
Pale, shadowy moonbeams sought her lips,
And scatter'd there an argent glow
That never suffereth eclipse.

And those soft hands that lie apart
Upon the foldings of her gown,
O, beating heart, how can I curb
The folly they would make your own:

For I would hold them in despite
Of any protest she might make,
Until I felt their warmth requite
The thing I ventured for her sake.

Till, warm'd with secret fires, I feel
Her reddening lips droop nearer mine,
And life upon its axis reel
With kisses that are more like wine:

He can at times write a verse such as this:

Let me feel the warmth of Heaven
As it purely flows—
Let me feel that it is given
Straight from God's own brows:

But such instances of higher expression are, unfortunately, not frequent. (Grant Richards.)

SYLVANA'S LETTERS TO AN
UNKNOWN FRIEND.

By E. V. B.

There is a tendency towards the overdoing of garden books: the fashion has been set, the cult of the garden grows. So far we have had some delicate and beautiful work upon a subject which requires a very special faculty of observation and a nice discrimination in sentiment. Fortunately, this volume, as was confidently to be expected from the author of the *Garden of Pleasure*, exhibits both. We tremble to think of the kind of thing that may be offered to us if there should be an exploiting of our haunts of peace.

These Letters of Sylvana make a series of garden chronicles from April to November. Some are addressed from "Home," some from a house in Aberdeenshire, others from a fishing lodge not, we gather, so far north. They breathe the true garden spirit—love of quietness, patience, delight in colour and form, the delicious sadness born of fading loveliness, the joyful appreciation of the glory of the year's prime. The heart of a wise dreamer is in them, interpreting, suggesting, consoling. The style fits the subject as neatly as an acorn fits into its cup. Even the so-often-ugly botanical nomenclature slips from the pen with grace, and takes some share in the music of the easy sentences. There is imagination, too, of peculiar sweetness, which perhaps is at its best in a letter devoted to Dream Houses—beautiful semblances that never were. And here is a bit of pretty observation which may be quoted as typical:

The cottage, with its smooth belt of dewy lawn, reminds me of a singular appearance sometimes visible before the dew is off the grass. The morning sun must be shining steadfastly behind you as you walk across the dew, and it may happen that a sainted shadow goes on before; that in some such lustrous hour your shadow's head may be encircled by a rainbow-tinted, radiant, nimbus. Yet be not too proud, Amaryllis! It does not mean that nature herself crowns you for a poet-priestess. . . .

Of such books as this we cannot have too many, but it is obvious that the many must be few. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

There is no getting away from Omar Khayyam. Not only have Mr. H. M. Batson and Mr. E. D. Ross written a new book on *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* (Methuen, 6s.), but Mr. Batson calls for more literature on the subject. Entirely rejecting the view that FitzGerald's paraphrase is an English poem to be enjoyed without reference to its Persian inspiration, he is avid of more exact knowledge about Omar himself; and particularly he hopes to see a judicious sifting of texts which might leave us a residuum of verse undoubtedly and undeniably Omar's. He himself gives us an orderly and careful work, containing "The Life and Times of Omar," FitzGerald's text (last edition), and a commentary filling more than half the volume. To those who are coming freshly to Omar, or who wish to clarify their knowledge of him, this book will be very useful.

Medical biography is nearly always interesting, and we find no exception in Mr. Alexander Macalister's *James Macartney* (Hodder & Stoughton, 8s.). The inspiration and character of the book are revealed in the first sentence of the Preface: "During my student days the name of Macartney was frequently used by my teachers as an authority for many of those unwritten statements which

are so peculiarly characteristic of the Dublin School of Medicine; and I felt a natural curiosity to ascertain what manner of man he was who had bequeathed such a heritage of traditional lore." Mr. Macalister has met many of Macartney's friends and pupils, and it is easy to see that this memoir has been a labour of love.

Mr. Cyril Davenport is an unquestioned authority on bookbinding. As artist and antiquary by hobby, Mr. Davenport has now turned his attention to cameo art, and in *Cameos* (Seeley, 7s. net) he gives us a thorough exposition of the art, and a profusion of black-and-white and coloured illustrations. Mr. Davenport admits that cameo art is in abeyance, and that even private collections are passing rapidly to museums, where, however, they will be seen to the best advantage whenever a revival of the art comes. The finest private collections in this country are in the hands of the Duke of Devonshire; Sir Francis Cook, at Richmond; and Sir Charles Robinson, in Harley-street.

Sussex, by F. G. Brabant, is one of the charming pocket topographies, with illustrations by Mr. E. H. New, which Messrs. Methuen have begun to issue. The arrangement of places is alphabetical, and there are useful prefatory chapters on "General Physical Features," "Flora and Fauna," "Antiquities," &c. The equipment and appearance of this little volume are perfect. *Shakespeare's Country*, by Bertram C. R. Windle, is issued in the same series.

Mr. Richard Kearton's books on birds are of an acknowledged excellence, combining as they do an intimate knowledge of birds with wonderful achievements in ornithological photography. In *Our Bird Friends* (Cassell, 5s.) Mr. Kearton has written a book "for all boys and girls," and we recommend "all boys and girls" to look out for it this Christmas. It deals most entertainingly with eggs, flight and feathers, feeding habits, nesting eccentricities, songs and call-notes; and the photographs by the author's brother, Mr. Cherry Kearton, are fascinating.

The Rising of 1745, by Charles Sanford Terry (Nutt, 3s.) takes its place in the series of books illustrating "Scottish History from Contemporary Writers." No one who has a weakness for the most enlivening episode in Scottish history should fail to possess themselves of Mr. Terry's book, with its quaint documents, *facsimiles*, and maps; and its "Bibliography of Literature Relating to Jacobite History."

Mr. Anthony Wilkin's book, *Among the Berbers in Algeria* (Unwin, 6s.), is "intended to be a popular record of a journey undertaken with scientific objects." Mr. Wilkin is careful to warn the reader to expect some technical terms and discussions. The illustrations are photographic and excellent, though we think that the paper chosen for their advantageous printing is unnecessarily heavy. We should not ourselves call the book "popular," but it is a record which anyone interested in Algeria will do well to consult. Mr. Wilkin pays just compliments to the French, who have "cleansed one of the filthiest Augean stables in the modern world" without profit, but with persistence.

More "popular," without doubt, is Mme. Jean Pommerol's account of her searchings among Saharian domesticities, translated by Mrs. Arthur Bell under the title *Among the Women of the Sahara* (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.). The book is a succession of vivid word pictures of Negro and Arab interiors; it is also an interpretation of Oriental womanhood by a French woman of quick insight and, we may add, of conspicuous courage. Here is an example of the Saharian women's cajoling ways: "'Oh, Rûmiya,' said one woman to the author, 'give me that piece of tulle thou art wearing, and I will put it over my face that I may feel thy very presence about me.' Among themselves they say all manner of tender things like that." A vivacious, well illustrated travel-book.

Fiction.

The Hosts of the Lord. By Flora Annie Steel.
(W. Heinemann. 6s.)

In reviewing Mrs. Steel's last novel, *Voices in the Night*, we resigned ourselves to the sad certainty that this truly gifted writer would never learn properly either to construct a novel or to write it. We will not, therefore, dwell on the technical shortcomings of *The Hosts of the Lord*; they are multitudinous, but they present no novelty. The book, indeed, seems in most essential ways to be an imitation of *Voices in the Night*, just as *Voices in the Night* (now that we look at it again after the lapse of time) was an imitation of *On the Face of the Waters*. In *The Hosts of the Lord* it would appear that, by some default of inspiration, Mrs. Steel has given away the "trick" of her Indian novels. And this trick seems to be threefold:

(a) A melodramatic, sentimental plot gathering slowly out of vagueness into one "big" situation.

(b) A crude juxtaposition of East and West, done in a studiously *blasé* manner, as if to say, "These startling contrasts are nothing to me."

(c) The use of catch-phrases which may mean anything and nothing.

To touch briefly on these:

(a) He would be a clever man who after a single reading could describe at all lucidly the plot of *The Hosts of the Lord*, with its crowded figures and excrescent episodes. But the mere titles of the chapters give a clue to its nature—"Driftwood," "Undercurrents," "Alpha and Omega," "Wheels Within Wheels," "Echoes," "Adrift," "Trapped," "Foiled," "The Truth." Most of the trouble springs from the rivalry of an aristocratic native and a thoroughly Adelpic English *jeune premier* for the heart of an English girl whose grandmother was an Indian princess. Side by side runs another and simpler love-story between Lance Carlyon (note the "penny novelette" quality of that name) and a lady missionary. Looming over all there is an aged priest who speaks perfect Italian and fences better than the best fencer in the Indian army. Then, in the dim background, are the hosts of pilgrims going to witness the aqueous miracle of the "Cradle of the Gods," and the fifteen hundred malefactors of the big state prison where the "big situation" occurs—occurs to the accompaniment of the inevitable thunderstorm. What precisely are the "Hosts of the Lord" we cannot say.

(b) Sometimes Mrs. Steel contrasts East and West with considerable subtlety, as in the admirable description of the viceregal durbar on pages 56 and 57. But more often the feat has the look of an *ad captandum* dodge:

Faint and far they showed against the faint, far sky; but, as Father Nioian pointed to them, a ray of light from the still unseen sun below the visible horizon of this world, a ray of light seeking perhaps another world among the stars, found the heights of the holy hills in its path, and dyed their snowdrifts red—blood red!

At the sight a roar rose from the crowd.

"Jai Kali Ma! She gives a sign! The sacrifice is there! She is appeased! He speaks the truth. Let us follow him and his God!"

"Ay! as my father did," cried one.

"And mine!"

"And mine!" assented some, while others forgot all save pilgrimage in the shout—

"Râm, Râm, Sita Râm!"

"Hârâ! Hârâ! Hârâ! Hârâ!"

So, on that babel of sounds, Pidar Narayan's voice rose steadily as, preceded by that ambling figure—strangest of all acolytes—he walked on, chanting the 121st Psalm:

Levavi oculos meos in montes; unde veniet auxilium mihi.

The words were in an unknown tongue, the rhythm strange, but the spirit, the idea, were familiar. It was the song of someone seeking the "Cradle of the Gods," as they were.

There is a vast quantity of this kind of thing in *The*

Hosts of the Lord, and we do not think it will bear examination.

(c) In Chapter X. the manipulation of the sentence, "Death and Birth are the Pivots of the Wheel of Life," said to be from the Sanskrit, forms a good example of Mrs. Steel's method of using a catch-phrase. The thing is turned over, pried into, gazed at from afar, repeated, almost chanted, until the reader is persuaded that this very ordinary idea contains the inmost meaning of the universe and a thousand meanings beside. "But above and through all, he seemed to hear a never-ceasing voice that said: 'The pivots of Life . . .'" A little further on Mrs. Steel juggles with another phrase in exactly the same way; but this time the phrase is "Oh! dem golden slippers." Before she has done with it, "Oh! dem golden slippers" is heavy with all the terrible messages of Fate. By employing the same method, a simple-minded man, having listened at the open window of an infants' school, might wander wisely through the world, seeing in every bush and stream, palace and square, the mystical proof of that august and dazzling truth: "Two and two are four."

We do not wish to depreciate the indubitable merits of Mrs. Steel's fiction. She has knowledge and imagination, and now and then she will surprise with some large poetical symbolism; but she is in danger of falling into a "manner." Handicapped as she is by an imperfect technical equipment, it behoves her to watch most jealously the workings of that part of her talent which is creative.

Rose Island. By W. Clark Russell.
(Arnold. 6s.)

MR. CLARK RUSSELL brings to this "strange story of a love adventure at sea" qualities too well known to need naming. One is struck by the genuineness of the sea-lore that is woven into the very fibre of the tale. *Rose Island* is not an island, but a beautiful girl who quietly tumbles out of her cabin window on the *Eleuthera* through leaning out of it when she ought to have been dressing for dinner. Her fall is neither seen nor heard. Picked up by the *Charmer*, she becomes the heroine of a tale in which storms and piracy and plague and murder bear their parts, and in which she is compelled to take the life of an infatuated negro in defence of her honour. There is no need to detail the story, so full of the elements of sea romance, or to assure the reader that it ends happily. Nor have we more than one simple criticism to offer. The story is told by Captain Tom Foster, to his passengers on the deck of the Australian clipper *Suez*. He has no part in the story, which he throws into the past, and relates in a style that would make us forget him altogether if it were not for an occasional interjected "Ladies and Gentlemen." When these words occur we are abruptly reminded that Mr. Russell has made Captain Foster talk like a book. It does not seem credible that a sea-captain, yarning to his passengers on deck, would say:

"It was still dark, but the brilliants of the night hovered with something of faintness in the wide field they tipped with silver points, as though the morning were not far distant; and the pallor of its face, fresh from the embrace of the bag Darkness, was rising upon the ocean line."

Or that on a given night he would take up the thread of his story in this manner:

"It is a soft, warm breeze this evening," said Captain Tomson Foster to the attentive company that had gathered round him, "and the ship sails fast. At this rate we shall soon have the jewels of the South dangling in our rigging, and the *Suez* will be heading off for the Cape of Good Hope. What a noble sunset has just disappeared—the red ruin of the stateliest pyre in the world!"

The fact is, that Captain Foster, and his *Suez*, and his passengers are not needed. The story of the *Eleuthera* and the *Charmer* would have stood better alone, and as

coming from Mr. Russell's own pen. Even then we might have found it a trifle high-flown. But the gain in simplicity would have been great; and we should have been spared the improbable diction of a Quaker captain who says: "I have no turns of speech," and has a hundred. But this criticism is not one that we feel very deeply, for the story lives. (Arnold. 6s.)

Love in a Mist. By Olive Birrell.
(Smith, Elder. 6s.)

WE have a reminiscence of some of Miss Birrell's earlier novels as honest, thoughtful, if not exactly inspired, work, and the present one belongs to the same category. It contains some studies of life under modern social conditions, which give a touch of freshness. Sibylla Lincoln has her home—and endures it for the sake of her small brother, Pippin, although love is calling—in a curious, semi-socialistic household, composed of the most heterogeneous elements, under the ineffective control of her father, a wayward idealist and philanthropist. The humours and trials of such an existence are skilfully handled. More attractive is the picture of the flat subsequently inhabited by Sibylla and two girl friends, who lived on tea and eggs, with interludes of chocolate creams, in "a poetical kitchen, with curtains of Turkey red, and autotypes hanging on the walls." There is also much patient study of character. The hero, Keith Hamilton, is imperfectly convincing, but Sibylla is good, her father is better, and perhaps her self-suppressing and hopeless adorer, a city clerk called Hudson, is best of all.

The Duke. By J. Storer Clouston.
(Arnold. 6s.)

MR. CLOUSTON invites his readers to very tolerable comedy, breaking here and there into farce. The central idea is ancient. Lambert Haselle returns from the Colonies to find himself unexpectedly Duke of Grandon. He is unknown in London, and for a freak lets a wild Irishman, Jack Kavanagh, take his place, himself masquerading as a private secretary. Kavanagh's notion of a dukedom is a continuous spree, and, with the congenial assistance of Lord Chrysanthemus or Chrissy Stagger, he carries it out so successfully that on the day when his allotted term expires his engagements to two rival brides are simultaneously announced, and he is glad to resign the coronet to its lawful owner and disappear. Meanwhile, Lambert Haselle, in a subordinate position, has also found a bride and learnt the hollowness of London society. The book is mostly froth, but it is froth lightly whipped, and here and there is a deeper touch. Indeed, the ancient and unselfish Sir Pursuivant Debrette is rather a pleasing figure.

Yolande the Parisienne. By Lucas Cleeve.
(Long. 6s.)

IN forwarding this book for review, the publisher is kind enough to inform us that "it is a daring and original piece of work, and can hardly be compared to any other similar work, if we except Marie Corelli's *The Sorrows of Satan*, so weird and fantastic are the principal personages, and so fascinating are the conversations." This he calls "Literary Gossip." Actually it is a morbid, unpleasant, and ill-constructed romance, in which Death plays a terrene part as the Marchese di Vall' Ombra, and Satan as the Duca de Solferino. Through their agency the hero is introduced to Eve, now a recluse in the Sphinx, and is permitted to further complicate the destinies of a harlot who has (or has not) committed suicide for his sake. The conversations are "weird and fantastic," with the weirdness and fantasy of a Bloomsbury medium. Lucas Cleeve's novel is entirely without distinction of any kind.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

ON THE WING OF OCCASION.

BY JOEL C. HARRIS.

The author of *Uncle Remus* is so great a favourite, and holds such a warm place in the heart, that when we opened this, the latest book from his pen, we referred to *Who's Who* to refresh our memory with the tale of his works. There we came upon his *Recreations*. They are: "Thinking of things and tending his roses. Lives in the suburb of West End, where he has had a comfortable house built to a verandah, on a five-acre lot full of birds, flowers, children, and callards." The present volume contains five stirring stories. One is called "The Kidnapping of President Lincoln," and two are built about the surrender of Lee's army in 1865. (Murray. 6s.)

FOES IN LAW.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

A new novel by Rhoda Broughton is something to many. Long may it be so! The titles of her former novels—we cannot bring ourselves to call them old—smile from the "facing title-page," and what pleasant hours they recall. *Cometh Up as a Flower* begins the list, *Nancy* ends it. And *Foes in Law*? Well—it is from the same mould. It begins thus: "The morning room is comfortable, but so are not its occupants—only two—of whom the one has within the last five minutes sprung a mine upon the other." Yes, we know those two! (Macmillan. 6s.)

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. W. ASTOR.

Twelve stories by the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Pall Mall Magazine*, in which periodical these flights of Mr. Astor's imagination first appeared. The tales are illustrated, the frontispiece being an ornament executed in colour with this description by the author: "And he gave her for a memorial and as a Talisman of Joy, a sapphire ram's head set in a fillet of gold, even the diadem of the King of the Gods." (Macmillan)

A CABINET SECRET.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

On page 125 Woolwich Arsenal is blown up; a few pages later the Prime Minister is assassinated, and, according to Mr. Boothby, other awful things happen to England owing to the "machinations" of a "powerful yet mysterious foe." Mr. Boothby seems in the end to have stood affrighted at the edifice of his invention, for he appends a note saying that while the war between England and the South African Republics forms the basis of the story, "the characters and incidents described are purely fictional, and have no sort of resemblance, either intended or implied, with living people." Mr. Boothby never made a truer remark. (White. 6s.)

SPRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE.

BY J. URI LLOYD.

A conscientious and capable tale of Northernmost Kentucky, with illustrations, and many pages of negro dialect. The narrator is Samuel Drew: "My name is Samuel Drew, and I am now Professor of Chemistry in the University on the Hill. When I think of my boyhood, memories of the Kentucky pike arise, and I recall the experiences of Sammy Drew, a barefoot child." (Hodder & Co. 6s.)

SON OF JUDITH.

BY JOSEPH KEATING.

A sympathetic tale of the Welsh mining villages. The end is tragic, crowned by the usual last paragraph of bliss, which has such a strange fascination for novelists: "They stood hand in hand, illumined by the little lamp's rays, bound in a circle of light that burned steadily, bright as a symbol of the happiness which should bind them to each other for ever." (Allen. 6s.)

THE SWAY OF PHILIPPA.

BY J. B. PATON.

A long, well-written story of the lives of people, their joys and their woes, in easy circumstances, by the author of *Bigli the Dancer*. Book III. is called "Philippa's Suitors," and it should be good reading to judge by the author's clever treatment of Philippa in Book I. (George Allen. 6s.)

FREE TO SERVE.

BY E. RAYNER.

A tale of Colonial New York planned during the author's residence in a Dutch community, which had not become sufficiently modernised to lose its early flavour. Miss E. Rayner, a native of Cambridge, after spending several years in Canada, returned to England to study at the North Hall, Newnham College, gaining honours in the Mathematical Tripos, and returning soon afterwards to America.

THE OUTCAST EMPEROR. BY THE LADY HELEN CRAVEN.

A long novel of society and adventure, the kind of adventure that revolves around an Eastern jewel. The story is told in the first person by one who, in his own words, "suffered from the usual complaint of the unnecessarily rich man—that of not knowing what to do with my time." One of his expedients was to take a party of friends in his yacht to the Far East. There he meets Wu-Chow, and things happen to the Emperor of Cathay and others. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY R. H. SAVAGE.

"'Same old dun for funds, same raven croakings,' cried the ex-captain of the Ninth Lancers, hurling a blue cloth envelope across the room. . . . 'Those Temple Bar cornerants must think that I own Aladdin's lamp.'" The author of *My Official Wife* is not a stylist. But he can rattle you off a story with the best of the yarning novelists. Let us add that our author is not obtrusively psychological. "Laure is a devil," moodily mused Sir Raoul, as he walked the terrace. . . . "Fool that I did not think of offering her money. She might have been silenced." (White. 6s.)

WAR AND ARCADIA.

BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

A bustling story of fighting, but—shade of Fenimore Cooper!—the enemy are Indians. "Travel back!" he bellows in stentorian tones, with his hand to his mouth, speaking-trumpet fashion, as he whirls by. "Travel back! The Sioux are out." And the frontispiece shows Kennion trying to enter a shanty, while "the girl, a gleam of light in her blue eyes, faces the Indians, her weapon gripped and ready." (White. 6s.)

BRITAIN'S GREATNESS

FORETOLD.

BY MARIE TREVELYAN, &c.

The contents of this fat book are as follows:

1. A picture of Thorneycroft's Boadicea group.
2. Cowper's Ode to Boadicea.
3. A preface, wherein Miss Marie Trevelyan tells the reader how Boadicea entered into the dreams of her girlhood as the embodiment of noble and pure womanhood.
4. An introduction, fifty pages long, by the author of *China's Present and Future*, &c.
5. The story of Boadicea, three hundred and eighty-three pages long, by Miss Marie Trevelyan. (Hogg. 6s.)

We have also received: *The Worldly Hope*, by H. Schwartz; *Through Life's Rough Way*, by Bertha Minniken; *The Daringfords*, by Mrs. Lodge; *A Great Temptation*, by Dora Russell (Digby, Long), and *London's Peril*, by F. M. Allen (Downey).

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The Songs of the Sanctuary.

THE death of the Rev. S. J. Stone removes one more of the rapidly lessening band of contemporary hymn-writers who have achieved real distinction. Like Bishop Walsham How, he was the author of innumerable hymns; yet his memory, as a writer of sacred songs, will rest upon not more than two or three of them, and perhaps only upon the most familiar, "The Church's one foundation." It is, indeed, one of the striking curiosities of the difficult and elusive art of writing lyrics of worship, that even its most successful and voluminous followers fail nine times out of ten. The bulk of their work is forgotten. Most practised hymn-writers count their efforts by scores, and often by hundreds; yet it is only now and again, and, as it were, by a happy accident, that they produce something which appeals at once to the devotional sense and to the rudimentary literary perception which are brought to the testing of hymns. Nor is it always easy to perceive literature even in those efforts which have become consecrated by the affection of generations of church-goers. After all, the success of a hymn as a composition, intended primarily for use "in quires and places where they sing," is determined, to a very great extent, by its music. Some terrible doggerel has been fitted to sweet and really appropriate tunes; but, given a simple and easily remembered setting, the hymns which survive are those that touch the inmost chords of feeling. This is so because simplicity is an essential of good Christianity, as it is an essential of good literature. Were there any doubt of this we need only turn to Toplady's "Rock of Ages," probably the greatest favourite of its class in English. The simplicity of that hymn verges upon nakedness; yet it expresses the eternal cry of the human heart, and suffices from generation to generation.

Much of our English hymnology is necessarily borrowed from the Latin and the Greek, those eternal creditors which no literature, however national, can altogether avoid. A large proportion of the hymns which treat Jerusalem as the prototype of heaven are derived from the Latin hymnaries of the Middle Ages, and unquestionably some of them, music and words alike, are of great antiquity. In their English form one or two of them, notably Dr. Neale's "Jerusalem the Golden," have a vigour and a lilt which atone for the occasional halting line, the weak or commonplace phrase, which too often spoil the finish even of the most admirable hymns. The modern facility of writing has endowed us with much devotional song that we could have done very well without. The old examples are few and soft, imaginative if you will, but always with a direct and immediate appeal. Take, for instance, the mellifluous fervour of the lines which have, not improbably, been sung oftener than any other of their kind:

Jesu dulcis memoria
Dei vera cordis gaudia,
Sed super mel, et omnia,
Ejus dulcis præsentia.

Many translators have tried their hands upon this "Hymn

of St. Bernard"; but, so far as we are acquainted with their versions, none of them equals Caswall's

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast,

which is not only exceedingly faithful to the original, but is, in some respects, more expressive, and has been adopted by almost every form of the Christian religion in this country. The same simplicity is the "note" of the old

Veni Creator Spiritus,

which was Englished by Bishop Cosin as

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

Here, again, there are many versions, mainly unsuccessful.

It is a little odd that, with a few significant exceptions, the really great writers have either not attempted to produce hymns at all, or have failed in the endeavour. Perhaps it may, without irreverence or impropriety, be suggested that lyrics of this kind require a certain touch of feminine and imaginative softness which is, in the main, alien to the literary temper. This is why the most successful hymn-writers have usually been ecclesiastics and women. Indeed, it is highly improbable that a great, or even a popular, hymn could be written except by one penetrated by the devotional spirit. The great names of literature which are appended to familiar hymns may be counted on very few fingers—Addison ("The spacious firmament on high"), Cowper ("Hark my soul, it is the Lord"), Cardinal Newman ("Lead, kindly Light"). There are others, no doubt, which might, at a stretch, be included—Keble, for instance, who was a highly successful hymn-writer, and Bishop Ken, whose "Morning" and "Evening" hymns have been classics for two centuries. Even Sir Walter Scott produced an echo of the "Dies Iræ" in the hymn beginning

That day of wrath, that dreadful day;

but we fancy it is rarely used. And, despite Macaulay's terrible essay, the muse of the egregious James Montgomery survives to this day in the hymn-books, which contain several of his pieces that are popular and constantly sung—such as "For ever with the Lord." There is nothing in these verses, but they live in psalmody for reasons which have nothing to do with literature. It is, of course, not to be supposed that we have exhausted the devotional poetry of the great English writers, but we have confined our survey to work that is familiar to other than the students. Even Richard Baxter's "Ye holy angels, bright," which still appears in some of the collections, has little more than an antiquarian interest.

One of the most conspicuous defects of modern hymns, after their rather sensuous imagery, is their lack of spontaneity. Unless it be a cry of the soul, or a touching and melodious rendering of a universal longing, a hymn is hardly likely to fulfil any purpose whatever; and it is precisely those that have been called forth by some real need, or some pressing occasion, which have most surely and swiftly struck the right note. There is no better instance of this than Mr. Baring-Gould's "Onward, Christian soldiers," which someone has called, by no means inaptly, "the battle-cry of the Church Militant." In its way, and for its purpose, the song is perfect; but its fine martial spirit is greatly helped by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's stirring setting. It was written for an open-air procession, and was meant to be sung to an old Gregorian tune; and much of its success is owing to its having been prepared *ad hoc*, and more or less on the spur of the moment. Everybody knows the story of how Reginald Heber wrote "From Greenland's icy mountains," still the most popular and appropriate of missionary hymns. His father-in-law, Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, asked him to "write something for them to sing in the morning," when a sermon was to be preached in Wrexham Church in aid of the Asiatic work of the Society for

Propagating the Gospel; and in an hour or two he obeyed the call, writing in a corner of a room where people were talking. Cardinal Newman's "Lead, kindly Light," appears to have been an equally sudden inspiration, although there was no particular purpose in the author's mind. An idle hour at sea produced this very favourable example of what a literary mind, deeply coloured by personal devoutness, can do in the way of a song of the sanctuary.

The greatly enhanced popularity of congregational singing has, no doubt, been the principal cause of the large number of hymns that have been written within the last half century. Keble and Neale and Faber gave a considerable impetus to a branch of literature which, as we have seen, has not, on the whole, attracted the same class of mind as most other departments of letters. Since then most hymns that have lived have, as has already been suggested, come from the clergy, like Bishop Walsham How, whose "For all the saints who from their labours rest" has, in its song of triumph over death, consoled thousands of sorrowing hearts; or from women, like Mrs. Alexander, who in "Once in David's royal city," and "The roseate hues of early dawn," and, indeed, in some less familiar pieces, has made real additions to English hymnody. But although the bulk of our hymn-books has been added to so considerably within the last generation or so the old numbers have not lost their favour—we still sing the Wesleys, and Toplady, and even Tait and Brady. "Let us sing unto the Lord a new song" is a laudable aspiration; but it were better not to sing it if it be mere doggerel or vapid jingle. There is at least this consolation, that when, upon sparse occasions, a fine new hymn is written, "the Churches," however much they may detest each other's theology, are all eager to adopt it. Free trade in hymns has, in fact, become an established principle—the Church of England and the Protestant sects take the modern Father Faber's "O Paradise, O Paradise" with the same freedom that they use one or other of the forty translations of the "Adeste Fideles." Yet one sometimes doubts whether exercises such as those of Faber will stand the test of generations. They are highly coloured, full of imagery, occasionally a trifle tawdry, or aggressively sentimental. Simple in means, immediate in effect, pathetic in its appeal—that is the type of hymn which lives. In literature a touch of austerity always makes for immortality—tinsel is bound to wear off. But austerity in psalmody is not exactly in favour at present. For the matter of that, indeed, it is obvious that the temptations to lose sight of the fabric in the applied ornament are peculiarly powerful when it comes to writing songs of praise.

Epigrams.

DISPARITY.

My eyes have seen you, yet they know you not,
Our toils how similar, how wide apart!
You labour in a healthy garden plot,
I plough bare furrows in the fields of Art!

HAPPINESS.

He loved, when weary threw his love away,
Nor ever found it more, but every day
Happier he grew, light-hearted, sound, and whole,
For with his love he cast aside his soul.

LOVE.

You gave me what you had; the gift was small
And worthless, yet though one more worthy came,
I, when he gave me his tremendous all,
Kept yours, and cast his treasure to the flame.

FAME.

A poet sang, "All hail"; the world said, "Stay,
We crown you"; yet still feeble, more dim,
His worn-out life consumed itself, and they,
Finding but ashes, scarcely buried him!

Things Seen.

Sympathy.

THE public tea-room was light, warm, and hospitable. A little, middle-aged man closed his umbrella, hurried in, gave his order, deposited a leather bag and the umbrella beside him, spread an evening paper upon the marble table, and gazed around. Two ladies were seated nearly opposite. Mother and daughter? Aunt and niece? Who shall say?

Suddenly the little man sneezed; not the sneeze that admits of due preparation, but the sudden sneeze which scatters you like the bursting of a shell. Something happened: the little man put his hand quickly to his mouth, adjusted his spectacles, looked upon the floor, upon the seat beside him, underneath it, groped in likely corners with the point of his umbrella, unbuttoned his coat, searched his pockets, and wore a look of painful anxiety.

The girl's face rippled all over with a smile, and her colour rose as she made strenuous efforts to preserve her gravity.

Her older companion looked at her, glared round the room, never noticed the anxious search of the little man, but failing to observe any objectionable person whom she could wither at a glance, rose ponderously, gathered up her belongings, and swept towards the pay desk. The girl passed her pocket-handkerchief across her lips and followed. Half way to the door she paused, turned, and walked quickly back to the little man. There was not a shadow of mirth upon her face, but just the expression one might look for in the thrower of a rope to an exhausted swimmer.

"You will find them in your umbrella," she whispered.

The Mourners.

THE sunlight of a mild afternoon had lured me out into the country. My destination was the cottage of a friend in a near village. I had not seen her for several months, this private, unadvertised Mrs. Poyser of my own. In talk as humorous as George Eliot's creation, to my mind she seemed always more sympathetic and lovable in character.

The door was opened by the eldest girl, tall and handsome as we grow them in Gloucestershire. She wore a black dress, and her face told me I had come too late. The illness had been sudden, and that very morning the grave had closed over my friend. But the girl, Molly, pressed me to take the cup of tea her mother would have offered.

In the cheerless parlour sat a "genteel" cousin from the South, rustling in black silk, and at once hinting, by the assumed elegance of her manners and speech, the slenderness of the tie which bound her to "poor dear Lizzie" who was gone. When Molly brought in the tea, after the homely fashion endeared by memory, I did my best to accept the unchangeable change, and lent a polite ear to the "genteel" cousin.

Then the door opened, and the husband came in. Just a word of greeting, and he sank loosely in a chair by the empty grate. "I had mer breakfast at Gran'ma's," he droned out, "and mer dinner here; and I've had mer tea at Gran'ma's, and I wonder where I'll get mer souper."

The cousin rustled more loudly, to drown (as I thought) the shameless rustic accent, and then, with caustic importance, bade Molly "provide the lady with a napkin." The girl's eyes met mine, and, reading them, she took her cousin's rebuke without resentment and silently obeyed.

The old man sat silent in his chair, and my own words at last failed. But that rustling cousin could have chattered elegantly with Lord Death himself.

Technique and the Artist.

TECHNIQUE and the artist: that is a question, of interest to the student of every art, which was brought home to me with unusual emphasis the other afternoon, as I sat in the Queen's Hall, and listened to Ysaye and Busoni. Are we always quite certain what we mean when we speak of an artist? Have we quite realised in our own minds the extent to which technique must go to the making of an artist, and the point at which something else must be super-added? That is a matter which I often doubt, and the old doubt came back to my mind the other afternoon, as I listened to Ysaye and Busoni, and next day, as I turned over the newspapers.

I read, in the first paper I happen to take up, that the violinist and the pianist are "a perfectly matched pair"; the applause, at the concert, was even more enthusiastic for Busoni than for Ysaye. I hear both spoken of as artists, as great artists; and yet, if words have any meaning, it seems to me that only one of the two is an artist at all, and the other, with all his ability, only an executant. Admit, for a moment, that the technique of the two is equal, though it is not quite possible to admit even that, in the strictest sense. So far, we have made only a beginning. Without technique, perfect of its kind, no one is worth consideration in any art. The rope-dancer or the acrobat must be perfect in technique before he appears on the stage at all; in his case, a lapse from perfection brings its own penalty, death perhaps; his art begins when his technique is already perfect. Artists who deal in materials less fragile than human life should have no less undeviating a sense of responsibility to themselves and to art. But the performance comes afterwards, and it is the performance with which we are concerned. Of two acrobats, each equally skilful, one will be individual and an artist, the other will remain consummately skilful and uninteresting; the one having begun where the other leaves off. Now Busoni can do, on the pianoforte, whatever he can conceive; the question is, what can he conceive? As he sat at the piano playing Chopin, I thought of Busoni, of the Bechstein piano, of what fingers can do, of many other extraneous things, never of Chopin. I saw the pianist with the Christ-like head, the carefully negligent elegance of his appearance, and I heard wonderful sounds coming out of the Bechstein piano; but, try as hard as I liked, I could not feel the contact of soul and instrument, I could not feel that a human being was expressing himself in sound. A task was magnificently accomplished, but a new beauty had not come into the world. Then the Kreutzer Sonata began, and I looked at Ysaye, as he stood, an almost shapeless mass of flesh, holding the violin between his fat fingers, and looking vaguely into the air. He put the violin to his shoulder. The face had been like a mass of clay, waiting the sculptor's thumb. As the music came, an invisible touch seemed to pass over it; the heavy mouth and chin remained firm, pressed down on the violin; but the eyelids and the eyebrows began to move, as if the eyes saw the sound, and were drawing it in luxuriously, with a kind of sleepy ecstasy, as one draws in perfume out of a flower. Then, in that instant, a beauty which had never been in the world came into the world; a new thing was created, lived, died, having revealed itself to all those who were capable of receiving it. That thing was neither Beethoven nor Ysaye, it was made out of their meeting; it was music, not abstract, but embodied in sound; and just that miracle could never occur again, though others like it might be repeated for ever. When the sound stopped, the face returned to its blind and deaf waiting; the interval, like all the rest of life probably, not counting in the existence of that particular soul, which came and went with the music.

And Ysaye seems to me the type of the artist, not because he is faultless in technique, but because he begins

to create his art at the point where faultless technique leaves off. With him, every faculty is in harmony; he has not even too much of any good thing. There are times when Busoni astonishes one; Ysaye never astonishes one, it seems natural that he should do everything that he does, just as he does it. Art, as Aristotle has said finally, should always have "a continual slight novelty"; it should never astonish, for we are astonished only by some excess or default, never by a thing being what it ought to be. It is a fashion of the moment to prize extravagance and to be timid of perfection. That is why we give the name of artist to those who can startle us most. We have come to value technique for the violence which it gives into the hands of those who possess it, in their assault upon our nerves. We have come to look upon technique as an end in itself, rather than as a means to an end. We have but one word of praise, and we use that one word lavishly. An Ysaye and a Busoni are the same to us, and it is to our credit if we are even aware that Ysaye is the equal of Busoni.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A Cheerful Sisyphus.

THE dreams of librarians are of an Arabian scope and glitter. Thus Mr. Cotgreave, the well-known and thrice efficient librarian of the West Ham public libraries, is dreaming of a State-aided Subject Index, keeping pace with all that is written, and running to many volumes a year. Of this more anon. By way of foretaste of such a work, he gives us *A Contents-Subject Index to General and Periodical Literature* (Stock). It is concerned with incidental contents of books and periodicals, not with such contents as are declared in the title of the book. For example, under Dr. Johnson you are referred to many articles on him, to Mr. Birrell's essay in *Obiter Dicta*, and to Macaulay's essay, but you are not referred to Mr. Leslie Stephen's monograph in the "English Men of Letters" series, because that book is professedly and wholly about Johnson. We all know that any subject in which we are interested has been treated a score of times in odd corners, in books of essays, in periodicals, in reviews; and it is sometimes very desirable to discover these articles, especially those of recent date. Mr. Cotgreave comes to our rescue. With great patience and no little discrimination he has shown us where to put our finger on much fugitive or concealed matter. Every entry is a piece of special information, and as there are many thousand entries in this book, we consider that Mr. Cotgreave has done a great service to literary workers and students.

At the same time, it is necessary to define, as well as declare, the usefulness of a book like this. It is one man's effort to dig a prairie, to bail a sea out of its bed, or to count the leaves in Epping Forest. Mr. Cotgreave knows this; and we are not sure that he comforts us when he says that his chief aim is "to cover as many subjects as possible, and give a few references to each one." That is rather like summoning multitude on multitude to share two loaves and five small fishes—an excellent idea if the miracle keeps pace. But it does not; and, accepting Mr. Cotgreave's confessed limitations, we are in some doubt as to the success of his work. Useful it certainly is to the man who wants to get up China, or Torpedoes, or Ruskin, or the United States, or the Navy, and a hundred other big subjects. But suppose he has, for the first time, been tickled by the name and fame of Joubert. Alas, Joubert is not here; and the light of Matthew Arnold's essay is withheld from the searcher. Take François Villon. Everyone wants to look up Villon at some time in his life, and such a one ought assuredly to be referred to Robert Louis Stevenson's essay; but Mr. Cotgreave refers him only to the section on Villon in Sir Walter Besant's *Early French Poetry*—a

good reference, but not enough. William Cobbett is another man that is always lighting curiosity in men's minds. Mr. Cotgreave gives several references to him, but we think that Hazlitt's contemporary portrait of him in *The Spirit of the Age* should not have been omitted. Samuel Richardson, again, is unilluminated by any mention of Mr. Leslie Stephen's essay in his *Hours in a Library*—perhaps the best reference that could have been made. Similarly, the London-lover who wants information about Lincoln's-Inn-Fields is referred to Thornbury's *Haunted London*, and to a paper in the *Antiquary*. But a mention of six or seven scholarly articles by Mr. Edward Ward in *Notes and Queries*, a few years back, would have been worth both of these references. Under St. Martin's-lane Mr. Austin Dobson's capital essay is forgotten. We do not make these remarks captiously. Nothing can alter the fact that this book is a mine of useful references. But, of course, you must take your chance. Mr. Cotgreave has tried to make his book—729 closely printed pages—go round; and, in any case, the book is based on West Ham material and West Ham requirements. In short, the West Ham equation is to be allowed for, as well as those obvious conditions which we have named, and which make us think of Mr. Cotgreave, down there in West Ham, as the cheerful Sisypheus of the Library Act.

Mr. Cotgreave's larger scheme affrights us. He wishes the Government to undertake the work of indexing all current literature—all. Authors are to furnish synopses of their books before publication, and the contents of magazines and periodicals are to be brought into this Gargantuan register. Mr. Cotgreave confesses that many volumes of index would be needed for one year's literary work. We believe him; and we see those volumes multiplying with time, and under the cataloguers' loyalty to the Catalogue, until it becomes an organised chimera. Say twenty volumes for the first year. In ten years there would be two hundred. Think of the fatuity of this back-breaking tabulation of uninspired writing, multiple statement, infinite re-hash of made subjects, articles to order, and all the combinations and permutations of over-worked words and vulgar ideas. Who is to consult an index of hundreds of volumes, in yearly sets, each crammed to its end-papers with an alphabetical array of good and bad, new and derivative, valuable and cheap? It puts us in mind of those drear tracts,

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

No, no, Mr. Cotgreave. The Index of which you dream would be an inert and tiresome ogre. Let us hear no more of him; or turn him into a fairy tale of modern literature. Put him into a fairy tale, Mr. Cotgreave; so may it not be said to an excellent librarian, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten thee up."

Correspondence.

Ada Negri.

SIR,—Ada Negri, known to fame as the poetess of Italian democracy, was a poor little village schoolmistress when her first volume of verse was published by Fratelli Treves of Milan in 1894. It ran through six editions in less than a year. Dedicated to her mother, who had slaved in a factory at starvation wages to earn bread for her child, this extraordinary production of a young girl's muse breathes the spirit of red-hot revolution. In it all the pent-up bitterness, the tragedy of a sunless childhood, breaks forth in lines of piercing pathos. No pretty sentiment is here. Ada Negri sings not of roses and nightingales and moonlit gardens, but of the wrongs of humanity, gnawing hunger, grinding poverty, carking care. Her poems stir the blood to revolt against oppression and incite

to riot and arson. They have the call to arms, the true ring of the Marseillaise in them. Then this slight, pale girl, with dark hair and beautiful eyes, was the Jeanne d'Arc of the modern Italian canaille, the prophetic scenes of violence and bloodshed and martial law, which really came to pass not many years ago in the fair streets of Milan. But now her voice is silent. The fierce clarion note of the maiden democrat and revolutionary is heard no more. Since the publication of her second book, *Fatalita*, which was as successful and more musical than her first, nothing has come from her pen. And why? Because Ada Negri is married, and not only that, she has married a wealthy capitalist, one of the denounced class, hatred of whose injustice and tyranny was the chief inspiration of her remarkable poetry. Perhaps when she writes again she will give the history of her apostasy.

The poems of Ada Negri have been translated into German, and in Germany and Austria have enjoyed a greater vogue than in Italy. It is unnecessary to say that one of her distinguished compatriots, Gabriele D'Annunzio, regards them with abhorrence.—I am, &c.,

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

SIR,—If "H. T. T.," who writes to you from Bedford, will refer to the *Athenaeum* of April 11, 1896, he will find the following paragraph at page 479:

"Signorina Ada Negri, whose volume of poems was reviewed by us last week, was married on the 28th of last month at Milan to a manufacturer of Biella."

As the originator of this report of the marriage of the poetess, I may now briefly add that she was formerly one of many national schoolmistresses who live on the scanty pay of her class, and that her poetry consequently is steeped in the actual knowledge of penury derived from personal suffering. The verses given are unquestionably translated from the Italian into English.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM MERCER.

[We have also received a long letter on Ada Negri from Miss May Tomlinson, for which we hope to find room next week.]

Sins of the Mighty.

SIR,—Famous romancers who display a fine disregard of syntax or recall to life a character whom they have already killed make good stock subjects for the literary gossipier. We have all made our little discoveries in this line, but the doubt may reasonably be expressed whether the present generation of writers has not materially depressed the standard of carefulness in particulars. I speak, it should be unnecessary to say, of the eminent and educated, not of the diligent multitude whose business is merely the manufacture of marketable goods.

It was said by them of old time that you should verify your quotations. The rule is a counsel of perfection still. Coventry Patmore's biographer mutilates the most familiar stanza in "In Memoriam," Mr. Zangwill misquotes "Lycidas," Mrs. Humphry Ward—herself an Arnold—stumbles over two lines in "Obermann Once More." Such things are not excusable, though the reader may pardon Mrs. Ward for giving Lucy Foster black hair while making Eleanor lay her hand caressingly on the "brown head," or for writing a sentence like this:

Will, I grant you that particular group may have pure hands, and isn't plundering *their* country's vitals like the rest.

I have mentioned Mr. Zangwill. His case is really quite serious. An aristocratic daily, which prides itself on the excellence of its literary page, said of *The Mantle of Elijah* that it was written with "that conscientious attention to detail which Mr. Zangwill never allows to flag." In the interests of criticism the point is worth a little examination.

The first part of Mr. Zangwill's exceedingly clever novel is mid-Victorian. Allegra, the heroine, is called a child of the Great Exhibition. All kinds of incidental references forbid us to place Book I. later than the early 'sixties. I suggest to Mr. Zangwill that a man of the 'sixties would not address his friend as "My dear chap." A Cabinet Minister of the period could not possibly make use of such an insufferable vulgarism as "Guessed it in once"; nor could a slangy duchess say: "You look hipped, my dear." I wonder why Mr. Zangwill makes his duchess drop her final *g*'s. She is the daughter of a hundred earls, and therefore not illiterate, for all her bad manners. It was only in the 'nineties that the dropped *g* became a fashionable affectation. These examples might be multiplied indefinitely.

Between the first and second parts of the story, apparently, some fifteen years elapse. If Mr. Zangwill were less concerned with particulars, Allegra might be allowed to discuss Nietzsche with her lover, and to put express stamps on her letters; but I protest that her creator's indiscriminate allusions to motor-cars, kodaks, "the smart set," "the latter-day Tolstoi," and so forth, would have no meaning for Allegra while she is still not much past thirty. And I submit that a novelist distinguished for conscientious attention to detail ought not to write "*Would I like to fight?*" ought not to mis-spell the name of Izaak Walton, and ought to be incapable of penning the description of Allegra's first party.—I am, &c.,

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

Mr. Augustine Birrell on Coventry Patmore.

SIR,—Mr. Birrell's article on which you comment appeared in the *Pilot*, not in the *Speaker*. In the short extract which you quote occur the following phrases: "Had had lain upon him"; "equanimity of his mind." The former recalls Byron's notorious solecism; for the latter, "tautology" seems too feeble a term. "Superior" though he is, Mr. Birrell can scarcely claim to be *supra grammaticam*. This censor fails to find in Patmore's writings or recorded sayings any example of "illuminated wisdom," while he dwells on his "ill-natured comments." May I recommend to his notice the following passage from the ode, "Let Be" (printed in facsimile of MS. in Patmore's biography), which, besides its special applicability, seems to me to show not merely wisdom, but magnanimity; "magnanimity of mind," I suppose Mr. Birrell would call it:

And grace will sometimes lurk where who could guess!
The censor of his kind,
Dealing to each his share
With easy humour, hard to bear,
May not impossibly have in him shrined,
As in a gossamer globe or padded pod,
Some small seed dear to God.

—I am &c.,

CENSOR CENSORIS.

"The Poloniad"

SIR,—In your article, "The Poloniad," you speak of Colton as if he were a comparatively, if not absolutely, unknown writer. Yet, surely, Colton's *Lacon*—a work that reminds me much of Selden's *Table Talk*—is celebrated enough. Mr. Morley, if you will remember, descants at length on Colton and his writings in a most interesting essay on Aphoristic Lore.—I am, &c.,

ARCH. GIBBS.

Roger Bacon's "Opus Majus."

SIR,—In reply to the letter of Mr. J. Calder Ross, I shall be glad if you will allow me to state that the supplementary volume (which, be it said in passing, contains more than corrections of the text) may be had gratis on application to Messrs. Williams & Norgate by purchasers of the first two volumes, many of whom have already been so supplied.—I am, &c.,

J. H. BRIDGES.

Mr. Davidson's Plays.

SIR,—Will you allow me to assure "Bookworm," whose mournful note on my unacted plays seems to call for consolation, that "Godfrida" and "Self's the Man" will both be performed, if not now, then later. It is only, as always in matters of opinion, a question of the fulness of time.

With regard to any other unacted plays, four of them, as I have said in the introduction to "Godfrida," have no claim upon the stage. The fifth, my pantomime, "Scaramouch in Noxos," should be tried, I think, as part of a programme. I am afraid, however, it is not likely to be acted until I can stage it myself. When I have a theatre of my own I shall produce it at Christmas time, with a new order of harlequinade to follow, as a holiday *matinée* entertainment.—I am, &c.,

JOHN DAVIDSON.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 62 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best Literary Riddle. We award it to Mr. F. B. Doveton, Karsfield, Torquay, for the following:

How would you describe in two words the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays?—All gammon!

Other riddles are as follows:

What two famous deceased authors may be said to have rivalled the Mint?—Charles Reade and Bulwer Lytton; for the former produced *Gold* and the latter *Money* night after night, while the former also coined *Very Hard Cash*. [A. G., Cheltenham.]

My first is the name of an English king, whose valour is known through the world;

My second consists of a word often used by "Froggy," all scented and curled;

My third is slang for a girl; but if you should like it not, You have only to add my fourth to get the name of a certain pot; Pronounce my fifth with your tongue, you will find it the end of all pain,

The end of all reason and men, and the end of Ex-President Steyn! Then add the whole together and, almost before you know it, You will get the patronymic of a very modern poet.

—Richard-Le Gal-li-enne

[H. A. M., London.]

Why might Browning's *Sordello* take the prize?—Because it is a literary riddle.

[C. S., Brighton.]

What's the difference between the dramatic critics of the *Free-lance* and the *World* when they discuss melodrama?—One is Clement Scott, the other's an inclement Scot.

[W. P., Chelsea]

What internal evidence is there in Conan Doyle's *Story of Waterloo* to prove he is a medical man?—The allusions to "Gregory (s) powder."

[M. P. F., Birmingham.]

Riddles also received from: A. A., Southport; A. S. W., London; E. L. A. G., London; E. M. H., London; Mrs. T., Bexhill; B. P., Blackheath; R. St. J. C., Shrewsbury; E. L. C., Redhill; R. F. McC., Whitby; W. C., Edinburgh; J. W. H., Longport; C. A. C., Bagshot; M. H., London; J. S. M., Addiscombe; S. C., Brighton; E. L., Didstury; K. E. T., Bristol; M. A. W., London; and E. P., London.

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RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, December 5. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

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WHEN Mr. Murray's new blue *Monthly Review*, edited by Mr. Henry Newbolt, was announced, we refrained, in these staid pages, from making the obvious joke about the new Bolt in the Blue. But wits in full practice are not so reticent. Twice has the joke been made in the past week. The offenders are Mr. L. F. Austin and Mr. "Arthur Pendennys."

MR. KIPLING's new story, "Kim," the longest he has written, will begin in the January number of *Cassell's Magazine*. "Kim," we are informed, contains "an exposition of Buddhism which even the man in the street can understand."

MRS. WARD has been accused of changing the colour of Lucy Foster's hair (in *Eleanor*). But there is a more amusing slip than that. On page 279 Mrs. Ward makes Manisty throw away his cigarette, and on page 281 relight it. Manisty may have been wilful, impulsive, selfish; but he would never have lighted again a cigarette once thrown away.

WHEN the readers of the *Figaro* opened that journal last Friday they were confronted by a poem of fifty-one stanzas. In big letters at the top were the words "A Kruger," the signature at the foot was that of M. Edmond Rostand. As the poem fills half the front page of the *Figaro*, it is to be supposed that the editor judged that M. Rostand's vapourings are the sort of reading his readers wanted. Modern poets are seldom happy when they sing of affairs. The Muse is the only party to which a poet should belong. Apart from the sentiments of "A Kruger," to which the ordinary Briton can hardly be asked to subscribe, M. Rostand does not shine as a prophet. Events move so quickly that a few hours will spoil the prophetic fancy of a stanza. Thus:

Mais maintenant, Vieillard, les rois doivent attendre :
Ne fais pas attendre les rois.
Pour être bien reçu comment vas-tu t'y prendre ?
Oh ! si tu crains les accueils froids

Pars pour le doux pays des Bibles et des pipes ;
Ses fils ressemblent à tes fils ;
Pars pour le doux pays de brume où les tulipes
Ont pour petite reine un Lys !

Les rois ne pourront pas vous refuser leur porte ;
Vous entrerez dans leurs palais.
Elle, elle parlera. Faible, elle sera forte.
Toi, ne dis rien : regarde-les.

Je dis que l'Empereur aux moustaches en pointes
Sourira quand cet être clair
Paraîtra sur le seuil en disant, les mains jointes :
" Mon cousin, c'est Monsieur Krüger."

M. Rostand's advice in the final stanzas is sound :

Mais si la Reine échoue—hélas ! tout est possible !—
Et si toi, vieillard malheureux,
Tu ne rapportes rien que sur ta grosse Bible
Une larme de ses yeux bleus !

Ayant sur ton chemin vu trop de laides choses,
Aperçu trop de cœurs pourris,
Si tu reviens avec des paupières plus closes,
Des regards plus endoloris...

J'espère, à ton retour, qu'après ce long martyre
Tu déclineras les clameurs ;
Tu ne permettras pas que l'Europe s'en tire
Avec quelques gerbes de fleurs !

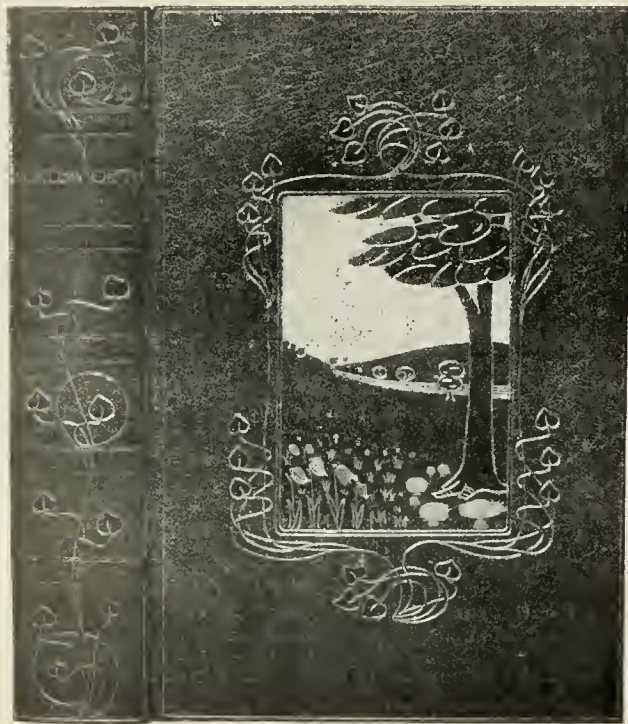
Tu diras, en rendant aux fillettes, je pense
Les gros bouquets aux nœuds flamants :
" Je n'étais pas venu demander à la France
Des mots écrits sur des rubans."

Je compte que ton poing fermera la fenêtre,
Que si la foule crie en bas
Pour s'amuser encore à te faire paraître,
Krüger, tu ne paraîtras pas !

So ! And yet in the hands of a great poet—wise, tolerant, just—inspired by a large pity for human things, undisturbed by the cries of partisans, sentimentalists, and featherbrains, what a subject for an epic is this passing of a brave nation, this pilgrimage of an arrogant, broken old man, to an ever-receding goal.

THE *Lawyer*, a new penny paper, sufficiently described by its title, has published a long letter purporting to have been written by Charles Lamb to his doctor at Edmonton. Our contemporary prints the letter without a word of evidence to show that Lamb wrote it. Yet the letter is itself pretty strong evidence that it could never have proceeded from his pen. An apology to the doctor and his wife for having got drunk in their house is wrapped up in a flippant and almost vulgar account of the manner of the writer's homeward progress. That this letter could not have been written by Lamb is our conviction; but if we had possessed it, and known it to be genuine, we should not have permitted its publication.

THE Oxford University Press is as zealous to make its publications outwardly beautiful as it is to fill them with sound scholarship; indeed, of the three *Grands Prix* won by this famous Press at the Paris Exhibition two were for externals—India paper and bindings. The catalogues



of its three exhibits—Binding, Paper, and Higher Educational Publications—are in themselves interesting. From the first we give an illustration of a binding for Wordsworth's poems, issued in four volumes, in green levant morocco.

IN the current *Fortnightly* are two interesting dramatic items. Count S. C. de Soissons gives an account of Maeterlinck's latest play, published as yet only in a German translation, entitled "Blue Beard and Aryan; or, Useless Liberation." It is in three acts. The original is likely to be published shortly. The other item is the text of Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, "The Wedding Guest," printed in full as a Literary Supplement. It reads prettily in many parts, as witness this between Paul and Mrs. Ommaney:

PAUL: I lived too much in my art, and my solitary thoughts. I shrank from men's free talk of women, and yet when I left them it was to brood of the things they spoke of; theirs was a healthier life than mine. "It is not good for man that he be alone." I know the meaning of those words; the preachers too often don't. And then you came into my life, and you rang through it like a peal of bells in a lonely house. At first I only meant to be your friend. Ah, Kate, those Bohemian days, when you and I were only comrades!

MRS. O.: The dear old studio fire!

PAUL: How poor I was!

MRS. O.: How happy we were!

PAUL: Ah! but Kate!

MRS. O.: Yes, it was soon over.

PAUL: The end came. Our friends were looking on and smiling, Kate. They called me a lucky dog. At first I could have struck them, for they did not disguise their meaning; but they had put the idea into my head, and it flourished there and grew apace.

MRS. O.: [*passionately*] It was not only that? Speak, you loved me!

PAUL: You took possession of every chamber of my mind. There was no one in the world to me but you.

AN interesting, if controversial, critique is Mr. H. W. Massingham's article on Tolstoi in the *Contemporary Review*. Mr. Massingham points to the complete unity of Tolstoi's life and his intellectual work. That is in itself a rather original view, for we have been accustomed to think of several men in Tolstoi. But Mr. Massingham points out that he has "followed a single clue which runs equally through his artistic and his philosophical writings," and, inquiring the secret of Tolstoi's attraction, he answers in like manner: "It is that Tolstoi has lived the life, and that his work in fiction and criticism traces, step by step, the road of his own pilgrim's progress; and, secondly, that he associates himself with an eternally interesting topic. His *Pierre*, his *Levin*, his *Nekhludoff*, pass before our eyes chiefly that one may see through them the passage of Tolstoi's own soul, and of all human souls, from death to life."

BUT Mr. Massingham specialises. His article resolves itself into an analysis of one work of Tolstoi's—*Life*; a book which he identifies as the best key to Tolstoi's method and belief. "It is concerned purely with what Mr. Morley has called 'the bright dawn of life in the soul,' and in its arrangement is a continuous treatise on human nature, without regard either to religious dogma or to earlier philosophical conceptions. In a word, it is a thoroughly original and powerful work of self-examination, with consequences that seem to me to be of the deepest importance to the life of our times." From this point the article cannot be easily summarised; but it is likely to interest many.

NOT everyone knows that Victor Hugo had very remarkable gifts as an artist; but that such was the case is proved beyond dispute by M. Benjamin-Constant in an appreciation written for the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine*. The illustrations accompanying the essay are so remarkable that the reader absorbs M. Benjamin-Constant's eulogy without any shock of surprise. Yet he goes so far as to say: "It is no stretch of imagination to say that these sketches or souvenirs of nature recall the little etchings of Rembrandt; certain faces, very roughly drawn, remind us of Callot and of Goya; and the larger compositions in the style of 'Burg de la Croix' might bear, not unworthily, the signature of Turner. To be convinced of what I say, it is only necessary to spend a morning at the house of Paul Meurice, the life-long friend of Victor Hugo, who was—together with Vacquerie—the great man's confidant, and the executor of his last wishes." We are glad to know that other drawings are to be reproduced and discussed. Meanwhile, we recommend even the purely literary student of Victor Hugo to inform himself concerning these weird and striking drawings, which suggest that Victor Hugo would have been the only possible illustrator of Poe's tales and poems. We like to think of the drawings he would have done for "The Fall of the House of Usher" or "The Bells."

AGAINST Hugo as artist let us put Mr. Hardy as poet. One of his singularly individual poems appeared in last Friday's *Morning Post*, and as it may have escaped many of our readers we quote two out of its four stanzas. It is a "Song of the Soldiers' Wives," and it concludes thus:

Some told us we should meet no more,
Should meet no more;
Should wait and wish, but greet no more
Your faces by our fires:
That, in a while, uncharily
And drearily,
Men gave their lives—even wearily,
Like those whom living tires.
And now you are nearing home again,
Dears, home again:
No more, may be, to roam again
As at that bygone time,
Which took you all away from us
To stay from us:
Dawn, hold not long the day from us,
But quicken it to prime!

In an essay on Stevenson in his new volume of *Prose Fancies*, with which we shall deal shortly, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne remarks, that "more than any of our recent writers he realised 'the mysterious face of common things.' When a man like Maeterlinck makes just the same discoveries, but in a more oracular and less brilliant style, he is saluted with awe as a mystic." He might have added, that on a still more every-day plane Dickens preceded Stevenson in the effort to realise "the mysterious face of common things." To "dwell on the romantic side of familiar things" was, indeed, his expressed aim in *Bleak House*, which novel is now issued in Messrs. Methuen's admirable "Rochester" edition of Dickens, with an introduction by Mr. George Gissing.

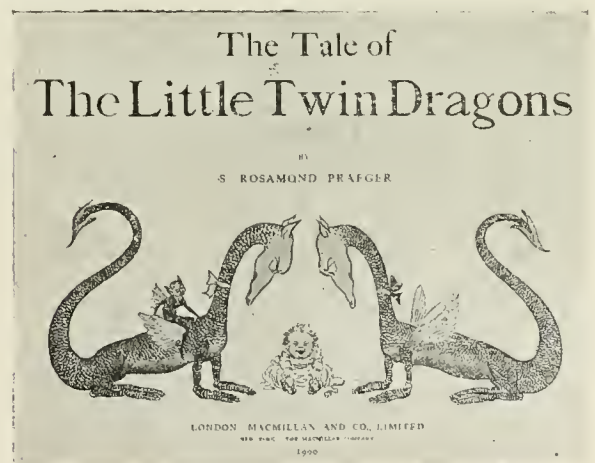
MR. GISSING'S Introduction strikes us as a sound piece of criticism. He points out that *Bleak House* was written under a desire to eschew the haphazard narration with which Dickens had been sometimes reproached, and to produce a story with an ingenious and complex plot. Ingenuity and complexity he achieved, but we agree with Mr. Gissing that the result is not good in art; "there is an almost total disregard of probability; the fitting of incidents suggests a mechanical puzzle rather than the complications of human life; arbitrary coincidence takes the place of well-considered motive, and at times the motive suggested is glaringly inadequate." Mr. Gissing makes other strictures, and endorses the opinion of Lord Denman that it was too much Dickens's habit to find "delicacy of virtuous sentiment in the lowest depths of human degradation," adding on his own account: "If one fact can be asserted of the lowest English it is that, supposing them to say or do a good thing, they will say or do it in the worst possible way. Does there, I wonder, exist in all literature a scene less correspondent with any possibility of life than the description of Jo's last moments?" We need hardly say that these criticisms float on a sea of appreciation of the more admirable elements in this immortal satire on the Law. But we could have wished that Mr. Gissing had said that he found the love passages and love sentiment of *Bleak House* as tedious as we thought it in a recent re-perusal. This edition is illustrated by Miss Beatrice Alcock with manifest care, but not with entire success. The long drawing-room at Rockingham Castle, Chesney Wold, was a subject beyond her technical powers, and the same may be said of other subjects; it seems possible that she has been hampered by instructions to adopt the style of Mr. Edmund H. New, who illustrated the *Pickwick* in the same series. Mr. Kitton's notes are interesting. He reminds us that as late as 1895 a motion connected with the *cause célèbre* on which "Jarndyce

v. Jarndyce" was founded, came before Mr. Justice Kekewich, whose name, one cannot help thinking, would have struck Dickens as highly usable in the story.

THESE reproductions of two book-covers, which have been crowded out of our Christmas Supplement, may be permitted to hold an overflow meeting in this column—the more so as they are not the least dainty products of the season's book-cover art. Miss Alice B. Gomme is an authority on old English singing games; and what could be more appropriate than the design following?



Miss Gomme's book is issued by Mr. Allen. A kind of quaint variant on the above cover is furnished in Miss S. Rosamond Praeger's *The Tale of the Little Twin Dragons* (Macmillan).



MR. DOOLEY as a *pense* writer has, perhaps, yet to be appreciated. That his works are full of detachable observations is known to everyone who has laughed himself happy over them; but we observe that *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy* (his latest work) ends with a number of "Casual Observations" written as such. Many of them are as wise and witty as they could be. These, for example:

If ye live enough before thirty ye won't care to live at all after fifty.

'Tis no job to find out who wrote an anonymous letter. Jus' look out iv th' window when ye get it. 'Tis harder to do evil thin good be stealth.

No man was iver so low as to have rayspict f'r his brother-in-law.

I care not who makes th' laws iv a nation if I can get out an injunction.

An Englishman appears resarved because he can't talk.

What China needs is a Chinese exclusion act.

A nation with colonies is kept busy. Look at England ! She's like wan iv th' Swiss bell-ringers.

An autocrat's a ruler that does what th' people wants an' takes th' blame f'r it. A constitootional ixicutive, Hinmissy, is a ruler that does as he dam pleases an' blames th' people.

Thrust ivrybody—but cut th' ca-arads.

A man that'd expict to thraiu lobsters to fly in a year is called a loonytic; but a man that thinks men can be tur-ned into angels be an illiction is called a rayformer, an' remains at large.

Dhressmakers' bills sinds women into lithrachoor an' men into an early declue.

People tell me to be frank, but how can I be whin I don't dare to know meself?

'Tis a good thing th' fun'ral sermons ar're not composed in th' confessional.

MR. FRANK RITCHIE'S article on "Rhyme," which we quoted last week, appeared in *Longman's Magazine*, not, as we implied, in the *Cornhill*.

Bibliographical.

A TRULY laudable contribution to the literature of bibliography is that which has just been made by Mr. Charles Gross, professor at Harvard University. That gentleman now publishes, through Messrs. Longmans, a volume of 618 pages on *The Sources and Literature of English History from the Earliest Times to about 1845*. It is a very elaborate and highly useful work, comprising "a systematic survey of the printed materials relating to the political, constitutional, legal, social, and economic history of England, Wales, and Ireland." Scotland is omitted from this list, "because in the Middle Ages her government and institutions were foreign to those of England"; and yet she has not been wholly ignored, for, "so far as she influenced the current of English history, she has received consideration." Materials in MS. are dealt with incidentally only. The printed materials noticed include not only books and pamphlets, but papers found among collected essays, in journals, and in the transactions of learned societies. Prof. Gross does not profess to set forth everything bearing on his subject; the merely worthless has no record. And for the rest, an excellent feature of the book is the Professor's frequent characterisation of the volumes mentioned. This should be of great service to the student, as guiding his steps along a path beset with pitfalls. The Professor's entries are very carefully sub-divided; perhaps, indeed, there are too many sub-divisions. There is, however, a thoroughly exhaustive index, extending to sixty-two closely-printed pages; and a reference to this will at once remove any difficulty the reader may experience in finding any particular sub-division. Altogether, this substantial work is a monument of intelligent and instructed industry.

Whatever one may think of the unhappy man who died in Paris the other day, what he did in literature still remains in witness for or against him. His career in letters may be said to have been confined to a decade—namely, that which began in 1888. He had published in 1881 a volume of *Poems*, but after that there was silence until 1888, when he brought out *The Happy Prince and Other Stories*, in which there was much to admire. In 1891 came *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, &c.*, and *Intentions* (a volume of essays), likewise *The House of Pomegranates* (with illustrations). To 1893 belongs *Salome*, a drama, in French, of which an English version was issued in the following year. Then, in 1898,

came the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, to which a tragic interest attaches. All of his four plays were published—*Lady Windermere's Fan* in 1893, *A Woman of No Importance* (1894), *The Importance of Being Earnest* in 1899, and *An Ideal Husband* in the same year. The first of these was dedicated "To the Dear Memory of Robert, Earl of Lytton"; the last "To Frank Harris, a slight tribute to his power and distinction as an artist, his chivalry and nobility as a friend." The first two were issued with the writer's name on the title-page; the last two were announced as "by the author of *Lady Windermere's Fan*." The paper on Shakespeare's sonnets, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, has not, I think, been reprinted.

Mr. John Payne, it appears, has completed a metrical version of the collected poems (or *Divan*) of Hafiz, and it is about to be published by subscription. It will be in three octavo volumes, printed on hand-made paper, and bound in vellum gilt. We have had of late years Mr. J. H. McCarthy's *Ghazels from the Divan of Hafiz* (1893), Miss Gertrude Bell's *Poems from the Divan of Hafiz* (1897), and Mr. Walter Leaf's *Versions* (1898). Mr. Payne, however, is to give us a complete translation of the *Divan*; and we are told that he has "endeavoured, by a system of metrical reproduction representative of the exceedingly characteristic and varied scheme of rhyme and rhythm of the original, combined with the utmost possible fidelity in the matter of sense and diction, to present Hafiz to English readers in some sort as he may be supposed to have appeared to his countrymen." It will be remembered that Mr. Payne produced a version of the quatrains of Omar two years ago. At one time he was an active writer of original verse.

It is said that the forthcoming edition of R. L. Stevenson's *Letters* not only will contain new matter, but has been revised throughout. Intrinsically, therefore, it should be better worth having than the original edition, the possessors of which have, probably, read the above announcement with some little annoyance. They must find consolation in the fact that, whatever may be the attractions of the new issue, they rejoice in a copy of the original one, which for many is a satisfaction in itself. Meanwhile, the poor bibliographer will have to compare the two issues and record the differences between them.

Bibliophiles will be glad to know that Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Herod*, as published by Mr. Lane, ranges with the same writer's *Paolo and Francesca* in size, as well as in style and colour of binding. The type in *Herod* is a shade larger than that in *Paolo*, and the paper used in the former is rather thicker than that in the latter; but that is of no consequence. The larger type in *Herod* accounts for its running to 128 pages, as compared with the 120 of *Paolo*.

Glancing at some quotations from a much-advertised new work in verse, I have come across the following couplet:

But with each Spring a deeper feeling flows,
Lights with the lily, reddens with the rose.

This collocation of the rose and the lily seems a favourite with the bards. Long ago Mr. Dobson wrote of his "Phyllida":

Her colour comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,—
It wavers to a rose.

And we all remember Mr. Watson's distich:

Pluck'd by his hand, the basest weed that grows
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose.

I note the announcement of a novel by Miss S. E. Hall, to be called *The Interlopers*. But is this not a little too like *The Interloper*, the title of a tale published by Miss F. M. Peard only six years ago?

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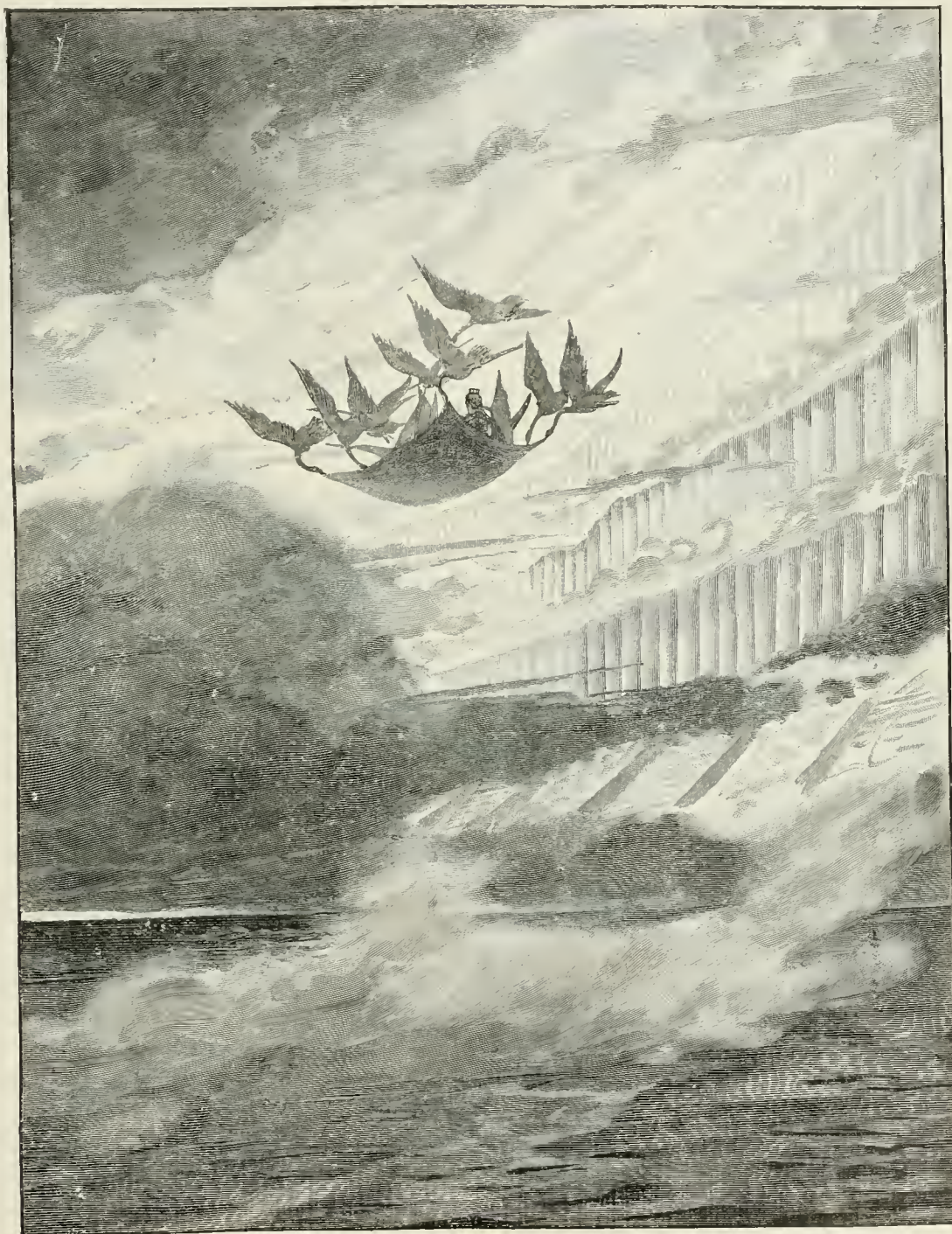
The Spiritualised Fairy Tale.

Fairy Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. Newly Translated by H. L. Brackstad. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. 2 vols. (Heinemann. Each 10s. net.)

"I ALWAYS say 'good night' to it before going to bed."
"It" was a watch, and the speaker was an honest, un-

Between this watch and that adult existed the friendship of an association from which the inanimate had caught a breath of life. All around us the inanimate has been vivified like this watch. It is because man does in a measure vivify his environment and possessions by reflecting his personality upon them, and becomes conscious of some sort of echo or reverberation as a result, that he is prepared to believe in articulate birds, trees, lakes.

Yet there are fairy tales and fairy tales. The baldly



"A PALACE ALMOST A MILE LONG, WITH ONE COLONNADE DARINGLY PILED ABOVE ANOTHER."

(From "*Fairy Tales*," by Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by Hans Tegner.)

affected, and sensible person of over fifty. We treasured up the confession because, considering the source, it suggested an explanation of the origin of much folk-lore.

stated miracle offends the educated ear. Mass without intention or design wearies the educated eye. The fairy tale may have the licence of the supernatural, but it must

have the shape of literature and the breath of dramatic life.

Enter Andersen, who flooded the world with a new elfin beauty. Here was a *rationale* of magic, an order in the miraculous. Mundane satire, religious feeling, fairy nimbleness, mingled and not in discord. Food for babes in the cauldron of this white wizard became also manna for sages. Before us, offered in golden vessels, are forty-two of his stories. At last Andersen has found an illustrator deserving more than an ephemeral connexion with his genius. For the sake of his drawings we can forgive the choice which included the coarse picaresqueness of "Little Claus and Big Claus," the laboured satire of "The Storm Shifts the Sign Boards," and the inferior buffoonery of "The Jumpers," in a collection uninhabited by "The Girl who Trod on a Loaf," "The Marsh King's Daughter," and "The Portuguese Duck." Through the courtesy of the publisher we are enabled to reproduce the drawing of the palace of Fata Morgana. It was no mean feat to rear those spectral colonnades in that abyss of cloud, and to limn the impossible, in the shape of those enchanted swans, without degrading it. Mr. H. L. Brækstad's translation has great merit. We have compared it with three, including the standard one by Mrs. Paull, and applaud its superiority in vigour and eloquence. It is amusing to note that on two separate occasions Mrs. Paull refuses to mention a spittoon which harmlessly appears in the original and in Mr. Brækstad's translation. In 1872 Mr. Gosse had the privilege of hearing Andersen read "The Cripple"—the last story but one that Andersen wrote. The story-teller's voice "sank to almost a hoarse whisper," and "his amazingly long and bony hand" grasped the listener's shoulder. It is a pity that Mr. Gosse did not hear him read "The Travelling Companion," for it is then probable that he would not have founded some interesting criticism upon an inaccurate recollection of a fascinating story.

To obtain a preliminary idea of Andersen's special gifts it is well to compare one of his stories with a standard variant. Take "The Wild Swans." It is "The Six Swans" of Grimm, but with what a difference! In the first place, the artist gets rid of secondary matter which enlarges the story without yielding the stuff of literature—*i.e.*, humour, poetry. He then makes the stepmother a woman before he makes her a witch. That is how we have the bit about her denying the children their cakes, and giving them "sand in a tea-cup." "They might pretend it was something nice," she said. And here is one of those bubbles of humour whereby Andersen anticipates Lewis Carroll. Later on we owe to Andersen a touch of poetry. The stepmother bids Elisa bathe in water which contains three toads. They settle on her. What follows?

As soon as she stood up, three red poppies were floating on the water; had the animals not been poisonous, and had they not been kissed by the queen, they would have been turned into red roses; but they became flowers, however, through resting on her head and near her heart.

But Andersen is most himself when he opens the mouths of dumb animals and things. Their quaint and appropriate sayings smite the stoniest mind till it breaks into gushing laughter. "Tweet, tweet, what a terrible snow-storm!" ejaculates the canary when a handkerchief is thrown over its cage. "Fie! she looks like a human being," exclaim the cockchafers of Thumbeline. "Isn't there a delicious smell here?" asks the mouse; "the whole passage has been rubbed with bacon-rind." "Bone for bone, thought I," remarks the yard-dog, who has been chained up for biting the leg of a boy who kicked away the bone he was gnawing. "We have houses from our birth, and the burdocks are planted for our sake. I should like to know . . . what there is beyond them?" says Mother Snail. "There is nothing beyond," says Father Snail. "It could not be better anywhere than here with us, and I have nothing to wish for." But Mother Snail

thinks there is. "I should like to . . . be boiled and placed on a silver-dish, just like all our ancestors," says she.

The power of Andersen to animate the inanimate is a paradox of his genius. Who can forget the satire of "The Nightingale"? The people preferred the machine to the living songster; the song that came because it had to come, to the song that changed as life changes. Who, again, can forget the princess who exclaimed "Fie! it's a real rose," and gave the Swineherd ten kisses for a machine for smelling other people's dinners? Yet the satirist of "The Swineherd" and "The Nightingale" added to the immortals, not for ridicule but for love, toy men and toy women. "The Constant [or Gallant] Tin Soldier" and "The Shepherdess and the Chimney Sweep" have a gentle pathos that upbraids real life for its violent rapine of our tears. "I cannot bear it! The world is too big." Who would not spend a gentle emotion for the china shepherdess as she sits on the chimney-top gazing piteously over the roofs, "the sky with all its stars" above her head?

It was a wonderful man, this Hans. It may well be that he yearned to write novels of real life. Why not? Did he not compress in the tale of Valdemar Daa and his daughters a sternness of realism which even on the authority of the wind we are forced to accept? Had he not morbidity? If you doubt it, read "Aunt Toothache," the last of all his stories. Read even "The Shadow." The poet and the learned man move in a dark enough domain. There one sees not fairies but fears. An overwrought brain alone at night might evoke such, and reel.

But Andersen has the freedom of a brighter region, and that he glories in. Had his fairy tales been buried one might have said, in his own words, that "the flowers must have known of it, and the coffin would have been aware of it, the soil around it would have noticed it, every little blade of grass that shot forth would have told of it. For fairy tales never die." But they have not been buried. They roam abroad lifting children's glances skyward and dropping them grassward. And in the embrasures of frozen streets matches struck by him illumine every winter the face of want and guide the steps of charity. We can conceive of no better present for a child than this beautiful edition of Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales*.

What Shall We Do Now?

What Shall We Do Now? By E. V. and E. Lucas.
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

What Shall We Do Now? is the title given by Mr. and Mrs. Lucas to this comfortable looking volume, and if the children who become its fortunate possessors ever again ask the question, they deserve — well, they deserve to have it taken away from them. Its sub-title, "A Book of Suggestions for Children's Games and Employments," explains its aim and scope, and though books on the same plan have been compiled before—we remember, for instance, *The Young Ladies' Book* and *The Boy's Companion*, which ranged from crochet to conjuring tricks—none of them have possessed the zest, spirit, and humour which make this book delightful reading in itself, apart from the nature of the subjects with which it deals.

"Games for a Party," "Picnic Games," "Out for a Walk," "In the Train," are some of the headings of chapters which, unless we are false prophets, many an anxious mother, many a harassed governess will peruse with thankfulness. Think, for instance, how a long railway journey may be robbed of anxiety for the grown-up people in charge, when the children are so occupied in playing "railway competitions" that they forbear to cry, fidget, or even to put their feet on the cushions or seats of the carriages!

But the most delightful parts of the book, after all, are those which appeal most strongly to the children themselves, and among these are hints for "playing alone" and "Games in Bed." There are, of course, as the preface admits, "many fortunate girls and boys who do not require any help whatever, who always know what to do, and do it." And much of the pleasure and interest we as grown-up children have derived from these hints and suggestions lies in the recognition of the fundamental likeness of childish minds. "We used to play that!" is the constant comment of grown-up readers, as they come across one familiar "pretence" after another. Not to everyone, however, is it given to sympathise, understand, and remember like the writer of the chapter on "Playing Alone" or "Dolls' Houses":

Another little girl, who lived in the country, used to pretend to be some sort of a god. If she stepped in a puddle and caused a commotion among the water-beetles, she was a god causing an earthquake. If she dragged a stick along wet ground, she was making a new river. If she trod on long grass she was trampling down whole continents. If she disturbed an ant-hill she imagined herself to be sharing the contemptuous feelings of the gods towards mortals.

Of course! Don't you remember?

Good, also, is the Dolls' House chapter. Nothing seems to have been forgotten. There are the pictures for the walls which are made out of scraps, or tiny photographs pasted on a piece of cardboard larger than itself, and edged with a strip of gold paper for frame; there are the miniature books with their invented titles; there, too, are the beds made of cardboard boxes (with the match-box size for the doll-children). "Ah! but there used to be lovely little cradles made of walnut shells in our dolls' house," we exclaim, with proud superiority, and a moment later, see that "for cosy little cots for babies there are walnut shells!"

What reader who has ever had a German governess will pass the pictured page on Paper Dolls without a thrill? Can we ever forget Adolph, aged nine, with his rosy painted cheeks, his parted hair, his half-dozen suits of Teutonic cut, and his peaked cap? Or Fraulein Minna, the smiling paper young lady, whose ball dresses were always garlanded with forget-me-nots?

But lest it should seem that our praise is reserved too exclusively for the purely feminine interests to which the volume ministers, let us turn to the chapter on "Pets," which is interesting to both sexes, or to that devoted to "Kites," "Toy-boats," "Skip-jacks," and "Watercutters."

Of larks in cages we read, after advice as to diet and roomy cages: "But remember that the lark is a bird that does not perch, and is always longing to rise up and up in the sunshine and blue air; and if you have any doubt about it let him go." And we commend the wisdom of this temperate appeal to the humanity of his captors, probably infinitely more effective than pages of invective against the cruelty which is here only implied.

In conclusion, we cannot resist quoting a few lines from "At the Seaside":

Wet clothes.—When paddling it is just as well not to get your clothes wet if you can help it. Clothes that are made wet with sea water, which probably has a little sand in it, are as uncomfortable as crumbs in bed. Sitting among the rocks, running through the water, and jumping the little crisping waves are the best ways to get soaked. . . . Burying one another in the sand is good at the time, but gritty afterwards.

Donkeys.—Donkey rides are rarely quite so good as you hope they will be. It is only now and then that the saddle is comfortable, or the reins of the least use, or the stirrup the right length; and the donkey scrapes your leg against the wall, or a post, much too often. In hiring donkeys, the donkey boy's idea of what the time is should always be compared with a clock or watch, and the difference pointed out to him.

Niggers.—Now and then niggers ought to have a penny.

We must not omit to mention the interesting Appendix to *What Shall We Do Now?* It consists of a number of blank sheets, destined to be filled by young readers "with notes of any game, hobbies or other matters belonging to the scheme of this book which either are original, or have been over-looked by the authors." For the best-filled Appendix, a prize is offered, and the girl or boy who wins it will be lucky; for twenty volumes selected by authorities possessed of such intimate knowledge of youthful tastes and feelings as the authors of this book should be a prize worth having.

A New Poet.

The Wild Knight, and Other Poems. By Gilbert Chesterton. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

MR. CHESTERTON is a true poet; his philosophy is not deep—somewhat crude and juvenile, but he has the gift of expressing his ideas of things unexpectedly, so that they come home with a sudden thrill; and that is the gift of the poet. Open the book where you will, you encounter something vivid in expression and unforeseen in conclusion. Sometimes, perhaps, Mr. Chesterton pushes it too far. In his hatred of the obvious he creates wanton difficulty by striking out his connexions to a perverse degree, and casting a needless burden upon the reader's understanding. Compression and suggestion are excellent things, but they need judgment. There should be a depth in the matter not to be conveyed but through the winking lightning flashes of suggestion. Mere avoidance of connexions as a mannerism is an irritating trick. Still, this is the result of young inexperience. In most poems Mr. Chesterton shows that he has the root of the matter in him. Take his prologue, for example:

Another tattered rhymester in the ring,
With but the old plea to the sneering schools,
That on him too, some secret night in spring,
Came the old frenzy of a hundred fools.
To make some thing: the old want dark and deep,
The thirst of men, the hunger of the stars,
Since first it tinged even the Eternal's sleep,
With monstrous dreams of trees and towns and wars.
When all He made for the first time he saw,
Scattering stars as misers shake their pelf;
Then in the last strange wrath broke His own law,
And made a graven image of Himself.

There is plenty as good as or better than this in the book. Particularly one may note what is shown here—a certain Heinesque gift of bringing his poem down upon some unexpected, it might be said epigrammatic, turn at the conclusion. Take, again, the following poem:

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

Through what fierce incarnations, furred
In fire and darkness, did I go,
Ere I was worthy in the world
To see a dandelion grow?
Well, if in any woes or wars
I bought my naked right to be,
Grew worthy of the grass, nor gave
The wren, my brother, shame for me.
But what shall God not ask of him
In the last time when all is told,
Who saw her stand beside the hearth,
The firelight garbing her in gold?

Such fresh and original turns seem part of Mr. Chesterton's very mental fibre, so profusely are they strewn through his volume. It affords us good hope that he may be a coming man.

Eighteenth Century Art.

French Architects and Sculptors of the XVIIIth Century.

By Lady Dilke. (George Bell & Sons. 25s. net.)

THE rehabilitation of the eighteenth century is due to what R. L. Stevenson's cheerful little boy calls "a number of things," among which are probably the motive of general reaction and contradiction, and certainly that motive of contention against Ruskin that has not lost its power in the course of fifty years. Lady Dilke is so resolute in the propaganda as to take consent for granted, and to assume the artistic eminence of that age. She would commend its undoubted merits, nevertheless, with more effect upon the sympathies of the reader if she proposed all this clever work (we mean chiefly the sculpture) to our admiration as entirely work of the second or third order.

Having taken a definite step into the second class of the historical society of European art—that single step downwards and aside that brings us into so numerous, so busy, so content a company—we have nothing but praise for the extreme industry with which Lady Dilke has laboured within her field. Hers is expert work; and if the faculties of sight appear more brightly there than the faculties of insight, why, so much the more appropriate is her method to a criticism of the tomb of Marshal Saxe by Jean Baptiste Pigalle, of the Louis Quatorze of Edmé Bouchardon, or of the Flore Baigneuse of Jean Baptiste Lemoyne. The precision with which she follows the work, the strife, the trade of the sculptors of the century may seem disproportionate when we compare all this with the records of the great schools; but that is the fault of the age, in two senses. It was not a great age, and it has left the biographer an abundance of material.

The first part of this splendid volume is architectural. It is, perhaps, critically the most valuable division of the work. Lady Dilke finds in the building and design signs of a definite task—the solving of "problems connected with the creation of the modern house, remodelling old palaces, erecting official monuments, and creating pleasant dwelling-places, the charm of which still hangs about the walls of the Petit Trianon and the lovely Hôtel de Salm." In her study of those works of power, dignity, and grace, the Maison Louis XV. in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, Paris, the Garde Meuble, Place de la Concorde, and that noble and modest building the Hôtel Roger, Champs Elysées, with many others, the author proves her learned appreciation of construction and of aspect, of the mechanics and of the picture. She has a liberal love of the art as it grew, as it lived, as it was French, takes the modern classical seriously, and does not disturb her view of its admirable decorum by those futile regrets—looking back, looking south, looking north, looking towards something simpler, more authentic, more original, more spirited—which few English historians of architecture can ever be quite rid of. Needless to say, architecture is, for her, distinct from sculpture, the eighteenth century having made the divorce complete, and she celebrates the coming together as friends and partners of the two arts that were once something nearer.

The book, as we have said, is a fine one. It is amply illustrated by the photograph and the photogravure plate, carefully adapted to the subject. The type is well fitted to Lady Dilke's large appreciations, but it is, perhaps, a little too noble for some of the details of Court patronage and commercial emulation: and it is certainly too grave and grand for double-hinged sentences such as "Exaggerations which resulted in that stiff imitation of classic monuments which was pushed to its utmost limits," &c. It is too grand, also, for such phrases as "lukewarm attitude"; as "It is clear that this work was . . . destined to fill the place which it still occupies, though misled," &c. (which may mean that a chronicler who may have said something to the contrary was misled, but the poor man is nowhere

within grammatical reach); as "By the absence of any projections which might break the range of line, and which has forced the architect to give relief to his surface," &c. (and which means something *which* the author did not intend); and as that other double joint, "Those individualist tendencies which corresponded to the social movement which culminated," &c. These sentences, stumbled upon in page after page, show the English of the book to be somewhat corrupt. As to the French, a mistake of gender ("ce main") is graver than an accent astray, but even an accent ought to be right in a volume to which so much care has been given. We had a moment of pleasure in finding "Liège" written aright, and then on the same page came "Liège" and "Liégeois."

The last chapter, on medals, is good, and treats felicitously of good work. But the last sentence deals somewhat extravagantly with a century that after all might take its chance with its fellows:

These are the main lines on which we may proceed in trying to estimate those apparently conflicting developments . . . which, taking their departure from the School of Versailles, correspond to the diverse movements that agitated the social and intellectual life of a century than which there is no other richer in elements of human interest.

We would be bound to say as much for the elements of human interest, whatever these may be precisely, in the seventeenth century and the nineteenth.

Fencing without Tears.

Secrets of the Sword. Translated from the French of Baron de Bazancourt by C. F. Clay. With Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. (Bell & Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

FOR men and women who feel the need of regular exercise of a somewhat more violent character than driving in the Park there is nothing better than fencing. To those who favour the suggestion we recommend this attractive volume. There is nothing of the dry, technical manual about it. Baron de Bazancourt, the author, was described in the Badminton book on fencing as "a very expert literary dodger." The phrase is a hard one: at any rate, the Baron is readable. His work, *Les Secrets de l'Epée*, of which this volume is a bright and competent translation by Mr. C. F. Clay, was first published in 1862. The Baron imagines himself to be staying at an old manor house. "At my friend's house there were no poets, but there was instead a large shooting party." In the smoking room after dinner the Baron discoursed on fencing, with



Corps à Corps.

such effect that his friends permitted—nay, encouraged—him to continue his talk for eleven evenings on end. Hence this book.

His discourse is like a side wind from the France of Dumas. He treats fencing and duelling with all the seriousness of a modern editor urging a London citizen to vote at School Board elections. The Baron's friends, we need hardly say, are of his order. They include the

Comte de R—— and the Marquis de G——. Here is a specimen of their talk :

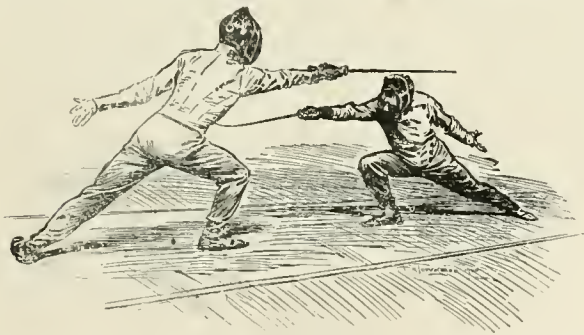
"If you would be an accomplished swordsman, you will certainly require years of hard work, close application, and incessant practice. But do you need this recondite skill? What would you do with it? You would find it embarrassing. All that you need as men of leisure, is to be able to use a sword as you do a horse, for your amusement, and when you have occasion for it. And observe I say for your amusement, for no sport is so attractive for its own sake, or so engrossing as the practice of arms."

"You are of opinion, then," remarked the Comte de C——, "that a man can learn to use a sword without devoting to it more time and trouble than he does to riding?"

Apart from the fact that the volume is really a most able exposition of the Baron's theory of fencing, the gravity with which he and his friends regard the art is a delight in itself. With them duelling is still an incident of ordinary life, neither common nor rare, but something (we opine) between changing a servant and marrying a wife. Although we have fought no duel ourselves, we can feel for the Baron in the predicament to which "unconsidered action" once brought him. He had been discussing the case of a second "who, acting on the spur of the moment, instinctively intercepts a blow."

I was once acting for a friend in an affair of honour; I was thoroughly on the alert and carefully following the play of the points with that close attention, and perhaps I may say with that sureness of eye, which one acquires from some familiarity with sword-play, when I saw the opponent's point coming straight at my friend's body. Before I could think, I saw in an instant, as no one accustomed to fencing could fail to see, that the wound would be mortal. I knocked up the swords, and as the two men had got to close quarters, I called out: 'On guard.' But I had hardly done so, when I realised the full extent of my unconsidered action, and I felt—well. Luckily for me, my friend, who was no less clumsy than brave, was not the man to leave me long in this cruel position. He fell a few seconds later seriously wounded.

The book gains distinction by reason of Mr. F. H. Townsend's drawings. We know Mr. Townsend as a



A Very Old Trick.

clever and capable black-and-white artist; he is also, evidently, a fencer. His pictures aid the text: a rare thing in the art of book illustration.

Voodoo.

Where Black Rules White. By Hesketh Prichard. (Constable & Co. 12s.)

A LAND whose vast mineral and agricultural wealth is neglected, where the buildings once reared by white settlers are falling down and replaced by straw huts, where no white man can obtain justice, and where (paper constitutions notwithstanding) all forms of government are slipping back into the irresponsible rule of the President for the time being—such is the Black Republic of Hayti as presented by Mr. Prichard. Yet there remains one

Haytian institution so entirely unique, and so difficult to be understood by Western minds, that it is worth while to wade through any number of accounts of Haytian squalor to get at anything that may throw a fresh light upon it. This is the celebrated Voodoo, or snake-worship, that Mr. Prichard thinks the first black settlers of Hayti brought with them from their African home, which now exercises a greater power than even the President in the Haytian State.

The rites of Voodoo, as Mr. Prichard witnessed them at Port-au-Prince, are simple enough. The initiated are summoned by the beat of a drum, which, according to Mr. Prichard, sounds faint and low when close to you, but can yet be heard at more than a mile's distance. When a sufficient number of worshippers are gathered together offerings are made to the snake, and the proceedings begin with a monotonous chant, with drum accompaniment, joined in by all present. In the midst of these the Mamaloi, or priestess of the snake, dances between the rows of worshippers until the excitement of the audience becomes uncontrollable, when a cock is handed to her by the Papaloi, or priest, who is generally, but not always, her husband. She kills the cock with circumstances of great cruelty, and smears herself and the congregation with its blood, and this process is repeated with a goat and, in extreme cases, a child. In every case the sacrifice is shared and eaten by the worshippers, who then give themselves up to a promiscuous orgie that is said generally to last for three days. During this, as we know from other sources, the faithful address questions to the god, who renders answers through the mouth of the Mamaloi, and proffer requests for vengeance and the like, which are granted or refused in strict accordance with the value of the offerings with which they are accompanied. The whole scene represents a very respectable imitation of the legendary accounts of the Witches' Sabbath, the ecstatic phenomena being in both cases apparently due to a sort of voluntarily-produced hysteria. It is curious to notice that Christians, Gnostics, Jews, and even certain Protestant sects, have been each in turn accused of committing similar atrocities.

Whatever be the origin of Voodoo, as to which we are not exactly in accord with Mr. Prichard, there can be no doubt of its disastrous effect upon the community. He says that he met with it everywhere in his journey through the island, although it was less in evidence in the northern parts, which alone, it may be noted, show some signs of persistence in civilisation. Elsewhere, he tells us the orders of the Papaloi are obeyed with a great deal more thoroughness than were ever those of the Vehmgericht during the Middle Ages, and neither the Government nor the Catholic priesthood dare interfere with a system which is rapidly undermining their authority. This state of affairs he attributes to the possession by the Voodoo priests of several unknown poisons of singular efficacy with which they can at once work the private revenges of their adherents and take off anyone who opposes them. Of these poisons he once had a slight experience himself, and he mentions one drug which he asserts is given to the child marked in advance for the Voodoo sacrifice, with the effect that it passes into a death-like sleep in which it can be buried and dug up, to be resuscitated in the Voodoo temple before being finally slain. If half the stories he tells about this and similar matters are true—and they are abundantly borne out by West Indian gossip—the sooner Hayti is handed over to European control the better it will be for civilisation. Perhaps when the Kaiser has finished with China he may be persuaded to take it in hand, for the few whites still lingering in the three towns of Hayti are reported by Mr. Prichard to be Germans.

Other things there are in Mr. Prichard's book—amongst them an interesting account of the "Black Napoleon," or Emperor Christophle. But the note common to them all is that the negro cannot govern.

Other New Books.

ANNALS OF A DOSS HOUSE.

BY SYDNEY HALLIFAX.

Mr. Hallifax writes from first-hand knowledge of a typical doss-house which he calls the "Phoenix," located in "a turning out of Ratcliff-highway." Each of the ten chapters is concerned with a separate story; nearly all are sad, and nearly all end with death. Perhaps this was inevitable; yet we feel that a book of this description, having in view a very definite humanitarian object, would have gained in force by some presentment of the brighter side. The festivities of a doss-house are certainly as educational as its squalor, its degradation, its inevitable immorality. But it must not be supposed that Mr. Hallifax has produced a book on lines too common in such records. There is no narrowness of outlook, no inability to take the larger view. Mr. Hallifax has sympathy, humour, and also a healthy and confident optimism. One never doubts for a moment the truth of the facts stated: there they are, set down broadly, clearly, and on the whole convincingly. Parson Drew, the "Dossier's" Bishop, "Tear 'em, Liza," and "Gentleman Jack" are all alive. But we think the fictional form which Mr. Hallifax has chosen detracts from their force. So handled, they make better reading, no doubt; but for philanthropical and reformatory purposes a bare statement of facts would better have served the author's purpose. These "annals," however, are a worthy contribution to the sociology of a subject which has been tinkered at for many years. It is good for us to be presented with such narratives from the pen of a man who has both seen and understood. (George Allen. 2s. 6d.)

SILENCE ABSOLUTE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY F. EMLEY WALROND.

Mr. Walrond does not, as a whole, display any very pregnant or distinguished power in these poems; but he has at times a certain quality of fancy enough to redeem him from commonplace. As in this from the "Ode to the Evening Star":

Fair Star of Evening, thou who tremblest first
Full-rounded from the mellow throat of night,
When o'er the darkling Earth she 'gins to pour,
Sweet as the fall of rain on flowers athirst,
Her slumbrous song: oh, thou melodious light,
Ray-scattering angel-tone, that from the shore
Of darkness gleamest on the rippled stress
Of undulating twilight, like a thought
New-kindled in a waste of barrenness:
Hear me, O hear! thou all of beauty wrought!

Lo! when the curtains of the Sun shook out
In shining folds o'er Heaven, and one by one
The eyes of night were shut before the blaze,
I thought of thee. And when a time of drought
Fell on the flowers at noon-day, and the Sun
Beat down upon the Earth his fiercest rays,
I sent my thought upon the wing to scour
The plains of Heaven and find thee 'mid the gloom:
And fell to trembling lest in that same hour
Some peril of the void might bring thee doom.

Better than this Mr. Walrond cannot do; worse he often achieves. On the whole, a book of poems of average mark. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

SONGS FROM THE BOOK OF JAFFIR.

ANON.

This little book, by an anonymous author, professes to be "adapted from the Persian translation of Jamshid of Yezd, the Guebre." The original is supposed to be the traditional song-book of an unnamed Eastern people. Each cycle of songs refers to some event in their history and is preceded by a prose account of that event. Whatever be the case in the Persian (assuming that the Persian version is not a fiction of the anonymous author), in English these poems make but average songs and ballads. There is

more literary quality in the prose arguments which preface them. Here is a fairly representative stanza from the "Song of the Sword":

The Earth is its mother, the fire is its brother;
And woe to the hand, and a curse on the land,
If a traitor has worn it, a coward has drawn it.
O say who will dare it? My friend, is it you?
Who is worthy to wear it? The brave and the true.

Whether the book has an Oriental interest depends on that Persian version of which we are told nothing. (Macmillan.)

THE PROBLEM OF ASIA.

BY CAPT. A. T. MAHAN.

Captain A. T. Mahan is an officer in the United States Navy, but he is also a D.C.L. and an LL.D., and these letters will, perhaps, account for the donnish style in which he writes. But whether he be a well-travelled don or a well-read sea captain, what he has to say is always well worth hearing, and has an additional value from the fact that he necessarily writes from the point of view of an outsider or onlooker. In the present volume he gives us five essays reprinted from American magazines, three of them on the Problem of Asia and its effect upon international policies; one upon the effect of Asiatic Conditions upon world policies; and the last on the merits of the Transvaal Dispute. Captain Mahan treats the Asiatic problem from the standpoint of sea and land power, and points out that the Slav has the advantage on land and the Teutonic nations the advantage on sea. He groups England, Germany, and the United States together, because he holds that they have interests in common, and seems inclined to assign Manchuria and Northern China to Russia and the Yangtze Valley to the Teutonic nations, Russia having, he holds, a right to proper access to the Eastern seas. Every page is full of thought and of valuable suggestion; the only pity is that his style is not a trifle lighter. Captain Mahan's pen might be less ponderous without his arguments losing anything of their weight. As regards the Transvaal it is satisfactory to learn that he holds our action thoroughly justified on every score. The essays are sound and valuable contributions to the problems of the day, and contain less matter to be skipped than any books written of late about China and the Transvaal. Being one of those lookers-on who proverbially see most of the game, Captain Mahan is able to write without any prejudice or unconscious bias. (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. net.)

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

BY ROBERT DUNLOP.

It is more than a little surprising to find Daniel O'Connell included in the "Heroes of the Nations" series, among such giants as Nelson, Gustavus Adolphus, Pericles, Napoleon, Alexander the Great, and so on. In these days of the unification of Italy and the consolidation of Germany it is only by courtesy that the term nation can be applied to Ireland, for the sister island only deserves the title as Naples used to before Italy was freed and united. But there seems even less cause for calling Daniel O'Connell a "hero." He was a lawyer and a demagogue, with a rough-and-ready wit and a foul tongue, and his insolent abuse of Disraeli, and such phrases of insult as calling Peel "a scented fop," Sir Henry Hardinge "a one-armed miscreant," and the Duke of Wellington "a stunted corporal," have nothing of the heroic about them. "The habit," says Mr. Dunlop, "grew upon him in ordinary conversation till such words as 'rogue,' 'villain,' 'scoundrel,' at last lost all precise significance for him." This volume gives a good account of O'Connell's life from the point of view of an admirer, and is as well written as it should be if it were worth writing at all. (Putnams. 5s.)

In the "World's Epoch-Makers" series Messrs. T. & T. Clark have included *William Herschel and His Work*, by Mr. James Sime, this being the second volume.

The Book of the Home: an Encyclopædia of All Matters

Connected with the Home and Family Life is a title none too long for eight handsome five-shilling volumes, issued by the Gresham Publishing Company. The contents of *The Book of the Home* may be grouped under four heads. First, the House itself is dealt with, and everything appertaining to it, from the choice of its site to the least of its internal decorations. Secondly, the vexed question of Servants is treated. The methods of obtaining them, the proper arrangement of their work, their wages, their leisure and pleasures, all are discussed. Thirdly, the conduct of the Family is considered in all its details, down to advice on diet, clothing, exercise, &c. We have never seen a book of home management so packed with expert and abundant information; while the illustrations, many of which are in colour, surpass anything that has yet been applied to a work of this class. The five volumes already issued make an ideal Christmas present.

One by one the lives that have spent themselves on the North-West Frontier of India and during the Mutiny get themselves recorded. Such a life is described in the *Memoirs of Edward Hare* (Richards. 5s. net.). Edward Hare originally went out to the East as an assistant-surgeon in the East India Company's service. He served through the Afghan War of 1840-42, he was present throughout the whole of the siege of Delhi in 1857, and he served in the Second Burmese War of 1852. It was owing to experiments he carried out that quinine was recognised as essential to the successful treatment of malarial fevers. This book, admirably put together by Mr. E. C. Hare, consists mainly of Hare's racy letters to his parents and his wife. In one hundred and sixty pages we have a genuine portrait.

In *Khurasan and Sistan* (Blackwood, 21s.) Lieut.-Col. C. E. Yate, of the Indian Staff Corps, continues the narrative of travel in the East begun in his *Northern Afghanistan*. He now carries the description into Persia, and describes the districts of Khurasan and Sistan in detail, from the "Kurd and Turkoman country, along the Russian frontier, on the north, to the confines of Baluchistan, on the Indian frontier, to the south." The trade conditions of these districts, and the contrast between British and Russian administration which presented themselves to the traveller, are important elements in a book which is essentially an expert record, of value alike to the ethnologist and the publicist.

George H. C. Macgregor: a Biography, is the life-story of a devoted minister of the Free Church, a man with the frame of an athlete, and a zealous in the ministry. "A true soul-winner," his biographer calls him. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

To the "Leaders in Science" series Messrs. Putnam have added *Thomas Henry Huxley*, by M. P. Chalmers Mitchell. It is admittedly neither intimate nor authorised, but is simply an outline of the external features of his life, and an account of his contributions to the sum of knowledge.

The "Cathedral" series (Bell & Sons) now includes *Worcester*, by Mr. Edward F. Strange; and to the same publishers' "Continental Cathedrals" series *Rouen*, by the Rev. Thomas Perkins, is added.

Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., have issued *Pilgrim's Progress*, illustrated by Mr. E. M. Brock—a six-shilling-looking volume for two shillings.

Mr. Henry Atwell is our most accomplished selector of *pensées*. He has now turned his attention to the writings of Ruskin, from which he has extracted a number of ethical passages "which represent Ruskin rather as a teacher of the Good and the True than as a painter of the beautiful."

Three new editions: Borrow's *The Bible in Spain* (Lane, 2s. and 3s. net); Surtees's *Handley Cross* (Chatto & Windus, 6s.).

The Temple Primers multiply exceedingly. We now have *Plant Life and Structure*, by Dr. E. Dennert; and *The Civilisation of the East*, by Dr. Fritz Hommel (Dent, 1s. net each).

Fiction.

The Lady of Dreams. By Una L. Silberrad.
(W. Heinemann. 6s.)

ALTHOUGH less striking, this is an advance upon Miss Silberrad's first book, *The Enchanter*, and that was more than tolerably good. In the present novel Miss Silberrad renders the atmosphere of a narrow slum in the western half of London with a touch of real imaginative power. She can poetise without departing from a fairly strict factual naturalism. The hero, who quite overshadows the heroine and every other character, is Dr. Jim Tancreed—one of the tribe of giant-hearted, untidy, happy-go-lucky men not infrequently found in slum fiction.

"That is the best way to live," Tancreed assured her. "What is the good of asking how and why? It is not worth while when there is such a lot to do."

"You do yourself," she said, "else how is it that you trouble about the crookedness of the world?"

"I don't trouble about the whys and wherefores; I don't even try to cure the crookedness at all; I only do what I can to patch up the bad places. How the folks acquired them is not my concern. I don't ask and they don't always tell, and when they do I am no better off. I can't solve problems; patching is the only work I am equal to."

Certainly he is by no means an original creation, but Miss Silberrad has realised him vividly. We first meet the "Lady of Dreams" (whose title is scarcely accounted for) in the household of her uncle, who is dying from delirium tremens, and who more than once attempts murder on his very death-bed—and once succeeds. By an unfortunate accident Agnes kills him. The dreadful existence of Agnes with "D. T. Steele" is the best part of the book, sombre and tragic, yet lighted by gleams of poetry. Afterwards she marries Tancreed (without loving him) and falls in love with another man, Dick Orpingham. The end is a tragedy—reticently and strongly done. Technically, the principal fault of the book is that the mysterious business of Dick's parentage, passable enough in itself, has no bearing on the main theme. A number of minor sketches of character have distinct merit—notably that of Maurice Orpingham, who would be an actor. There is a sympathetic quality in the *The Lady of Dreams* which tempts the critic to over-praise. But one may say, very judiciously, that it shows singular promise, and that beauty is definitely achieved in it.

The Story of Ronald Kestrel. By A. J. Dawson.
(William Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE is an enigmatic "advertisement" to this book (in verse, and by the author) which leaves us in doubt whether or not Mr. Dawson wrote it merely to live. We should say probably not. But it is not as good as Mr. Dawson's best. Like all, or most, of his books, it is evidently based to some extent on personal experiences. It is the biography of a man of letters, as *Daniel Whyte* was the biography of a man of letters. One may be quite sure, by the way, that Mr. Dawson's very genuine talent will never come to full fruition until he lifts himself from the personal groove, and begins to observe from the outside, not from the inside. He has always drawn too much on his own adventures. The present novel opens in Morocco for no essential reason, but simply because Mr. Dawson can "do" the Mauresque local colour with effectiveness. Ronald Kestrel appears to us to be a true type of the modern novelist—the sort that "succeeds" suddenly and then discovers that he has not succeeded. Much of the observation is authentic, and though many pages concerning the literary trade may bore the general public, the profession will find satisfaction in them. Who that has ever published a book will not appreciate the "actuality" of this: "Then an enterprising newspaper-clipping

agency sent him cuttings of the two first reviews of his book. Both were from Scotch daily papers. Both were written in tired journalese." On the other hand, Mr. Dawson's notion of reviewers is ludicrous—to reviewers.

The least satisfactory part of the book is the concluding chapters, which are fantastic and feebly sentimental. The wifeliness of Ronald's wife is mawkish. It is surprising how innate sentimentality "will out." And despite all pretences to the contrary, Mr. Dawson is a born sentimentalist.

A Gentleman. By the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes.
(John Murray. 6s.)

By way of being modern, the characters in *A Gentleman* sit down to "a perfectly chosen dinner," not at the Savoy, but at the Carlton. There is, further, that old acquaintance of the novel-reader's, the smart society woman whose lunches are the most exclusive thing in London. The hero, however, Raymond White, obtained admittance to those lunches with extraordinary ease. The fact is that he began well by rendering a service to a duke. Through the duke he saw the best society in Italy, England, and Australia. It was not till he fell in love with an earl's daughter that Raymond's troubles commenced. His mother allowed him a couple of thousand a year, and would settle thirty thousand on his wife; but this munificence was not sufficient for the earl. The earl wanted to know who Raymond's "people" were. Now Raymond had none of these absolutely indispensable "people." He certainly possessed a mother, but she lived at Wimbledon, and was very mysterious about herself. She would sooner give cheques to her son than information; and one day the youth was extremely annoyed to discover, by chance, that she was no other than Mélisse, the famous dressmaker—a fond woman with the ambition to make her son a "gentleman." After that the earl's daughter receded towards the impracticable; but Raymond went forth doggedly, and made a career and a name for himself, and won her. He ultimately rose so high that a certain Lady Effington said: "Yes, the Government can make him a duke; but Nature can do more, she can make him a gentleman." Despite the Carlton, this novel really belongs to the 'sixties. It has dignity and sobriety: it is free from the cheap tricks of sensationalism; it never offends; and sometimes it diverts.

Straight Shoes. By G. G. Chatterton.
(John Long. 6s.)

MR. CHATTERTON is a man of talent. Some of his previous work has won our esteem; but we are bound to say that *Straight Shoes* shows no advance—indeed, it shows a retrogression. In this new novel Mr. Chatterton sinned badly when he made an artist the *causa causans* of the plot. The following passage will explain what we mean:

Had Philip Brabazon never lighted on so exquisite a dryad he would, all the same, next day, have gone again to the wood to paint. So, with complacency, he might assure himself, even whilst wondering whether he would again be privileged to meet her there. The bare ten minutes they had stood together had been ample to impress him with her altogether unusual appearance. The slender, graceful, swaying figure; the face, framed in a glory of burnished hair, with its beauty both of colouring and form. The wild rose complexion and great deep-blue eyes; the fine chiselling of nose and chin which gave such charm of delicacy to the profile—and all lit up by a peculiar brilliancy which gave an effect as of having their beauties flashed upon him.

We should have credited Mr. Chatterton with wit enough to know that that particular situation, described in those particular words, simply cannot be used any more by any self-respecting novelist. One would not argue over it; the situation is done for; and when, at the

close, he drags the pair together again, Philip being now Sir Philip, and cuts a more than Gordian knot by a fatal stroke of lightning, the author fills up the calendar of his iniquity. In the matter of plot, *Straight Shoes* ought to bring a blush to the cheek of Mr. Chatterton. We speak plainly because he is a writer of parts. In other respects the book is nicely done.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

MONTES, THE MATADOR.

BY FRANK HARRIS.

Three books stand to Mr. Frank Harris's name, *Elder Conklin*, and *Other Stories*, which was received with considerable favour; *Mr. and Mrs. Davenport*, in the press; and the present volume, which is a collection of five stories. The title of the first, "Montes, the Matador," explains itself—"Yes! I'm better, and the doctor tells me I've escaped once more—as if I cared! . . . And all through the fever you came every day to see me, so my niece says, and brought me the cool drink that drove the heat away and gave me sleep." "First Love" (cloaks, many and strange, are employed to cover the nakedness of the little god) is called "a confession," and a confession it certainly is. "Sonia" is a tale of passion, Nihilism, and assassination. (Richards.)

NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO.

BY F. M. PEARD.

A bright, readable novel. Miss Bride Kennedy, the heroine, comes to the conclusion, on page 311, that "Life is a dreadfully complex affair," but no doubt she found it easier when Number One and Number Two had taken their proper places in her affections. The story passes among people in easy circumstances in Egypt (Miss Kennedy sat outside the New Continental Hotel at Cairo—reflecting), the period being two months after the fight at Omdurman. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE IVORY BRIDE.

BY THOMAS PINKERTON.

A romance, told with spirit by the head of his house. His grandfather had taken up with the losing side in 1745, and in the downfall of their fortunes that resulted "nothing but the old castle and a few acres of poor land remained." It used to be said of the Chieftains of Ulpha that "they are all poets, and they marry princesses." That is enough for the intelligent novel reader. The story is written in a clean, pleasant style, and should find a public. (Long. 6s.)

A PRINCESS OF ARCADY.

BY ARTHUR HENRY.

This story is of the rural variety, and would be described by Mr. Mudie's clients as pretty. Mr. Alexander, "honourable and rich, cold and reserved," a solitary and a lover of the country, proposes to adopt "a little girl—a child of the fields. She is as fresh from the heart of nature as the tender pink and white anemones she was gathering." Certainly much of the freshness and the spirit of the country have been captured by Mr. Henry. (Murray. 6s.)

THE GOBLIN.

BY CATHERINE AND FLORENCE FOSTER.

Had the title-page not borne the sub-title "a novel" we should have classed this story as a welcome recruit to Mrs. L. T. Meade's juvenile public. In the beginning of the book the goblin is a boy. "And what's your name, my little fellow?" asked the bishop. "The goblin," answered Archie promptly. "I'm not a goblin really; I'm quite ordinary, only father says I'm one." "And what are you going to be when you're a man?" "A butcher," replied the Goblin without a second's hesitation. (Wells Gardner. 6s.)

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Christmas Books Supplement.

SATURDAY: 8 DECEMBER, 1900.

Christmas Books.

Art and Gift Books.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, First President of the Royal Academy. By Sir Walter Armstrong, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland. With seventy-eight photogravures and six lithographic facsimiles in colour. (Heinemann. £5 5s.)

THE wealth of pictures, the fine printing, and the quality of Sir Walter Armstrong's text, combine to make this the handsomest gift-book of the season. It is a splendid monument to the painter whose national supremacy grows daily more assured. It is forty years since Ruskin wrote the last word of his praise:

The work of other great men is hidden in its wonderfulness—you cannot see how it was done. But in Sir Joshua's there is no mystery; it is all amazement. No question but that the touch was so laid; only that it *could* have been so laid is a marvel for ever. So also is no painting so majestic in sweetness. He is lily-sceptred: his power blossoms, but burdens not. All other men of equal dignity paint more slowly; all others of equal force paint less lightly. Tintoret lays his line like a king marking the boundaries of conquered lands; but Sir Joshua leaves it as a summer wind its' trace on a lake; he could have painted on a silken veil, where it fell free, and not bent it.

And his production was simply astonishing. Everyone knows, for instance, the Trafalgar-square portrait of Johnson; how many know that, replicas apart, Reynolds painted him seven times? A fine specimen of the perfection to which the photograving process has been brought fronts the title-page in the portrait—gazed upon by more eyes during the last six months than during the previous century and a half of its existence—"Nelly O'Brien," which is the principal treasure of the Wallace Collection. With regard to it Sir Walter Armstrong points out that Rubens' famous "Chapeau-de-paille," a comparison with which inevitably institutes itself, was not seen by Reynolds till his visit to Belgium in 1781, when he admired its "wonderful transparency," but judged the breasts to be "as ill-drawn as they are finely coloured." Of Sir Walter Armstrong's biography and appreciation—to which we shall return on another occasion—we can only say here that admirers of the painter are not encouraged to extravagance, nor lovers of the man to intemperate fondness.

Characters of Romance. By William Nicholson. (Heinemann. 42s. net.)

THESE sixteen imaginary portraits are not in method to be distinguished from the admirable and original work that Mr. Nicholson has applied to the portraiture of living people and to his London Types. Upon the familiar brown ground are laid massive patches of black, which touches of bright colour accentuate and interpret. The first effect of a portrait of a familiar character in fiction is almost always a shock, and it is necessary to wipe out many a fond imagination if we are to appreciate Mr. Nicholson's work at its true value. Don Quixote, one of the most successful of these clever attempts, we reproduce on another page. Among the rest, Porthos is a splendid example of the kind of subject specially suitable to Mr. Nicholson's methods. The figure is massive, heavy, and poised. In John Silver, the Stevensonian "like a ham" seems to have carried the artist a little off his feet. In fact, that which shines beneath the three-cornered hat is so like a ham that it requires an effort of detachment to see in it

anything else. Of the rest—of Miss Haversham, Mr. Weller, Rochester, Sophia Western, Chicot, Munchausen, Miss Fotheringay with Captain Costigan, Madge Wildfire, "Krishna" Mulvaney (the maddest thing), Jorrocks, Gargantua, Mr. Vanslyperken, and Commodore Truncheon—we have only to say that, whether you like them or not (one or another probably everyone will hate), the more you look at them the more you must wonder at the originality and resource of the artist.

Pompeii: the City, its Life and Art. By Pierre Gusman. Translated by Florence Simmonds and M. Jourdain. (Heinemann. 36s. net.)

ALTHOUGH the volumes dealing with the buried cities of Campanian number over a thousand, no one fortunate enough to acquire M. Gusman's handsome book is likely to look upon it as a superfluous addition to the list. It breathes throughout the spirit of an artist upon whom these unearthed mysteries of an arrested life have laid their spell. To such an one the interests of the trivial living world are dead. To turn these pages, to glance at the illustrations (there are 500 of them and twelve coloured plates), is for a moment to realise what must be the witchery of actual investigation. For the work still goes on. Of the nine districts into which for the purposes of excavation the city has been divided, only three have been fully searched and catalogued; while three are altogether untouched. Day by day are brought to light new inscriptions, new works of art, portraits, statues—many of them even with their glazing of wax intact—and a thousand notes of the Hellenistic culture of the Augustan age. Then, "as in the days of Noe"—

Here on earth they bore their fruit, mirth and folly were the crop:

What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop!

The Later Work of Aubrey Beardsley. (Lane. 42s. net.)

AN obsession of beauty and terror was Beardsley's lot. In almost all he did these elements, closely interwoven, may yet be distinguished. Lines most beautiful in themselves are directed, as it were, by some masterful demon to the expression of all that the less tainted soul shrinks from. Cruelty, hatred, pride, imbecile vanity, abject selfishness trip and mince and strut and swagger; degradation smirks out of the gorgeous page; every decorative adjunct is over-ruled for evil by this alien Will. Well, perhaps everybody knows all that. What it is our impartial business to say here is, that this second volume of the later work falls not behind its predecessor in such morbid charm as was to be found there. But the charming Christmas Card—a Madonna and Child—with a few others in a less familiar kind, stands apart as the expression of the sweeter, saner mood that dominated the last days of that tormented life.

The Celestial Country: Hymns and Poems on the Joys and Glories of Paradise. With Illustrations after Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Lippi, Bernardino Luini, Benozzo Gozzoli, and Carpaccio. (Seeley. 12s. 6d.)

To turn the pages of this lovely volume is to breathe a sweeter air. In the poems there is nothing that is cheap or common. From the Greek and the Latin the anonymous compiler has culled flowers of spiritual verse—the great hymns conceived by the simplicity of the saints, which through the ages have been cherished in the hearts of the faithful. Many of them are familiar, at least in part, in their English dress; and those who love the fragments commonly sung in English churches will rejoice the more to possess them entire. The sweet lines, the fresh grace of the early Italian painters, give beautiful significance to the liturgical hymns of East and West, and not less to the meditations of Milton, Vaughan, Cowper, and Newman.

Confessions of Saint Augustine. Edited by Temple Scott, with an Introduction by Alice Meynell. "Religious Life" Series. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

"STRIPPED of this"—the secondary love that, more than heresy, more than a will unsacrificed, had kept him for a while from the First and Only Fair—"St. Augustine stood alone with the end of his search, alone in the great sincerity, one of the greatest sincerities of the human race." For it is the entire sincerity of a great nature that marks—nay, that makes—a great man. That is why the *Confessions* come to us over and over again—this time in a beautiful dress that would suit the shelves of a monastic library. Principally, however, this edition has a differential value in the Introduction from which we have quoted, wherein, with her firm and gentle hand, Mrs. Meynell preludes so just an accord.

The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated and Decorated by W. Heath Robinson. With an Introduction by H. Noel Williams. (Macmillan.)

ANY admirer of Poe's uncanny genius will be glad to possess this edition of his poems. For in Mr. Heath Robinson's illustrations there is nothing to wound the most sensitive preconceptions. He has known how to touch very sympathetically the fantastic notions of his author, and, in the pure lines of decorative drawing, to keep far enough from the gross and the obvious. Mr. Williams's Introduction, if not particularly distinguished, may serve its purpose in guiding the explorer of a younger generation to a just appreciation of a poet who, whatever may be said as to his limitations, does rank among

The bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

Along French Byways (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net), by Mr. Clifton Johnson, "is a book of strolling, a book of nature,



a book of peasant life, intermingled with the chance experiences of the narrator." The impressions recorded

are those of a man who keeps a pleasantly open mind. There are particularly interesting chapters on "French Child Life" and "French Thrift," and those dealing with Lourdes and Barbizon treat with some freshness subjects which we have come to regard as almost threadbare. The volume is fully illustrated with many well-selected and characteristic photographs, those of field and village life being especially good.

Mrs. Seton-Thompson, in *A Woman Tenderfoot* (Nutt, 6s. net), has given us her experiences as a huntress "out West," and very entertaining experiences they are. The adventures are described with much humour and light-heartedness, the instinct of the woman often clashing with the sterner realities of sport. Mrs. Seton-Thompson's first elk gave her no joy. "I sat on the ground where I was and made no attempt to go near him. So that was all. One instant a magnificent breathing thing, the next—nothing." A good gift-book either for boys or athletic girls.

We have recently mentioned Messrs. Macmillan's (3s. 6d. net) "Library of English Classics." This series is so particularly excellent both in form and matter that we refer to it again at this season of gifts. The set would make a handsome contribution to any library, containing, as it does, such classics as Bacon's *Essays*, Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*, and Shelton's *Don Quixote*. We contemplate with pride our row of tall red volumes along which just sufficient gold glitters to please the eye.

We have received new editions of *Penelope's English Experiences* and *Penelope's Experiences in Scotland* (Gay & Bird), by Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin. The popularity of these books is attested by the fact that they have reached respectively their eighth and ninth editions. Their quaint humour reads as briskly as ever, and Mr. C. E. Brock in his illustrations

has happily caught the spirit of Miss Wiggin's work. We reproduce two of these drawings.

We have from Mr. John Leyland, in the "Country Life Library," a volume devoted to *The Shakespeare Country* (Newnes, 10s. 6d. net). The book is very fully illustrated from photographs, and contains a large amount of topographical detail. Stratford is exhaustively dealt with.

In the latest volume of the "Mediæval Towns" series (Dent) Mr. W. H. Hutton deals with *Constantinople*. He refers to his work as "the holiday task, very pleasant to him, of a College don." The volume takes its place worthily in an excellent series.

"The Little Library" (Methuen, 1s. 6d. net) has been increased by seven volumes—Tennyson's *Maud* and *Early Poems*, Kinglake's *Eothen*, the first part of *The Vision of Dante*, *A Little Book of English Prose*, and *John Halifax* (2 vols.).

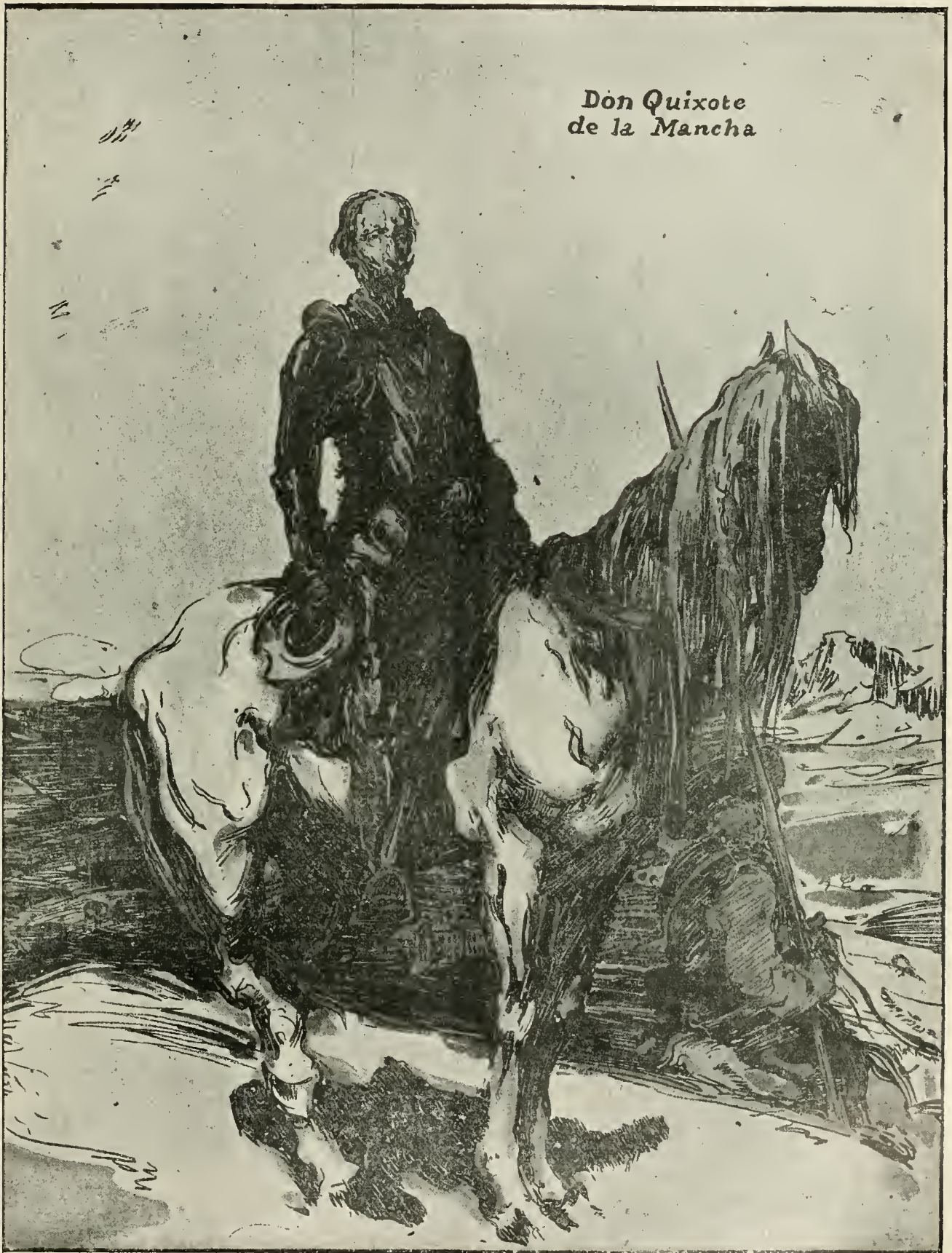
The first volume of Mr. Buxton Forman's new complete edition of the *Works of John Keats* (Gowans & Gray, 1s. net.) contains the poems published in 1817 and *Endymion*. There are numerous footnotes—too numerous, perhaps—and a prefatory memoir.



It would be impossible to deny the key of the wine cellar to a being so steeped in sanctity.



The English Butler.



Don Quixote.

(From "Characters of Romance," by William Nicholson.)

The latest volumes of "The Chiswick Shakespeare" (Bell) are *Coriolanus*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. This is a most charming series, and Mr. Byam Shaw's illustrations, although not everybody's



taste, really add to its value, which can be said of few Shakespeare illustrations. Mr. Shaw's work has intellectual and imaginative qualities of a high order. He does not narrow his subjects by endeavouring to individualise character too strongly; he gives us symbols rather, with rigorous decorative effects. We reproduce a drawing from *Antony and Cleopatra*.

We may also mention Messrs. Newnes's neat and convenient edition of Shakespeare, now nearing completion, and the edition edited by Mr. Gollancz (Dent). The latter has many antiquarian and topographical illustrations, some of which possess considerable interest.

A second edition of Mr. Stopford Brooke's study of *Tennyson* (Isbister) has been issued, with portraits, in two pretty volumes.

Beckford's *Vathek* (Gibbings, 2s. 6d.) has turned up once more, this time with an Introduction by Dr. Garnett. A pleasant volume to handle, with half-a-dozen clever etchings by Mr. Herbert Nye.

From Mr. John Lane comes a booklet of Rossetti's, *Blessed Damsel* (1s. net), and Browning's *Love Poems* in "The Lovers' Library" (1s. 6d. net). The illustrations to the *Blessed Damsel*, by Mr. Percy Bulcock, are extremely Rossettian in artistic manner.

We have already referred to the appearance and form of Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of English Verse*, and we now receive from the publishers (The Clarendon Press) a copy beautifully printed on India paper. This edition is so excellent, suitable alike for shelf or pocket, that the earlier volume seems outshone by its smaller sister.

Books for Children.

"CHILDREN'S books" is a phrase that covers, perhaps, too much ground. It means, used in the ordinary way, alike such stories as Mr. Henty writes, such stories as Mr. Lang collects, such stories as Mrs. Molesworth writes, such medleys of rhyme and picture as the adventures of the Golliwogg, and also those highly-coloured publications that are known to the trade as "toy-books."

Obviously there must be some attempt at distinction. As a convenient, if not final, classification, we are, in the articles that follow, calling those books which make their principal appeal through their pictures, and are aimed at quite small children, "Picture Books"; those books aimed at children between (say) seven and thirteen, which consist of stories and illustrations, the principal appeal being through the story, "Story Books"; and those books which make the story everything, and give the artist only a minute opportunity, or none at all—aiming to fill the gap between "Story Books" and romance proper—"Tales for Boys and Girls."

The great number of children's books now published annually makes it impossible to do more than mention by name a large proportion; but in order that this mention should have more than a mere catalogue meaning, we have arranged the books in each division in the order of merit which seems to us right.

The Best "Picture Books."

An illustrator who understands the needs of the nursery as well as anyone now drawing is Mr. Harry B. Neilson, who is represented this year by two books: *Droll Doings* (Blackie) and *The Jungle School* (Cassell). Mr. Neilson has a positive genius for making animals comic: his naughty elephants and foolish rabbits, his domestic lions and indisposed bears, are practically perfect. They have not the rich humour of Oberlander's drawings (in the *Fliegende Blätter*), but for the nursery they go as far as need be.

Beasts and birds seriously drawn—of great fascination to the young observer—are to be found in Mr. Percy J. Billingham's *One Hundred Stories of Animals* (Lane). This book is to be recommended very highly.

The return of Miss Kate Greenaway to the Christmas book is an event which calls for celebration. Miss Greenaway does not, however, belong this year properly to the section "Picture Books," because she is allied with the charming author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* in a work—*The April Baby's Book of Tunes* (Macmillan)—which everyone will, of course, read. The pictures are only a detail. None the less we place it here. Miss Greenaway does not quite recapture the delicious innocencies and quaintnesses of her earlier manner, but it is very pleasant to see her at work again.

Little, if any, less satisfying to the child's eye are the pictures by an artist new to us—Miss Edith Harwood—in Mrs. Gomme's *Old English Singing Games* (Allen). Miss Harwood, who has a very agreeable, if rather sombre, sense of colour, and a winsome fancy, is a worthy addition to the ranks of the illustrators.

Miss Florence K. Upton, the inspired creator of the Golliwogg, is another artist who precisely comprehends what children want. The new volume of that great epic—the Golliwoggiad—*The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures* (Longmans), has pictures as ingeniously coloured and profoundly moving as any of the series.

Miss Praeger's *Tale of the Little Twin Dragons* (Macmillan) is a happy exercise in humorous-grotesque, carried out with much skill and spirit. The work shows throughout the mind really eager to amuse its chosen audience.

Mr. F. D. Bedford, the artist of *Four and Twenty Toilers* (Richards), has the root of the matter. Drama, which, of course, is of the highest importance, does not come easily

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.

JUST PUBLISHED.—A VOLUNTEER'S EXPERIENCES IN THE BOER WAR.—With a Frontispiece, crown 8vo, 6s.

NOTICE.—The FIRST IMPRESSION having been sold out before publication, a SECOND IMPRESSION is in the press, and will be ready immediately.

IN THE RANKS OF THE C.I.V. A Narrative and Diary of Personal Experiences with the C.I.V. Battery (Hon. Artillery Company) in South Africa. By "Driver" ERSKINE CHILDERS, Clerk in the House of Commons.

NEW VOLUME BY DR. W. H. FITCHETT.—On DECEMBER 18. Crown 8vo, 6s.

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*** This work describes war as seen by the man in the ranks. There is enough reality about it to give it historical value, with sufficient personal incident to make it readable as a novel.

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From Mr. Richards also comes *A Trip to Toyland*, by Mr. Henry Mayer, which has the quality of interest well developed. A child cannot but want to know what happens on the next page; and that is half the battle. Mr. Mayer is perhaps over exuberant, over sophisticated; but his drawings are full of spirit and vigour, and his subject is a right one. The first half of the book could hardly be better.

Mr. Walter Crane won his spurs many years ago. New generations, however, arise who do not know him, and the reprint, in one volume, of his *Beauty and the Beast*, and two other books (Lane), may be considered as new. Mr. Crane has grave faults of stiffness and angularity; but his colour atones for much. He also understands detail, though in the spirit of a decorative artist rather than as a friend of the nursery. None the less, he prevails.

Anything more different than the toy-book methods of Mr. Crane and Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the artist of *A Frog He Would*—and *Who Killed Cock Robin?* (Richards), could not be imagined; but Mr. Shepherd prevails too. Mr. Shepherd might, we think, have put more care into his work (the nursery is as well worth drawing for as the *Strand Magazine*); but his pen and spirits carry him through.

So much for the more self-conscious of the new Picture books—the Picture books in which the artist's temperament has play. There remain a number of excellent toy-books in colours, issued by Messrs. Nelson, where we have pictures of a more realistic character and less personality, really fine pictures, well coloured and full of recognisable life. These are *The Red, White, and Blue*, *A Week at the Farm*, and *By Rail*, treating respectively of ships, the country, and the railway-train. All are first-rate.

Other "Picture Books."

Many of the books which we have put into the second class of "Picture Books" suffer from lack of thought; others from lack of material; and others from inferior workmanship or mistaken choice of subject.

Mr. J. Hassall's pictures in *Barbara's Song Book* (Allen) have great qualities and are most successfully coloured, but too little happens. —Mrs. Farmiloe's book *Piccalilli* (Richards) is open to the same objection. Mrs. Farmiloe has a delightful touch, and to the adult eye her pictures are charming, but it is difficult to believe that before deciding upon a drawing she asks herself the question: "How can I make this most interesting to a child?" There is no other way, if success is to be reached. —A similar fault is to be urged against *A Child's London* (Sands), by Mr. Carton Moore Park, where the artist has sacrificed nothing of his art in the interests of the nursery. —In *The Little Boy Book* (Lane) Mr. Frank Verbeck, the artist, has given too much rein to a tendency to the grotesque. —A very pretty illustrator is Miss Grace A. May, the author of some delicate little scenes in *Proverbs Improved* (Lane), but we cannot praise it as we should like on account of a certain lack of interest in the general subject. A picture should tell its own tale rather more clearly than these do. —Another illustrator with a very soft pencil and a pleasant sense of fun is Miss Rosamund Praeger, author of *The Child's Picture Grammar* (Allen), as well as of the *Dragon* book mentioned below. But—think of it! —a picture grammar. It is almost a contradiction in terms. —Mistaken subject is also the objection to *The Tremendous Twins*; or, *How the Boers Were Beaten* (Richards), by Mrs. Ernest Ames. It is an error to falsify history of so recent a date for the amusement of children. They are not deceived, and are therefore

bewildered. Mrs. Ames is, however, very good fun: a remark we cannot extend for a moment to the *T'n Little Boer Boys* (Dean & Son) of Mr. A. S. Forrest, which is an outrage on good taste.

Among other books of the season are *Fiddlesticks* (Pearson), by Miss Hilda Cowham, a lady with a skilful pencil, but too undisciplined a fancy. The real wants of the nursery can never have been considered by her. The humour of spiral legs, we would point out, is soon exhausted. —Mr. W. T. Horton, the author of *Grigs* (Moffatt & Paige), has also thought too little, and has, moreover, been too sparing of his drawing. —Mr. Arthur Layard's *Mary's Menagerie* (Hurst & Blackett) errs against good taste too often to be recommended. Pictures of animals in padded rooms and of birds overcome by whiskey are out of place in books for children. —*The Bunkum Book* (Warne) has a wealth of colour and fantastic incident, but we cannot recommend it. Children are far more interested in what is normal, unless the abnormal has sympathetic pains behind it. —Of *Mother Goose Cooked* (Lane), by J. H. Myrtle and R. Rigby, we cannot find anything good to say. —Mr. Forrest's *John Gilpin* (Dean) reproduces too closely for our taste the idea of Caldecott's treatment of the same theme, without his imagination, grace, or quality of humour.

The Best "Story Books."

High in this section we would put *Granny's Wonderful Chair*, by Frances Browne (Griffith & Farran), which, though an old book reprinted, is to this generation quite new; and certainly no really new book of this present season contains a better sense of story-telling.

Edward Lear's *Nonsense Songs* (Warne) is also an old book, and a book, too, that is fairly well known; but Mr. Leslie Brooke's admirable drawings, quite in the Lear spirit, give it a fresh character. His treatment of the Dong with the Luminous Nose is most satisfactory. This book, by the way, may also be had in two volumes—*The Jumbies* and *The Pelican Chorus*.

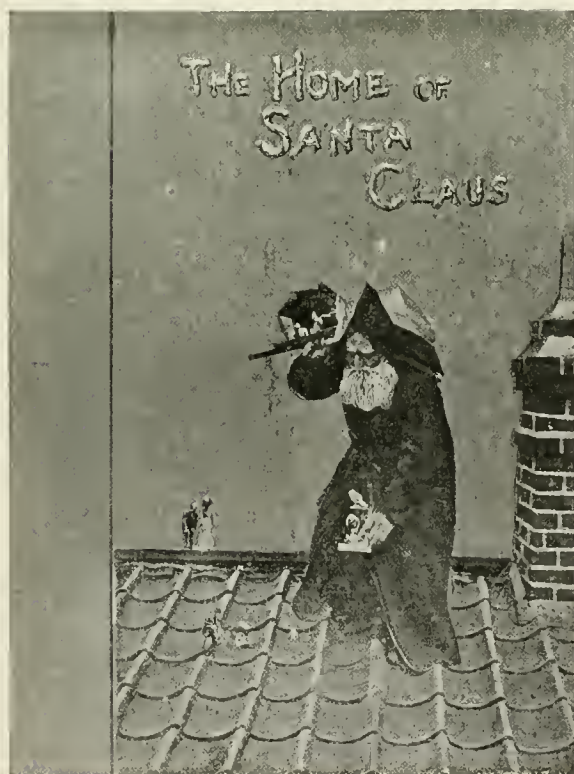
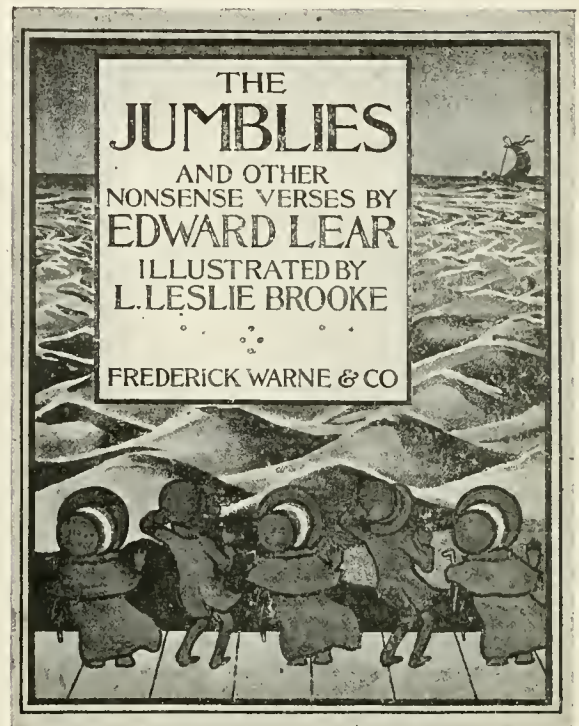
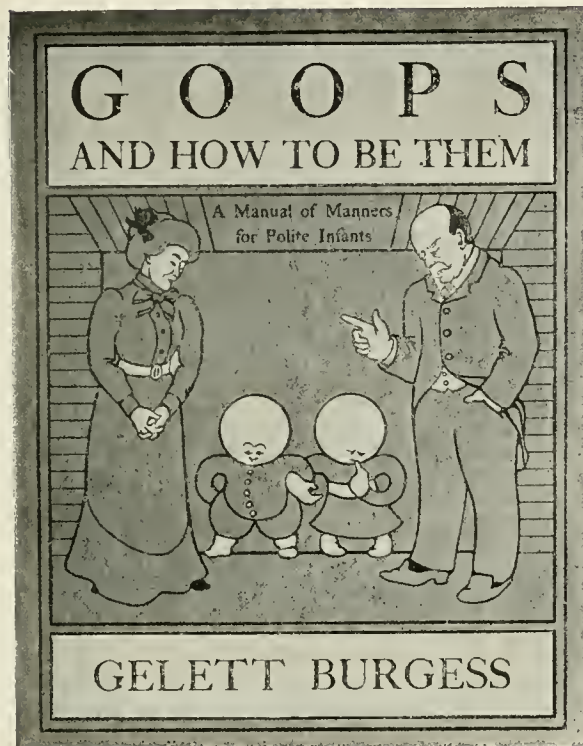
Mr. Andrew Lang, in the search for colour by which to name his annual collections, has this year come to grey, which has hardly a Christmassy sound. But *The Grey Fairy Book* (Longmans) is grey only in name. The quality of story is naturally getting less rich; but Mr. Lang does not make mistakes in these matters.

Mr. William Canton, who is best known for his writings about children, is now writing for them. In *The True Annals of Fairy Land* (Dent) he blends with considerable skill and charm a new story with several of the old ones. His title makes perhaps too large a claim; but the book is always pleasant, if unnecessarily archaic now and then. Some of Mr. Charles Robinson's illustrations are involved to a point of bewilderment. "Simplify, simplify," we would say to him, in Thoreau's phrase.

For admirable illustrations joined to good story there is no better book this year than Mr. Seton Thompson's *Biography of a Grizzly* (Hodder & Stoughton). The story might be fuller, one feels—more exciting, more picturesque; but, as far as it goes, it is deeply interesting. Mr. Nutt is also publishing for Mr. Seton Thompson a selection of four stories from *Wild Animals I Have Known* (which is now a classic in America), entitled *Raggybug the Rabbit*.

From America come also *The Dream Fox Story Book*, by Mabel Osgood Wright (Macmillan), embodying in the Dream Fox (who rides a Night Mare) a new and useful addition to nursery mythology; and *In the Deep Woods* (Heinemann), by Albert Bigelow Paine, a sufficiently successful attempt to reap in Uncle Remus's fields. Mr. Paine's especial heroes are Mr. Possum and Mr. Coon. The illustrations are many and agreeably circumstantial.

The lady who writes under the name of E. Nesbit last year delighted children with *The Treasure Seekers*. This year she has put forth *The Book of Dragons* (Harpers),



Some Christmas Book Covers.

which, though commanding attention, has not quite the right touch. The reader is not convinced that the author is in earnest—a grave fault. The illustrations, by Mr. H. R. Millar, are admirable.—Mr. Millar is also happy in *The Ruby Fairy Book* (Hutchinson), a collection of modern fairy tales.—Other collections of fairy or magical stories are *Fairy Tales from Afar* (Hutchinson), a translation from the Danish of Grundtvig, and *Wonder Stories from Herodotus* (Harpers), by Messrs. G. H. Boden and W. B. D'Almeida, in which, perhaps for the first time, children may learn the moving histories of Cæresus and Astyages, Ladronius and Polycrates. To serve up Herodotus thus was a happy thought. Mr. Granville Fell's illustrations lack sympathy, but are decoratively effective. That, however, is not what the nursery wants.

In this section we would also place Mrs. Dearmer's *A Noah's Ark Geography* (Macmillan), which, though its story might be still better—more concentrated and amusing—easily conquers. Mrs. Dearmer's coloured plates are not to be resisted by any small child.—The *Tales Told in the Zoo* (Unwin), by F. C. Gould and F. H. C. Gould, belong to a more permanent category. One can imagine these interesting legends—in which so many animal mysteries are accounted for—being read for many years to come. It is a pity that Mr. F. C. Gould did not take the work of illustrating more seriously. A man who can do so much to amuse politicians might have toiled a little more to make attractive pictures for children.

The real novelty of the season is a book published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, called *The Home of Santa Claus*, the author of which, Mr. George A. Best, has illustrated the books by photographs. This sounds a difficult process; but ingenuity will overcome most obstacles, and ingenuity has been at play here. Dolls and dolls'-houses have been arranged to make citizens and cities, and, with the wig-maker's help, a real Father Christmas has been contrived. After these preparations the production of the pictures was simple. The narrative is a matter-of-fact account of the wonderful country, fairly well done.

Lastly, we would recommend the new illustrated edition of *The Scottish Chiefs* which Mr. Dent publishes.

Other "Story Books."

We cannot recommend so readily some of the remaining books in the division of "Story Books." Mr. Gelett Burgess's *The Lively City of Ligg* (Methuen), for instance, though filled with very unusual fancy, does not satisfy us as a children's book. Grand pianos that are in love with windmills, ships that rush over the land, lamp-posts that go for trips on a steamer, are a little too much, unless they have more fun to fortify them than Mr. Burgess possesses. Invention alone cannot stand.

Mr. Burgess is the author and artist also of *Goops* (Methuen), the verse of which is very happy. The drawings, however, have monotony, and Mr. Burgess's idea of a small child is so unfinished as to be positively unpleasant. But altogether we are disposed—remembering that children can hardly share this view—to class *Goops* with the best books of its class.—Mr. E. H. Cooper, the author of *Wyandottus* and *the Mountain Fairies* (Duckworth & Co.), commits the error of being too satisfied with his narrative gifts. There is about this book an air of "Fairy stories! Bless your heart, they're as easy as talking," which is dead against the rules of the game.—Mr. G. E. Farrow's *Mandarin's Kite* (Skeffington) also suffers a little from its author's apparent content, but Mr. Farrow has done his best to make every page amusing.—In the same class as Mr. Farrow's, but less nimble and mercurial, is Mr. H. E. Inman's *Gobbo-Bobo, The Two-Eyed Griffin* (Warne), a story of the adventures in London—on Alice-in-Wonderland principles—of certain children. Gog and Magog, John Gilpin, and the Griffin at Temple Bar, all play a part. The book baffles criticism, but its intentions are sound, and children may find it good.—Judge Parry,

abandoning his own invention, has this year retold *Don Quixote* (Blackie) for children, with pictures by Mr. Walter Crane. The result is a handsome book, but we cannot admire the Judge's effort. *Don Quixote* may well wait.—Nor can we esteem very highly *The Adventures of Odysseus* (Dent) as told by F. S. Martin, R. T. C. Mayor, and F. M. Stawell. They seem to us to have no advantages whatever over Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses*.—From Mr. Dent come also capital illustrated editions of Marryat's *Peter Simple* and Dickens's *Holly Tree Inn*, but these are not exactly for children.

Tales for Boys and Girls.

EIGHTY-EIGHT stories for growing boys and girls. Eighty-eight separate efforts to charm and stimulate the mind of young England. And this is the crop of one autumn; the commissariat train, so to speak, following the great army of youngsters which is about to encamp round the Christmas fireside. Piled in great heaps on our office-table, these books laugh at our efforts to deal with them. We can at least catalogue and classify.

Home.

Bell (M.), A Work-a-Day World	(S.P.C.K.)	2/0
Taldieinan (L. E.), Celia's Conquest	(Chambers)	
Meade (L. T.), The Beaufoots	(Griffith)	2/6
Molesworth (Mrs.), The Three Witches	(Chambers)	3/6
Evans (F. B.), The Squires of Karroondale	(C.E.T.S.)	3/6
Orr (E.), The Overtons	(Nelson)	1/0
Austin (S.), Tib and Sib	(Wells)	2/6
Jackson (A. F.), Over the Garden Gate	(S.P.C.K.)	2/6
Elrington (H.), The Adventures of Roly	(Blackie)	2/0
Robson (L. S.), The Girl without Ambition	(Cassell)	
Haverfield (E. L.), Rhoda	(Nelson)	2/6
52 Stirring Stories for Girls (Ed. A. H. Miles.) ...	(Hutchinson)	
Lagh (M. H. C.), Gold in the Furnace	(Relig. Tract Soc)	
Author of "Laddie," Tom's Boy	(Chambers)	5/0
Green (E. E.), The Wooing of Val	(Hutchinson)	3/6
Mulholland (R.), Cynthia's Bonnet Shop	(Blackie)	5/0
Mansergh (J.), Sisters Three	(Cassell)	3/6
Marchant (B.), From the Scourge of the Tongue	(Melrose)	3/6
Reade (F. G.), A Daughter-in-Law	(S.P.C.K.)	
Mallandaine (C. E.), The Shadow of the Cliff	(S.P.C.K.)	3/0
Leslie (E.), Arthur's Inheritance	(Blackie)	2/0
Hayward (G. M.), The Other One	(Pearson)	5/0
Molesworth (Mrs.), The House that Grew	(Macmillan)	4/6
Tynan (K.), Three Fair Maids	(Blackie)	6/0
Swan (A. S.), An American Woman	(Hutchinson)	
Gaye (D. T. S.), Ivy and Oak	(Nelson)	2/0
Chappell (J.), A Little Ray of Sunshine	(Nelson)	1/0
Velvin (E.), and Haverfield (E. L.), A Terrible Feud ...	(Nelson)	2/0
Meade (L. T.), Seven Maids	(Chambers)	6/0
Green (E. E.), A Fiery Chariot	(Hutchinson)	

Historical Fighting.

Brereton (Capt. F. S.), In the King's Service	(Blackie)	5/0
Henty (G. A.), In the Irish Brigade	(Blackie)	6/0
Henty (G. A.), Out With Garibaldi	(Blackie)	5/0
Pollard (E. F.), My Lady Marcia	(Nelson)	5/0
Green (E. E.), After Worcester	(Nelson)	5/0
Eady (K. M.), Adventures All	(Nelson)	2/6
Hayens (H.), The Red, White and Green	(Nelson)	5/0
Green (E. E.), A Gordon Highlander	(Nelson)	2/6
Neufeld (C.), Under the Rebel's Reign	(Wells)	6/0
Moore (H. C.), Britons at Bay	(Wells)	3/6
Hollis (G.), The Son of Ella	(S.P.C.K.)	2/0
Green (E. E.), The Silver Axe	(Hutchinson)	
Ellis (E. S.), Red Jacket	(Cassell)	2/6
Church (Rev. A. J.), Helmet and Spear	(Seeley)	5/0

Travel, Hunting, &c.

Smith (G. B.), The Romance of the South Pole	(Nelson)	2/0
Shirley (E.), Up the Creeks	(Nelson)	1/6
Marchant (B.), Held at Ransom	(Blackie)	2/6
Stables (Dr. G.), In Far Bolivia	(Blackie)	3/6
Nisbet (H.), Hunting for Gold	(Warne)	3/6
Stables (Dr. G.), Travels by the Fireside	(Warne)	3/6
52 Stirring Stories for Boys (Ed. Miles, A. H.) ...	(Hutchinson)	5/0
52 Stories of the British Empire (Ed. Miles, A. H.)	(Hutchinson)	5/0
Golschmann (L.), Boy Crusoes	(Blackie)	3/6
MacIlwaine (H. C.), The White Stone	(Wells)	
Senior (B.), Paid in Gold	(Griffith)	5/0

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Wright (W. P.), <i>An Ocean Adventurer</i>	(Blackie)	2/6
Russell (W. C.), <i>The Pretty Polly</i>	(Chatto)	

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Fletcher (M.), <i>Every Inch a Briton</i>	(Blackie)	3/6
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Edwardes (C.), <i>Jones the Mysterious</i>	(Blackie)	2/0
Avery (H.), <i>Heads or Tails</i>	(Nelson)	5/0
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Cule (W. E.), <i>Barfield's Blazer</i>	(Melrose)	2/6
Chandler (A.), <i>Tom Andrews</i>	(Stock)	

Miscellaneous.

McIlwraith (J. N.), <i>A Book about Longfellow</i>	(Nelson)	2/0
Synge (M. B.), <i>Life of General Charles Gordon</i>	(Nelson)	1/0
Avery (H.), and Others, <i>Gunpowder Treason and Plot</i> (Nelson)		2/0
Allen (P.), <i>A Pennyworth of Kindness</i>	(S.P.C.K.)	
Weigall (C. E. C.), <i>Gunner Jack and Uncle John</i>	(S.P.C.K.)	
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Finnemore (J.), <i>Two Boys in War Time</i>	(Pearson)	5/0

This tabulation suggests many thoughts. What becomes, for instance, of the "Hundred Best Books for Children," compiled last year with so much zest and skill, and with such pleasing airs of authority, by the reader of the *Daily News*? Eighty-eight books are only twelve short of one hundred, yet our eighty-eight are as new as shiny paper and the untarnished gold on their covers can prove them. Not here do we find *Robinson Crusoe*, *Tom Brown's School Days*, *Ivanhoe*, *Treasure Island*, or the *Jungle Book*. All is new, all is untried; and yet the conviction comes home that here, at all events, will be found no halting experiment or open failure. It may be that in the whole table-load there is not a single book which will be reprinted next year; nevertheless, we are impressed by the general closeness of touch between the writers of these books and the lads and lasses for whom they are written. We have opened book after book, we have dived at random, we have dragged little books from under big ones, and in every way played the part of Jack Horner, but always with Jack Horner's luck: we have pulled out a respectably large and succulent plum. Hardly once have we found a book which we thought a boy or girl would pitch aside, or drop asleep over, provided the giver of the book had made a fairly intelligent adaptation of book to boy or book to girl. That these books present every variety of subject is sufficiently shown by the rough classification in which we have grouped their titles above this article. It will be found on examination that the numbers of books in the various sections are as follows:

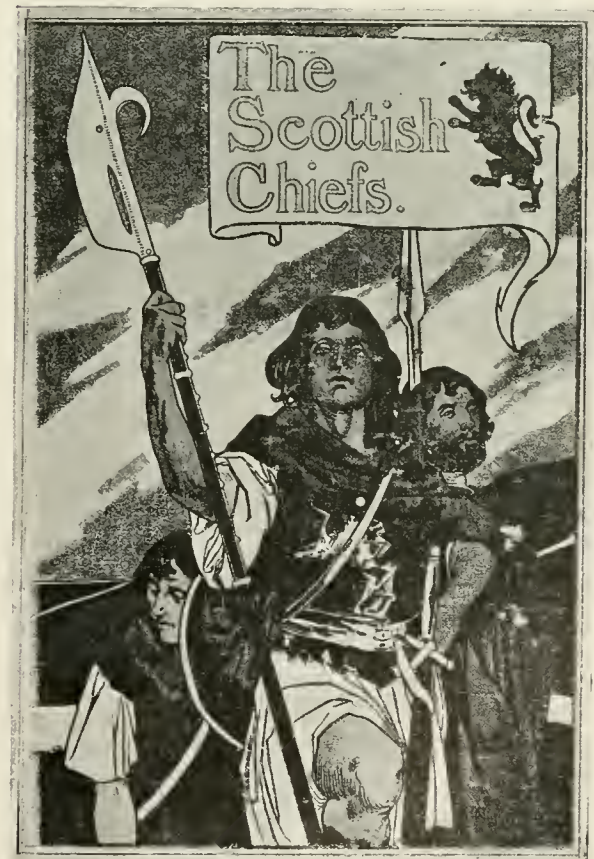
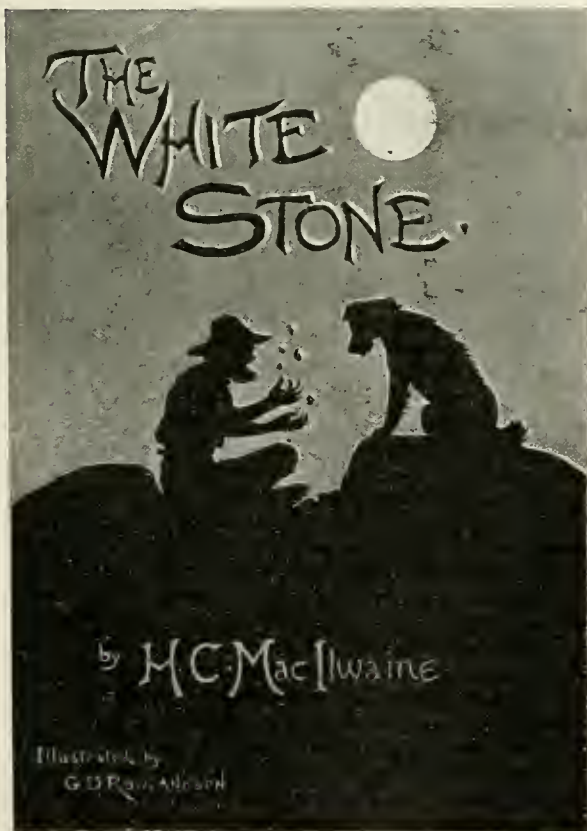
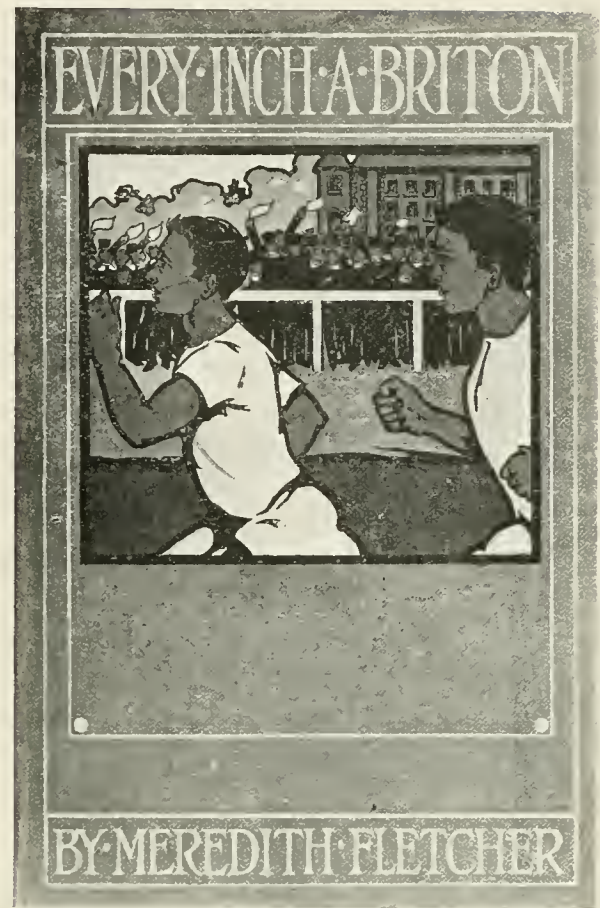
Home	30
Historical Fighting	14
Travel, Hunting, &c.	11
Sea Adventure	9
School Stories	9
Miscellaneous	8
Boer War,.....	7

On the whole, the above totals present few surprises. That stories of English home-life in all its varieties should largely preponderate is quite as it should be. In a year of war and rumours of war, it is natural that stories of a martial character should be numerous. No fewer than twenty-one such books are in the list, and it is interesting to note that one-third of these are immediately concerned with the Boer War. We are certainly rather alarmed by the very moderate proportion which sea stories bear to the total, not so many as one-tenth falling under this description. Are we to think that the scarcity of British seamen is being followed by a scarcity of British sea-writers?

Home.

We are not attempting the impossible in this article, and therefore we shall make no pretence to treat critically the amazing mass of literature before us. Our observations must be casual, and may well seem capricious. Taking first the English stories, a similarity of plot in a number of the best strikes us very oddly. No fewer than six of these stories open with financial disaster affecting the future lives of the young people in the homes thus clouded. In Mrs. L. T. Meade's *Seven Maids* we find a good rector losing his invested money and turning his rectory into a school, whereby his three girls are suddenly asked to share their home with four other girls of somewhat superior birth, the future relations of the seven making the story. Miss Katharine Tynan, in her story of nearly the same name, has adopted nearly the same plot; the well-to-do Burkes, of Derrymore, suffer financial misfortune, and it is a question of receiving "paying guests" in the humbler home which they are driven to occupy. Of course, Elizabeth and Joan Burke meet their fates in those dreaded guests; and Uncle Peter, who had caused all the trouble by disinheriting their father, is placated. In passing, let us add that Miss Tynan's style, and the Irish setting of her story, easily distinguish her book from many of its neighbours. An author of equal charm and greater experience, Mrs. Molesworth, uses the same idea of a money loss to draw out the characters of the children in her story, *The House that Grew* (Chambers). *Rhoda*, another tale for girls, by E. L. Haverfield (Nelson), begins in the correct vein: "I am exceedingly distressed, my dear young ladies, to be the bearer of such bad news. . . . All of which your father died possessed means comparatively nothing—er—er—that is to say, next to nothing as compared with what you had every right to expect." The financial thunderbolt is just as loud and dreadful in *The Girl without Ambition* (Cassell), where a coal mine lets in water, and is not worth pumping; it is, of course, the heroine's part to piece together a shattered home and bear troubles bravely. Nothing so violent as a fall in the stocks is the motive of Mrs. L. T. Meade's *The Beauports* (Griffith) where the girls have only to face the desperate situation of dependence of a father who writes unmarketable poetry, and calls it his "affairs." Surely, this monotony of leading motive is not a little curious; and we can only surmise that our nursery and playground moralists find something fresh and unfamiliar in enforced poverty at a time when poverty in any rank of society is unusually scarce.

Were we to summarise all the stories of English home life, their plots would, of course, be found to be sufficiently various, and perhaps even as miscellaneous as the *Fifty-two Stirring Stories for Girls* (Hutchinson), which, according to his annual custom, Mr. Alfred H. Miles has edited. A book fairly typical of many is M. H. Cornwall Legh's *Gold in the Furnace*, published by the Religious Tract Society. Its little heroine, Mary Copeland, is discovered watering her plants daily, and setting apart a solid quarter of an hour every Saturday to preparing for the Communion. The adventures of Mary are sufficiently desperate, including, as they do, false imprisonment; but wherever she goes the Sunday morning service and the Collects and



Some Christmas Book Covers.

Communion are Mary's solace. In short, the story is consistently improving and Anglican.

Somewhat alone in kind and quality stands, among domestic stories, Amelia E. Barr's tale of family life in New York one hundred years ago, called *Trinity Bells* (Unwin). It is a fragrant story, and we reproduce its decorative cover.

THE BOER WAR.

The next section in which we are disposed to make any stay is the one consisting of seven stories of South African fighting. No fewer than three of these stories are concerned with General Buller, and one of them takes us back to the Zulu campaign in which he won the Victoria Cross, an achievement described in the story. Mr. G. A. Henty's *With Buller in Natal* (Blackie) follows the fortunes of Buller's force, though it is more concerned with a little band of youthful volunteers than with the main force. It would be strange if English girls were not provided with a story of nursing at the front, and in Mrs. L. T. Meade's *A Sister of the Red Cross* (Nelson) they have their fill of lint and love, with other interests thrown in. Captain F. S. Brereton, the author of *With Rifle and Bayonet* (Blackie), is actually at the front, whence he sends home the spirited story of one Jack Somerton, who does great things as a despatch rider. Yet surely Captain Brereton is too generous to his boy readers when he adds the excitement of killing lions to the excitement of killing Boers.

SEA ADVENTURE.

Coming now to sea stories, we find the usual varieties of salt-water narrative. There is the naval side, well represented by Mr. Herbert Hayens's *Ye Mariners of England* (Nelson). This is an admirably conceived boy's book of naval history and construction; not only are the great battles of the past described, but the boy is kept in touch with the types of vessels used and their peculiar qualities. Three of the last chapters are, indeed, devoted to naval ship-building, the training of blue-jackets, and the functions of cruisers, torpedo boats, destroyers, and sub-marines, and the information is conveyed in exactly the way likely to interest boys in our first-arm of defence. We can hear them arguing about barbettes and collision mats on their way to school. A purely salt-water story, displaying the sea in all its moods, and shipboard life in all its routine and variety, is Mr. W. Clark Russell's *The Pretty Polly*, in which young Martin Daniell, following the example of Charles Dana, goes to sea in order to overcome a defect in his eyesight. The story is simply, and quite sufficiently, concerned with the ordinary incidents of a voyage to Calcutta in a fine sailing brig. We said ordinary incidents, but they are not therefore dull, and one is nothing less than a shipboard wedding recounted with great humour. A boy on his first voyage is also the hero of Mr. Louis Becke's *Tom Wallis: a Tale of the South Seas* (Religious Tract Society). But in this case the voyage is taken unwillingly, and is beset with even more incident than altogether suited Tom's taste. When we say that he passed from ship to ship on the South Seas, and that one of these ships was captained by that arch-pirate bully Hayes, we shall have indicated the possibilities of such a story in the hands of Mr. Becke, who has brought to it his incomparable knowledge of South Sea islands and ships. For downright marine melodrama, varied by shore melodrama, commend us to Mr. Walter P. Wright's *An Ocean Adventurer* (Blackie). The young hero, Frank Pingle, is early in possession of one of those delightful letters, written by a dead hand (his father's), printed throughout in italics, charged with secrecy, and unfolding to the straining eyes of the reader a very round-about way to a hidden treasure. The story that follows is cayenne-peppered with a chained skeleton, a trip under

the sea, a ruined temple, and a frontal attack on a boat by octopuses. In quality and variety of adventure the sea books of the year are certainly not wanting.

TRAVEL, HUNTING, &c.

The nine books of travel and hunting adventure might well detain us if space permitted. Mr. A. H. Miles has built up two fat scarlet and gold fifty-two storied volumes, one containing *Stirring Stories for Boys* and the other *Stories of the British Empire*. These books, issued by Messrs. Hutchinson, can be safely recommended for any English boy. Dr. Gordon Stables, a mighty writer of boys' books before the Lord, has given us a story of South American hunting and fighting, Indian life and Amazonian life, called *In Far Bolivia* (Blackie). *Paid in Gold*, by Bertie Senior (Griffith), is a capital blend of school life and treasure hunting.

SCHOOL STORIES.

School life is itself represented by nine stories, of which an excellent example is the story of *A School Conspiracy*, by Mr. Andrew Home (Chambers), in which ropes are let down from dormitory windows by night, and ducking is resorted to when required to punish unpopularity. In *Heads or Tails*, by Mr. Harold Avery, we have the story of a school friendship, with any amount of incident, including a kind of Guy Fawkes' plot in a schoolroom; no school boy will fail to enjoy this story. *A Newnham Friendship*, by Alice Stronach (Blackie), is explained by its title to be a picture of life at Newnham College. Carol Martin, a third-year student, befriends a "fresher," Elspeth Macleod, a shy, sensitive Highland girl, who has worked her way from a Board school to college. The enmity of a fellow-student and a mystery about some parodies cloud Elspeth's happiness for a time. But the clouds clear. After the tripos excitements, some of the students leave their dream-world of study and talk of "cocoas," and debates, and athletics, to begin their work in the real world. Men students play their part in the story, and in the closing chapters, which describe the work of some of the girls as "social settlers" in the east of London, it is suggested that marriage has its place in a girl graduate's life.

HISTORICAL STORIES.

We have little space for the stories of battles long ago. The Rev. A. J. Church's *Helmet and Spear* (Seeley) is one of his well-known adaptations of Greek and Rome heroic narratives, and can be warmly recommended. Miss Gertrude Hollis's *The Son of Ælla* takes us back to the conversion of Northumbria to Christianity; the author's descriptions of Anglo-Saxon customs are particularly careful. Mr. G. A. Henty's *In the Irish Brigade* is concerned with the wars in Spain and Flanders at the beginning of the last century, and is a thoroughly well-realised picture of the times, and healthy from cover to cover. Mrs. E. Everett-Green's *After Worcester* is, of course, based on the incidents of Charles the Second's six weeks' flight from that fatal field. Mr. Charles Neufeld, whose long imprisonment under the Khalifa ended with the relief of Khartoum, has written a thrilling story, called *Under the Rebel's Reign*, of the revolt which led to the bombardment of Alexandria.

We are left wondering who the writers of tales for boys and girls are. Some of them seem to write six to ten long stories a year for the Christmas market. Do they write them all at once—a touch to this one, and a touch to that one, until all are finished together? And how does an author, living, say, in Gower-street, prepare to meet a demand for stories of the wilds of Nicaragua? And do his MSS. ever get mixed, so that a lion that leapt from a Cawnpore jungle fades into a Midchester drawing-room? This juvenile business is a speciality, of which the results are plainer to see than the processes.

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Literature in 1900.

Some Memories and Impressions.

It was to be a year of war and war-books, that only was clear. The expectation has been extravagantly fulfilled. And yet, before January had passed, Literature, no less than War, was counting her dead. Never do we wish to publish such an ACADEMY as that of last January 27. Ruskin was dead; Blackmore was dead; James Martineau was dead; Steevens was dead. And of each there was so much to say!

Yet the month had its living interests. In the first week the Society of Authors published its scheme of a pension fund for authors, with the moral and practical support of Mr. Meredith, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Barrie, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and other writers. The fund is frankly an appanage of the Society of Authors, of which its beneficiaries must be members. A somewhat kindred topic of the month was the question of the Duration of Copyright, which had been raised in connexion with Lord Monkhouse's new Copyright Act. Mr. Andrew Lang was in favour of perpetual copyright, a proposal which Bernard Shaw called "a piece of rapacious impudence." No one was angry. It became evident, however, that an extension of the period of copyright to fifty or sixty years was generally desired.

Meanwhile, book-publishing was in its post-Christmas ebb, and most books under review dated from December. The late Mr. Stephen Crane's *Active Service* did, and so did Mr. Owen Seamen's *In Cap and Bells*, in which he showed himself a master of parody not merely ingenious and superficial, but of parody in which the subject is conceived as the poet parodied would have conceived it. Mr. Frederic Harrison's *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and Other Literary Estimates* were also under review; we thought it an extremely able though not strongly original book. Lord Rosebery's little book on Sir Robert Peel, reprinted from the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, was being widely read. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor* and Mr. Zangwill's *The Mantle of Elijah* were beginning in *Harper's*, and Mr. Barrie's *Tommy and Grizel*, with O. P. Pym in the first instalment, was the attraction of *Scribner's*. On the 26th of the month Mr. C. K. Shorter's new paper, the *Sphere*, was born, and was widely approved, though a young man in a Peckham railway carriage was heard to object that its title clashed with the *Globe*. Things seemed to be in a fairly bustling state when, in the dawn of

FEBRUARY,

Mr. George Moore suddenly took an affecting farewell of London as a centre of art. His tearful declaration was followed by productions of his own play, "The Bending of the Bough," and Mr. Edward Martin's "Maeve," by the Irish Literary Theatre Society, in Dublin. Forsaken London was delighted to offer a tribute of admiration to Dr. Furnivall on February 4th, his seventy-fifth birthday. In acknowledging various gifts, Dr. Furnivall predicted that English is destined to become the universal language of civilisation, which was nice of him.

The conduct and disasters of the Boer war drew verses from Mr. Stephen Phillips, who cried: "O for a living man to lead, That will not babble when we bleed," and from Mr. Austin Dobson, whose lines to the "Undistinguished Dead" in the *Sphere* struck a right chord. Meanwhile, the tidal wave of war literature could be seen advancing; and February was not out before the war narratives began with Mr. Alfred Kinnear's *To Modder River with Methuen*.

On the 20th Mr. H. D. Traill's death came as a shock to his friends and the public. A week later we reviewed an enlarged edition of his *New Lucian*. A clever sketch from his pen, called "The Unflinching Realist," was in the current *Anglo-Saxon Review*; where, also, appeared Mr. W. H. Mallock's interesting versification of Lucretius, in the stanza of FitzGerald's *Rubaiyat*.

Many of the books of February made for learning and seriousness. Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland's *The Unpublished Legends of Virgil* was, however, wholly purged of dulness, though it could not escape a charge of literary untidiness. Principal Caird's posthumous *Fundamental Ideas of Christianity*, Prof. Sayce's *Babylonians and Assyrians*, and Mr. W. S. Lilly's *First Principles in Politics*, appeared in rapid succession. In biography we had Mr. Kinloch Cooke's too voluminous life of Princess Mary of Teck; in poetry, Miss Moira O'Neill's lilting *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*; in belles lettres, Mr. Le Gallienne's prettily insubstantial *The Worshipper of the Image*; in humour, Mr. Dooley in the *Hearts of His Countrymen*. Of fiction there was plenty. In *They that Walk in Darkness* Mr. Zangwill returned to the Ghetto, on which he had turned his back. *Parson Kelly*, the joint work of Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Mr. Andrew Lang, was a good lightsome Jacobite novel. Mr. Sutcliffe's *Shameless Wayne* was a sombre tragedy, too little relieved. Mr. Winston Churchill's *Savrola*, a "rattling" description of a revolution in the imaginary state of Laurania, was read with interest in the author's absence in South Africa. To South Africa Mr. Kipling, also, had gone when a number of his early stories and articles appeared under the title of *From Sea to Sea*. These writings were immature in thought and style, but they contained seeds of his later work. While the critics were looking for these, Lord Roberts was giving Mr. Kipling a pass enabling him to go wherever he pleased in South Africa. In the first week of

MARCH,

there came the sorrowful story of the death of Ernest Dowson. His was an ineffectual life. His poems in *Verses* and *Decorations* revealed qualities best described as pale, tender, and fragile. He was a decadent who paid in full for his decadence; but some loved him well. In the same week we were reminded of the splendidly vital talent and stoic death of George Warrington Steevens, whose unfinished narrative *From Capetown to Ladysmith* now appeared, with a memorial chapter by Mr. Vernon Blackburn. The Queen accepted a copy of the book, and sent a message of sympathy to Mrs. Steevens through Messrs. Blackwood. Books on South Africa and on the origin of the Boer War had become very numerous; and besides Mr. Kinnear's and Mr. Steevens's volumes, the public could buy Mr. Bennett Burleigh's *The Natal Campaign*, and Mr. Julian Ralph's narrative, with the rather premature title, *Towards Pretoria*.

Mr. Arthur Symons published his *Symbolist Movement in Literature*. We remarked that the movement studied with exquisite insight by Mr. Symons would be more accurately called Evocative than Symbolist. His dynasty of symbolists was entirely French; beginning with Gérard de Nerval, it included Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Maeterlinck. While Mr. Symons was asking, What is Symbolism? Mr. Elmond Holmes was putting the larger question, *What is Poetry?* His reply was a striking essay, essentially a poet's attempt to define

what Aristotle had tried to define. Meanwhile, Poetry, in the person of M. Edmond Rostand, was defining itself as wealth, applause, and dazzling success. *L'Aiglon* had been produced by Sarah Bernhardt in Paris, and was in delicious vogue. The blaze of that triumph fell on London while Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca* was still reposing in Mr. George Alexander's desk, unacted and unrehearsed.

On the 20th Dr. Ibsen celebrated his seventy-second birthday, and on the same day the English translation of his play, *When We Dead Awaken*, was published. It proved a bewildering affair. It held a great deal of device and technique, but the reader could not penetrate to the spiritual meanings which these seemed to portend. After being disappointed in Ibsen, it was no consolation to be disappointed in Tolstoy; but such was the fate of readers of *Resurrection*, which had begun well—indeed, wonderfully—but now ended like a tract.

Among other books of March was the first volume of *The Complete Works of John Gower*, edited by Mr. G. C. Macaulay for the Clarendon Press—a work of toilsome scholarship and permanent value. There also came to hand the first volume of Mr. Andrew Lang's *History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation*, an undertaking for which he had qualified himself to write by numerous subsidiary studies. The work contained many original judgments, and the narrative was easy and effective. In their sphere Mr. W. W. Skeat's *Malay Magic*, Mr. Percy Gardner's *Exploratio Evangelica*, and Mr. Moncure Conway's *Solomon and Solomonie Literature* were important enough to receive close expert criticism. Mr. William Archer's book of impressions, *America To-day: Observations and Reflections*, was chiefly interesting for a chapter on "The American Language."

Some of the best novels of the month were American; they included Mr. W. D. Howells's *Their Silver Wedding Journey*, Miss Johnstone's *By Order of the Company*, and Mr. Booth Tarkington's *A Gentleman from Indiana*. It was just

APRIL

when Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's story, *The Far-ridingons*, took the middle classes by storm. Without much profundity or real literary charm, its energetic wit, its correct moral tone, and the reputation of the author of *A Double Thread*, secured it tens of thousands of readers. The interests of April were light to the end, fiction predominating. Other novels were Dr. William Barry's *Arden Massiter* and Mr. Ralph Connor's *The Sky Pilot*, both religious stories, yet as far asunder in complexion as the Vatican is from a chapel in a remote creek of California. Mr. Crockett's *Joan of the Sword Hand* and Mr. Marriott Watson's *The Rebel* were sound stories of action. To these were added Mr. Ernest Bramah's very amusing Chinese tales, called *The Wallet of Kai Lung*, and Mr. G. S. Street's clever satire on upper middle-class snobbery, *The Trials of the Bantocks*. There was also Mr. Frederick Wedmore's study of bored penitence, entitled *The Collapse of the Penitent*.

The first serious book of April to be widely reviewed was Mr. John Glyde's *Life of Edward FitzGerald*, which was acceptable as a narrative of FitzGerald's external life, but was deficient as a memoir of his scholarship and temperament. It probably met the demands of those admirers of FitzGerald who knew him well enough to call him "Old Fitz," but had not read his *Letters*. Two books of Eastern travel, widely different in character, were Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bent's *Southern Arabia* and Mr. Robert Barr's *The Unchanging East*; the first was resolutely informing, the second resolutely facetious. Two important reprints were Mr. W. G. Collingwood's enlarged *Life of Ruskin* and Prof. Knapp's edition of *Lavengro*. The last book drew from Dr. Augustus Jessop a remarkably outspoken article on Borrow in the *Daily Chronicle*, embodying a view of Borrow which is not likely, even now, to go unanswered.

When we turn from books to events April does not look at all empty in retrospect. There was the Cowper Celebration at Olney on the 25th, and the cosmopolitan tribute to Mr. Herbert Spencer on his eightieth birthday, which fell on the 27th. A good deal of discussion arose on the Bill promoted by the Trustees of the British Museum to enable them to "dispose of valueless printed matter," and to relieve the Museum shelves of collections of local newspapers. The Bill is probably dead and buried.

Death was still busy in the literary world. In the first days of the month Mr. St. George Mivart passed suddenly away, unreconciled to the Roman Catholic Church from which his matured scientific opinions had caused him to be separated. His was a tragically memorable end, on which the last word will not be said for many a year. Three weeks later Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson died, at the age of fifty-three, mourned as not all men are by their friends. Cousin to Robert Louis Stevenson, he was himself so notable as a man of taste and as a talker that the loss of him was comparable—at any rate, was compared—to that which was suffered in the death of R. L. S. He was a man whose charm was his sufficient achievement; yet, in addition, he was the most original and convincing art critic of his day. He was art critic to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which position he has been succeeded by Mrs. Meynell.

All this time the events of the war, including the relief of Ladysmith, were responsible for an ever-growing supply of war-books, and for a general paralysis of other literary production. Yet in the first week of

MAY

we noted the completion of the Haworth edition of the Brontë books by the issue of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, with Mr. C. K. Shorter's admirable notes. Mrs. Humphry Ward's introductions to the novels had formed a series of acute criticisms which no student of the Brontës could afford to neglect. In the first week of May Prof. Herford's metrical translation of Ibsen's *Love's Comedy* was issued, and proved a merciless study of marriage, brilliantly translated. Written in 1862, the last thing Ibsen did before turning his back on unfriendly Norway, this play had usually been classed as a mere picture of manners, and was apparently regarded in that light by Mr. Gosse. Our own contention was that *Love's Comedy* is as much a problem play as anything Ibsen ever did. The problem stated and solved is the very simple, very engrossing, problem, Can Love and Marriage be reconciled? Ibsen decides that love is bound to die after marriage, but decides it by a process which leaves out of court the very human nature that should be the basis of his inquiry. In the *Comedy* love dies by slow syllogism; in life it lives and prospers without taking thought for its stature or conditions.

On all such arguments the life-wasting war in South Africa broke in; we were shelled with siege books. Mr. Pearse's (*Daily News*) story of Ladysmith, *Four Months' Besieged*; Mr. J. B. Atkins's (*Manchester Guardian*) *The Relief of Ladysmith*; Mr. Nevinson's (*Daily Chronicle*) *Ladysmith: The Diary of a Siege*; Mr. Winston Churchill's (*Morning Post*) *London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria*, and Dr. Oliver Ashe's *Besieged by the Boers*, a narrative of Kimberley, all came at once. The circumstances under which these books were written forbade the critics to take them seriously as literature. In most cases the authors could never have seen their proof-sheets, and several of the narratives were supplemented in London by other hands in the eager rush for the bookstalls. By this time it had become a commonplace that the war-book business was being overdone. An American publisher, visiting this country, was offered in one week the rights of no fewer than twenty-five books about the Boer War. Nothing, however, stayed the rush; least of all the deaths and wounds of the war correspondents themselves. On May 26 the *Sphere* published a list of ten journalists who had suffered; and of these five had been killed. A complete set of the Kelmescott publications at

Sotheby's realised £550 8s., as compared with the original value of £144 14s.

The month saw some notable publishing work done. Mr. W. H. Mallock's *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption* was a curiously plausible invitation to Anglicans to come over to Rome as the one Christian body that had an answer to the devastation of the Bible by science; the answer being—herself. Among some solid works that descended on us was the report of *The International Congress of Women, 1899*, in seven volumes—a huge and valuable blue-book of the Woman movement; and Prof. W. W. Skeat's *The Chaucer Canon*, a re-statement of the philological method employed by Chaucerian scholars to distinguish the genuine works of Chaucer from those falsely so called. Miss Fiona Macleod's rather miscellaneous volume, *The Divine Adventure; Iona; By Sundown Shores: Studies in Spiritual History*, was chiefly interesting for its essay called simply "Celtic," in which she said some sensible things that came refreshingly from a Celt of the Celts. She acknowledged that there is such a thing as English emotion, English love of nature, English visionariness, differing from Celtic only in contour and colour, but not in essence; so that William Blake, the Londoner, was more "Celtic" than any visionary of Ireland, and Keats, the Englishman, than any Gaelic poet. Dean Farrar supplemented his *Life of Christ*, written twenty-six years before, by another work, expository rather than biographical, entitled *The Life of Jesus: Further Studies in the Life of Christ*. The florid style of the old work was found in the new; but by both books Dean Farrar has served the cause of intelligent Christianity.

An important literary event was the completion of Prof. Bury's edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, which deserves to rank with Prof. Frazer's *Pausanias* as a work of profound scholarship and discreet editing.

In lighter literature, Mr. Arthur Symons gave his volume of poems, *Images of Good and Evil*, in which a rather weary and anæmic philosophy was set forth in lines that were often beautiful. In descriptive passages Mr. Symons reached a high level. Mr. Le Gallienne's *Rudyard Kipling: a Criticism*, was the collision of his temperament with Mr. Kipling's works; from the first one was inclined to discount the impact. Yet with this sentence of his book—"As a writer Mr. Kipling is a delight; as an influence he is a danger"—it was difficult to disagree with a whole heart. In Fiction, Mr. Harland gave us a delicate and charming story, *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*; Mr. Percy White a study of a parvenu family in *The West End*; and Mr. MacIlwaine's novel of the Australian Bush, called *Fate the Fiddler*, repeated the promise of his *Dinkinbar*. The publication of *Hilda Wade* reminded novel-readers of the special kind of loss they had sustained in the death of Mr. Grant Allen, whose compact and suggestive biography, by Mr. Edward Clodd, reached us in the first days of

JUNE,

just after Lord Roberts had entered Johannesburg.

Already we had in our hands another memoir, Mrs. Meynell's monograph on Ruskin, in the "Modern English Writers" series. The form in which Mrs. Meynell's book was cast did not commend itself to all critics, some of whom forgot, perhaps, the extent of the subject and the limitations of a volume belonging to a series. As an exposition of Ruskin's teaching the book was not for beginners or for lazy readers, but as the working of a brilliant and sympathetic mind on Ruskin's whole achievement it was a study of special charm and value.

Gabriele D'Annunzio's play, "The Dead City," translated by Mr. Arthur Symons, was a powerful production, full of the last delicacies of thought and style, but full also of morbid horrors which could not always be indicated in a review. One turned in haste to Mr. Kipling's stories of the Boer War in the *Daily Express*, or took up the *Ladysmith Treasury*, a budget of stories written by many

authors to help in the relief of distress at Ladysmith. Other books that made some impression in this month were Camille Flammarion's queer, irrational book, *The Unknown*, a collection of stories of telepathy and hallucination, designed "to discover if the soul of man exists as an entity, independent of his body, and if it will survive the destruction of the same." Other interesting arrivals were the newly-found *Lenore*, translated by Rossetti from Bürger's poem in his sixteenth year; Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *Paris*, a very clever study, in which history was not so much written for its own sake as to support the writer's personal interpretations of streets and buildings "noisy with an infinite past"; and *The Rhodesians*, a book of sharply-defined impressions of South African life. A pleasing and well-informed little biography of Robert Browning, by Mr. Arthur Waugh, inaugurated a series of "Westminster Biographies," designed by Messrs. Kegan Paul.

The novel of the month was Mr. H. G. Wells's *Love and Mr. Lewisham*. It seemed probable that Miss Mamie Bowles's *Charlotte Leyland* would have created great interest, but circumstances compelled its withdrawal from circulation.

In June, as in each preceding month, an implacable fate withdrew some fine workers from the literary ranks; and in one number we recorded the deaths of Mr. Stephen Crane and Miss Kingsley.

The Mansion House celebration of the completion of *The Dictionary of National Biography* was the first literary event to rivet attention in

JULY.

Mr. George Smith made it clear that the production of this work had cost him something like £150,000. The last impulse of the Spring Season was now exhausted, and we began to talk about Mr. Morley's *Cromwell* as an event of the autumn—an autumn on which the reported massacre at Pekin threw an uncertain and lurid light. But the month was made notable by the publication of Mrs. Craigie's *Robert Orange*, the sequel to her earlier book, *The School for Saints*. Many of the events and publications of the month savoured of the past. It was announced that Mr. Herbert Spencer had completed a revised and final edition of his *First Principles*, embodying his matured views and dealing with some misapprehensions. Prof. Ker's edition of Dryden's *Essays* was seen to be of lasting value to scholars. Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's edition of Byron's Poetry received its third volume, containing the poet's Eastern tales; and the fourth volume in Mr. Prothero's edition of Byron's *Letters*, dealing with his life in Venice, was of exceptional interest.

An attack on the "genuineness" of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, by Mr. A. H. Millar, provided a topic of some interest; and although, in our judgment, that attack was ill-based, it was directed against a cult which was assuming the proportions and complexion of a folly. A considerable revival of interest in the novels of Mr. James Lane Allen followed the publication of *The Increasing Purpose*, and it was recognised that the moral grandeur of human nature fills Mr. Allen's mind not less than the humour and natural charms of life in Kentucky, his chosen background. The flow of war-books had become less strong; but the story of Mafeking had to be told, and Major F. D. Baillie told it well in his *Mafeking: a Diary of the Siege*. A number of pleasant summer books, of which Mrs. Pamela Tennant's *Village Notes* and "E. V. B.'s" *Seven Gardens and a Palace*, were examples, put an edge on one's appetite for the

AUGUST

holidays. August always brings a calm in publishing; this year it brought a dead calm, and the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston. On the 11th we wrote: "The publishing of books has practically ceased." Everything seemed to have expired—even the copyright in

Balzac's novels. Sir Henry Irving's declared intention to produce Byron's "Manfred" at the Lyceum gave rise to some interesting discussion.

The book, outside fiction, that excited most interest was Ouida's *Critical Studies*, in which her hatred of modern pushfulness and vulgarity of all kinds found characteristic expression. Mr. Marion Crawford had most reason to be pleased with the book; he received a warm appreciation. In Fiction there was nothing so new as Miss Edith Wharton's short novel, *A Gift from the Grave*—a delicate ethical problem treated with a subtlety and grace that won instant recognition. Mr. Pett Ridge's *Son of the State*, Lucas Malet's *A Gateless Barrier*, Mr. Hornung's *The Belle of Toorak*, and Miss Ellen Glasgow's *Voice of the People*, were all being read. A capital cricket book was Mr. A. W. Pullen's ("Old Ebor") *Talks with Old English Cricketers*. Mr. Henley's "sheaflet" of patriotic verse, *For England's Sake*, had no need to go begging for readers. The literary gossippers were making themselves amusingly authoritative about the authorship of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, and the Allies were making themselves comfortable in maligned Peking, when

SEPTEMBER

brought us the first instalment of Marie Bashkirtseff's unpublished journals and letters to Guy de Maupassant, in the *Gentlewoman*. On the whole, these fell rather flat. They added to the list of Marie Bashkirtseff's whims and petulancies rather than to our knowledge of her temperament. While her memory was being revived, another vexed spirit passed away—Friedrich Nietzsche, in whom the complexity of his age had bred an incredible tooth-and-claw philosophy of life, which he expounded with a wealth of satirical humour and a visionary splendour that made his books interesting to read, though impossible to accept.

By the middle of the month the autumn publishing season had unmistakably begun. The publication of the *Letters of Thomas Edward Brown*, edited by Mr. Sidney T. Irwin, was of capital interest to the few, as the publication of Miss Corelli's novel, *The Master Christian*, was to the many. Mr. Whibley's edition of *Rabelais*, in the "Tudor Translations" series, gave us the perfect text of Urquhart and La Motteaux, to which Mr. Whibley prefixed an admirably luminous Introduction. Mark Twain's book of sketches, entitled *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, was variously estimated; but everywhere it served to recall the long and manful struggle against adversity which Mark Twain has waged, and from which he has this year triumphantly emerged—bless him!

The "boom" of *The Master Christian* fulfilled even expectation, and was assisted by a particularly needless quarrel between Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine. The same month gave us, in unboomed fiction, Mr. Eden Phillpotts's *Sons of the Morning*; Mrs. Atherton's study of American political-social life in Washington, called *Senator North*; Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's *Isle of Unrest*, a brisk tale of Corsican villainies; *Cunning Murrell*, in which Mr. Arthur Morrison left the London of to-day for the Essex marshes of yesterday; Mr. Murray Gilchrist's well-written Peakland story, *The Courtesy Dame*; and Mr. Henry James's dozen short stories, called *The Soft Side*.

September had been a time of waiting for the General Election, which broke over us in the first days of

OCTOBER.

and was more than usually interesting to literary men by reason of the large number of authors and journalists who sought seats. Mr. Anthony Hope had been compelled, by illness, to abandon his candidature for the Falkirk Burghs; but Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. Gilbert Parker, and Mr. Winston Churchill were quickly elected by South Wolverhampton, Gravesend, and Oldham respectively. Dr. Conan Doyle was not so fortunate, and the unseating of Mr. Augustine Birrell was widely regretted.

On the 7th Mrs. Severn unveiled the memorial to Ruskin on Friar's Crag—the spot to which he remembered being taken by his nurse in infancy, and from which in after life he often surveyed the Derwentwater prospect and found in it "one of the three most beautiful scenes in Europe."

The books of the month were Mr. John Morley's *Cromwell*, which had appeared serially in the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Champneys's long-looked-for biography of Coventry Patmore, and Dr. Conan Doyle's *History of the Great Boer War*. The collected edition of T. E. Brown's poems probably came next in interest. Miss Clara Linklater Thomson's life and critical study of Samuel Richardson brought a great literary personality before many uninformed readers; but the book had not, unfortunately, finality. Thoroughly characteristic of their author were Mr. Charles Whibley's brilliant, whimsical portraits of dandies, in *The Pageantry of Life*.

Sir Edward Fry's *Studies by the Way* recalled us to the gravest walks of life, and to the sagacity of great and settled minds. Meanwhile, war-books had revived, and a long train of Mafeking, Pretoria, and "how-I-was-captured-and-escaped" narratives passed in file through the growing chaos of autumn literature. We should mention, also, *The Story of Dr. Pusey's Life*, by the author of *Charles Lowder*, and *The Unpublished Letters and Philosophical Regimen* of Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, edited by Dr. Rand.

The production of novels was enormous, and quality redeemed quantity when we noted in one week the arrival of Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Tommy and Grizel*, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's *Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts*, and Mr. Conrad's *Lord Jim*. Yet the month had already given us Mr. Anthony Hope's *Quisante*, Mr. Hichens' *Tongues of Conscience*, Mr. W. W. Jacobs's *A Master of Craft*, Miss Braddon's *The Infidel*, Mr. Anstey's *The Brass Bottle*, and Sir Walter Besant's *The Fourth Generation*.

The month closed with the return of the City Volunteers and successful production, on the 31st, of Mr. Stephen Phillips's poetical play, "Herod," at Her Majesty's Theatre. We will not treat the doings of

NOVEMBER

as ancient history. The book of the month was the *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley*, by his son, Mr. Leonard Huxley. It may be said to be still under review, and to be secure of a long life.

Lord Rosebery's study of Napoleon at St. Helena, called *Napoleon: the Last Phase*, was a brilliant work, and somewhat unexpected.

In lighter literature we had the concluding three volumes of Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's *Story of My Life*—a record not the less entertaining because its readers could laugh with the author through a hundred pages, and at him in the hundred-and-first. Mr. Bullen's racy book on *The Men of the Merchant Service* was acceptable; and Messrs. Macmillan gave us some of Edward Fitz-Gerald's miscellaneous writings in a volume of "The Golden Treasury" series.

We fear that few younger reputations have called for notice this year. All the rising talent seems to exhaust itself in undistinguished fiction. But we are glad, in the present issue, to notice a promising book of poems by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. Rumour is also busy with the authorship of a remarkable little book, called *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*—the history of a blighted passion.

Prof. Dowden's *Puritan and Anglican*—an appreciation of the books of certain seventeenth-century writers to whom Prof. Dowden feels specially drawn—was a notable arrival.

The novels of the month were Mr. Zangwill's *The Mantle of Elijah*, and Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Yea-and-Nay*.

A year of frustration, yet a year of some fine performance. If inspiration burns low in these days, striving was never more vigorous. The year and the century are dying game.

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Things Seen.

The Poor.

I WAITED for the train in a small provincial town. Just outside the station was a second-hand bookseller's shop, and, as a drizzle of rain was falling, the sixpenny box had been covered with a tarpaulin. Pulling aside the covering, I peeped and poked among the moist volumes to find—"Religio Medici; Urn Burial; and Christian Morals. By Sir Thomas Browne, Knight, Physician of Norwich. Printed for Andrew Crooke in the Year 1643."

I turned the friendly leaves, and suddenly this line leapt to my eyes from "A Letter to a Friend":

To be dissolved, and be with Christ, was his dying ditty.

Straightway, without effort, the dull town and the bookseller's shop were dissolved, and my mind jumped the years back, back to the memory of the dawn that followed a night I had spent at the St. Bernard Hospice. The loosing of the dogs had roused me, and looking from my window I had seen the human things gamboling and fraternising in the snow. I went downstairs, through the cold corridor, past the door of the chapel where the homeless of two nations, poor birds of passage, were thanking God for the gift of another day. I stepped from the Hospice out into the shining dawn, and came to a small stone building about the size of a workman's cottage. Three feet from the ground it was pierced by a window a couple of feet square, crossed by thick wooden bars. I peered through the bars, and when my eyes pierced the mystery of its gloom I shuddered. It contained a score or so of dead—men, women, and children—of dead against whose bodies decay cannot prevail. Arranged in a semi-circle round the chamber, they stood or sat just in the attitude and in the condition when death had touched them. A mother was giving her breast to her child, an old man was huddling a cloak tighter around his body. The snow, their enemy, blew past me through the crossed bars in little drifts, circling playfully about its harvest of victims. There, frozen into stone that never thaws, they stood or sat, those friendless travellers, caught and preserved at the supreme moment of their lives.

To be dissolved, and be with Christ, was his dying ditty.

Never to be dissolved—though dead! What a destiny! Even a mummy is hidden from the living—but they! It was a fancy, a morbid fancy, but it haunted me. And this also. If there be a place where the spirits of these poor are made perfect, and if they are permitted to look upon the world they have left, they must see their bodies willing to return to the elements, but forbidden. I bought the book. I put the fancy away. Such solemn morbidities are not for me. But the author of *Urn Burial*! What a chapter!

The Summer Isles.

THE City was proud of its great Library, with its miles of shelves, but the Librarian loved it. He was a bent, spectacled old gentleman, who looked as if he had been cradled in an encyclopædia. He lived for the Library, he lived within its precincts, and his recreation consisted in showing people over it. One day he culled me, and for an hour I walked between hedges of books, climbed ladders that led to more books, gazed wearily into glass cases which contained precious books, lived for a time in a world from which everything had been blotted out but books. A musty smell pervaded that city of books, there was no air, a pale light glimmered feebly through windows obscured by books, and on each floor sat a yellow, spectacled man writing in a book, so entranced in his book that he did not so much as raise his head as we passed on tiptoe on our way to other corridors of books. But once a door of painted books would not open. My guide left me to fetch

the key, and I, with that feeling of angry, useless protest against the immediate conditions of life that make a fish flap when it has been ravished from its natural element, snatched a volume from the shelf, and opened it at the title-page. It was called: *The General Historie of the Summer Isles with the Names of the Adventurers from their First Beginning to this Present 1626*. The walls of the Library fell away and I saw a summer sea, little lazy isles, birds, trees nodding in a temperate breeze, and the adventurers drawing rein beneath them. And I thanked God that He had not made me an author. When my guide returned he caught me humming (how he stared!)—

You have heard the call of the off-shore wind

And the voice of the deep-sea rain;

You have heard the song—how long, how long?

Pull out on the trail again!

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,

And the Dence knows what we may do—

But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,

We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the trail that
is always new.

Friends that Fail Not.

THE glowing of my companionable fire upon the backs of my companionable books; and then the familiar difficulty of choice. Compassed about with old friends, whose virtues and vices I know better than my own, I will be loyal to loves that are not of yesterday. New poems, new essays, new stories, new lives, are not my company at Christmastide, but the never-ageing old. "My days among the dead are passed." Veracious Southey, how cruel a lie! My sole days among the dead are the days passed among stillborn or moribund moderns, not the white days and shining nights free for the strong voices of the ancients in fame. A classic has a permanence of pleasurable: that is the meaning of his estate and title. It is the vexing habit of many, whose loving intimacy with the old immortals is undoubted, to assume and say that no one now reads the *Religio Medici*, or the *Pickwick Papers*, or Ben Jonson's *Masques*, or the *Waverley Novels*, or Pope's *Essay on Man*, or Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* and *Idler*. Themselves excepted, there are no votaries, no willing bond-slaves, of such works. It is not credible. I believe that in numbers we are a goodly company, who joy in the fresh humanities of the old literature, and are not without a portion of Lamb's spirit. The eight volumes of *Clarissa Harlowe*—does the world contain volumes more passionately pulsing than these, "my midnight darlings," which tell me of white Clarissa in her sorrows, of the brilliant villainies of Lovelace? How can that tragedy, that comedy, grow old; and who in his right mind wishes one word away from its voluminous unfolding? Or the evening choice may fall upon the dazzling cruelties of the *Dunciad*, and its brutal brilliancy people the room with ghosts in tattered raiment, under their fleshless arms piles of "Proposals" for a new version of Horace, and in the pallor of their grotesque countenances the signs of an habitual starvation: it is reality, a gaunt, historic truth.

Presently comes a voice of majestic vastness from the chambers of the incalculable dead, plangent, triumphant, mystically sweet; the voice of him who in life was "a king among death and the dead." Has our world to-day outworn the wisdom, wearied of the music, processionally flowing from the Knight of Norwich? As little as it has outgrown the poignant thinking of Pascal, the sad, the haughty, the proudly prostrate before God; or the lacerated heart of Swift the lacerating. But at this cordial period of the calendar Swift may prove too grim. Let Fielding, Homer of novelists, lead in Parson Adams with his Æschylus, or escort Slipslop the fair and frail. It were stupid and mendacious to aver that we have spoken of

friends too antiquated for ease of converse with them, that the books of yesterday must claim our preference, that we are affected and ineffective else, and aliens in the air we breathe. "Peace, for I loved him, and love him for ever! The dead are not dead, but alive," cries Tennyson. What is true of loved humanity is true also of loved humanities, the high expressions of man's mind. As Augustine said of the Christian faith, here is a beauty both old and new; only a starveling imagination is so hampered by the accidents of any ancient excellence that it cannot discern the essence which is dateless. Quaint, old-fashioned, say some when they read the writings of their forefathers; and it is said with a confused and confounding foolishness. Language, manners, circumstances, these may not be ours; but have we different passions and human relationships, another interest in life and death? Stripped of our "lendings," our ancestors and we are the same, and their writings are contemporary with our own. Smiles can be kindly: but there is something painful in the smiling indulgence with which we are wont to regard the works of old which were once in the very forefront of modernity. We live in time, and the past must always be the most momentous part of it. It will be all past when time, that accident of God, is over. "I will remember the days of old!" "Whatever else we read, Gibbon must always be read too." The spirit of Freeman's verdict applies to all mastership of any Muse. To ignore, to treat with impatience, to be soon weary of an ancient excellence and fame, is like blindness to the natural humanities of the world, to sea and wind and stars, to the forests and mountains. If only we had more of that spirit of tremulous delight, of awe in ecstasy, with which the men of the Renaissance read the recaptured, the resurgent classics of Greece and Rome! Few of us would dare to write at all, had we always before the eyes of our minds remembrance of the mighty: are *we* of the Apostolic Succession? are *our* reforms legitimate? do *we* consult the general consent of the Forefathers? Milton smiles austere at the thought, and Shakespeare smiles compassion: Virgil says gently, "I, dying, wished my Æneids to be burnt." But the torrent of trash runs gaily on, and the struggling critic longs for a breath of the "diviner air": he remembers Bacon's saying, that some books may be read "by deputy," and wishes that he could so read the futilities upon his table. And yet all is repaid by those happy rarities of time, the days on which there comes his unexpected way occasion for "the noble pleasure of praising": when he can say, "This is the right thing, here is the true touch; my shelves welcome their new companion." There is little fear of excellence escaping him: he fears that fear too much. We do not envy the fate and fame of him who said of Wordsworth, "This will never do!" nor of him who bade Keats "back to his galipots." We desire no experience of the feelings with which publisher or editor remembers that he "declined with thanks" what the general judgment of the judicious came afterwards to applaud. But, to employ the impressive imagery of Mr. Chadband, I will not go into the city, and, having seen an eel, return to bid the literary world "rejoice with me, for I have seen an elephant!" In the words of that eloquent divine, "Would that be te-rewth?" But when I encounter living genius, which may grow to noble proportions, it were a churlish folly to belittle it—to bestow an elegant and timid mediocrity of praise. "All Horace *then*, all Claudian *now*" is as rash a wail as when Byron uttered it, though the voices of Wordsworth and Coleridge were heard in his land. But the classics have attained; they are at rest. Complete, immutable, they have for us no surprises, save the permanent surprise of genius—that "strangeness" without a strain of which "there is no excellent beauty," and which keeps its virginal first freshness from the "valley of perpetual dream." We are so sure of the classics "strongly stationed in eternity."

There exist moments in the life of man
When he is nearer the great Soul of the World
Than is man's custom,

says Coleridge, translating Schiller. The readers share with the writers of masterpieces the exaltation of such moments, but they come chiefly at sound of "ancestral voices." About contemporary voices there is an element of uncertainty not undelightful, yet forbidding the perfection of faith. We prophesy and wait. And, if the noble ancients are more comforting to us than even the worthiest seeming moderns, how much more tolerable and pardonable are the mediocrities of the past than of the present! They are historically interesting. I would rather laugh over the poems of a Cibber or a Pye, than over the poems of their living likes; it is better to be amused than exasperated, and kindly time lets me laugh at that past incompetence which would annoy me were it present. A monody upon the Death of the Princess Charlotte, totally devoid of merit, does not rouse the wrath aroused by similar performances upon the death of Prince Christian Victor. The insanities of a Zdzowich Muggleton or a Joanna Southcott provoke me to more patient an anger than the diatribes of a Dr. Dowie. The blunders of the dead are over and done, harming no one; the blunders of the living are a danger and a nuisance. It is a pity that anyone, however uncritical, should enjoy the Martin Tupper or Robert Montgomerys of the day; it implies an inability to enjoy Milton. No man can serve two masters; you cannot be Fielding's friend, and also accept the colossal ineptitudes of our most popular novelists—artless, humourless, most brazen. Bad novels of the last century have never failed to give me a certain pleasure. I trust that posterity may be able to extract pleasure from the bad novels of last year, for I am not. They fill me with the sourest sadness, which is an unwholesome state of mind.

Perish, cried Newman, the whole tribe of Hookers and Jewells, so Athanasius and the majestic Leo may be mine! We cannot afford to let go the Shining Ones upon the heights. It does not matter that the heights are so high that our intelligences climb up so poor a portion of the way. He would be a liar full of impudence who should dare to say that he felt wholly at ease with the awful Milton or Dante, with the solemn meditations of Browne, with the dread death march over death of dread Lucretius. There are times when the high things of art seem almost incredible; magnificent delusions, golden dreams; their creators' pains must surely have been too vast for bearing. We, with our little lamps of intelligence in our hands, go tremblingly through the sacred dimness, hoping to comprehend at last a little more. Our reverence is a religion; genius, like love and beauty, is a pledge of divinity and the everlasting; a light perfected lyric lures us heavenward; and from of old come the proudest and the clearest voices. The voices of the day must wait for their consecrate authority and confirmed applause, till Time, the just, shall please. Take me with you in spirit, Ancients of Art, the crowned, the sceptred, whose voices this night chaunt a *gloria in excelsis*, flooding the soul with a passion of joy and awe.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

The Struggle for Existence among the Stars.

If the importance of a scientific theory ought to be judged by its extension, there can be no doubt that Darwinism is the most important discovery of the nineteenth century. Its effect has been felt far beyond the province in which it was initiated, because it has been used to interpret the growth of almost every form of activity known to the human mind. Science, indeed, had already made many valuable discoveries, and Philosophy had made many valuable generalisations, before *The Origin of Species* was

published; but it is hardly too much to say that all these must be readjusted and reinterpreted by the modern thinker if he wishes to bring them into close relation with modern knowledge. The portentous fact of Evolution had, to be sure, flickered and glimmered before great minds. Vague questionings of it are to be found both in Eastern and in Western thought. But its detailed process, its vast and multiform significance, had not yet startled mankind. It is doubtful if even to-day we have measured its full revolutionary power. Except by a few speculative thinkers concerned with the mysterious "last things" in human knowledge that are revealed only to those who push thought back to its dim, vast presuppositions, the work of Du Prel,* for instance, would probably be received with consternation and derision. How great is the gulf fixed not merely between ancient and modern knowledge, but between the knowledge of this generation and of its predecessor, might, perhaps, be seen by a comparison of the sort of spirit which animates Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme* with the sort of spirit which fills the book that is before us. A sentimentalist like Chateaubriand (1768-1848) would doubtless have thought it blasphemous to believe that the stars are not "singing together," but only struggling together in a war of forces as fierce as ever waged between species. "Quoi!" he says, "dans des figures si variées, dans une si grande diversité de caractères, on ne peut trouver les lettres qui suffisent au nom de Dieu! Le problème de la divinité n'est-il point résolu dans le calcul mystérieux de tant de soleils? Une algèbre aussi brillante ne peut elle servir à dégager la grande Inconnue?" But an astronomy which has only an æsthetic basis will not carry us far, and we turn to the audacious science of Du Prel who applies Darwinism to the stars!

Now the ordinary observer supposes that the face of the sky has not changed since Job watched Orion and the Pleiades, and that although man and his gods and their temples pass away at least the stars remain for ever and ever. The man of science, however, is impressed by a still deeper thought, viz., that Nature is not immobile, but mobile and for ever passing away and for ever in process. If we reasoned by analogy, therefore, we would expect to find that not merely the inorganic world beneath us and around us, but also the inorganic above us, is, like the organic, subject to change. And this is what we do find. Even although all the planets disappeared, many generations of men (supposing the earth held her place) would still behold their light. If Arcturus perished, its light could be visible for twenty-four years, since its rays take that time to travel to the earth. And there is a star which, although it foundered to-night, would be seen for 573 years afterwards, because the light that it sends us left it in the thirteenth century.

But if there is one hypothesis in science which may be said to have grown into a fact it is the Nebular Hypothesis according to which the sidereal system was evolved out of a chaos of elements which gradually organised itself into such order as we see. The importance of Du Prel's work consists in the attempt to impress the imagination with the fact that the process is still going on, and to discover the laws by which the sidereal system attained its equilibrium. Whereas the ordinary observer believes that that system was never imperfect, but constituted a harmony from the beginning, the truth is, that—even yet—it contains unstable elements and mechanical contradictions—*Mechanische Widersprüche*.

The laws of adaptation and variation, in fact, which Darwin discovered among organic things are applicable throughout the universe, and it is in obedience to them that the planets discovered their orbits. It is certainly an

amazing thought that a star requires to fight for its place in the sky with as much persistence as an animal requires in the struggle between species! The single fact that a comet changes its path would be sufficient basis for Du Prel's hypothesis. For what does change of path imply except a disturbance coming from external forces? The conception of a struggle between the stars thus begins to be intelligible. Brorsen's comet, for instance, is known to have suffered changes in its path owing to the disturbing attractive force of Jupiter. As it described its ellipse, its nearest approach to the sun was once 30 million miles and its greatest distance 117 million miles. But at the next observation 30 millions had become 13, and 117 millions had become 113. Comets, meteorites, and asteroids are to be explained on the principle of the elimination of the unfit. There is a perpetual weeding out (*Ausjätungsprozess*) of those bodies which in the *Kampf ums Dasein* are overcome by bodies stronger than themselves. How are the observed changes of orbit to be explained except on the hypothesis that the system is not yet thoroughly organised, and that some of its members are being persecuted by the force of gravitation? The fall of meteorites and asteroids (in Smolensk in the year 1807 a meteorite fell which weighed 70 kilograms) proves that those bodies which are unable to withstand by their own repulsive forces the attractive forces of others disappear from the system. Newton's Law of Gravitation runs: "Every planet is attracted towards the sun by a force which varies according to the inverse square of the distance." And this law is supplemented by another which states that the planets are likewise attracted and repelled by each other. Thus a system which, as we look at it, seems an immobile product, a kind of *Nunc Stans*, is really a sidereal Armageddon of blind forces. The life of a planet consists in an attempt which lasts millions of years to overcome by means of its own tangential velocity (*Tangentialgeschwindigkeit*) the attractive forces of the sun (p. 200). The fact that the path is elliptical means that there is a temporary compromise between those two forces, but the compromise cannot last. As the velocity slackens, the planet gradually approaches the limits of its existence. "Before every star lies the inexorable alternative either to adapt itself to the sidereal system or to be thrust from it" (p. 21). The law of gravitation is the instrument of selection (*besorgende Faktor*) by means of which the fittest survive and the unfit disappear. The change of a comet's path means the attempt to escape or postpone destruction, and, according to Schiaparelli, our stellar system is already full of the debris of comets and stars that have fallen in the struggle. The miniature catastrophes of asteroids and meteorites are only prophetic of what must yet take place on a large scale. The sidereal system is moving towards its own dissolution. Owing to the gradual loss of speed, the planets are unavoidably drawn nearer the sun, which, like Kronos of the Greeks, must one day devour his own children (p. 243), *Alles ist dauertlos!* These firmaments shall be shaken and their stars blotted out, and the universe as we know it shall become again a heap of magnetic dust. "They shall perish: but Thou remainest: and they all shall wax old as doth a garment: and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed."

Baron du Prel's merit lies not in the discovery of new facts (although, indeed, it is obvious that he has been a first-hand observer), but rather in his use of a new method of interpreting the facts. Moreover, this extraordinary book betrays metaphysical insight. I am told that Metaphysic is dead. Metaphysic is never dead. The particular sciences are of no interest until Metaphysic gathers them together and relates them to human emotion and to human thought.

BENJAMIN SWIFT.

* *Der Kampf ums Dasein am Himmel*. The title of the third edition, however, is, *Entwicklungsgeschichte des Weltalls*. 1882. Leipzig.

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Favourite Books of 1900.

Some Readers.

THIS year, in accordance with our custom, we sent to a number of well-known men and women a request that they would name the two books which during the past year they have read with most interest and pleasure. A large number of replies have already been received, some of which we print below.

Sir F. H. JEUNE.

Morley's *Cromwell*.
Huxley's *Life*.

Sir CHARLES W. DILKE.

The book which has interested me most in 1900 has been *Jacquon le Croquant*, published in January. I cannot use the word "pleased," as the novel is intensely sad, while it does not either correspond with any existing facts or help one in working to remedy existing evils. The world is already too sad for the poor to make one wish to read sad books about them, which relate to a state of things somewhat different from what is, here and now, and which hardly, therefore, can do positive good. Some modern books can help in this way, but are not on the artistic level of *Jacquon le Croquant*. I should prefer to name no second book this year.

Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON.

The only first-class book of 1900 has been Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Yea-and-Nay*.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE.

The Life and Letters of Huxley.
Mr. Arthur Symonds's *Symbolist Movement in Literature*.

Mr. ALFRED R. WALLACE.

Mr. Richardson's *How it can be Done*.
Mr. Kenworthy's *Anatomy of Misery*.
Both new editions, but unknown to me before.

Mr. KARL BLIND.

Ein Gottsched-Denkmal, by Eugen Reichel.
The Life of Abdur Rahman. Edited by Sultan Mahomed Khan.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE.

C. H. Firth's *Life of Oliver Cromwell*.
Leslie Stephen's *English Utilitarians*.

Mr. OSCAR BROWNING.

Bury's *History of Greece*.
Robertson's *Introduction to English Politics*.

Mr. WALTER CRANE.

J. A. Hobson's *South Africa*.
The Book of the Art of Cennino Cennini.

Mr. ARTHUR W. PINERO.

Leonard Huxley's *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley*.
Beatrice Marshall's *Emma Marshall*.

Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

Huxley's Letters.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

Sir ROBERT S. BALL.

Life of Archbishop Benson, by his Son.
Red Pottage.

Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon: The Last Phase*.
H. Harland's *Cardinal's Snuff-box*.

Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN.

Herod and Lord Jim. If I might name a third in a wholly different kind, it would be Dr. Hirn's *Origins of Art*; but that is partly an accident.

Mr. LIONEL JOHNSON.

Basil Champneys's *Life of Coventry Patmore*.
Clement Shorter's new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*.
Other books have interested me not less than these, but none more.

Mr. W. P. JAMES.

Miss Moira O'Neill's *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*.
Letters of T. E. Brown.

Dr. JOSEPH PARKER.

Robert Orange.
The Master Christian.
They should be read one after the other, and in the order given.

Mr. ARNOLD WHITE.

Rosebery's *Napoleon*.
Winston Churchill's (first) *Letters from the War*.

Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH.

Walter Raleigh's *Milton*.
I. Zangwill's *The Mantle of Elijah*.

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT.

Tommy and Grizel.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

Mr. GILBERT PARKER.

Stephen Phillips's *Herod*.
Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon*.

Mr. PERCY WHITE.

Wells's *Love and Mr. Lewisham*.
Street's *The Trials of the Bantocks*.
But I have read few novels.

Mr. ALFRED SUTRO.

The Mantle of Elijah.
Richard Yea-and-Nay.

Mr. I. ZANGWILL.

Quisanté.
Herod.

Mr. RICHARD PRYCE.

G. S. Street's *The Trials of the Bantocks*.
Annie Wakeman's *The Autobiography of a Charwoman*.

Mr. BENJAMIN SWIFT.

Gilbert Murray's *Andromache: a Play in Three Acts*.
Lichtenberger's *Die Philosophie Friedrich Nietzsches*.

Mr. ARTHUR MORRISON.

I have read very few new books this year. But as regards fiction, I have been pleased and interested by Mr. G. S. Street's *Trials of the Bantocks* and Mr. Wells's *Love and Mr. Lewisham*.

Mr. EDWARD FREDERIC BENSON.

Tolstoi's *Resurrection*.

Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon*.

Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS.

Of the books lately in my hand those I have cared most for are Rostand's *L'Aiglon*, and the haunting and exquisite *Love-Letters of an Englishwoman*.

Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM.

Tolstoi's *Resurrection* is the only book published in 1900 which seriously interested me.

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER.

J. B. Bury's *History of Greece*.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry. Edited by Stopford Brooke and T. W. Rolleston.

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM.

Henry James's *The Soft Side*.

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

Old Par's Wanderings.

I WAS born in the brain of a totally unprincipled "Literary Gossipper." Late one Friday night the proof of his Saturday article came back to him marked "7 lines short," and he was put to his wits' ends to fill it. Once again he ran through the literary papers, but they yielded nothing fresh. It was either invention or disgrace; so he invented; and I was born. I ran thus:

Who shall say that the lot of a successful literary man is nowadays a hard one? We understand that Mr. Guy Boothby, the author of *Dr. Nikola* and a host of other popular books, has lately acquired a large estate in Hertfordshire, and is there building a "pleasure dome." Mr. Boothby does nothing by halves, and among the luxuries of his new home is a bath of solid gold. Modern Grub-street is surely a tributary of Park-lane.

Having produced this, the Literary Gossipper went to bed and forgot all about it. My travels had begun.

One of my first journeys took me to the *Sphere*. "C. K. S." wrote in his "Literary Letter":

My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in the . . . relating to Mr. Guy Boothby and a golden bath, which he is stated to be installing at his new house in Hertfordshire. I know this part of England well, as it is within forty or fifty miles of the home of my friend Mr. George Meredith, and not so very far from the residence in which my friend, Mr. Thomas J. Wise, keeps his collection of Shelleyana and other treasures. *Apròpos* of Shelley, I may mention that Mr. Spencer, the bookseller of Oxford-street, has just sent me a catalogue containing a commonplace letter of Byron to the author of *Alastor*, a facsimile of which is given on this page.

I was now fairly set going. The next week "S. G.," in the "Literary Notes" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, gave me a helping hand:

The dream-palace of Herod, in Mr. Stephen Phillips's stupendous play at Her Majesty's, is, it seems, to have a real counterpart in the new house which Mr. Guy Boothby is building for himself in the country. A golden bath, such as, I am told, this inspired writer is contemplating, is quite in keeping with Herodian ambition. Personally I could never read anything that Mr. Boothby has written; but there are people, I understand, who prefer *Dr. Nikola* to *Marpessa*. 'Tis an odd world.

The *Globe's* "Literary Gossipper" on the following Saturday wrote:

What, we wonder, would Dr. Johnson say could he read the announcement, recently made public, that a popular novelist is adding a golden bath to his household furniture? We would give much to hear the Sage's thunderous

criticism. Lamb would have found in the subject an opportunity for some pretty embroidery. But for circumstantial description no one could excel Defoe: how he would show us to the very life the soap-dish and towel-rack, the taps and cork-matting! Future students of London, by the way, may perhaps make ingenious speculations as to the origin of the name Coldbath Fields and come in time to associate it with the Gold bath of Mr. Guy Boothby's mansion.

The "By the Way" column of the *Globe* also noticed me:

The author of *Dr. Nikola*, it seems, has a golden bath. We understand that invitations to his house are much sought after; but the host, having his wits about him, stipulates that his guests shall not bring hammer or chisel. He may be Guy Boothby, he says, but he refuses to be Boothby gnyed.

Punch was witty too:

A golden bath sounds like Midas; but, as a matter of fact, the real owner of it is Mr. Guy Boothby, the author, who has had one placed in his new home in Hertfordshire. How many carats is not stated; but if Midas' ears as well as his tastes have been acquired by Mr. Boothby, twenty-two would not be too many. Hertfordshire will in future be known as County Guy.

The *Christian Herald* and *Signs of the Times* improved the occasion:

Mr. Guy Boothby, the talented author of *Dr. Nikola* and other stories, has installed a bath of solid gold in his new residence in Hertfordshire. The bath, we are informed, weighs one hundred pounds, and has cost not less than eight thousand pounds sterling. The bath is, of course, fitted with hot and cold water, and one may lie at full length in perfect luxury. Few authors are in so fortunate a position as to be able to emulate Mr. Boothby's extravagance. But we must beware of excesses. (Proverbs xi. 4.)

Truth was indignant:

I cannot remember an instance of more obnoxious snobbishness than that recorded of the egregious author of *Dr. Nikola* and a number of equally foolish stories. It is stated by one who apparently knows that this gentleman has added a golden bath to his mansion in Hertfordshire. Time was when authors were kept in their place; but the crass ignorance of a gullible public has changed all that and made ridiculous fopperies like this possible. It does not need extraordinary powers of vision to see in such a manifestation of vulgarity another proof of Joe's malign influence. Truly the autocrat of Brumwagem has much to answer for.

"L. F. A.," in the *Illustrated London News*, played with me:

There is a pleasant suggestion of Miss Kilmansegg in the statement that Mr. Guy Boothby has a golden bath. Personally I prefer porcelain, such as you see in that charming shop window at the top of Bond-street; but why not gold? It was only the other day that my landlord was doing a few little things for me, and I might so easily have suggested a gold bath.

What accessories has Mr. Boothby, I wonder? A soap dish set with pearls? A sponge—well, there is not much one can do to ennoble a sponge. A sponge is ever a commoner. And his towels? What can one do to a towel to make it worthy a golden bath? Scent it with attar of roses, perhaps.

Mr. Ashby Sterry, the "Bystander" in the *Graphic*, was true to his old gods:

To keep pace with new books is too great a task for me. As a lazy minstrel of my acquaintance once sang:

Of Mundie's last tale how one wearies and sickens!
We'll throw it aside and get back to our Dickens.

Among new novels there is one called *Dr. Nikola*, the author of which has made so much money that he has a gold bath. Ah, me! times change. There was no gold bath at Gad's Hill. Which reminds me that I walked to Gad's Hill the other day and spent some hours peering

through the sacred railings. As a rhyming friend of mine (who shall be nameless) has it:

Next to sweet girls in dainty pantalettes,
I treasure most my Early Vic. regrets.

In course of time I crossed the Atlantic. Two American versions follow. This is from the *Roycroft Rouser*:

We have always thought Richard Harding Davis's valet fairly tall, but an English author puts him out of sight. Guy Boothby, the patent steam Nikolist, who keeps twenty phonographers busy taking down his yarns, has left Dick Davis nowhere. Boothby's pet weakness is for a gold bath. Gold for him, he says. Meredith and Hardy and G. W. Cable and W. D. Howells may wash in silver if they like, or not wash at all; but gold for him.

The second American paragraph appeared in a Californian paper. It was very circumstantial:

The English author Mr. Guy Booth, author of *Dr. Nicoll*, and other biographies, is the third son of General Booth, the leader of the Salvation Army. Mr. Booth, however, does not share his father's views, particularly with regard to the bestowal of wealth. Part of his own large fortune, made by a long series of very successful books, has recently been spent in acquiring an estate in the country, where he is building a house of unrivalled splendour. Among its luxurious appointments is a solid gold bath, purchased, we understand, from the late Barney Barnato's mansion in Park-lane.

After roaming America for some time I crossed to England again. The *Westminster Gazette* found me somewhere and put me into "Here, There, and Everywhere," and it was in that column that my inventor found me once more. Being again short of a par, he judged it time for contradiction; and in his next "Book Babbings" I made a reappearance, but this time in a new form. I was changed to:

The statement that Mr. Guy Boothby, the author of *Dr. Nikola*, has a golden bath in his new country house is, we are authoritatively informed, untrue; and we regret to have been the means of promulgating the rumour. How the report got about we cannot think, but it came to us from a source which we considered trustworthy. However, no harm has been done.

The *British Weekly*, which hitherto had kept silence, now gave me attention. "A Man of Kent" wrote, under the heading of "Rambling Remarks":

For a long time a ridiculous story about Mr. Guy Boothby and a gold bath has been in circulation. It was, of course, a fabrication, as I knew from the first, and it is now finally contradicted. We are too much in the power of newspaper men who do not make sure of their facts. In the old days, when Mr. Hutton had the *Spectator* and Mr. Barrie was a journalist at Nottingham, it was very different. Mention of Mr. Barrie reminds me that his *Tommy and Grizel* is among the best selling books of the month.

And there I leave my peregrinations. But I am still wandering, and a hundred years hence I shall be wandering still. A personal par. never wholly dies.

Correspondence.

Art and Technique.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Symons has presented an absorbingly interesting problem in his article in last week's *ACADEMY*. Just where technique ends and Art begins—that is the point on the clear perception of which depends the reputation of every critic of painting, music, and literature. In my opinion it is not sufficiently recognised that technique is something far more than the mere mechanism of agile fingers: it is no less the outcome and visible proof of acute intellect, absolute self-command, and real depth of feeling. The artistic temperament is an infinitely more

widely-distributed gift than that combination of talents which means perfection of technique.

It has always seemed to me that Busoni is an artist through and through: that he is of a very different type from Ysaye I do not dispute, and I can very well understand that when they are heard together the latter should seem to display more artistic feeling and emotional power than Busoni; but yet I very much doubt if the violinist's temperament is of so spiritual a nature as that of the pianist. Ysaye is open, frank, brave; he will tell you all he feels; he is not ashamed to weep while you look on in sympathy. But Busoni is intellectual: his emotions are held in check. He is ascetic—his nature is refined and delicate. It has been scourged by the whip of Idealism, and brought into subjection by years of incessant and strenuous thought. The very appearances of the men are indicative of their opposing temperaments. If every man makes his own face (and, in these days, this truism is becoming a platitude) surely a Christ-like head is likely to contain more depth of feeling and intellect than one which, however remarkable it may be in other respects, is not particularly noticeable for its rejection of the coarser appeals to the flesh. When in conversation with Busoni a year or two ago, he resented his intellectuality being mistaken for coldness or insipidity. If Mr. Symons would turn to some of Busoni's compositions he would, I think, discover there convincing proof of his truly artistic and emotional temperament.—
I am, &c.,
C. FRED KENYON.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."

SIR,—I have read *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* with great attention, and it appears to me it has been completely misunderstood by your reviewer and by the writer of every other criticism which I have come across. That the tragedy (as the few lines of the preface declare) is wholly the outcome of Fate, and no fault of either of the principal actors, is clearly indicated by many passages in the letters themselves—passages which are introduced with such care, skill, and art, that the theory of the authenticity of the letters becomes untenable.

The reason of the breaking off of the engagement and the abandonment of the girl is not the infidelity of her lover, nor the waning of his passion caused by the intensity of hers. It is brought about by the young man's discovery of an insurmountable barrier between them—a barrier, the nature of which is so terrible that his most merciful action can only be to leave her to die in ignorance of the truth, while he himself bears as a lesser evil the torturing knowledge that she must believe it is his hand that has dealt her the death-blow.

The only hypothesis which fits all the circumstances of the case is, that the girl's father was the father of the young man also, and to the truth of this hypothesis innumerable indications point. The girl was an only child, and her father and mother lived separated from her earliest infancy; and, though there was no scandal, it is clear that the mother was in no way to blame for the separation. The girl herself, as we are carefully told, is six months older than her lover (an otherwise curious detail); but the grounds for separation took place after the marriage of her parents. Though the young people had spent all their lives within six miles of each other, they met at last only by accident. Some powerful agency had hitherto kept them apart: this agency was the young man's mother, and it is during her absence that the intimacy begins. From the first she is opposed to the match, and looks upon the girl, who is rich, charming, beautiful, and in every respect desirable, with a coldness which amounts to repulsion. At the beginning her opposition is discreet, calculated, diplomatic; gradually, as she becomes less hopeful of stifling the attachment while it is still immature, she tries more violent means—appeals, entrea-

ties, threats. These also are in vain, and she finally realises that nothing but a confession of the truth will avail to sever loves so faithfully and so firmly knit. At the last possible moment she makes the confession, with the result that the letters show. The young man, filled with horror, pity, and despair, bids his beloved farewell, in words which must be cruel, for they must leave no shadow of hope behind them. And does she not have an unconscious intuition of the nature of his feeling in the mystic vision, in which he shrinks, shuddering, from her kiss? In the meantime, he can no longer bring himself to continue living with his mother, who dies very shortly after the revelation of her guilt. And, in spite of a momentary gleam of hope, her death brings no return of her lover to the unhappy girl.

Such are the main outlines of this heart-rending romance, so delicately, so purely, so artistically shadowed forth. A hundred details point to the same conclusion: the tragic figure of the stern mother—a heart of gold, the girl believes (Letter 15), with a great charity towards evil-doing—bought, no doubt, by her sin and remorse; the likeness of the lovers (Letter 58); the foreign air they have in common, which was striking also in the girl's father (Letter 89), &c. But I think I have said enough to establish the truth of my supposition.

Needless to say after this that I am absolutely ignorant of the name of the author of the book, and perfectly convinced that it is a work of art and imagination and not the actual relation of facts.

I write chiefly out of sympathy with the Englishwoman, and to save her piteous little ghost from the additional pain of hearing the reviewers speak with harshness and injustice of the man whom she loved so passionately, and, who, I fondly believe, did not long survive her.—I am, &c.,
“THETA.”

The Songs of the Sanctuary.

SIR,—In the article on the above subject, which appears in the current number of your valuable paper, the writer says: “And despite Macaulay's terrible essay, the muse of the egregious James Montgomery survives to this day in the hymn-books, which contain several of his pieces that are popular and constantly sung—such as, ‘For ever with the Lord.’” May I be allowed to point out that your contributor has confused the names and writings of two very different men. “Macaulay's terrible essay” was concerned with the poems of *Robert Montgomery* (1807-1855), the author of *Satan: or, Intellect without God, The Puffball*, &c., and afterwards a clergyman of the Establishment.

The author of the hymn “For ever with the Lord” was the well-known *James Montgomery* (1771-1854), son of a Moravian minister, and author of several popular poems, such as “The Wanderer of Switzerland,” “The Grave,” and “Greenland.” A considerable part of James Montgomery's reputation rests on his hymns, over one hundred of which, according to Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, are still in use.

I do not find that Robert Montgomery wrote any hymns.—I am, &c.,

T. H. MARTIN.

[Mr. J. B. Hobson, Mr. A. Paterson, Mr. S. G. Green, Mr. G. Clarke, and Mr. W. R. Johnson also wrote pointing out the error. We forwarded the letters to the writer of *The Songs of the Sanctuary*, who replies as follows: “This unhappy slip is one of those of which it can only be said that they emphasise the insufficiency of mere repentance. The moral is the double one that the memory is the most frequent and flagrant of all bearers of false witness, and that the counsel to ‘verify your references’ is the Golden Rule of journalism.”]

“Ada Negri.”

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent “H. T. T.,” a volume of Ada Negri's poems, called *Fatalità*, appeared about eight years ago. She was then a girl of twenty, living in great poverty with her mother in a suburb of Milan, where she held the post of schoolmistress. She had, I fancy, no intellectual environment, and her genius was entirely original and uncultivated. These details are to be found in the preface of *Fatalità*. She afterwards published another volume of poems, called *Tempesta*. As this was some time ago, others have probably appeared since then. Her works are published in Milan by one of the large publishing houses.

I enclose a rather rough translation of one of her poems which might interest your correspondent.—I am, &c.,

MAY TOMLINSON.

You ask who I am? Child, you shall know this thing:

In prison where men lie condemned
I am a bird soaring on vigorous wing;
Who demands the splendours of heaven's riog,
And here I suffer, chained and hemmed.
Child, hearken whilst I sing.

I dream of the marriage of each rural flower
In the forest's green and shady ways,
Of the wild beasts, strong in their love and power
On the burning tropic sands at midday hour,
The whirlwind and the sun's fierce rays,
The tempest, and the shower.

And sometimes, behold in my audacity,
I cursing weep, and struggle and shake,
But the laughing world passing ignores me!
And in my dark prison, headstrong in fury,
Against the bars my wide wings I break,
And still the world ignores me!

O who will break each twisted iron bar;
Who will give me endless life and light,
Who for me will set the closed gate ajar?
Free and strong, I fain would spread my wings afar,
Sun-raptured, take my charmed flight,
O Liberty, O Death, day star.

Tu vuoi saper chi io sia? Fanciullo senti,
In deserto prigion chiuso e dannato,
Io sono angello dall' ali possenti;
E chiedo il felgorar dei firmamenti,
E qui m'agito e soffro incatenato
Biondo fanciullo, senti.

Io sogno nozze di silvestri fiori
Ne l' ombra secolar della forestà
E delle belve i deliranti amori
Su le sabbie del tropico, e gli ardori
Del sole e il turbiuar della tempesta
Raggi, procelle e fiori.

E qualche volta, vedi, audaceménte
Io mi dibatto, maledico, piango,
Ma passa il mondo e ride, e non mi sente,
Ed io, testardo prigionier furente
Contro il ferri l'aperte ali m'infrango
E il mondo non mi sente! . . .

O chi mi spezza le ferre ritorte,
Chi mi dona la luce e l'infinito
Chi mi dischiude le tenaci porte?
Io voglio, io voglio errar garrito e forte,
Nel delirio del sole ebbro e rapito
O libertade, O morte.

Re “Stedman's American Anthology.”

SIR,—We shall esteem it a kindness if you will state that the above work, reviewed in your last issue, is arranged for on this side and stocked by us.—We are, &c.,

GAY & BIRD.

"The Blue Boy."

SIR,—Gainsborough's famous picture, "The Blue Boy," was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1770, and naturally excited great admiration and much curiosity. The picture itself was not a portrait of any celebrity, but was the likeness of an ironmonger's son, who lived near the house where Gainsborough lodged. But the painting itself was so far beyond everything else exhibited that season that the painter leaped into fame at once.

The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., in his way a patron of the arts, gave to his friend, Mr. John Nesbit, a picture which Nesbit knew as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." This circle of friends was notoriously always in want of funds. The picture was bought in for the Prince of Wales, and placed for care and safety in the hands of Hoppner, who was requested to take care of it for Mr. Nesbit. Hoppner died in 1810, and then the picture remained in the Prince of Wales' custody for five years, still belonging all this time to Nesbit. At the end of the five years Nesbit himself had possession of the picture. When Nesbit died, "The Blue Boy" passed through many hands, and at length found a home in New York with Mr. Hearn, the great New York banker, in whose house it now hangs. And there is no doubt that this "Blue Boy" is the one the Prince of Wales (George IV.) gave to Nesbit, for the dates and facts are history.

Now, the agitating point arrives. In 1802, Hoppner having possession of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"—belonging to Mr. Nesbit—sold to Lord Grosvenor a "Blue Boy" by Gainsborough, five months after receiving Mr. Nesbit's picture. This picture has been in the Grosvenor family ever since that date, and now belongs to the present Duke of Westminster, whose father was created first Duke in 1874. Which of these pictures is the real Gainsborough exhibited in 1770, and which is the replica? A great many people believe that as Hoppner was a friend of the Prince of Wales, and Nesbit, and of that circle, and would not for worlds have betrayed them, he sold Lord Grosvenor the original "Blue Boy" and kept for Mr. Nesbit a copy done by himself. But Hoppner was a fine painter of portraits; he had Gainsborough's picture in his house, Lord Grosvenor probably admired it, and possibly wished for it; Hoppner could not sell it, so he had to listen to the nobleman bewailing his fate for something out of his reach.

In five months Lord Grosvenor had a "Blue Boy." Who painted it? Where did it come from? "The Man in the street" would say: "Why, Hoppner, of course." The two "Blue Boys" were in his house! He was a sufficiently fine painter to copy anything.

What was there to prevent Hoppner from making a copy? Nothing, except perhaps the chance of being found out; and the chances were ten to one against that happening. Or, again, did Gainsborough paint two copies of his "Blue Boy," send one, the original, to the R.A. in 1770, and give Hoppner the other? He did not die till 1788, so he had plenty of time to paint several if he wished, though at this date only two "Blue Boys" are known to exist—the one belonging to Mr. Hearn, of New York, and the other to the Duke of Westminster.—I am, &c., AUDAX.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 63 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a Prize of One Guinea for the most ingeniously rhymed verses on "Rhyme," not exceeding sixteen lines. We award the prize to Mr. C. E. Hughes, 98, Church-road, Richmond, S.W., for the following:

Me advise about rhyme? Why, such verbal gymnastics

Mean naught; there's already more verse than there's need for, writ;

Rhyme, though, is where your incompetent ass sticks,
And pliant elastic's

Far harder to draw out than I, if you plead for it.

I'm for sense: strew your work (as the fête-day confettist,
With paper, his friends) with true wit: don't be dull, Gr-r-r—I'm
Certain the lines of the modern librettist

As frequently get hissed

For poorness of point, as for Cockney or vulgar rhyme.

Still, if you would revel in metrical bliss, you'd
Shun rhymes of words hacked in pieces; ah! that, alack, 's
Vile as the discord from Babel that issued,

Like horses amiss shod;

The chisel for artists in words, not the battle-axe!

Other verses received are:—

Run, little verses, like horses in couples, you!

You shall have movement that stretches and supples you.

This is a steeplechase all thought of sleep 'll chase,
Reach out like racehorses; see nothing troubles you!

Yours not to build the severe, lofty rhyme at all,
Verbal hedge-flyers, you've really not time at all!
Don't stop to analyse what in the channel lies;
You've got to jump now, and not be sublime at all!

Many-barred gates are your words polysyllable,
Syntax suspicions, the ditches unfillable;
Numbers cacophonous, if you take off on us,
Quick to recover, you'll find yourselves ill able!

Bravo! you've vaulted the barbed fence of metaphor.

"Metabolism" you're not much the better for!

Course strewn with obstacles, quickest of cobs tackles;

Whew! here's the winning post—what did you let her for?

[R. O. S., London.]

The rhyming instinct, first of all, is musical and practical—
But many poets, hitherto, invariably have lacked it all:

To make a word, a little word, strike music with another one,
Were surely not a gift bestowed on every blessed mother's son!

And many critics, scanning modern rhymes, must groan within
themselves

To read the stuff—altho', alas! they're often prone to sin them-
selves.

But that's all one! To rhyme is good! but persons sometimes go
too far

By spinning jingling rubbish to the bubbling of a motor-car.

Music with sense is music—but all music and no sense at all
But seldom sets the Thames on fire—tho' sometimes fires a music-
hall.

Leave sound to those who cultivate "the Absent-minded Beggar
rhyme,"

And let your muse's foot be rooted firmly on *one* leg a time;

And, chief of all, be sure the metre to your subject's suitable—

The man who writes a jig-like dirge is nothing if not bootable!

[H. A. M., London.]

Ah! what a difficult task to begin is here—

I've a small chance of the coveted guineas, dear!

Whether iambs or whether pentameters,

Mine, I much fear, will be nothing but sham metres!

Rhymes of this kind will decidedly fether us,

E'en with a chance of a guinea to better us.

Then as to rhythm, I trochees discard, sir—

Bronchial ones are best known to this bard, sir.

I'll have iambs, a short and a long, here,

So I may build up a sort of a song here.

Not the odd foot! I could never endure a

Whimsical, awkward, atrocious caesura!

There! That's enough of your rhyming philosophy:

Now I will go for a ride on my 'oss Sophy.

Is it a fact that these wonderful jingles be

Quite on a par with the ventures of Ingoldsby?

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Answers also received from T. C. Buxted; M. A. W., London; H. M. G., London; E. H. H., Streatham; G. M. W., Hull; E. L. A. G., London; Mrs. C., London; W. H. M., London; A. H. C., Lee; J. S. Brighton; Miss L. M. L., Stafford; M. H. N., Sheffield; Mrs. A. M. P., Hampstead; A. E. W., Inverness; M. S., Aberdeen; W. C. T., Tattenhall.

Competition No. 64 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best verses of welcome to Lord Roberts on his return from South Africa. Not to exceed sixteen lines.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, December 12. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

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The Literary Week.

PROF. COURTHOPE, who has just vacated the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, was elected in 1893. Among his predecessors were T. L. Claughton, John Campbell Shairp, Matthew Arnold, and F. T. Palgrave. Several names have been mentioned as possible candidates, the more likely being Mr. A. C. Bradley, Professor of Modern Literature at University College, Liverpool.

IN our issue of last week we published a letter, signed "Theta," on the subject of the inner meaning of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*. "The only hypothesis," said our correspondent, "which fits all the circumstances of the case is that the girl's father was the father of the young man also, and to the truth of this hypothesis innumerable indications point." In reference to this letter we have received the following communication: "To 'Theta.' Thanks and compliments from the Editor of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON's posthumous volume, *In the South Seas*, which has just been issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus to the general public, makes a handsome volume of nearly three hundred and fifty pages. It is a record of the years 1888 and 1889, "being an account of experiences and observations in the Marquesas, Paumotu, and Gilbert Islands, in the course of two cruises on the yacht *Casco* and the schooner *Equator*." Says Stevenson:

For nearly ten years my health had been declining; and for some while before I set forth upon my voyage, I believed I was come to the afterpiece of life, and had only the nurse and undertaker to expect. It was suggested that I should try the South Seas; and I was not unwilling to visit like a ghost, and be carried like a bale, among scenes that had attracted me in youth and health.

The world knows how those health-giving islands restored his health and gave him a new lease of work and happiness. There he found life most pleasant and man most interesting; "the axes of my black boys," he wrote, "are already clearing the foundations of my future home; and I must learn to address readers from the uttermost parts of the sea." Well, triumphantly well, he did it, and he has also inspired in many a longing to visit those bewitching islands:

Few men who come to the islands leave them; they grow grey where they alighted; the palm shades and the trade-wind fans them till they die, perhaps cherishing to the last the fancy of a visit home, which is rarely made, more rarely enjoyed, and yet more rarely repeated. No part of the world exerts the same attractive power upon the visitor, and the task before me is to communicate to fireside travellers some sense of its seduction, and to describe the life, at sea and ashore, of many hundred thousand persons, some of our own blood and language, all our contemporaries, and yet as remote in thought and habit as Rob Roy or Barbarossa, the Apostles or the Cæsars.

"A HUNDRED Years of Irish Fiction" is the subject of a lecture to be delivered by Mr. Ernest Rhys at the

meeting of the Irish Literary Society, to be held at the Society of Arts on Saturday. Mr. Anthony Hope will take the chair.

MR. PAGET TOYNBEE states in the preface to his little *Life of Dante* that it has been written for the general reader rather than for the more serious Dante student. There may be, however, not a few "serious Dante students" who will read the interesting *résumé* of the discovery of Dante's remains with pleasure. For a fuller account Mr. Wicksteed's translation of Dr. Karl Witte's essay should be consulted. Corrado Ricci's "L'ultimo Rifugio di Dante Alighieri" is the most elaborate, and contains numerous plans. The other new feature unusual in Dante primers is the discussion on the Portraits of Dante.

THE English public is learning—gradually—that ears as well as eyes ought to be used at the theatre. By degrees it is dawning upon the ordinary mind that a succession of incidents do not constitute drama, that familiar remarks do not make life-like, or even tolerable, dialogue. By degrees, also, the English actor and actress are showing real willingness to talk in their natural voices. They take an interest, too, in words, and perceive that character is shown as much in what is said as in what is done. It would be sheer sentimental dreaming to pretend that a great, or even a proper, advance has been made in these directions. But an advance, after a fashion, there is. Let us be thankful. Mr. Max Beerbohm, who some little time ago composed a touching allegory, has cast it into a most effective one-act proverb. Had he been a little more independent and forgotten all he has written about the plays of other authors, the piece would have been planned, we are sure, with a truer sense of proportion. Some scenes would have been longer; others, shorter. "Things" would not have "had to happen." We should have had fewer "groups." But, nevertheless, "The Happy Hypocrite" is an admirable one-act play, truly conceived, keenly felt, gracefully written. In spite of the fantastic element (which we delight in), it has more humanity of the highest kind than most of the "serious" dramas we have seen on the English stage for the last ten years. Mr. Frank Mills will act with deeper conviction when he realises that Lord George Hell had never, in his life, to think of the gallery. The part is a difficult one, but it offers many fine opportunities. Mr. Mills seized one—when his saint's mask was torn off—and he had the reward of thrilling the audience. Mr. Arliss as the Mask-maker was distinguished. His facial expression, vocal inflexions, and by-play could not have been better. Miss Winifred Fraser gave a sweet rendering of the unsophisticated heroine. The acting, taken as a whole, was not so striking as the piece, nor, indeed, adequate to its intention; but it was good, and Mr. Beerbohm's first dramatic venture is an uncommon success.

WE are indebted to a poet in the *Westminster Gazette* for a new word—*Brunch*, that unhappy combination of breakfast and lunch which is the resource alike of the toiler by night and the indolent by day.

"IN Defence of Borrow" is the title of a foreword to the Minerva Library edition of *Romany Rye*, written by Mr. Watts-Dunton. It is intended as a reply to the remarkable article which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* on April 30 of this year, from the pen of Dr. Jessopp. It will be remembered that Dr. Jessopp hinted that Borrow was lacking in virility, and used these words: "Of anything like animal passion there is not a trace in all his many volumes. Not a hint that he ever kissed a woman or ever took a child upon his knee. He was beardless: his voice was not the voice of a man." Considering the force of these statements, we are surprised by the mildness of Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Defence," the chief part of which he shifts to the shoulders of Mr. Thomas St. E. Hake, "a well-known writer in *Chambers's Journal*." Mr. Hake wrote Mr. Watts-Dunton a letter drawing his attention to Dr. Jessopp's article, and making observations thereon. Mr. Watts-Dunton prints this letter, but it is not a very strong document; and Mr. Watts-Dunton goes off into reminiscences which are very readable but hardly destructive of Dr. Jessopp. Possibly we may return to this subject; meanwhile we will quote Mr. Watts-Dunton's general statement of Borrow's hard case:

His has indeed been a fantastic fate! When the shortcomings of any illustrious man save Borrow are under discussion, "*les défauts de ses qualités*" is the criticism—wise as charitable—which they evoke. Yes, each one is allowed to have his angularities save Borrow. Each one is allowed to show his own pet unpleasant facets of character now and then—allowed to show them as inevitable foils to the pleasant ones—save Borrow. His weaknesses no one ever condones. During his lifetime his faults were for ever chafing and irritating his acquaintances, and now that he and they are all dead these faults of his seem to be chafing and irritating people of another generation. A fantastic fate, I say, for him who was so interesting to some of us!

WE observe that Mr. Wentworth Wynne's volume of poems, *Ad Astra*, is in its sixth edition. Not in vain, therefore, have sandwich men paraded its title along the streets of the West End. And yet this seems an occasion to revise the query—What is an edition? The lexicographer says that it is the "whole number of copies of a book printed at one time," but it is the publisher who gives the printing order and knows whether it be for a hundred, five hundred, a thousand, or five thousand copies. And in many cases he seems inclined to keep this knowledge to himself.

Country Life in its every-week dress is a capital paper, responding as it does in every page to that love of the soil that is in us all. But *Country Life* in its Christmas number is all this, and more. Yet no foolish foreign matter has been introduced. We are glad to learn that the beautiful series of photographs of country seats which has appeared in *Country Life* is now to be had in the form of a two-guinea volume—described, not unjustifiably, as "the gift-book of the year." *Country Life* is now a fine property.

THE *Hampstead Annual* for 1900, edited by Greville E. Matheson and Sydney Mayle, will be issued shortly. It will contain contributions from Canon Ainger, Dr. Garnett, Prof. Hales, Mr. Arnold White, Mr. I. Zangwill, Maud Egerton King, John Fulleylove, Mr. H. W. Nevins, Mr. Ernest Rhys, Mr. H. A. Bryden, and others, and will be illustrated with numerous views of Old Hampstead, reproduced by special permission from the collections of Mr. George Potter, of Highgate, and Mr. T. J. Barratt, of Hampstead.

THE New York *Outlook* has been publishing lists of the ten most influential books of the nineteenth century, drawn up by ten men of eminence in literature and

education in England, America, Germany, and France. The word "influential" has evidently been given a practical significance; so that books of arresting beauty have had to yield place to books of commanding force. Judged by their visible effects, Prof. Bryce thinks that the following have been the ten most influential books of the century:

Darwin's *Origin of Species*,
Goethe's *Faust*.
Hegel's *History of Philosophy*.
Wordsworth's *Excursion*.
Mazzini's *Duties of Man*.
Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*.
De Maistre's *Le Pape*.
De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*.
Malthus's *Population*.
Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

Of these, De Maistre's *Le Pape* and De Tocqueville's *Democracy* are almost forgotten; but Prof. Bryce includes the first because it propagated ideas which have greatly affected Italy and France, and contributed, he thinks, to the Romeward movement in England. De Tocqueville's *Democracy* laid down principles which are now too familiar to be expounded on Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park; but his book was, for that very reason, an epoch-making work.

CONCERNING the fiction of the century, Prof. Bryce says:

Prose fiction has been more widely and powerfully employed as a means of enforcing theories regarding man's nature and social relations in this century than it ever was before. Among the great writers of fiction the first place probably belongs to Victor Hugo or to Count Lyof Tolstoi; and if any book is to be selected as especially conspicuous for the influence it has had on men's thoughts and emotions, Hugo's *Les Misérables* would seem to have the strongest claim; though as respects fertility of invention, or exuberance of humour, or fineness of treatment, other writers, including Dickens and Thackeray, may have reached as high a level.

DR. FAIRBAIRN, Principal of Mansfield College, also contributes a list. In it Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* are substituted for his *Excursion*, and a place is found for Scott's *Waverley* on the ground that it not only powerfully influenced the romantic movement in literature, but "determined the mental attitude to the Middle Ages and to the Mediæval Church of the Oxford men. The movement, which stands associated with the names of Pusey and Newman, owes historically its origin to Scott." Dr. Fairbairn considers that Strauss's *Life of Jesus* has influenced the century more than any other book. "The attempt to apply historical methods and criticism to the facts, the beliefs, and the persons of the early Christian faith which has so marked our century really began its active critical and fruitful life with the work of Strauss." All the lists give Darwin's *Origin of Species*. The only poets selected are Tennyson and Wordsworth; the only novelists Scott, Hugo, Tolstoi, and Mrs. Stowe. Among philosophers we find Emerson, Hegel, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Collectively, the lists show that the following works have left the deepest impress on the nineteenth century:

Darwin's *Origin of Species*.
Goethe's *Faust*.
Emerson's *Essays*.
Wordsworth's *Poems*.
Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.
Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.
Hegel's *Logic*.
Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.
Scott's *Waverley*.
Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.
Ruskin's *Modern Painters*.
Comte's *Social Philosophy*.
Herbert Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy*.
Strauss's *Life of Jesus*.

DR. FAIRBAIRN'S inclusion of *Waverley* among the influential books ought to please Mr. Andrew Lang, who, in an article in the New York *Critic*, called "The Decline of Intellect," has some startling observations about Scott. After pointing out that the human intellect has long been going to the dogs, that books, if solid, are denounced as "heavy," and that "literary gossip" is concerned mainly with "the wealth attained by a few manufacturers of fiction," Mr. Lang proceeds to inquire:

What is the history of this alarming process of intellectual decay? How did the England to which Burton of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and Jeremy Taylor, and Dr. Johnson appealed—how did it become the England of "the popular style," of the imbecile anecdote, of the "faked" interview, of the paragraph and the snippet? Whence arose the extreme mental laziness of the epoch? The history of the decadence is still to be written, and for lack of readers, nobody will write it. I offer a mere sketch, not a volume, for I have some experience of the rewards of the historian.

Our intellectual degeneracy, I trace—to Sir Walter Scott! Before 1814, the birth year of *Waverley*, novels were mere objects of contempt among the world of educated readers. By 1832, the year of Scott's death, Bulwer Lytton could seriously state that no literature but novel-writing had any pecuniary reward. There have been a few relapses into, or rather revivals of, intellectual interest, but the progress has been rapid from reading novels only, to reading only "short tales and snatchy articles."

We are afraid that Mr. Lang's picture of latter-day shallowness is not overdrawn. "It is a solemn fact," he says, "that the court of the Restoration was infinitely more concerned with things of the mind than any European court of to-day. Among our statesmen we have not for history a Clarendon, for style a Shaftesbury or a Temple, a Buckingham for wit, a Dorset for poetry, a Wharton for accomplishment. Such matters are wholly out of fashion, and are naturally objects of contempt."

A FORTNIGHT ago a correspondent hastened to inform us that the author of a new novel called *Julie*, described on the title-page as "A Man," is Mr. Robert Blatchford, of the *Clarion*. Mr. Blatchford is a man of many friends, of whom another hastens this week to assure us that Mr. Blatchford is no sentimentalist. We print his remarks in full, as they raise a larger question than the merits of Mr. Blatchford's novel, which we shall review shortly:

In reference to that wonderfully interesting, wonderfully clever little novel, *Julie*, of which you speak in the ACADEMY of November 17, I notice you describe the author as a "sentimentalist." Of course, it is often unfair to read vocal tone into written matter, but assuming that one is right in detecting scorn in the word, I venture to think you are wrong in being so censorious. What is there wrong in being possessed of sentiment? All the men whose opinions I value most highly regard sentiment as a splendid virtue. The book *Julie* is full of heart—and all the loveliness that that means—but it is also full of soul and engrossing interest, of finished writing, of clever character sketches, and of fine bits of descriptive work and rare thought. Perhaps the term "sentimentalist" was applied because of the book being dedicated "To Winnie." This eighteen-year old lady is the author's eldest daughter, it may be as well to mention, and Mr. Robert Blatchford, I judge, has drawn largely from her life in giving us the splendid chief character he has. But for the matter of that, the whole of the cast is drawn from life, and almost all else in the fascinating and neat little story. I think the book will add further lustre to Mr. Blatchford's already high reputation.

THE *Dundee Advertiser* will celebrate its Centenary on January 16, 1901; and we have received an advance copy of a special Centenary number, in which the histories of Dundee and its century-old newspaper are set forth with an abundance of drawings. Congratulations!

COUNT TOLSTOI is reported to be in greatly improved health, and full of talk and humour. These cheerful tidings are brought by Mr. Edward A. Steiner, who has recently been a guest at Yasna Polyana. In a few weeks' time Tolstoi's drama, "The Corpse," will be published, and he has completed a controversial work on Socialism—the German Social Democratic brand—under the suggestive title, *The New Slavery*. Mr. Steiner's account of his interview, contributed to an American paper, is very racy. Among other things the Count said: "It is a pity that Moses gave ten commandments. It would have been much better if he had given only these three: 'Thou shalt not kill,' 'Thou shalt not steal,' and then the seventh commandment—what is that seventh commandment?" and, beating himself upon the forehead, he said: "Oh, that memory! that memory! Yes, I have it: 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Out of the ten commandments you keep one or two; pick out the easiest, and make believe that you obey God." Tolstoi still takes long walks with his dog, Bailok—whom he calls his "only sin."

THE first chapter of Mark Rutherford's *Pages from a Journal*, just issued by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, is an account of a visit to Carlyle in 1868, at Cheyne-row, Chelsea, when Carlyle was re-reading his *Frederick the Great* to correct it for the stereotyped edition. Carlyle talked as racily as ever, and said of his book: "On the whole I think it is very well done. No man, perhaps, in England could have done it better. If you write a book though now, you must just pitch it out of window and say, 'Ho! all you jack-asses, come and trample on it and trample it into mud, or go on until you are tired.'" Then he laughed heartily, and, says Mark Rutherford, "his laughter struck me—humour controlling his wrath, and in a sense above it, as if the final word were by no means hatred and contempt even for the jack-ass."

CARLYLE went on to talk about military matters, and his remarks have a most curious bearing on the present controversy about the abilities of British officers. He said:

No piece of news of late years has gladdened me like the victory of the Prussians over the Austrians. It was the triumph of Prussian over French and Napoleonic influence. The Prussians were a valiant, pious people, and it was a question which should have the most power in Germany, they or Napoleon. The French are sunk in all kinds of filth. Compare what the Prussians did with what we did in the Crimea. The English people are an incredible people. They seem to think that it is not necessary that a general should have the least knowledge of the art of war. It is as if you had the stone, and should cry out to any travelling tinker or blacksmith, and say, "Here, come here and cut me for the stone," and he would cut you! Sir Charles Napier would have been a great general if he had had the opportunity. He was much delighted with Frederick. "Frederick was a most extraordinary general," said Sir Charles, and on examination I found out that all that Sir Charles had read of Frederick was a manual for Prussian officers, published by him about 1760, telling them what to do on particular occasions. I was very pleased at this admiration of Frederick by Sir Charles.

WE have received the following additional replies in response to our circular asking for the names of "Favourite Books of 1900":

MR. WILLIAM SHARP.

Louis Berilard's *Fin de Classicisme et le Retour à l'Antiquité*.

Dmitry de Mérejkowsky's *The Death of the Gods*.

The two English novels that interested me most were Ernest Rhys's *The Whistling Maid*, and R. Murray Gilchrist's *The Courtesy Dame*.

MR. G. S. STREET.

I remember several books which have pleased and interested me very much, but I would rather not commit myself to any invidious order of merit. I should like, however, to mention one I have just read, which seemed to me unique, and, within its limits, absolutely successful and delightful—*The Visits of Elizabeth*, by Mrs. Clayton Glyn.

MR. J. A. SPENDER.

John Morley's *Cromwell*.
Huxley's *Life and Letters*.

MRS. SARAH GRAND.

Morley's *Life of Oliver Cromwell*.
Lucas Malet's *The Gateless Barrier*.

MR. J. K. JEROME.

Zangwill's *The Mantle of Elijah*.
Rosebery's *Napoleon*.

MISS BRADDON.

Huxley's *Life and Letters*.
Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Life of Wellington*.

MR. TIGHE HOPKINS.

A translation, issued from Paris, of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* (*The Hundred Merry Tales*). An unbowdlerised version of a top-shelf work, valuable in the extreme for its side-lights on mediæval society.

My other new books have been for review, and chiefly on Paris. I venture to bracket three—Mr. H. B. Belloc's *Paris*, Katharine de Forest's *Paris of To-Day*, and Richard Whiteing's *The Life of Paris*.

Bibliographical.

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD has suddenly blossomed into fame as the author of "a hundred books." I have not taken the trouble to count the titles of the publications to which his name is attached; but even if it be the case that he has produced a hundred books, I do not see that the fact is either to his credit or to his discredit. Only the ignorant are impressed, one way or another, by mere numbers. A hundred books! Well, what of that? Obviously, everything depends upon their bulk and character. And, to take only the one question of bulk: if it be not strictly true that a "book's a book although there's nothing in 't," it is certainly true that very frequently a book has next to nothing in it in the way of letterpress. Of recent years, especially, the number of booklets in which only a narrow rivulet of text meanders through a broad meadow of margin has increased very markedly. Our poets, in particular, have become exceedingly economical. Rarely are their works "voluminous."

But let us assume that a man has, in the course of (say) forty years of active literary life, produced a hundred fairly substantial books. Assuming also that this has been practically his sole literary output; what is there of wonderful in it? It amounts to rather more than two books in a year. Now, in order to produce two books in twelve months it is not necessary that a man should be a mere "compiler," or in any respect a hasty or a careless writer. A very tolerable novel, I should say, could be penned in six months, if the writer had the necessary brains; and if a novel, why not a volume dealing with the facts of life and history? I knew an author who in the course of his forty years of professional labour brought out considerably more than a hundred separate volumes, some of them very elaborate performances. And how did he do it? In the first place, because he had the brains; in the second, because he wrote on the basis of reading which had been wide and deep; and in the third, because he wrote with regularity and ease.

Since writing the above, I have looked at the account of Mr. Fitzgerald in Mr. J. Foster Kirk's *Supplement to Allibone*, and find that Mr. Fitzgerald is there credited with only fifty-eight books up to 1888. Mr. Kirk is by no means an infallible guide; but if his estimate is accurate as far as it goes, clearly Mr. Fitzgerald must have produced since 1888 the forty-two books necessary to make up the hundred.

There is a certain type of novel-title which must by this time be beginning to pall even upon the most persistent fiction readers. I find no fewer than three examples of it in the current list of one of our publishing firms. These are—*The Madness of David Baring*, *The Luck of Private Foster*, and *The Conscience of Gilbert Pollard*. To the same order belong *The Sway of Philippa*, *The Dishonour of Frank Scott*, and so forth; and it would be difficult to say when this method of nomenclature was originated. It goes back, one may say, to such stories as Mrs. Lynn Linton's *Atonement of Leam Dundas*; nay, for that matter, to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, and even farther. There is no objection to the thing *per se*, but it grows decidedly irritating when it is so lavishly iterated within a small space of time.

Talking of titles, I read that one of our successful fictionists is at work on a new novel of romance which he thought of calling *The Chaplain's Daughter*, but which he has since preferred to re-christen *The Eternal Quest*. Is not it a little hard that the reading world should be bothered with these fluctuations of an author's mind? I do not suppose that the author in question had any desire to take the public so far into his confidence; we probably owe the unimportant detail to the activity of the literary paragraphist.

Yet once more about titles. We are told that Mr. W. T. Le Queux will bring out next year a work of fiction called *The Court of Honour*. There is no reason, I suppose, why he should not do this. Nevertheless, "The Court of Honour" is the name of a play produced in London not so very long ago, and it is just possible that its authors might some day like to turn their drama into a narrative—as has been done with their own works by other dramatists of late. Still, there can be no permanent confusion between a novel and a play, even if they are similarly entitled.

I have just been cutting open the pages of Mr. Le Gallienne's *Sleeping Beauty*, &c., and I feel I have some ground of complaint against the publisher thereof. For not only have I had to cut now at the top and now at the side; I have had to cut, on occasion, at the foot of the page also. Now that I regard as a little too much to expect from even the most enthusiastic reader. I am not at all an advocate of the "fully cut" volume; I am quite willing to use the paper-knife on the side edges, if the top be but gilded. But one ought not to be asked to cut at all three sides of a book.

Another grievance. I take up Mr. Frank Harris's *Montes the Matador*, and find no head-lines to the pages. The book contains several short stories. Open it at random, and you cannot know on which of the tales you have alighted. You can turn, of course, to the table of contents; but that is a nuisance. Surely, to omit all head-lines is to go to the extreme of eccentricity. Mr. Harris's pages are numbered at the bottom (in the centre) instead of at the top. That is no great matter. The other aberration is more irritating.

Referring to my quotation, last week, of Mr. Watson's couplet about "the basest weed" "towering to a lily," and so forth, a correspondent says he has been trying to find the author of "two somewhat similar lines—

Touched by his hand the wayside weed
Became a flower."

He asks me to help him, but I cannot. Can any of my readers?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Spooks and Seers.

The Alleged Haunting of B— House. Edited by A. Goodrich-Freer and the late John, Marquess of Bute. (Pearson, Ltd.)

NEAR Ballinluig, in Perthshire, stands the estate of Ballechin, which has been in the possession of the Steuart family since the reign of James I. Major Robert Steuart, a former owner of the property, lived at Ballechin House for sixteen years, up to his death in 1876. He was a bachelor, and kept fourteen dogs, who were all shot after his death. His housekeeper, a young woman of twenty-seven, pre-deceased him by three years, and the "unmarked graves" of the Major, his housekeeper and his Indian servant lie together in the village churchyard. The house, like most houses in the Highlands, had the reputation of being haunted even before the Major's time, and a former governess of the family, in 1893 told a priest, who told Lord Bute, that within four years of the Major's death so many people complained of queer noises in the house that she "got alarmed and left." This had the more effect on the priest that the year before he had himself slept at Ballechin House for nine nights and had been disturbed almost nightly by "loud and inexplicable noises," the only ones that he specifies being the ordinary "spirit raps," an explosive sound, and a noise like that of a "calf or big dog" falling against the outside of his room door. This experience he also confided to Lord Bute, who, after consulting with Sir William Huggins, wrote to the then owner, suggesting that a phonograph should be placed in the rooms in question to decide whether the noises were real or fancied. In 1896, another owner succeeded to Ballechin, and the house and shooting were let to Mr. H—, a gentleman who is described as "of Spanish origin." During the three months that his occupation lasted, his family, guests, and servants were so annoyed by noises that are described as: bangings at the doors of their rooms, more rarely shrieks and groans, and sometimes the rustling of a silk dress, that Mr. H— quitted the place before the expiration of his tenancy, although he still attributes the noises to "the hot-water pipes and the peculiar way in which the house is built." This gave Lord Bute, whose interest in the house had first been awakened by the story told him by the priest in 1892, the chance for which he had been waiting, and he suggested to certain members of the Psychical Research Society that they should take the house for the winter at his expense. In the result the house was taken in the name of Colonel Taylor, an office-bearer of the society, and one of the founders of the London Spiritualist Alliance; but as he was himself prevented by family affairs from paying much attention to it, it was arranged that Miss Goodrich-Freer should "undertake to conduct the investigation," and act as hostess to the different persons engaged in it.

These are the facts admitted by those most concerned, as we gather from a collation of this book with the article and letters that appeared in the *Times* during the month of June, 1897. We have purposely omitted such statements as have been directly contradicted, and also much imaginative stuff about bedclothes being pulled off, doors burst open, and the sound of a lame man limping round the bed in the room where the housekeeper is said to have died. Most of this was not collected until long after Mr. H—'s tenancy had ceased; and Miss Freer herself is of the opinion that the sounds heard by the priest were, as she says in her learned way, of a "subjective or hallucinatory character." For Miss Freer has dabbled in the supernatural from her childhood, her first occult experience having taken place, as she tells us in her *Essays*

in *Psychical Research*, when she was three years old. She has herself seen a full-blown ghost in Hampton Court Palace, and has chronicled many theories on the subject of haunted houses, all of which are to be found set out in the same interesting work. Hence she was clearly the right person in the right place; and Mr. Myers, late secretary to the S.P.R., now travelling on a spook chase in America, was no doubt well inspired when he wrote to her urging her to go down to Ballechin, and adding: "If you don't get phenomena probably no one will." His confidence turned out to be justified.

On February 4, 1897, we see, then, Miss Freer installed as mistress of Ballechin House, with her own maid and a butler, his wife the cook, and two housemaids, all caught, so to speak, for the occasion and of mature age. A kitchenmaid was engaged from the neighbourhood, and an old caretaker, said to be too deaf to hear anything, appears to have slept on the premises as during the tenancy of Mr. H—. With this staff, Miss Freer no doubt felt herself prepared to receive all visitors ghostly or otherwise, and to conduct the investigation with which she was charged. Yet her method of discharging the latter duty seems at first sight curious. The reader who is unused to what are humorously called the methods of psychical research is no doubt prepared to hear that the phonograph recommended by Sir William Huggins was installed in every room, that a competent sanitary engineer—*rara avis in terris!*—was engaged to investigate the hot-water pipes, and that flour was scattered nightly in the passages to ensure that no material footsteps came undetected to reinforce the ghostly ones. None of these precautions were adopted. The absence of the phonographs are passed over by Miss Freer without remark, though she makes it a grievance against the late owner of Ballechin that he refused to make use of one on Lord Bute's suggestion in 1893. The hot-water pipes are dismissed with Miss Freer's statement that at first they would not work, and that afterwards the water in them was never hot enough to make any noise at all. As for the flour trick, which is at least as old as the Apocrypha, it seems to have occurred to none of the psychical researchers, although it was made use of during the H— tenancy, though with what result is, oddly enough, not recorded. But Miss Freer did not by any means go down to Ballechin unequipped. She took with her a crystal for gazing, an "Ouija," as the "talking board" or instrument for so-called automatic writing is called which seems to have succeeded the once familiar "planchette," and a conviction that the noises heard by the family of Mr. H— were due to practical joking. She also either then or later excogitated a theory of apparitions and the like, which she gives in these words:

The thoughts and affections appear to dwell for a time where they have been already fixed during life, but changes here, including the gradual reunion on the other side, of all those who are loved with those who love them, the advancing dissociation of the mind with things here, and, no doubt, the evolution of a different life under different conditions, seem gradually to efface the ties of earthly memory, connecting the feelings with particular spots on earth: Such thoughts not infrequently include repentance, a desire for the remedy of acts of injustice, and an eagerness for the compassion and sympathetic prayers of those whom we call the living.

As for organising research, she tells us frankly, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* here quoted, that she "didn't propose to do anything of the sort. It seemed to me that among several things to be avoided was self-consciousness of any kind, that the natural thing to do was to settle down to a country-house life, make it as pleasant as possible, and await events." The guests, we learn on the same authority, were invited on no special principle, and some of them were not told until after their arrival that the house was supposed to be haunted.

Neither guests nor "events" were, however, long wanting to Miss Freer. Miss Constance Moore was with her from the first, and the Hon. Everard Fielding and Mr. Lane-Fox, the electrical engineer, arrived in a few days. Then came Colonel Cadell, V.C., and a Mr. Wood, "an utter sceptic." They were followed by Colonel Taylor and others—in all eleven ladies, twenty-one gentlemen, and a person who afterwards wrote to the *Times* about it. Of the men other than the unmentionable *Times* correspondent, three, Miss Freer tells us, were soldiers, three lawyers, two were men of letters, one an artist, two were in business, four were clergy, one a physician, and five men of leisure. Only five, we are assured, of the guests were connected with the S.P.R. Of these visitors, seventeen, besides Miss Freer and Miss Moore, testify to having heard noises generally at either about two or about five in the morning. Some of these noises are described as resembling a loud bang on the door of the observer's room, others as the pattering of invisible feet in the room above, others as of a distant explosion, and yet others as of persons reading. As to visions, Miss Freer saw, in a certain copse, to which she was directed by "Ouija" to go at dusk, the figure of a nun nearly every evening. At a time, Miss Langton—a visitor who seems to have acted as a sort of amanuensis to Miss Freer—began to see it too; and sometimes they contrived to see it in the house. It was connected by means of the crystal with a sister of Major Steuart, who died a Canoness of the Holy Sepulchre; but as the costume of this order afterwards turned out to be quite different from that of the vision, and as Miss Freer is herself now of opinion that her visions were purely "subjective"—or, in other words, fanciful—we, perhaps, need waste no further time over this, or over a housemaid who, not to be outdone by her betters, one morning saw half a woman sitting at the foot of her bed. "Mr. Q.," a clergyman, who wrote to Lord Bute a moving account of a wooden crucifix and other things that appeared to him, when they were not, at Ballechin, may be likewise dismissed by the remark that, on his own confession, he is in the habit of seeing abnormal crucifixes at home. So ends the tale of the Ballechin happenings; but, to bring the story of Colonel Taylor's tenancy to a conclusion, it may be said that Mr. Myers occupied the house for a few days in Miss Freer's absence, and was of the opinion that nothing "supernormal" occurred. Then came Lord Bute, who, gentle-hearted and generous though he was, was himself, as Lord Beaconsfield hinted in *Lothair*, of the stuff of which seers of visions are made. He read the Office for the Dead in some of the rooms, and experienced a slight difficulty of utterance and "a feeling of hostility, but neither saw nor heard anything out of the way." Finally, a Roman Catholic bishop was sent for, who blessed every room in the house, after which both hostess and guests were left in peace.

On the whole, the balance of evidence seems to be on the side that mysterious noises really did occur at Ballechin, and we therefore hasten to the rational explanation—furnished, it is only fair to state, by the editors themselves—that these were connected with tremors of the earth. Prof. Milne, on being applied to, testified that Ballechin is situated as nearly as possible in the centre of the area of greatest disturbance, and it is exceedingly probable that the straining of beams and iron girders, produced by the slight quaking of the earth, would produce all the louder noises described. As to the others, a letter in the *Times* informs us that the basins—in some of the bedrooms, at all events—are fixtures drained by pipes which communicate with the outer air with the outer ends left open as approved by the latest fad in plumbing. Hence the wind whistling up these would probably account for such of the other noises as did not exist solely in the imagination of their hearers, and this is borne out by the fact that the days on which the spook-hunters drew blank

are often noted by them as being unusually still. Otherwise we might account for some of them by pointing to passages in Miss Freer's diary here given, from which it appears that "a disreputable man" was frequently seen about the place who was not one of the farm servants, and that a sheep was killed in the garden by persons unknown on the night of April 1, the slaughterer taking away the skin and the meat. But if any reasoning person should prefer the *revenant* theory of Miss Freer detailed above to these simple explanations, to what miserably impotent conclusions does it not lead him? The old-fashioned ghost story, in which the murdered man returns to this world to call down vengeance on his murderer, or the ancestor to point out hidden treasure to his descendants, had at least some idea of human dignity about it; but how contemptible must be the existence of the modern spook, who comes back in immaterial shape to his earthly home only to make unmeaning thumps on the doors!

As to the manner in which the story of Ballechin House has been given to the public, we have but two things to say. Miss Freer is reported on all hands to have been a charming hostess, and we have no doubt that, in this case, this is not merely the language of conventional compliment; but there is an asperity—or, to speak more particularly, a tetchiness—in the way she speaks of most of the other actors in her little drama which shows that the worldly wisdom which warns the worldling against having much to do with dabblers in the occult is, as ever, justified of her children. Hardly anyone who does not do what she wishes here escapes hostile comment, and while Mr. Myers, who seems to have objected to the publication of this book, has his earlier contrasted with his later utterances on the subject in a way which is hardly polite, the Steuart family, the H——'s, and everyone else who declined to supply Miss Freer with the information she required, is shown in sarcastic terms the wickedness of their conduct. This last trait is the more noteworthy that Miss Freer's own conduct in the matter is by no means free from the (no doubt unconscious) slipperiness generally to be found among those who deal frequently with the spiritual world. Thus, a member of the Ballechin family who called frequently on Miss Freer during her stay complained bitterly in the *Times* that she was never informed of the new tenants being spook hunters, and that in speaking to them "as one lady to another," she had no idea that her conversations were afterwards to be used for the purposes of this book. Another instance of this tendency is to be found in the fact that, although Dr. Menzies, an old friend of Major Steuart, wrote to the *Times* repudiating the suggestion (here echoed by Miss Freer) that there was any undue intimacy between his late friend and his housekeeper, Miss Freer (in this edition) takes no notice of the denial. Finally, in Miss Freer's former book, already referred to, most of the minor phenomena here described, such as the pulling of bed-clothes, the sound of limping footsteps, and the incomplete apparitions of animals, are given in connexion with other houses than that of Ballechin. The coincidence seems to us to destroy what is called, in its own phrase, the evidential value of this book.

Leopardi.

The Poems ("Canti") of Leopardi. Done into English by J. M. Morrison. (Gay & Bird.)

MR. MORRISON'S translation of the poems of Leopardi is, at its best, so good as to be almost poetry; throughout it is scrupulously faithful to the form and meaning of the original. At times sound and sense are echoed as closely as in the rendering of

Bella non solo ancor, ma bella tanto

by

Not only lovely still, but lovely so.

And the "Canto notturno di un pastore errante dell' Asia," perhaps the most poetical of all Leopardi's poems, seems to have found for itself a singularly felicitous shape in English, as these opening lines may indicate :

O silent moon, what dost thou in the skies ?
O moon, say what thou dost ?
At eve thou dost arise,
And scan the wastes, then to thy rest thou sinkst.
Art thou not sated yet
With thine eternal wandering that same way ?
Is thy desire not weary with disgust
Of seeing these same vales ?
So does the shepherd's life
Thy life resemble, moon.
He wakes at dawn of day,
His flock across the plain he leads, and sees
But flocks, and wells, and grass ;
Then, tired, he lays him down when night is nigh,
Nor other hope he has.
O moon, tell me what boon
The shepherd's life brings him,
Or your life unto you ? What purpose, pray,
Has my brief course, or thy
Immortal, heavenly way ?

Now that, as a translation, is quite good ; it is, on the whole, good English verse. If one looks into it more closely, it will be seen that, simple as it seems to be, it is, after all, not so simple as Leopardi. How much more straightforward, with a really poetical effect of precision, is

Di riandare i sempiterni calli

than

With thine eternal wandering that same way ;

and how the addition of a single word spoils the antithesis of

Questo vagar mio breve,
Il tuo corso immortale ;

when we read it in English :

My brief course, or thy
Immortal, heavenly way.

Elsewhere, though not indeed in this particular poem, Mr. Morrison is too fond of leaving out "a" or "the," putting "'s" for "his," and inverting English sentences, in which inversion is always bad, even more than Leopardi sometimes inverted his sentences in Italian, where, if only for its likeness to Latin, inversion seems more tolerable. He is not always quite careful to scan his lines properly, and will write

Of thy nature, thine arts, and thy desires

as an iambic line. He has translated the very beautiful little blank verse poem "L'Infinito" into the form of a sonnet, adding an apology, which is no excuse. It happens that Dr. Garnett, in his *History of Italian Literature*, has translated this particular poem ; and, though here and there Dr. Garnett's blank verse is less literal than Mr. Morrison's rhyme, the result, in Dr. Garnett's hands, is a poem in English which certainly suggests the manner of Leopardi, while Mr. Morrison's rendering certainly does not.

Yet, on the whole, Mr. Morrison has done well a piece of work which was well worth doing. Thanks to him, English readers can for the first time realise much at least of the quality of Leopardi as a poet, and all that is most characteristic in his attitude as a philosopher. His philosophy (in part Solomon's) may be summed up in two of his own lines :

Nasce l' uomo à fatica,
Ed è rischio di morte il nascimento.

His utmost hope, a faint one, is that there may be something, outside the world, not indeed pitying us for our

sorrows, but at least a spectator of them. He exhorts himself to a kind of naked Spartan courage in the face of things as they are, making every renunciation with almost the cheerfulness of despair. His finest irony comes out at those moments when he is really most keenly sensitive to his own unhappiness ; he denies love, hope, faith, human righteousness, the righteousness of fate, the more defiantly when some memory comes back to him to remind him that there have been moods in which it has almost seemed possible to him that man may be happy. The last word is always despair, but a calm, immovable despair which turns this poetry of revolt into classic poetry. Leopardi has measured his grief, he has thought out the limits of his resignation, he is a dignified captive at the chariot wheels of whatever conqueror. For him, all is lost except pride ; and it is this supremely quiet pride under defeat which gives him, as a poet, his loftiness, almost the equivalent of that great poetic quality in which he is lacking, rapture. Poetry affirms, is too arrogant a messenger from the unknown to carry uncertain tidings. We have seen in Clough and in Matthew Arnold the never quite resolved battle between poetry and scepticism ; we have seen how the sceptical mind has chained the imagination, and put out the heat of the soul. Leopardi never doubts, is no sceptic, and so he can put his negations to a more equable music. Supreme intellectual good-breeding holds him back from any too hoarse or too piercing outcry ; and he is much too polite to argue a point, even with destiny. He is quite convinced of the truth of his conclusions, and seems only somewhat haughtily tolerant of their being overheard. And so his poetry is, after all, the poetry of conviction, resolute, clear-eyed, owing nothing to the illusions out of which most men make their happiness. And his treatment of verse has the same dignified severity, always precise, and always equally attentive to the march of thought and to the music with which the thought keeps step. A little formal, a little cold, it is a faultless music, almost as simple as the music of prose, to which it is still further related by the frequent and increasing absence of rhyme. Mr. Morrison tells us in his preface that, "as more frequent rhyme seemed essential to our less plastic and less musical northern tongue, he has ventured to increase the number of rhyming lines where the poet used such irregularly and sparingly." Now English verse is certainly not "less plastic" than Italian verse, and unrhymed lines are certainly much more natural in English than they are in Italian. Leopardi was a scrupulous artist, and did not leave a line unrhymed because he could not find a rhyme for it. He had his own purpose, his own theory. It is to be regretted that a translator, who has, on the whole, been so faithful to the task he had chosen, should have thought it necessary to improve his author on so significant a point of technique.

Born of the Spirit.

George Whitefield, M.A., Field Preacher. By James Paterson Gledstone. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

DIFFUSIVENESS is so notoriously the besetting sin of the biographer that we hasten to offer to Mr. Gledstone the right hand of congratulation upon this practical demonstration of the advantages of compression. This story of the firebrand of Welsh Methodism is packed very tight ; so as by fire have been purged away all hay, straw, and stubble, and the residue is a crystal of many facets.

The Rev. George Whitefield, M.A., was the son of a Gloucester publican, and was bred a tapster. He was a naughty boy : brawled in conventicles, loved the play, and stole pence—some of which he gave to the poor. But he read books of devotion with a relish, and on his knees, by his bedside, could curse his enemies in the choicest terms of scriptural malediction. His mood

swung at times to pietism, and his friends had reason to doubt his stability. Interest was made to procure for him the office of a servitor at Pembroke College, Oxford. There he had for his contemporary Mr. Samuel Johnson. More important by a good deal it was that he fell under the influence of the Wesleys; soon he was a member of the Holy Club. As an outward sign of his having "commenced Methodist," he wore his hair unpowdered. But he presently abjured the Covenant of Works and ceased to "go nasty," passing out of the Arminian atmosphere of the Wesleys into a convinced Calvinism, wherein, assured of his own predestination unto life, he went thenceforth alway rejoicing. Nay, he did not hesitate in later years to withstand to the face his quondam master. Their letters are more than touched with acrimony both on one side and the other; and from them it would appear that Whitefield was of the impossible class that must insist always on points of difference rather than on points of agreement. It went so far even that, preaching in the Wesleys' own meeting-house, he indulged in violent attacks on their Arminianism. But it was not in the meeting-house that he showed his mettle best. "Every one," said he, "hath his proper gift. Field preaching is my plan; in this I am carried on eagles' wings; God makes way for me everywhere." The practice was not common in those days. It was counted not a little inominious.

"I doubt not," he says, "but many self-righteous bigots, when they see me spreading out my hands to offer Jesus Christ freely to all, are ready to cry out, 'How glorious did the Rev. Mr. Whitefield look to-day as he stood venting his enthusiastic ravings in a gown and cassock upon a common and collected mites [for his orphanage] from poor people!' But if this be vile, Lord grant that I may be more vile. I know this foolishness of preaching is made instrumental to the conversion and edification of numbers. Ye scoffers, mock on; I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

But from the moment the fire was kindled—the day of his espousals, big with glory, when the weight of sin went off and an abiding sense of the pardon and love of God broke in upon his soul—he must speak, pulpit or no pulpit, with his lips. In the face of his congregation he would lift up his voice and cry aloud and spare not, and weep the tears of a soul tormented with its own bliss. No scepticism, no hardness of heart, could withstand the appeal. White streaks showed in the grimy faces of colliers—men, women, and children melting together into tears. Beside his enthusiasm there was little in the sermons, so far, at any rate, as they have been preserved, that might account for the extraordinary effect produced by their delivery. It was the man himself all the time. In later days, in Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room and elsewhere, he preached before the polite. The Great Atossa heard him gladly. But the Duchess of Buckingham found the Methodist doctrines "most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors." Lord Chesterfield heard him preach; and, "Sir," said he, "I will not tell you what I shall tell others, how I approve of you." Hume gives the following as an extraordinary example of his use of apostrophe:

Once after a solemn pause he thus addressed his audience: "The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold of this sanctuary, and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner among all this multitude reclaimed from the error of his way?" To give greater effect to this exclamation, Whitefield stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud: "Stop, Gabriel, stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God." This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural, action, that it surpassed anything I ever saw or heard in any other preacher.

He died in 1770, at the age of fifty-six. In all that is

most catholic and ardent in the soul of British evangelicism his spirit lives on, the spirit that at no time is wholly silent among the nations of the earth—the spirit of authentic prophecy.

For the Times.

War and Policy. Essays by Spenser Wilkinson. (Constable.)

MR. SPENSER WILKINSON is the founder of a school. He began to think on the subject of Imperial Defence and the philosophy of sea power when the majority of people were lapped in the luxury of belief that British prosperity, like gravitation or the correlation of forces, was of the nature of things. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has written many books which have helped to make laymen think. In this one he gives us an interesting insight into the origin of his life work and reveals the secret of his singular faculty for making our flesh creep. When he was a boy, his father, he tells us, partly by precept but much more by example, taught him three things—to tell the truth, not to be afraid of saying what he thought, and to live for the public good. Similar ideals were taught to the youth of Persia in the old times before us, but the decay of the Persian Empire was not arrested by the dissemination of sound doctrine on the subject of telling the truth and drawing the bow. Still, there is reason to believe that Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's jeremiads do not fall on deaf ears. His seed is sown on fruitful ground. No country is rotten where ninety-seven per cent. of the Reservists rejoin the colours on the outbreak of war. No country is effete where so high a standard, not of efficiency, but of character prevails. And no nation need despair of the future when in the past we have overcome difficulties as great as those which the Ameer of Afghanistan and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson have recently described for us.

Nevertheless, it is scarcely possible to represent too strongly the importance of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's teachings. We may differ from his conclusions, we may question the relevancy of some of the illustrations, and we may deny the accuracy of some of his deductions from history, but what is undeniable is the fact that there are dangers ahead for which the nation is unprepared. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson perceives the storm that is brewing on the horizon. He is a student and a man of sense. He is like the tick bird on the rhinoceros that warns the unwieldy beast of the approach of danger.

The various essays that compose this book are collected from numerous magazines. They represent a portion of ten years' work in the search for principles which might serve as guides in the conduct of the British Empire. Too often right can only be maintained by force, and our author holds that the great test of character for nations, as for men, arises when they are faced by a dilemma which requires them either to risk their existence for what they believe to be right, or to commit suicide by acquiescence in what they know to be wrong. The historical papers in this volume are of special value, more particularly those which relate to the American Civil War. The other heads are: The Problems of Policy, National Defence, and The South African War. There is a continuity of thought running through all these essays which renders them agreeable to read. It seems hypercritical to point out repetitions, but we are told that the essays have all been revised. In the essay on the Command of the Sea (page 336-337) the same information is given as on page 318-319 concerning the Nation and the Navy. The words are not absolutely identical, but the statements contained in the earlier essay are reiterated with scarcely a change of form.

From Pulpit to Pew.

Church Folks. By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"ONE of the cruellest acts of injustice on the part of the pew," says Ian Maclaren, "is to suspect the preacher of personality and to read unthought-of meanings into his words." That phrase, on the part of the pew, gives, we think, the clue to this diverting and sensible little book. You may sit in the pew, regarding the pulpit as something foreign, remote, and strange; but, unless you have imagination, you are apt to forget that there is a human being up in that pulpit who regards you in the pew as something foreign, remote, and strange—something erratic, unascertained, inscrutable—a target at which to preach as one might take aim at an object in the dark. These little essays are the message of the pulpit to the pew. Doffing its white choker, and lighting its Havana cigar, the pulpit becomes urbanely candid, unprofessional, and says to the pew: "See here, after all you are one man and I'm another; let us talk as such, and I'll tell you several things that are on my mind." And the pew gets a startling glimpse into the mere machinery of preaching, together with a few home-truths for his own betterment.

Apparently *Church Folks* is partly the result of the author's visit to America. Certainly, some of it is addressed first to an American audience. We remember to have seen sundry of the papers in that wonderful periodical *The Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia. The readers of *The Ladies' Home Journal* must have been edified, if not flattered, by Ian Maclaren's remarks on what he calls "The Candy-Pull System in the Church." The author prints the appeal of a Young Men's Christian Association:

DO NOT FORGET

The next Social.
The next Candy-pull.
The next Entertainment.
The next Song Service.
The next Gospel Meeting.
The next meeting of the Debating Club.
The next Chicken-pie Dinner.
The next date when you ought to make the secretary happy with your cash.

With this as a text, he preaches a trenchant, informal sermon against the abuse of that element of so-called religious life which in England is typified by the P.S.A. and the P.S.E. The attack is quiet, even restrained, but it is bitter, and justly so:

The service of the past was musically imperfect and was generally too long. To-day the tenor in the choir is dismissed if his voice shows signs of wear, and the people sit in judgment on how the anthem has been "attacked" or "rendered"—perhaps it was "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty"—and there is a notice in the vestry (or minister's parlour) that the Scripture lesson must not exceed fifteen verses—ten is preferred—and the prayers must not encroach on the music, and the sermon, whatever be its subject, even though it be Judgment Day, must be "interesting." In the former time a congregation used to speak of a sermon as "edifying" or "searching" or "comforting." Now it declares that the preacher was in "great form," or it complains that he was "off colour."

Ian Maclaren's fanciful sketch of the minister who shall be equal to the social demands of the "new" congregation—"a sharp man, with the gifts of an impresario, a commercial traveller, and an auctioneer combined, with the slightest flavour of a peripatetic evangelist"—is a witty and damaging onslaught which constitutes at the same time a defence of the old style of minister.

Throughout, the book is as much an attack as a defence, as much a manual for the use of congregations as an apology for preachers. Given the point of view, and the restricted horizon, the chapters on "How to Make the

Most of a Sermon," "Is the Minister an Idler?" "The Mutineer in Church," and "The Pew and the Man in It," are really broad-minded, sagacious, and valuable work. We have not often read anything of this kind which was at once so frank and so unprejudiced, so free from the odious *clichés* of the "cloth," and so genuinely dignified. Moreover, the book is vastly readable. Even if you are imbedded in the Established Church, and have only heard faint rumours of the existence of bizarre persons called Nonconformists, even if you are of the Higher Critics, you will be singularly unfortunate if you do not derive useful information and wholesome amusement from this expert on his profession.

A Confidante of Kings.

Madame, a Life of Henrietta, Daughter of Charles I. and Duchess of Orleans. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). Second Edition. (Seeley. 7s. 6d.)

ON the appearance of the first edition of this monograph in 1893, it was acknowledged that Mrs. Ady had succeeded in investing the most charming and lamented princess of the seventeenth century with an historical importance hitherto unattached to her. Our critic, however, pointed out some inaccuracies. Of these the chief have been corrected, but we note that Mrs. Ady persists in the statement, which does not originate with herself, that "Le Misanthrope" was not a success when first produced. We repeat our critic's remark that it was "played in its *nouveauté* for the then considerable number of twenty-one nights." We recall, however, a "report" that the Pit were annoyed at the first representation to find that they had given themselves away by applauding the song by Oronte which Alceste shows they were intended to despise.

We diverge from this slight matter to call attention to the fact that there are passages of authentic khaki complexion in the delightful letters which the vendor of Dunkirk wrote to the sister whom he loved better than he loved his wife, or even his mistresses. When Louis sounded him through Madame on the question of dispensing with "the customary salute yielded by ships of all nations to the British men-of-war," he wrote: "All I shall say to you is that my ships must do their duties, lett what will come of it!"

Here is the woman-politician, coquettishly ignorant as we love her to be, in a letter to Charles written November 4, 1664:

I have shown your last letter to the King, who has ordered me to tell you in answer to what you write touching the Dutch, that if you will agree to treat his subjects in England as the English, he consents that the English in France should be treated as French, excepting the fifty *sous* [tonnage]. I am not clever enough to know what this means, but these are the King's own words which I repeat to you.

Three months later Charles wrote thus to his sister respecting a Dutchman accused of vituperating him in Bordeaux, whom the French King was willing to punish:

I do not care a T. for anything a Duch man sayes of me, and so I thinke you have enough upon this dirty subject, which nothing but a stinking Duch man could have been the cause of.

Here is a brotherly touch (the date is May 7, 1668):

I will not go about to decide the dispute betweene Mam's masses or Mr. de Mayerne's pills, but I am sure the suddenesse of your recovery is as neere a miracle as anything can be, and though you finde your selfe very well now, for God's sake have a care of your diett, and beleve the planer your diett is the better health you will have. Above all, have a care of strong brothes and gravy in the morning.

The charm of Madame was enhanced by the inevitable

contrast between herself and the nominal queen of the court, Marie Thérèse, a woman so stiff that "she referred to Court Chamberlains for leave to embrace her father, and held out her skirt to be kissed by her own children."

A word in conclusion. Her husband was despicable, but it were easy to suspect a wife who rambled with a king at two in the morning. Her position as the "go-between" of the "grand" monarch and the "merry" monarch compelled her to a habit of secretiveness irritating to a man from whom, for the rest, the regard of Clio gladly wanders.

Mr. Coutts's New Volume.

The Mystery of Godliness. By J. B. Money Coutts. (John Lane.)

MR. MONEY COUTTS has won deserved favour by some of his previous poems, particularly his first volume; but we fear he shows a decided tendency to utilise his talent with less regard to its poetic than its ethical quality. Diffuseness, disregard of the advanced thought of the day, a disposition to soliloquise at a rate which might have given Hamlet pause, are notable features of his later work. Really, poetry is no medium for the exposition of a system. Your true poet dreads a system as the gates of Hades. A system is only for the philosopher, for a system implies analysis, and the poetic method is essentially synthesis. To reason a thing out is fatal to verse. Now Mr. Money Coutts shows a most tenacious disposition to reason things out. We do not say that a system should not underlie poetry, if it be philosophical; but the system should be suggested, not elaborated. It should be caught at the nodal points, the points of intersection, and indicated by pregnant, inclusive suggestion of those points. Mr. Coutts, on the contrary, takes a thesis and conscientiously labours it out in argumentative detail. No poet should argue, for argument, again, is analysis. Mr. Coutts has chosen the worse part, and we would he might let it go from him. His present poem or treatise (for it is really that) is an exposition of his ideas on religion, a word in the ear, a warning, to the orthodox world. In a literary appreciation we shall not be expected to discuss the argument of such a performance. At times it agrees with the ethics of Coventry Patmore.

Unjoyous is the joy of sense,
If unconditioned by the mind;
A faint reflection, pale pretence,
An imitation base and blind.

This is one with the "Angel in the House":

And orderly deriving thence,
Its pleasure perfect and allowed,
Bright with the spirit shines the sense,
As with the sun a fleecy cloud.

At other times it is directly antagonistic, as when Mr. Money Coutts assails

The quacks of sanctity
With futile eulogies of pain.

Whereas Coventry Patmore devoted a whole ode to the "eulogy of pain"—futile or not. But our business, we repeat, is less with the author's thesis than his utterance of the thesis: and here we regretfully find fault. Mr. Money Coutts can utter himself poetically when the fit is on him; but the fit is too often not on him; and worse, he does not seem to care whether or not it be. Obviously the thing said is to him paramount, the saying of it an after-matter. Now in didactic poetry the ideal is weighty matter with perfect utterance, but, at any rate, perfect utterance. In poetry of any kind the first essential is poetry, and that lies in the saying, not the thing said. The bird-note of a Herrick

is better than the unimpeachable didacticism of a Quarles. Mr. Coutts too plainly puts his teaching first and his expression—his poetry—second; he preaches far too much, in fact. Even when it is good preaching—terse, trenchant, direct, well-put—it is not poetry, for it is not poetically put; it lacks the lilt, the fervour; above all, it is not inevitable. It would be possible to conceive the thing said otherwise, and said as well. Whereas in poetry not a word can be plucked or exchanged without ruin to the verse. He is content with good, where he should have been content with nothing short of best; he can light on best as this verse shows:

The sower that goes forth to sow
Should first beware the field has need
Of harvesthood, and fain would know
The sweet perturbation of the seed.

That last line is big with poetry. So also here:

The world is ignorant of joy;
In mind alone she has her seat;
For there the Eternal Girl and Boy
Have playgrounds in a sure retreat.

Or when the daisies fold their smocks,
Edged with fine pink, but all else white,
To guard their yellow-powdered locks
From mothy kisses of the night.

Oft will that diligent Spirit nurse
The two fair children on her knees,
And sing them many an ancient verse
Of immemorial melodies.

More the pity that, being capable of this, he forces his muse to thump the dusty cushion of the pulpit. She was made for better things.

An Historical Essay.

England under Protector Somerset: an Essay. By A. F. Pollard. (Kegan Paul.)

THIS is a study in the best Oxford manner. Mr. Pollard is admirably documented. His analysis of the original sources for his period is thorough, and his reference to them constant. Painstaking research and cautious judgment have combined to produce a really valuable monograph. One is, perhaps, inclined to regret that Mr. Pollard has confined his sweep to the somewhat narrow field provided by the five short years between the death of Henry VIII., in 1547, and the *coup d'état* of Warwick, in 1551; but, after all, they were an important five years, and they form a definite epoch, to which the far-from-insignificant personality of Somerset gives a unity of interest. The book is a biography of Somerset almost more than a picture of England under his rule, and its outcome is certainly something of an historical revaluation of the man. The process of "whitewashing" lends itself to satire: yet it is a necessary stage in the slow evolution of a final judgment upon vexed protagonists. The contemporary judgment is too often written by the successful rival, and becomes inevitably depreciation; posterity connects it irregularly with alternating praise or blame, as this cause or that is in turn in the ascendant or descendant. Of recent years the English Reformers have enjoyed more than their share of blame. They have been the object of the sneers of Anglicanism since Newman taught Anglicanism to sneer; and Somerset in particular has had the disadvantage of being lumped in a common condemnation with Warwick, whose defects and abilities he did not really share. The Somerset whom Mr. Pollard presents to us is an honest, if not a brilliant, man, and a statesman possessed of sympathies for the poor and downtrodden

which do not find many echoes in the policies of the Tudors. He was an early democrat in high places.

Failure, indeed, is written scornfully across the history of Somerset's career. Men who grant the nobility of his intentions condemn him as a weak enthusiast whose aims and intentions led but to the block. Many another shining light has gone out that way: but failure is not the verdict on their life and work. Unless might is to be identified with right, and the physical to be confused with the moral order of the world, aims, rather than achievements, must be the final test applied to man. With all his faults of method and defects of character, Somerset had instincts of genuine statesmanship, which raised him above the personal ambitions and unprincipled time-serving of his colleagues. His means were inadequate, his time was short, and the men with whom he worked had no eye for the loftiness of his aims, and no sympathy with the motives that impelled him. Yet his achievements were of no mean order. He was born before his time—a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams; but his visions were visions of the future, and his dreams were dreams that came true.

In the paragraphs which he devotes to the question of education, Mr. Pollard endeavours to correct a recent extravagance of statement. The traditional view which ascribes the foundation of half the grammar schools of England to Edward VI. is now discredited. Mr. Leach, in his valuable book on *English Schools at the Reformation*, gave it the *coup de grâce* by showing in detail how the setting up of grammar schools was only a sequel to the disestablishment of educational chantries. Mr. Pollard, however, demurs to Mr. Leach's assertion that Edward VI. did not found a single school, and suggests that the records of any foundations subsequent to the proceedings of the Chantry Commissioners would not be included in the evidence on which his book was based. The specific instances, however, of schools founded within the reign which Mr. Pollard can quote are examples of private rather than of royal munificence; and although Somerset introduced a Bill into Parliament for "making of schools and giving lands thereto" in 1549, it does not seem ever to have become law. Nevertheless, it is clear that, whatever the Protector could or could not accomplish in this direction, his intention was far more favourable to education than that of his predecessor. Henry VIII. appropriated the chantry funds; Somerset, at least, designed to spend them on schools. It is true, that when the considerable vested interests involved had been compensated, and the pressing necessities of a bankrupt exchequer had been relieved, the balance of funds available for this laudable purpose was not great.

Other New Books.

THE ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL BUTLER.

Mr. Butler's new rendering of the *Odyssey* into English prose, "for the use of those who cannot read the original," appears to be traceable to two motives. He desires to support his somewhat fantastic theory that the *Odyssey* was the work of a woman, a girl whose home was at Trapani, on the west coast of Sicily, who was familiar with the *Iliad*, and who introduced herself into her own poem in the romantic guise of Nausicaa; and also being, like many other scholars, irritated by the affectations of Messrs. Butler and Lang's translation, he desires to substitute something in the way of a more "readable" English version. We do not propose to be so unchivalrous as to take up the gauntlet which Mr. Butler has thrown down on behalf of the damsel of Sicily. That this is an attitude commonly adopted by critics we gather from Mr. Butler's own statement that "nothing to which I should reply has reached me from any quarter"; and although he modestly declines to infer from this "that scholars generally acquiesce in my conclusions," surely this betrays a weak-

kneed want of confidence in his own arguments. What, indeed, could be more convincing than this? Ulysses, leaving Phœacia, politely observes to his hosts, "May you whom I leave behind me give satisfaction to your wives and children." On which Mr. Butler subtly comments: "A male writer would have made Ulysses say, not 'may you give satisfaction to your wives,' but 'may your wives give satisfaction to you.'" As to the manner of translating, let Nausicaa herself be arbiter. Thus, according to Messrs. Butler and Lang, she addresses her royal sire:

"Father, dear, couldst thou not lend me a high waggon with strong wheels that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash, so much as I have lying soiled? Yea and it is seemly that thou thyself, when thou art with the princes in council, shouldst have fresh raiment to wear. Also, there are five dear sons of thine in the halls, two married, but three are lusty bachelors, and these are always eager for new-washen garments wherein to go to the dances: for all these things have I taken thought."

And now for Mr. Butler:

"Papa, dear, could you manage to let me have a good big waggon? I want to take all our dirty clothes to the river and wash them. You are the chief man here, so it is only right that you should have a clean shirt when you attend meetings of the council. Moreover, you have five sons at home, two of them married, while the other three are good-looking bachelors. You know they always like to have clean linen when they go to a dance, and I have been thinking about all this."

Well, we do not hold any brief for Messrs. Butler and Lang, who are often archaistic when Homer is merely simple; but it must in justice be said for them that they do not turn the whole thing into irreverent burlesque. (Longmans.)

LIFE OF THE
EMPEROR FREDERICK.

EDITED BY S. WHITMAN.

Simultaneously with the publication of the last instalment of the German original of this work we have an English edition (*Life of the Emperor Frederick*, edited from the German of Margaretha von Poschinger, with an Introduction by Sidney Whitman) of such selected portions of the whole as are considered most likely to interest English readers. Much has been eliminated, so that the general effect of the book is rather scrappy; but as the author's narrative is pedestrian and undistinguished, Mr. Whitman has done wisely in reducing it to narrow limits and giving us the story mainly from correspondence and official documents.

The second German Emperor needs no apologist. In private life he was a man simple, truthful, eminently loving and lovable, with a fine sense of honour and no detractors. Born into a world and kingdom already beginning to feel the stir of modern restless impulses, he never lost much of that elder spirit which expresses itself in gentle courtesies and noble appreciations. As Mr. Whitman somewhat grandiloquently says, "His career moves under the blood-red sunset of a dying chivalry." The most interesting chapters in this volume deal with the opposition of the Crown Prince to the policy of the King and Bismarck: a policy eventually leading to the great campaigns in which he won well-deserved military glory. All through his life he was forced into positions antagonistic to instincts essentially liberal, and it was a strange irony of fate which made this lover of peace a great soldier. "He became the victim," as Heinrich von Freitschke wrote, "of the wonderful greatness of his father, and therein lay his tragic destiny." We may add also, of the wonderful greatness of Bismarck.

The shortness of the Emperor Frederick's reign and the pathetic circumstances of his death have served to cast something of a halo round a figure which certainly lacked no endearing qualities and was amply endowed with great ones. As Bismarck said of him: "He

genuine Hohenzoller of the best kind and most brilliant capacity. His courage was indeed something heroic." Lenbach's excellent portrait, a reproduction of which is prefixed to the volume, gives us the man. (Harper. 16s.)

The literary device of making the Founder of Christianity a character in a story can rarely, if ever, be justified; yet it is becoming quite common. Last year a melodramatic novelist, bent on sensation, offended many readers by employing it under no proper sanction; and we are little inclined to approve its employment by the writer of *Christ in London*, by the Rev. R. C. Fillingham, vicar of Hexton (Watts, 1s.), who uses it as an aid to his controversial treatment of Anglican problems. It is repelling to read: "'Where are we to go to-night, Master?' 'We will go again to the House of Rimmon,' said the Lord. 'My salaried misrepresentative explained Me away this morning, and crucified Me afresh, and put Me to open shame. We will see what he will do with Me to-night.'"

We have often thought that the conventional dull travel-book would, in most cases, be well exchanged for its photographs, and short notes thereon bound up in an album. We should never have said this in connexion with Mrs. J. F. Bishop's books on China, which are not conventional or dull; and yet it is Mrs. Bishop who is the first to adopt the plan. *Chinese Pictures*, issued by Messrs. Cassell, is an admirable little book of photographs and notes which you can assimilate in a rocking-chair, and, what is more, remember. On opposite pages throughout the book, which is comely and light in the hand, you have a photograph and its explanation. The result is what we expected—admirable.

Messrs. Putnams have devised a series of illustrated biographical collections, of which *Twelve Great Actors* and *Twelve Great Actresses*, both edited by Mr. Edward Robins, are the pioneer volumes. Mr. Robins falls to work *con amore*, pleased that the first books in the series should be concerned with "that dramatic art which Charlotte Cushman placed above the other arts." Charlotte is rewarded with a place in the *Actresses'* volume. These books are more than ordinarily interesting and well equipped. We open the first on a facsimile of the play-bill which announces Garrick's first appearance in London at Goodman's Fields, on October 19, 1741, as "a gentleman who never appeared on any stage"—a managerial lie. Pains have been taken with the selection and production of the portraits of the actors and actresses, and the books make an ideal Christmas present for a play-going friend.

When Mr. Rider Haggard was riding his hardest into the hearts of novel readers it was suddenly hinted that he was indebted for the incidents of *She* to Tom Moore's all but forgotten story *The Epicurean*. It was an idle charge, and Mr. Haggard denied having read Moore's story, which Messrs. Greening now issue with remarks by Mr. Justin Hannaford, whose introduction, indeed, is a sound appreciation of Moore.

Daybreak in Livingstonia (Oliphant, 5s.) is the story of the work of David Livingstone, and of the mission that resulted from his labours. It has been compiled at home by Mr. James W. Jack from original papers, and in the hope "to imbue the reader with the same profound admiration for the work that he has himself."

Mr. H. A. Nesbitt, the translator of Dr. C. Keller's description of *Madagascar, Mauritius, and the Other East African Islands* (Sonnenschein), considers that "there is no book in existence which presents so complete and trustworthy an account of Madagascar, the Mascarenes, and the smaller islands of the Ocean to the East and South-East of Africa, as this work of Prof. Keller." The aspects of these islands dealt with by Dr. Keller are very varied, and those which lend themselves to photography are illustrated

with fair success, but the pictures are not the strong point of this learned and often picturesque memoir.

Dining is a nineteenth century custom that will certainly survive into the next century, and *The Twentieth Century Cookery Book*, by Hannah MacLurgan (Everett) is accordingly at your service. Special attention is directed to menus for six to ten persons, and to the "twenty-one economical dinners for every day in the week." This suggests, on the face of it, that we are to dine three times a day, commencing on January 1. By the way, why does not someone write a paper on the vocabulary of the culinary art. It is often delightful. "Shred the pistachio nuts, and cut the fruit into dice-shaped pieces. Whip up the whites of the eggs . . . working it occasionally with the spatula . . . add a gill of maraschino. Work these in, turning the freezer round . . . and lastly the whipped cream." This for Tutti Frutti. Blest art!

We have received the eighth annual edition of Messrs. A. S. & G. G. Brown's *Guide to South Africa*, a work which is likely to be in unusual demand next year. There seems to be no class of information about the South African States which is not supplied, and of course the war about to be concluded is taken into account.

Fiction.

Jezebel. By Richard Pryce.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

THIS is a diverting book, and though in substance it is not original, one can be, and must be, somewhat enthusiastic about it. The opening scene, even if overburdened with detail, is highly dramatic. There is a christening, and there are present at it Lord and Lady Dormoral, the baby, Mr. Riversley, and the village. "Name this child," said the parson; and Lord Dormoral said "Jezebel." It was his first intimation that he knew of the *liaison* between Lady Dormoral and young Mr. Riversley. Lord Dormoral deemed Jezebel to be the child of this shame, but he was mistaken in that particular. *Exit* Lady Dormoral from Hiuton Dormoral, and *incipit* the friendship of the fearless and incorrigible infant with the dark and brooding lord. That friendship has been done in fiction many times, and the situation itself lacks freshness, but Mr. Pryce's handling is clever. He has wit, and he often shows it. Most of the passages between father and daughter and Aunt Dexter, that pugnacious woman, are amusing, and something else besides. Thus, when Jezebel is asking the inevitable questions about her mother:

"Shall I understand when I'm seven?"

"Or eight," said Lord Dormoral.

She remembered to come to him the day she was seven.

"Not yet," said her father.

"Not yet?" echoed Jezebel.

"We must wait a bit still," said her father.

"But I'm very pe—croocious," urged Jezebel, pausing to get the word right.

"Very pe—what?" said her father.

"Pecroocious," said Jezebel. "Aunt Dexter says so."

Lord Dormoral was delighted. He said to himself, but aloud:

"It's worth everything."

"What is?" asked Jezebel quickly.

"To have you for a child."

He swung her by the shoulders and kissed her.

Miss Dexter was by.

"And what's everything?" she asked.

"All I've gone through," said her brother.

The story develops when the two schoolboys enter into Jezebel's existence—Lord Malmsey and Anthony Mundham. These schoolboys are excellent. Mundham comes

on a visit to Warbeck, the stately mansion of the Malmseys. We must quote again :

"Jump in," he said.
His friend took his place.
"Got everything?"
"Everything."

The boys drove off together, the porters and station loafers touching respectful caps.

"Well, young Malmsey!" said Mundham at last, and drew a long breath.

"Have some toffee," said Philip. "I'm awfully glad you were able to come. It's been beastly dull, but we shall have some fun now."

"Here's another old woman sea-bathing to you," said Mundham.

Philip acknowledged the salute with a wave of his whip, and Mundham proceeded. What a dook Malmsey was. His guest felt a sort of glory reflected. Here was another.

"Great Scott! and to think you've been my fag! I must punch your head for you, young Malmsey, just to show there's no ill-feeling!"

Which was done, and Jezebel happened to see it, and all the silver chocolate cubes scattered about the trap and the road. It was to be expected that Philip Malmsey should fall in love with Jezebel, and that the obstacle to young happiness should be the prejudices of Lady Malmsey. How Lady Malmsey, whom Jezebel had been taught to hate, was compelled, after years of snubbing on her part, to swallow a multitude of prejudices and actually request Jezebel to take her son, is shown in the sequel.

We do not know that there is much fault to be found with *Jezebel*. The writing is occasionally careless and undignified, as in this sentence, which might be set as a conundrum: "Even within, and the somewhat chastened mien, that was held meet for all exercises of religion, assumed, their faces did not wholly lose an alertness indicative of presenting people come out for to see." But otherwise the book is consistently satisfactory and sometimes brilliant. Mr. Pryce has a firm grasp of all sorts of character; he can render a footman as neatly as a schoolboy or a dowager. His manipulation of dialogue is pretty to see; and if he has done a better book than *Jezebel* we should like to be informed of it.

Whilomville Stories. By Stephen Crane.
(Harper. 6s.)

No man—as we have before now pointed out—manifested so little progress as Mr. Crane: almost he may be said, in a literary sense, to have been born an adult. Thus these attempts upon Tom Sawyer subjects may be either early essays of the time when Crane was looking about the globe for the matter proper to his genius, or they may have been the fruit of recreatory moments during his short, brilliant career as a war correspondent or psychological artist of the battlefield. Extremely slight they are; in some the framework is almost too frail to bear the canvas on which he paints; but everywhere in the treatment of these children, no less than in the minute touches by which his ultra-sensitised mind reflected the humours, the gaieties, the bizarreries of the struggle against an armed landscape that is modern war, you find the marks of the wonderful beyondness that was his convincing effect. The absurdities of the playground, the jealousies of rival heroes, the boastfulness of the coward, the complacencies of the lickspittle—it is pleasant to see these things exposed. The Child in these days has been so boastfully set in the midst! Comes along a grown-up with a grain or two of observation and diligence, and, lo! our paragon is seen to be hardly wiser, simpler, juster, or truer than his parents and his grown-up neighbours. The fact is, we were conscious of a progressive fortifica-

tion of our self-respect as we turned these satirical leaves. Mr. Newell's pictures are no more indulgent than the pages they illustrate; but then, frankly, young children are rather grotesque: the most artistic nation of the world altogether rejected them.

A Year of Life. By W. S. Lilly.
(Lane. 6s.)

LET it be said at once that this is a novel of *high-life*, and rather *schoking*. We share with its author the privilege of "peeping" at the domestic arrangements of a ducal household, of which the head is a bachelor and, in the opinion of all the characters whose judgment is worth anything, a *preux chevalier*. "The Duke marries our second-best heroine, a sprightly young person dowered with half-a-million, who offers "ripe, pouting lips." For our number-one-chop heroine—who is "cultured and refused," but "not a bit voluptuous"—a mere baronet may suffice; but he is a soul-subduing baronet, whose *liaison* with a "baneful enchantress" gives him a certain *cachet*. For this *diablesse* is, in fact, the cousin of the "habitually courteous and considerate" Duke.

It will be gathered from the foregoing sketch, wherein in our poor way we have striven to indicate our author's style, that Mr. Lilly, who in matters of philosophy and theology has made creditable essays, in this new field has come near to failure. It is true that a great many silly people have written bad novels; but from that it is not safe to conclude a clever person is sure to write a good one. The best element of the book is that which is perfectly irrelevant, made up of smoking-room yarns—some good, some indifferent, some familiar, none (we suppose) original—which suggest that as a listener Mr. Lilly is no less diligent than as a "peeper"; and little fragments of essays on political or economical subjects in which the persons of the drama utter, with suspicious fluency, views that the author has elsewhere expounded at length. We have no desire to be unkind to Mr. Lilly, for to every man who writes at all it is permitted to prove by experiment that he cannot write a novel, but we dare not encourage him to try again.

A Suffolk Courtship. By M. Betham-Edwards.
(Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

BACK to the land, by all means. Let us renew our memory of the life that is lived in the open, in the sunlight, in the silence. We opened Miss Betham-Edwards's book with a good heart, ready to rejoice. The atmosphere of Essex is no less precious than that of Wessex: only it has lacked its poet. It lacks him still. It is very well for Miss Betham-Edwards to sigh, in the intervals of her story, "Ah, merry was that farmhouse life of fifty years ago!"—we are not enchanted. We are told something of the farming operations of the circling year, but are left with a lingering suspicion that, after all, the substitution of machinery for hand labour can hardly be carried out on too large a scale: there is no music in these milkpails. Even the morsels of social philosophy are depressing. "Want of delicate-mindedness and real ill-nature, so often confused, have very different roots"—well, that is true. We are not so sure that the same may be said of: "The most exquisite hour of summer precedes storm, and overjoy is instinctively regarded as a portent rather than happy promise, retributive rather than anticipatory." Another surprises rather by its form than its substance: "It is not the partings so much as the manner of them that make their bitterness"—did such a sentence ever before have the chance of blushing at itself in print? And the story is wound up with this merciless paradox:

"Love, alike in the homeliest as well as the most exalted natures, what is it but another name for Hope?" We should be inclined, for our own part, to carry a step or two further this process of identification: And Hope what is it but Faith? And Faith what else than Love?—and so the circle is complete, and henceforth in the moral order Everything is Anything.

Have we been a little too hard on *A Suffolk Courtship*? Almost we think we have. After all, the most unscholarly writer may have in him the root of the matter; and there is sound work that does not bear comparison with *Far from the Madding Crowd*. There are sweet simpletons who will read this story and live peacefully in it for hours. Bless them!

Sons of the Covenant. By Samuel Gordon.
(Sands. 6s.)

THE most charitable of critics—and, on the whole, one hopes, of course, that oneself deserves the epithet—would scruple to call this a good book; on the other hand, it is eminently a comfortable one. A placid sense of well-being invades the reader once launched upon the ocean of its voluminous commonplace. Fragrant breezes of Self-Help waft him over oily billows, which heave and toss indeed, but never break. The excellent widowed mother has two excellent sons. One is adopted by a rich lady; the other starts life, at the first moment allowed by a paternal legislature, with a tray of toys. Now of the twain one, you would say, must go wrong, and for choice the younger, introduced by irregular means to an alien atmosphere. Not a bit of it; for while Leuw wins the confidence of an old soldier who keeps a shop, becomes his partner, and finally in South Africa develops into a man of fortune, Phil carries all before him at Eton and Trinity and enters Parliament. There are just two marriageable girls in the book, and with hardly a hitch each finds her way into the appropriate arms. You couldn't imagine a more comfortable book. And there is a vulgar Mrs. Diamond who at moments is quite amusing. It should be mentioned that the people are Jews—that is, Mr. Gordon says they are; and if the hypothesis is sound which would identify his countrymen with the lost ten tribes (he plays with the idea as if he rather liked it), he ought to know.

God's Lad. By Paul Cushing.
(Pearson. 6s.)

THIS is a book of adventure. It is largely concerned with "gold, gold, gold." And Mr. Cushing has known how to give an occasional impression of first-hand knowledge. Over against this must be set a rather poignant ignorance of many things which must be observed by him who would write a novel that shall be essentially distinct from the kind of literature that contends with sweetstuff and cheap toys in dingy windows of streets off the Edgware-road. There arrived a crisis in the story which our endurance could not surmount. It was the thrilling instant when God's Lad, with a wild, piercing scream, pulled off with a quick movement his well-trimmed beard and dainty moustache, his sombrero and with it a close-fitting wig, revealing a head of golden hair, and broke out in a voice that thrilled the crowd with a stanza of the "Song of the Cradle." Need we add that as the wondrous voice rang out with a sweetness, a compass, a passion never before touched, Black Muzzle, by a dexterous movement, threw the noose from Vassault's neck, and that at her signal a score of men sprang forward and in a flash severed the bonds of Vassault and Grey Daddy? This occurs in the last chapter but one, and we surmounted a lot of spirited writing before we collapsed upon it. Mr. Cushing might learn to write a book, we believe; but he sorely needs chastening.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE QUEEN VERSUS BILLY.

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

As R. L. Stevenson's stepson, as his collaborator in *The Wrong Box*, *The Wrecker*, and *The Ebb Tide*, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne can count on a welcome and an attentive hearing. The nine stories contained in this volume all deal with strange men and matters, things seen and heard, far away from civilisation, as befits an author whose address (given in the new edition of *Who's Who*) is still Vailima, Apia, Samoa. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MISS CLEVELAND'S COMPANION.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

There are certain novelists who produce the particular kind of books for which they are known regularly and steadily, unswayed by movements, uninfluenced by fashion. To this class Miss Sergeant belongs. *Miss Cleveland's Companion* is a readable story inclining to melodrama. The first chapter introduces us to an errant son, with the police on his trail, "gluing his face to the window of his mother's little drawing room." (White. 6s.)

A CUIRASSIER OF ARRANS.

BY CLAUDE BRAY.

"Now, sir, who are you?" he asked sharply. "Gervase Scrope, a lieutenant of Arran's Cuirassiers," was my reply." Scrope was on special service; the above dialogue took place at Whitehall in the presence of King James and Father Petre. The narrator is Scrope, and the author, through him, has written an attractive, bustling, historical novel. "A round shot," at the end of his adventures, tore Scrope's left arm from him as he charged "for King William at Rooselaar." (Sands. 6s.)

COMMITTED TO HIS CHARGE.

BY R. AND K. M. LIZARS.

The end is: "There is a new rectory pew, but in the old one sits a sad-looking little widow, a serene contentment in her eyes as she looks from the blooming, girlish faces on one side to a handsome boy on the other—Eustace, only and beloved son." The sub-title is "A Canadian Chronicle," although there is little in this record of parish interests and small talk to indicate that the story passes in Canada. The parish is called Slowford-on-the-Sluggard, and the humour of the tea-table talk is like that. (Greening. 6s.)

SARAH, P.G.

BY MRS. S. M. LANYON.

"P.G." stands for "paying guest," and the story deals with the adventures of a very young orphan girl, who, being left alone in the world, advertises for a lady "chaperone." She is inundated with replies from Society women, and her various experiences as a "paying guest" are given. The fire at the "Bazar des Charités" in Paris forms one of the incidents, upon which the authoress sentimentalises thus: "I often wonder when I go to Paris and look at the monument erected to the memory of those who died by the fire, if their love was wrong, if their fate was a punishment, or was it heavenly sympathy, emitting their spirits through death?" (Unwin. 6s.)

We have also received *The Hidden Scar*, by J. R. Adamson (Simpkin, 6s.); *Kitty Fagan*, by Ramsay Guthrie (*Christian Commonwealth Co.*, 3s. 6d.); *The Romance of a Vocation*, by Aleydis Inglesant (Burns & Oates, 3s. 6d.); and *His Only Son*, by Cyril Darrah (Hood, Douglas & Co., 1s.).

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“Variations upon Whitebait.”

“On such a night” our talk fell upon whitebait.

As the Sphinx's silver fork rustled among the withered silver upon her plate, she turned to me and said:

“Have you ever thought what beautiful little things these whitebait are?”

“Oh, yes,” I replied; “they are the daisies of the deep sea, the threepenny pieces of the ocean.”

“You dear!” said the Sphinx, who is alone in the world in thinking me awfully clever. “Go on, say something else, something pretty about whitebait—there's a subject for you!”

Then . . . I sententiously remarked: “Of course, if one has anything to say, one cannot do better than say it about whitebait. . . . Well, whitebait. . . .”

But here, providentially, the band . . . struck up the overture from “Tannhäuser.”

WHEN Mr. Richard Le Gallienne wrote these sentences in an essay, called “Variations on Whitebait,” in his second series of *Prose Fancies* in 1896 it is not likely that he intended to assist us to a descriptive phrase for his essays as a whole in 1900. The temptation to forge such a phrase is, however, presented by the publication, from the Bodley Head, of a third series of *Prose Fancies*, unaccompanied by any guarantee that a fourth and fifth series will not be forthcoming. If they come, they will be welcome; we merely wish to show that the moment has arrived when critics who are interested in Mr. Le Gallienne may properly set themselves to discover what his powers are, and whither they tend. This need not be a cold-hearted business; indeed, the critic who could dissect Mr. Le Gallienne's mind in such a temper must be constituted differently from ourselves. He must also be untouched, as we are not, by Mr. Le Gallienne's persistence. By his persistence we mean his very evident determination to be himself. We have ourselves admonished him to grow up, to stiffen his view of life, to give pretty fancies and boudoir sentiment and the stars of heaven their proportionate place in the scheme of things, and generally to yoke his undoubted talent to some purpose—or, at least, to some train of purposeful thought by which he may be known in the market-place. But now we are done with such prosing. After reading his new essays, entitled *Sleeping Beauty, and Other Prose Fancies*, we formally abandon the last wish we might have had to guide Mr. Le Gallienne's feet. Perhaps it was never our office to do this, although, when one thinks of it, criticism of a young writer is of little use unless it wears the quality of advice. The important thing is that the pedagogic attitude should cease at the point where it ceases to be effectual or dignified. Effectual it has never been in Mr. Le Gallienne's case, and like a baffled schoolmaster we no sooner recognise this than we half admire him for it.

The third *Prose Fancies* are as the first. Some might think them echoes of the first. But one thing is clear: it is that Mr. Le Gallienne chooses to think and write thus. Incurably slight and irredeemably pretty, he will keep his path; and, perceiving this, we perceive that he will have his reward. The fact is, that Mr. Le Gallienne is

beginning to reap the benefit of personality. The world dearly loves personality, and will come round to a dogged fellow, even if he be an elf who refuses to be elbowed back to fairy-land, or a butterfly who declines to be broken on any wheel. Mr. Le Gallienne is himself in love with personality, and not a few of his earlier essays suggest that he devised his own years ago, and has “wrought upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought.” You may not admire the plan very much, and it is highly probable that it would not have suited your own temperament and health of mind, even if you had devised it in a summer night, pregnant with resolution and irresistible sanction, in the golden years. But that only proves the reality of Mr. Le Gallienne's thusness; it belongs to him, and he has cherished it. In one of his new essays he describes a quaint individual, the voluntary manager of a thriving cab-rank, a thick-set, buttoned-up man, with hands deep in his pockets, and a fiery face, who—clothed in his own authority—whistles up cabs and disciplines their drivers on a certain London cab-rank. How he got there, and why he is obeyed, are mysteries; but the “Cap'n” is always there, and is always obeyed. As Mr. Le Gallienne says, he has the gift of personality, and “to be a personality is to have succeeded in life.” It would be hard, very hard, to combat this definition of success, or, having allowed it, to refuse its application to Mr. Le Gallienne himself. He has personality, whatever he has not. He is the Ariel of the literary cab-rank, always there, and—never obeyed. Who would not miss him?

We would not imply that Mr. Le Gallienne gives orders like the “Cap'n,” or blows a shrill whistle to call us peremptorily from our work or play. He is sweetly indifferent whether we dance to his piping or not; and that is another reason why we should spare him our advice. He will not heed it. He will reply, as he does in his essay on “The Lesson of Romeike”: “You write of love, but your reviewer has never loved; of sorrow, but your reviewer has never known it.” But suppose you have both loved and sorrowed, and yet are dissatisfied. What then? “Well, again, nothing. You can soon tell for yourself if the man possesses imagination and humour and fancy, and if you decide not—well, his opinion is no affair of yours, and he has only done his duty in warning the people without imagination, humour, and fancy for whom he writes that your book is no affair of theirs. Never fear but your book will find its own, at last some day find its way with a little sigh into the hands that were meant to hold it.” An answer to that is hardly worth seeking. If there emerged from Mr. Le Gallienne's essays a philosophy of life which might influence men and women, there would be an answer. But you cannot make a disturbance about variations on whitebait. You may fairly be asked to take or leave the threepenny-pieces of the ocean.

Has Mr. Le Gallienne, then, nothing to offer but wit and fancy, prettiness and poetic “notions”? On the whole, we think not. But are these things so common or dull that we should look cruelly on his prodigal supplies of pearl and coral and silk and scent and love-knots and laughter? To be sure, great literature was never made in a bazaar. The single thread of Lamb's love of Alice W—, glancing like a gold thread through his essays, long hidden, and then appearing only to be lost again in the woof of sterner thought, leaves on the mind a more actual and heart-felt impression of what love is to life than scores of pages of Mr. Le Gallienne's frothy pleading in the court of Cupid. But to ask Mr. Le Gallienne to be a Lamb, if it was ever just, is exactly what we have resolved to eschew. This is not an age of great and leisured literature, and nowhere—in poetry and *belles-lettres*, at all events—does one find much ripeness and balance. Rather we find the ingredients of great writing imprisoned in separate minds, forbidden by the spirit of the age to reside in one. In Mr. Le Gallienne's mind we find veritable siege-

supplies of sentiment and (purely literary) variations on whitebait. Other essayists do on occasion what Mr. Le Gallienne does all the time. His mission is to embroider. He may embroider on little things or great, on whitebait or whales, on lilies or life, on daisies or death, but embroider prettily he can and will. To prettiness or a pretty sadness, to wittiness or a witty madness, he will beat the most unpromising metal. To say that he belittles great themes would be harsh; he merely treats them in a beguiling after-dinner way. No wonder it is sometimes a relief, even to himself, when the band strikes up "Tannhäuser" and the music crashes through the banquet-hall. Were we to seek to churn Mr. Le Gallienne's milk of prettiness and kindness into a more solid dairy product, we should, perhaps, select, for a trial sample, his essay called "A Note on Values." It may certainly be said in general terms that Mr. Le Gallienne wishes to revalue the good things of life. He would like to see poetry, even minor poetry, esteemed to the point of subsidising it; and he plays, only half ironically, with the idea that a poet's profits should be shared by the women who inspire his verse. Consider how we value lovers! "As they go by through the streets, hand in hand, a dream-fed, flower-crowned company,

Speaking evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names,

do we bow the knee and doff our hats as we pass; do we strew their path with roses; do we clear the way for their beautiful faces; do we say to ourselves: 'Hush! there go the holy ones, the lovers, the great dreamers, the young priests and priestesses of futurity?'" Mr. Le Gallienne is always saying these things, and, of course, they cloy. Were love to preoccupy us in life as it preoccupies Mr. Le Gallienne in literature, it would lose its significant charm as surely as it does in his own essays—if you are so indiscreet as to eat these before beef instead of nibbling them after. You can enjoy Mr. Le Gallienne when you have understood this, and when you know that he holds it to be "the duty of every great man to bequeath his love-letters to the British Museum"; and that he regards England as "the Siberia of the emotions." Not that he will never come to your rescue himself with a passage in which Cupid has had no hand. He has a happy knack of mingling everyday matters with his discourse—stamping them with his daisy escutcheon. In this vein, what could be better than the following from "A Definition of Poetry"?

I have just fallen a victim to the prevailing fashion and gone in for a *Times* reprint of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, following the friendly recommendation of the publishers and choosing the half-morocco bound form, which, in comparison with a friend's cloth-bound copy, I find unquestionably superior and relatively cheaper. I have also gone in for a bookcase, and the whole investment is impregnating my bedroom with an essence of learning from which I am hopefully anticipating the most encouraging results. The other day I read in the papers the curious story of some sailors who had crossed the sea with a cargo of arsenic. For many weeks they had slept near to the arsenic, and the air they breathed was so full of it that these—possibly American—sailors grew fatter and fatter, till at length on their arrival in port, their friends hardly knew them—they were so changed.

Now I am wondering if a similar intellectual fattening might not result from sleeping night after night in a room impregnated with *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and that is why I have had my copy placed in my bedroom. Then, apart from this unconscious method of assimilation, the little bookcase has a small reading desk at its side, which is just about the right height for reading in bed; and the *Encyclopædia* may thus be used as an admirable "dormitive" for those who go to bed—but not to sleep. If, however, you desire a soporific you must not choose the article which has just stimulated me to a most enjoyable sleepless night.

The sleepless night was occasioned by Mr. Watts-Dunton's article on poetry, from which our essayist quotes a finely illuminating passage. Mr. Le Gallienne always quotes

well. Again and again you have the selection of a nice palate in small print. Nor, if you are in the nibbling mood, will you fail to enjoy those sentences in which he crystallises portions of his—philosophy?—well, the word must pass. It is true that a saying like this: "After all its talk, science has done little more than correct the misprints of religion"—can be coarsely blown out of window; but it is wittily, and not unwisely, said for all that. Nor is one otherwise than drawn to a writer who good-humouredly remarks: "It needs more courage nowadays for a man to wear his hair long than to machine-gun a whole African nation." That Mr. Le Gallienne wears his hair long everyone who tries to keep up with modern literature is profoundly aware; but not everyone knows that he very seriously purposed, last autumn, to go to South Africa as a war-correspondent. There is a notion that our essayist lacks manliness; and he is himself frank enough to recognise this notion, and reply to it. We have no such impression ourselves. Mr. Le Gallienne is too sensitive to be afraid, too fond of Life not to wish to interview its master, Death. We verily believe that his unwritten war-correspondence would have been a variation on Pom-poms, but we are sure that it would have been interesting. It would have been prettily penetrative, for he would have retained his personality on the veldt.

Well, that is the case for Mr. Le Gallienne, essayist. We have thought it well to deal with his familiar reputation as the beau of the Bodley Head, and a smiling promenader in the byways of literature. We leave him to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, and with the tangles of Neera's hair; and now, to horse! There is real reading to be done.

Things Seen.

The Merchant.

HE was a tall, dignified, elderly man, orderly in his dress, regular in his habits, well groomed, and on courteous terms with life. He lived in the northern residential quarter that corresponds to Chislehurst; a victoria carried him to the station every morning; he caught the same train; he occupied the same carriage; he gave his morning paper, carefully folded, at the same moment every day to the engine driver; and he acknowledged the salute of the ticket collector with the proper inclination of his stately head. In the late afternoon the same regularity marked his movements. The day's toil had no effect on his appearance—his hat remained glossy, his boots spotless, his cuffs immaculate. He was the pink of propriety, the pattern of respectability, the highest type of citizen, master of himself and of a well-ordered, well-disciplined household. But one morning when we occupied the same compartment a little incident occurred which "made me think," as Dean Farrar said, after reading *The Christian*. I do not blame myself, for my action was entirely involuntary. He had been reading a letter, and, as I rose to leave the carriage, it fell from his hand. I picked it up and returned it to him. As I did so my eye rested for the fraction of a second on the front page. It began: "You dear old silly!"

The Pavement Artist.

HE was lazy even for a pavement artist. He did not draw "The Return of the Hero," or "Where is your Wandering Boy To-night?" each morning in coloured chalks upon the pavement, but brought the pictures with him framed, placing them, side by side, along the flags. That was his day's work. During the other hours till sunset he sat at the end of his line of dreadful daubs, huddled up against the area railings, a piteous object, with his milk-can half full of halfpennies before him, and his pale, cunning face screwed into an expression of

patient despair. He was a woe-begone sight, and yet once, long ago, this weed on the ocean of life had had one flash of humour. For hanging on the area railings, just above the line of preposterous pictures, was a placard, and on it this was written in ornamental lettering: "All good drawing is the gift of God."

The Tramp.

HE was one of those strange, unkempt tramps you meet on country roads who have quietly shuffled out of civilisation. His matted locks fell about his neck and brushed against his straggling beard. Indeed, the only luxuriant thing about him was the wildness of hair that sprawled over his head and face. I had seen his kind often on country roads, but the other morning I met him prowling in a London gutter, peering to right and left, digging his heel in heaps of refuse, hunting, like his ancestors, for food. Presently his eyes fell upon the windows of a corner warehouse in which were displayed bottles of the latest Hair Restorer, with life-sized "before and after" pictures. He examined everything with scrupulous care, reading the directions for curing baldness and the prices of the various bottles. Then he removed his battered hat and gazed at the reflection in the plate glass of his own long hair. He whistled, seemed to wonder, and slouched on.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. RENÉ DOUMIC is a competent critic of a sure but narrow range; but it would be difficult to name a more antipathetic one. He has neither gaiety nor humour, nor individual style, nor charm, nor wit. He is the impersonal critic after the heart of M. Brunetière, who is content to write good French and utter judgments in keeping with those of his editor. Of temperament not a suspicion, of enthusiasm not a hint, no generous appreciation of generosity. He is the narrow, catholic, cold, impersonal, dogmatic critic who fitly occupied a professor's chair at Stanilas College before seating himself at the critic's desk for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

His several volumes of *Etudes sur la Littérature Française*, of which I have just received the last, cannot compare on any ground with M. Jules Lemaitre's studies of contemporary literature. All that M. Lemaitre has M. Doumic lacks—wit, style, now and then a touch of bright sentimentality, comprehensiveness, a supple nature, a wide taste, a distinct charm and grace in spite of a certain *canaille* which makes us think of an academic street arab with his tongue in his cheek, or a cat with sheathed claws waiting to catch you unawares with a dainty scratch, when we think of M. Jules Lemaitre. But M. Doumic is quietly, coldly, antipathetic, without vices or virtues to endear him to the reader. As a Catholic he holds all individual effort, all generous reform, in contempt and detestation. Hence his summary justice in the case of M. Marcel Prévost's feminist novels, the sort of justice dealt by M. Brunetière to M. Paul Hervieu's *Loi de l'homme*. To maintain that women have any reason for complaint or dissatisfaction, to pretend that anything in our social organisations might be improved, is to invite his censure. Nothing could be more exasperating than his article on Tolstoi's noble book, *Resurrection*. Out of sympathy with the generous and ardent Christianity of Tolstoi, which for him is nothing better than Socialism, such a chill and ungenial nature can seize nothing of the beauty of Tolstoi's work. His criticism of Marcel Prévost's remarkable books, *Frédérique* and *Lea*, is inexcusable. A critic who does not like an author may be pardoned for demolishing him with-

out even an attempt to understand him, provided he does so in a brilliant, paradoxical way, with wit and charm. It is immoral, but it is human to strike our enemies hard. But to strike with a dull and heavy pen, as M. Doumic does, is a double crime. His inability to conceive moral delicacy and pride in a woman is shown in his unworthy sneer at the girl who disdainfully rejects the offer of a man who before had wanted to make her his mistress. Here M. Prévost shows himself the better man of the two, a fact M. Doumic is so far from doubting that he continues in the best of conceit to preach his heavy and utterly unjust sermon. The annoying feature in these criticisms of M. Doumic is the superb air of moral and intellectual superiority this second-rate pedant, without a grain of imagination or a halfpennyworth of art, gives himself towards those who are immeasurably his superiors. He patronises Balzac, nods at Tolstoi, kicks Voltaire, disapproves of Michelet, with the air of a master. As a critic, this was the ground Sainte-Beuve so admirably held. His tact was exquisite. He neither patronised nor jeered at the authors he criticised. He analysed and understood them. He went to the heart of a book and culled its flower. He was all things that a critic who is not a pedant should be: graceful, sentimental, witty, delicate, tender, impertinent, human, personal. But, then, Sainte-Beuve was not second-rate; he was never dull, never pedantic, like M. Doumic.

Mme. Bentzon is another contributor to M. Brunetière's Review who makes us regret the good old days of the Père Buloz. Oddly enough Buloz, the founder of this eminent Review, was a man quite destitute of letters, and never was a Review before or since so brilliantly edited. It is true that there has rarely been such a blaze of genius in any land as that which found George Sand, Mérimée, Musset, Gautier, Balzac, Flaubert and Hugo contemporaries. But it needed the peculiar qualities of Buloz to group an army of the best writers around him, and found a Review which to-day subsists upon his memory. Now the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is edited by a man of letters, an Academician, and never was it so badly edited. All its brilliance has gone, and it has become merely the dull, somnific organ of the heaviest bore French letters have produced. Verve, brilliance, originality, all the qualities that Buloz sought and prized, are religiously tabooed. Brilliant and persuasive writers may be found in France, but rarely within the covers of M. Brunetière's Review. While Buloz would have cherished M. Anatole France, M. Brunetière gives us Th. Bentzon, a writer of trivial novels, milk-and-water romances, lacking distinction of style, characterisation, interest, wit, humour, observation. Her last story, *Tchélovek*, is an inept and feeble novel, commonly written, with nothing on earth to recommend it. The heroine and hero, cousins and lovers in early youth, sillily allow themselves to be separated. He goes to Africa, she stays at home and writes a great novel. The eminent critic of the hour analyses it; they fall in love and marry, and have a wretched time. They divorce, and the African officer returns to his early love. Again, for inadequate reason, they separate, and the heroine remains a writer of novels.

The book contains but two lines worth reading, and these two lines contain a truth worth noting: "The Anglo-Saxons are haughty of soul, while we Latins are, what we have ever been, the real democrats, if that name should be applied to those who believe most in human fraternity." But Mme. Bentzon, the writer of this mediocre "lady's" novel, is one of the pillars of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Shades of George Sand! Think of the Père Buloz reading *Tchélovek* in the alleys of the Elysian Fields. Truly will he sigh *tout passe*, since the glory of his Review has passed.

Better reading far is Mathilde Serao's collection of stories *Ou Giovannino ou la Mort*. It is brightly written, with a pleasant stroke of satire, a keen and sensible

observation, and a vigorous touch. Hardly literature in the real sense of the word, but agreeable prose agreeably relating an interesting little tale of an Italian maid, her unworthy lover, and rapacious stepmother, with a sharp series of tiny suggested domestic scenes around them. Such stories may be read in an idle moment, and forgotten as easily without rancour towards the futile author, while pretentious drivel like *Tchélovek* excites anger at the impertinent claim upon our attention.

La Valse, by Henri Lavedan, is, properly speaking, the Academician's first work. Why M. Lavedan was ever elected I have yet to understand. *La Valse* leaves me more than ever in the dark. It lacks the mordant satire, the extraordinary cruel suggestiveness of *Les Jeunes*; it lacks the wickedness, the sparkle, and the wit of *Nouveau Jeu*; it lacks the conventional virtues of *Catherine*; and it possesses nothing of itself as compensation.

H. L.

Children's Reading Books.

THAT the novel has deteriorated is a proposition to which many people have of late cheerily assented without troubling to specify the excellencies which they miss in contemporary fiction and find in its typical forerunners. Another dubious proposition which meets with even readier acceptance is the improvement in recent years of children's reading books. In a little book, dated 1825, that was given the writer by a domestic who had authority over him, Sydney asks, "Are the common poultry natives of England?" and Lady Mandeville replies "Aristophanes calls the cock the Persian bird; and it seems that it was known in Persia before Darius and Megabyzus." It would be interesting to know when encyclopædic aunts went out of fashion; but even while they were in fashion there were other and fairer trees of knowledge. An earlier decade opposed the exemplary actuality of "Early Lessons" alike to such stupefying erudition and the suffocating evangelicism of Mrs. Sherwood.

What the tiniest children should read from is really a question of the highest scientific importance. It is a question which involves a theory of articulation (what sounds are easiest to utter?) and a theory of assimilation (what thoughts are easiest to understand?). It is very possibly easier to write a novel that will pass muster as regenerate than to make a book which babyhood will imbibe without a declaration of war.

Yet the feat was accomplished thirty years ago by Mrs. Leathley, whose obituary notice we printed last December. M. Darton, father of the well-known publisher, Mr. Joseph W. Darton (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.), issued eighty-nine works by her. The British Museum takes next to no account of these; but one of them, *Chickseed without Chickseed*, whereof half a million was sold, has the flavour of a classic. We offer one, and only one, specimen of this book:

Why do you cry?

The Dog has bit my leg.

Why did he do so?

I had my bat, and I hit him as he lay on the mat, so he ran at me and bit my leg.

Ah! you may not use the bat if you hit the Dog. It is a hot day, and the Dog may go mad. One day a Dog bit a boy in the arm, and the boy had his arm cut off, for the Dog was mad.

And did the boy die?

Yes, he did die in a day or two. It is not fit to hit a Dog if he lie on the mat and is not a bad Dog. Do not hit a dog or a cat or a boy.

The reader will note that the whole of this moving dialogue is written in words of three letters. Yet is there nothing archaic or *retrové* in its texture. The author runs playfully into rhyme—e.g., "It is not fit to hit a dog,"

as though to show the perfect freedom of her movements within her self-prescribed limits. The climax is finely studied. The child is led by an irresistible chain of reasoning to forswear cruelty to dogs. First, by adroit questioning he is led to admit that the dog bit because he was hit. Secondly, he is warned that a bite from a dog may mean a bite from a mad dog, and consequently a painful end for the bitten one. Thirdly, an appeal is made to his moral sense—"It is not fit to hit a Dog if he lie on the mat and is not a bad Dog." The last two lines, at first sight the weakest, reveal a complete insight into infant nature. Dog, cats, and boys are the only three living creatures with whom babies are likely to conflict. In naming them separately clear mental pictures are produced worth any amount of generalisation. It is better that by misapprehending his licence baby should be unkind to snakes or buffaloes than that he should forget that there is anything he may not ill-treat.

Mrs. Leathley understood then the whole art of didactic writing for children: it consists in painting and in talking. It is not for nothing that the dialogue has come down to us since Socrates as the ideal vehicle for imparting knowledge to slow and easily wearied intelligences. *Sandford and Merton*, *The Fairchild Family*, *Evenings at Home*, and *The Child's Guide to Knowledge* all show in greater or less measure their author's perception of the uses of dialogue. And the life of Mrs. Leathley's whimsical little book is but another witness to the fact that A. without Q. in a child's reading book is as little to be thought of as Q. without A.

C.

The Poetry of John Donne.

BROADLY speaking, Jacobean lyric, and still more Caroline lyric, is less of temperament than of convention. Felicities of expression, of music, of courtesy, it has in good measure; it charms and delights. But it lacks the intimate interest of personality. It is built upon common forms, and is everything rather than immediate and human. From this condemnation, if you think it a condemnation, you will exempt John Donne. It would be almost true to say that John Donne's temperament became the Jacobean convention. Nothing can be more misleading than to remember that his poems were first printed in 1633. For half a century they had been potent in MS. There is Walton's word for it, and Ben Jonson's, that they were written, so far as secular, by his twentieth or twenty-fifth year. This must not be pressed too literally, but it is clear that his style was already formed in the great 'nineties, the spacious days between the coming of the Armada and the coming of the Stuarts. And then it was unique. Among the contemporaries of his early manhood, Donne's sole affinities are with Marlowe. Metaphysical, rugged, and obscure, dowered with a *macabre* imagination and a white-heat of passion, he was an entirely new note in a literature dominated, outside the drama, by the distant influence of Spenser. The pretty fancies of sonnetteers, song-writers, and pastoralists he passed on one side, and witched *les jeunes* with a new and poignant lyric, imperfect in technique and full of extravagant conceits, lending itself as all strongly marked styles lend themselves, to formal imitation, but in his hands, at least, the fascinating reflex of an undeniable personality. He did not print, for his ambitions were in the world of state, not that of letters; but his precious verses filled innumerable common-place books, and that they set the poetic model for the first half of the seventeenth century there can be no manner of doubt. True, it was of Ben Jonson that Carew and his fellows proclaimed themselves the sons; for while Donne read theology in the country and strove to get his footing on the slippery steps of diplomacy, Jonson lorded it amongst the wits of London in "The Dog, the Triple Tun." But Jonson him-

self, outside his own special realms of dainty masque and learned tragedy, owes an unmistakable debt, which he is not slow to acknowledge, to the master of lyric and occasional verse.

Since then Donne's poems are of temperament; they bear study as human documents; they are a record of that fiery enigmatic "soul's progress" which was the life of Donne. Chronologically they fall into three groups. The first includes the poems of early manhood, the satires, the "idylls" modelled on Ovid's *Amores*, and the lyrics of love. And here, in the lyrics in particular, you may trace two somewhat contradictory moods. Sometimes Donne writes as the man of pleasure, of *bonnes fortunes*, with a cynical laxity of ethics which goes to explain the almost morbid remorsefulness of the sermons of his later years, and with a strong sense of the vanity of things which makes pleasure and *bonnes fortunes* but as Dead Sea ashes in the mouth. Man delights him not, nor, save for the intoxication of an hour, women either. And both the intoxication and its reaction are realised and expressed with an almost modern subtlety of psychological insight. On Donne in this mood we do not love to linger. Here is, we suspect, the poetry of a young man, the typical travelled Italianate Englishman, whose precocious experience has been throughout of the senses rather than of the heart. And we turn gladly to other poems in which Donne writes more worthily of love, with no less psychology, and with an imaginative rapture which subordinates all time and all existence to the emotional fact. Here he gives you, by fits and starts—for, alas! his inspiration rarely extends throughout a whole poem—some of the finest love poetry in the world. These verses should be beads on every lover's chaplet:

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes time, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

And again:

I scarce believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude, and season, as the grass;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if spring make it more.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is grown;
As in the firmament
Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown,
Gentle love deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awaken'd root do bud out now.

A poem of singular beauty concerns an armlet of his mistress' hair worn by the poet, and to be buried with him. Throughout life the thought of death was very present to Donne:

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm,
Nor question much,
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch;
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

I do not know that it is particularly sentimental to connect the higher spiritual mood of Donne's love poetry with the romance of his marriage. Like Robert Browning, he eloped. The lady was Anne More, daughter of Sir George More, of Losely, near Guildford, and niece of the Lord Keeper, Lord Egerton, to whom Donne was secretary

at the time. For some time they loved in secret, and in the end, hopeless of Sir George More's consent, made a clandestine match of it. To the strange circumstances of the courtship there are pretty clear allusions in some of the poems.

The second group of Donne's poems, those of mature life, between his marriage in 1601 and his taking orders in 1615, are mostly verse letters to his friends, and to certain great ladies, such as Lucy Lady Bedford, who held a court of poets at Twickenham Park, through whom Donne probably hoped to obtain State employment. They include also some remarkable funeral elegies, of which the best are those on a somewhat enigmatic Mrs. Cecilia Boulstred, a friend of Lady Bedford's, and on Elizabeth Drury, the child daughter of Sir Robert Drury of Drury Lane. As a flatterer, Donne is magnificent. You may not like the use of his pen, but certainly neither dead nor living were ever celebrated with more splendid hyperbole of praise. This is Lady Bedford:

. . . I would behold
You as you're Virtue's temple, not as she;
What walls of tender crystal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be;
And after this survey, oppose to all
Babblers of chapels, you, th' Escorial.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as fair;
On these I cast a lay and country eye.
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record and prophecy.
Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends—you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript and original,
The elements, the parent, and the growth;
And every piece of you is both their all;
So entire are all your deeds, and you, that you
Must do the same things still; you cannot two.

Leaving then busy praise and all appeal
To higher courts, sense's decree is true.
The mine, the magazine, the common-weal,
The story of beauty, in Twickenham is, and you.
Who hath seen one, would both; as, who had been
In Paradise, would seek the cherubin.

Finally, as Donne came more and more to occupy himself with theology, and especially in his latter years as a divine and Dean of St. Paul's, he also came to regret some, at least, of his earlier verse. But, as Walton puts it, "he was not so fallen out with heavenly poetry as to forsake that; no, not in his declining age; witnessed then by many divine sonnets, and other high, holy and harmonious composesures." Donne's divine poems have the same intensity of imagination, the same fine *exordia* which are characteristic of his secular verse. Space does not, unfortunately, permit of more than one brief example:

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

Correspondence.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."

SIR,—As another careful reader of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, I should like to express my agreement with "Theta's" view of the nature of the catastrophe which these letters indicate, and at the same time my absolute disagreement from what appears to be the general verdict upon the book—"Theta's" verdict included.

There is not, to my mind, the slightest doubt that the lovers were brother and sister; the supposition, which seems to have contented other critics, of infidelity or fickleness in the man, is contradicted by every word that can afford a clue to his character; his action in breaking off the engagement is due solely to the statement made to him by his mother; she had appointed a definite time for making that statement, but before the expiration of the "truce" she found silence no longer possible, and she spoke. Till she spoke the cause of her opposition was a mystery to both lovers equally.

What conceivable disclosure could have induced that man to abandon that girl, whom he had certainly not ceased to love, to express at once the deepest respect for her and the most positive repudiation of all relations between them, and to leave her, without a word of explanation, to sob out her life in the torture chamber to which he must have known he condemned her without possibility of escape or respite?

No hypothesis but "Theta's" meets the case. Lunacy existing in one or other family might be suggested; but apart from the fact that in one of the letters that solution is expressly guarded against, it will not explain the brutality of the *dénouement*, which is the one thing that needs explanation. "Theta's" hypothesis makes that *dénouement* possible; but it destroys the claim of the book to be considered a work of art, and reduces it to the level of a revolting practical joke, or at best of a cheap melodrama, in which every probability is sacrificed to the demand for sensation.

That incest, actual or contemplated, may legitimately furnish a motive in art I do not wish to deny. Sophocles used it, Ford used it, Shelley used it; even Scott used it—though so carefully avoiding any appeal to the imagination of his readers that nine out of ten people read *Redgauntlet* without a qualm. The province of the artist includes the whole realm of human nature, regular and irregular; but his choice is limited. All things are possible for him, but not all things are expedient. He has no right to impose a monstrosity upon us as a type. It is quite possible that a man should cook his children for breakfast, but a story written on the supposition that a good man might do so would be worthless; and as a story *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* are worthless for this very reason, that the particular men and women invented by the author would not have acted as they are made to act. The latter part of the book is a piece of mere wanton cruelty, wholly inconsistent with what we are shown of the characters of the personages who are made responsible for it. Indeed, any man who had come to know the writer of those letters must have known better than to keep the secret from her, whatever it was; in surrounding her victim with a conspiracy of silence the author is taking an unpardonable liberty with the human race; she is flouting the unity of human character.

Of the general scheme of the book there is little to say. Setting aside the "Explanation," in which the author's tongue is so plainly in her cheek that it hardly becomes anyone to draw attention to it, the rest is a very skilful appeal to the present appetite for "interiors," which the publication of Mrs. Browning's letters seems to have whetted amazingly. The heroine is dragged into view, stripped bare for inspection, and then (lest we should doubt her flesh and blood) flayed alive before our eyes;

we touch at once the zenith of sensationalism and the nadir of decency; and the pity of it is that "even the very elect are deceived" into approval.—I am, &c.,

PHI.

"The Story of Ronald Kestrel."

SIR,—I hold to the notion that the average author does not cherish grateful feelings toward the average reviewer of books. Broadly speaking, I fancy the author justified in this apparent churlishness—at all events, in the case of reviewers who write for newspapers as distinguished from other periodicals.

The foregoing is not intended as an essay in pointlessness. Quite the reverse. I want to say that I read all the ACADEMY'S reviews of books, enjoy most of them, and, with never an exception, have felt really grateful in the matter of ACADEMY reviews of my own work. That of *The Story of Ronald Kestrel* in your last issue is a case in point. "But it is not as good as Mr. Dawson's best." I want to thank you for perceiving that. Having also stated it, would you mind further stating the reason of my pleasure in your recognition of the fact? That reason is this: the book in question was written *two years before* "Mr. Dawson's best" (i.e., *Daniel Whyte*); and the said Dawson has to confess to a kind of literary deformity which makes revision impossible to him. I have never been able to revise anything, save my own and my chief's moral editorials in Australian back-blocks newspapers. Never real work. That, in my case, has to face the blasts of the autumnal season in its buff, so to say—as it is born. And now you see why I am glad. The "best" was the mellowed, later growth. Whereat I rejoice, hopefully. And as for "Mr. Dawson having always drawn too much upon his own adventures," you know (I won't shuffle by dilating upon the merits of first-hand studies, because I well know what you mean. Only give Mr. Dawson a little time. He has lived a lot in a little while. It lay there, outspread at his hand) you cannot credit me with having personally, and in the flesh, struggled through all the adventuring of *In the Bight of Benin* and *African Nights* Entertainment, I am sure.

One other word, please. Is my little "advertisement" of *Ronald Kestrel* truly in verse? I give you my word and honour that I wrote it for prose in a note to my publisher; note, advertisement, stamping and addressing occupying no more than five minutes.—I am, &c.,

A. J. DAWSON.

"Ada Negri."

SIR,—I observe that one of your writers describes Ada Negri as an "apostate," and since her marriage to a wealthy capitalist neglects to plead the cause of the poor and the oppressed, as aforetime.

On the contrary, I hear from an Italian lady, "Tuttora scrivo, e fa conferenze." Her mother was a weaver when Ada was born at Lodi, in Lombardy. To gain an honest livelihood she took a post as schoolmistress at Motta Visconti, until she met, and married, Signor Garlanda, her lately chosen husband.

My friend, without knowing anything of this correspondence, quotes to me from memory some *brani* of Signora Garlanda's verses, which, to save space, I will translate into English prose:

My heart weeps blood at sight of great souls in darkness; they are the starving and oppressed.

What truce or relief did they ever get from cruel and unrelenting nature?

Still they bore no hatred!

Have they not seen the corn grow? Still they stole not!

Have they not drunk gall and tears—been brutally smitten on the cheek by blind and tyrannical injustice? Still they never killed!

Have they not wandered through ice and storms in poverty and contumely, without home, bread, or clothing? Still they believed in a God!

Had they not a bundle of straw to sleep upon, wretched and filth-bespattered, and an hospital where to die? Still they perished always loving!

I know not if these lines are from either of Ada Negri's volumes of poems, *Fatalità* or *Tempeste*, but they are words that burn with sacred fire.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM MERCER.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 64 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best poem of welcome to Lord Roberts, not exceeding sixteen lines. We award the prize to Mr. Alfred Edward Wright, Inverinate Villa, Attadale-road, Inverness, for the following:

One voice, one mind, one heart be ours,
One great acclaim from sea to sea,
To him, who led to victory
The startled Empire's gather'd powers.

He gave men hope and steadied nerve,
So gentle-strong to think and do,
So modest he, so good and true,
Our faith in him could never swerve;

Who, at the call of duty, gave.
His unbowed weight of stealing years;
Suppress'd his heart, kept back his tears,
And laid his sorrow in the grave.

No Roman triumph his shall be;
Our stintless praise is greater far—
The triumph of the single star,
The single star which all men see.

[A. E. W., Inverness.]

Other poems follow:

India knows him: each Hindoo
Marvels at this strangest man,
Who had power, and yet was true,
Who the thing he said must do,
Even in Afghanistan.

Europe knows him: France may sneer
At a general who is just:
Germans, who obey in fear,
Slaves who serve when knout is near,
Wonder at his soldiers' trust.

England knows him—knows the why
He inspires the trust that moves
Every heart to loyal faith,
Knows her meaning as she saith,
"England trusts the man she loves."

[G. S., Brentwood.]

Hero we hail thee, not for fortitude
Alone, or wit, or high strategic skill;
Nor that thou mad'st thine own the heavenly will—
A soldier-saint; but rather for that mood
Most gracious, rarest, which would fain make good
The world's ungentleness, and gave to least
And last of men—nay, to the tortured beast—
A home in thoughts where love and pity brood.

There are whom Peace makes kind: not so with thee,
Nursling of War! whom yet her scorching breath
Could sear not, nor the guerdons she would give
Seduce from fealties that shall outlive
Her lurid cult, and in her place of death
Rear altars to a new humanity.

[M. A. W., London.]

You heard your country's mandate and obeyed;
She called you in your sorrow, you arose
Her son and servant; and with instant aid
Went forth to meet the menace of her foes.

Foremost alike in military fame,
And kindly forethought, and all courtesy,
Your past and present kindled to a flame
The conquering ardour of your soldiery.

We hail you now, for your accomplished toil—
Fair fall the sequel to the clearing cloud!
Again, upon our own inviolate soil,
We hail you with our welcome warm and proud!

For with her loyalty of kindred blood
You kept our Empire's honour fair and free,
And Britain honours that wide brotherhood
In you, the pattern of her chivalry.

[I. S., Brighton.]

With the cannon's boom, and the bunting flying
From roof and casement and stately mast,
We give our hero, of fame undying,
A glorious welcome home at last.

Pierced with the cruel thorns of sorrow,
With bleeding heart was thy task begun;
But now is dawning a fair to-morrow—
The foe is scattered, thy work is done.

Thou hast covered thy name with glory,
Brilliant, generous to the end;
Thou wilt live in our island's story,
The soldier's "darling"—the Army's friend.

A prouder title could none desire!
Nobly, "Bobs," hast thou played thy part!
With tears of joy and with words of fire,
England now clasps thee to her heart!

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

When in the gloomy time of her despite!
Thy country called on thee, though scarce yet cold
Thy gallant son's life-blood, yet as of old,
When the fierce Afghan warred against our right,

No laggard thou; before thee, swift to smite,
In headlong rout the stricken foe was rolled
From arid plain and torrid mountain bold,
By many a toilsome march and stubborn fight.

Victorious now we hail thee; yet the rest
Which is the victor's due thou seekest not,
Embracing that new task the fates allot,

That, welded by thy counsel strong and sane,
Puissant our arms may be by all confessed;
Thus still in peace new triumphs shalt thou gain.

[E. W. H., Manchester.]

Sixteen other poems sent in.

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CHRISTMAS LECTURES.

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Professor of Astronomy, University of Cambridge.—SIX
LECTURES (Adapted to a Juvenile Audience) on "GREAT
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Professor J. A. EWING, M.A., F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E., Professor
of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics, University of Cam-
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ALLAN MACFADYEN, M.D., B.Sc., Jenner Institute of
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Archæology and Art, University of Oxford.—THREE LEC-
TURES on "GREEK and ROMAN PORTRAIT SCULP-
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28, March 7, 14. Half-a-Guinea.

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Manuscripts, British Museum: Professor of Chinese, King's
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The Literary Week.

A SENSE of the petering out of the autumn season, the year, the century, sits heavily on literary chroniclers. The books on our table are very miscellaneous, and include only three new novels. There are a few war-books that look belated, even if they are not so. Three minor poets are represented in the heap, their lowly chirpings suggesting the closing-in of a twilight misty and gradual. Will the new century bring, of itself, a new inspiration in literature? It is, of course, absurd to suppose that men develop by the calendar; and yet we are so accustomed to allot to each century its literary production and qualities, that it is difficult not to think of twentieth-century literature as something that will be affected by the mere date. Our younger writers may not unprofitably feel that, in a renewed sense, the world is all before them.

PRONOUNCEMENTS on the state of society and the world at the end of the nineteenth century will be as common as blackberries during the next fortnight. Of these the gloomiest may perhaps be already found in Mr. Frederic Harrison's paper in the *North American Review*, entitled "Christianity at the Grave of the Nineteenth Century." The fact that Mr. Harrison compares Imperialism to a upas-tree, and raises no uncertain voice against the Boer War, will prejudice many readers against his views. But read in a broad spirit, his article is a striking statement of the case against the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the position to which that period has brought us. Mr. Harrison contends that our immediate generation "has been sinking of late to meaner ideals, to coarser ways of life, to more vulgar types of literature and art, to more open craving after wealth, and a more insolent assertion of pride and force." His article is an expansion of these clauses. After inveighing against the rampancy of wealth, vulgar luxury, and the "open sale of rank and person by those who claim to lead society and to dictate taste," Mr. Harrison says:

In such a world it is inevitable that the intellectual and æsthetic aims should become gross and materialised. The . . . least vicious symptom of this decadence is the prevalent fondness of men and women of fashion for the slang of the gutter and the slum. Popular novels, songs, and plays are composed in the jargon current among costermongers and thieves. Romance tends to vignettes of sensationalism, to the more cancerous forms of debauchery, and to prurient maunderings over sex problems. It may be true that there have been ages more vicious and brutal than our own; and, no doubt, the last years of the Victorian Epoch are no worse than the Georgian epoch of Hogarth and Fielding. That is not my argument. My contention is, that there is to-day, as compared with the middle of the present reign, a sensible debasement of tone.

It is, however, the way of the world to move strongly in one direction at a time, and the impression of gloom which Mr. Harrison's article may leave on the minds of some readers will depend on the amount of faith they put in a speedy turning of the tide.

MR. SIDNEY LEE's pamphlet, written specially for Messrs. Waller and Hollinson's revival of "Henry V.," will be an attractively prepared narrative of the play. On the first night—Saturday, the 22nd—a copy will be presented to everyone entering the Lyceum.

OMARIANS, we are told by the New York *Dial*, "will find their account this season in the artistic production entitled *The Book of Omar and Rubáiyát*, a pictorial and literary miscellany." This miscellany contains, "among other unique features, reprints of selected addresses made at the dinners of the Omar Khayyám Club of London, facsimiles of menu and guest cards, &c." Facsimiles of menu and guest cards! How can a spark of true appreciation of Omar or of any other poet be fanned, and not extinguished, by a passion for the menu and guest cards used by his admirers in a far-off city? American enthusiasts will next import the sawdust on which the members of the Johnson Club have rested their feet on the floor of the Cheshire Cheese.

Tit-Bits commemorates the attainment of its 1,000th issue by a number consisting of forty-eight pages, the first of which is written by Sir George Newnes. Sir George credits the paper's success largely to the prize system which he adopted, and he takes occasion to state that the long-current report as to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's official connexion with the paper is incorrect. Mr. Harmsworth was no more than a frequent contributor.

To this 1,000th number Dr. Conan Doyle contributes some entertaining particulars concerning "Sherlock Holmes." Although Dr. Doyle has himself no great opinion of detective stories, he writes: "That does not say, however, that because he (Sherlock Holmes) is dead I should not write about him again if I wanted to." Here Dr. Doyle drops a hint about posthumous papers. For ourselves, we trust that Holmes will be allowed to rest in peace.

THE work of carving the cross which is to be placed over Ruskin's grave at Coniston has begun. The cross is a free adaptation of the Ruthwell Cross, a fine Early English model, and it is of hard greenstone from the Tilberthwaite quarries. The cross is nine feet tall, and the only words inscribed on it will be Ruskin's name and the dates 1819-1900. The qualities and achievements of Ruskin will be indicated entirely by pictures, and we fear that this method is being overdone. It would take nearly half a column of our space to enumerate the carvings and their meanings. One side alone is to bear the burden of all this: "The west side, looking towards the mountains, represents his ethical and social teaching. At the bottom is the parable of the workmen receiving each his penny from the Master—'Unto this Last.' Then a design of 'Sesame and Lilies,' and, in the middle, 'Fors Clavigera,' the Angel of Fate holding the club, key, and nail, which every reader of his works will easily recognise. Over that is the 'Crown of Wild Olive,' and at the top 'St. George and the Dragon.'" All that to recognise easily!

WE have received a communication from the editor of the *Lawyer* complaining of our paragraph concerning the letter by Charles Lamb printed in that paper in its issue of November 30. It will be remembered that we questioned the genuineness of that letter. Our contemporary considers that we did this in "a most improper manner," and calls upon us to apologise. It is evident that our words have been taken in a sense they were not intended to bear, and therefore we willingly express our regret for any unintended offence or injury we may have given. Our contemporary does not challenge our remark that in printing this Lamb letter it did not mention its source, ownership, or history. The letter itself was one to give pause to any lover of Elia, and it was only after reading it with great care that we questioned its genuineness. In doing so our only thought was that the *Lawyer* had been misled. But its editor now informs us that the letter in question comes from Mr. Edward Hartley, of Spinney Oak, Addlestone, Surrey, whose wife is the daughter of Mr. Ashbery, to whom Charles Lamb wrote that communication. We need scarcely say that had we known these facts we should have written differently.

MR. ROBERT E. DELL resigned the editorship of the *Review of the Week* last Saturday, December 15, and wishes it to be known that he is in no way responsible for the conduct of the *Review* since that date.

THE proposal to commemorate in a suitable manner the great services to learning and letters of Prof. Max Müller was initiated, on November 30, by the publication in the *Times* of a letter signed by the Vice-Chancellor and thirteen heads of colleges and professors in the University of Oxford. In this letter it was suggested that the contemplated memorial ought to be specially associated with the University of Oxford, in the service of which the late scholar had spent half a century; and that his memory would be most appropriately perpetuated by a fund employed in promoting the study of ancient India, to which the chief efforts of his long life had been devoted. The necessary steps are being taken to raise a fund, which, after providing for some personal memorial such as a bust, relief, or portrait, should be handed over to the University of Oxford, and held in trust for the promotion of learning and research in all matters relating to the history and archaeology, the languages, literatures, and religions of ancient India. Subscriptions for the "Max Müller Memorial Fund" may be sent to the Old Bank, Oxford, or to Messrs. Barclay & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, London, S.W. Other communications on the subject of the fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Prof. A. A. Macdonell, All Souls College, Oxford.

THE Council of the Anthropological Institute proposes to establish, under the title *Man*, a monthly record of progress in the various branches of the study of Man. Its contents will include contributions to physical anthropology, ethnography, and psychology; the study of language, and the earlier stages of civilisation, industry, and art; and the history of social institutions and of moral and religious ideas. These various branches of study will be treated more fully, in proportion as they are less adequately provided for in existing periodicals. Classical philology and antiquities, for example, and the history of European civilisation, which have recognised organs of their own already, will be treated only from the strictly anthropological standpoint; and, conversely, prominence will be given to those other studies, such as prehistoric archaeology, and the history of non-European cultures, which (in this country, at all events) have not hitherto had a periodical record of their own. Special note will be taken, throughout, of those investigations which deal with the origins and the earlier stages of those forms of civilisation which have eventually become dominant.

How many books are sold in this country during a year? "A Man of Kent" says this week that "it is all but impossible to get at the exact facts," but that he has valuable data which enable him to put the figure at between ten and twelve millions—"nearer twelve than ten." In this estimate sixpenny reprints and second-hand books are excluded. "A Man of Kent" believes that his is the first attempt to estimate the annual sale of books, and he would be glad of the views of others. As he does not commit himself within a couple of millions, there is plenty of room for further conjecture. We should like to see an estimate of the number of *unsold* books in a year of publishing—correct, say, within a couple of millions.

A PARAGRAPH which we printed last year, giving what purported to be a Chinese editor's form of words for the rejection of MSS., has been beating about the world ever since. It will be remembered that this letter of rejection was full of flowers of speech, and that the rejected contributor was addressed as "Brother of the sun and moon," and told that his MS. was only rejected because it would set a standard of merit which the Emperor would require him to keep up. A Chinese correspondent, resident at Hanyang, near Hankow, has seen our paragraph. He writes as follows:

I venture to say that whoever sent you this paragraph has drawn as largely on his imagination as Dean Swift, or Oliver Goldsmith in his *Citizen of the World*. I have just endeavoured to translate it for the delectation of my able Chinese co-editor, but, as it contains no one Chinese phrase, and is full of idioms that are quite as outlandish to Chinese as to English ears, the only result has been his wondering query: "What nation under heaven talks rubbish like that? 'Brother of the sun and moon'! 'Rolling at thy feet'! 'Kisses the earth'! 'Both speak and live'!—how could a dead man speak? He must be alive. 'To live after speaking'—is that it? An editor anywhere in the world writing like that! Why, you must be joking, Signior!"

"How would an ordinary Chinese editor write a letter to accompany a rejected MS.?" I asked, for I have no such document in my possession.

"Oh, he would be careful not to find fault with the scholarship, as that would be an insult. He would say 'Lack of space,' or 'Not in accord with the general character of the paper,' and so on.

"Just as we should in England," I added.

There would be a little polite flourish at the first—a couple of phrases such as are stock material for all letters, amounting to "Honourable Sir." Instead of the big "I" there would be a small character, "servant"; and at the end, "ignorant junior bows." But, eliminating these formalities, the epistle would be very like one which you, Mr. Editor, yourself might send, if you are in the habit of acknowledging rejected communications.

THE poetic dedication is rarely a success. Mr. E. V. Lucas's dedication to his little book of household impressions, called *Domesticities*, hardly aspires to be poetic, but as a rhymed dedication it is very winning. Here it is:

In gratitude; yet with apology
For offering a book which seems to me
So very far from what it ought to be.

Because all books, I think, should manifest
Their author's self, complete, north, south, east, west;
And here so much of me seems unexpressed:

Not great (Heaven knows!) nor curiously fine,
Nor aught, may be, to help a single line,
Yet certain things more intimately mine.

Still, lacking these, I beg to give it you,—
One of the kindest friends man ever knew.
Perchance, in reading, you'll deduce a few.

ANOTHER dedication in verse, making no poetic claim, but felicitous in idea and happy in expression, is prefixed

by the author of *Pages from a Private Diary* to his *Conferences on Books and Men*:

In that old spring when I was young,
At Oxford, many a song was sung,
And undergraduate friends were willing
To buy them printed for a shilling.
Our songs were all of Oxford's bliss,
Her spires, her streams, her mysteries;
Of Love, and Death, and Change, and Fate,—
As known to th' Undergraduate.
Since then full twenty years are sped,
And most are married, some are dead;
Some sit as ministers of state,
And some as priests beg at their gate.
In all, the pulses fainter beat
And will not move in metric feet;
Despatches, sermons—whatso goes
Into their brain comes out as prose.
Yet still their ink will flush to flame
If chance permits it *Oxford's* name;
Still have they won the meed of wit,
If *Oxford* reads what they have writ.
But should the Undergraduate read
O heart, then fame is fame indeed;
Th' o'ertasked, ingenuous brow to smoothe
Once more, is to renew one's youth.
Theu pardon, sirs, if I am bold
To offer, when the blood is cold,
Tame spirts of a parergic pen
To you, who taste both books and men.

THE *North American Review*, from which we have already quoted, has a destructive article by Mr. W. D. Howells on "The New Historical Romances." We do not need to tell our readers that to this novelist of character and modernity the historical novel as it is now being written and boomed is anathema. Looking round the world, Mr. Howells deploras the deaths, or silence, of the masters of the natural school, while in his own country "nothing of late has been heard but the din of arms, the horrid tumult of the swashbuckler swashing on his buckler." Mr. Howell thinks that the new historical novels are false to their periods, and, indeed, to human nature, by representing the men of old as being always willing to take human life, and to take it hideously; and by repeating such incidents until they seem the only incidents. As for the characters:

Are they characters, any of those figments which pass for such in the new historical romances? They are hardly so by any test of comparison with people we know in life or in the great fictions. They are very simple souls, whose main business is to impersonate a single propensity, and immediately or remotely to do the hero and the heroine good or harm; to show them off; to die by his hand, or to cherish a baffled ambition for hers. When they are historical figures their deportment is such as would be imaginable of the historical figures of the Eden Musée if these were called upon to leave their statuesque repose and move and speak.

Hip and thigh Mr. Howells smites the new *historicals* until, to relieve the reader, he exclaims:

Do I, then, wholly dislike historical fiction as impossible and deplorable? On the contrary, I like it very much in the instances which I can allege for the reasons I can give. I like Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Richardson's *Pamela* and *Clarissa*, Frances Burney's *Evelina*, Maria Edgeworth's *Belinda*, Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, *Northanger Abbey* and *Emma*, all of Anthony Trollope's novels and most of George Eliot's; my catholic affection for historical fiction embraces even Fielding's *Tom Jones* and De Foe's *Roxana*. These and the novels like them are what Mr. Kipling has somewhere declared the only historical novels, because, being true to the manners of their own times, they alone present a picture of the past, worthy to be called historical.

On the whole Mr. Howells seems to over-state his case. But that only vitiates it to the extent that it is over-stated. We shall rejoice when the present passion for gaudy and gory historical fiction passes away, and when the manners and characters of to-day find many novelists to record them—novelists of genius if possible, but certainly novelists as talented and vigilant and wisely slow as, say, Mr. Gissing.

THE Christmas number of the *Sphere* is first-rate. Its special feature is a Children's Christmas Supplement. It consists of coloured pictures for the nursery walls, the best being a reproduction of Sir Joshua Reynolds's child portrait, "The Age of Innocence." The literary contents of the number are of exceptional interest, and include a pleasing sketch by Mr. Pett Ridge called "Preserved Illusions." In the "Newsletter" we find a reproduction of a new portrait of Thackeray, identified as such by Mr. Lionel Cust and other competent judges. This portrait, painted in oils life-size, seems to have been done during Thackeray's stay in Paris fifty-five years ago. It is signed by Leonard T. Poyet, a well-known painter in his day. The probable history of the picture is sketched as follows:

The portrait is believed to have been brought to England by a French owner and to have been stored among furniture for a long time till it was eventually sold in an apparently ruined condition among some old lumber, and it thus got into the hands of a second-hand bookseller, amid whose stock it was found, hardly recognisable through the accumulations of time. A careful cleaning, however, performed as a labour of love by an artist who had moulded a bust of Thackeray a quarter of a century ago and who instantly identified it, soon brought out its beauties, and showed the background only had suffered some unimportant damage. This is the more fortunate as—while Dickens was often painted—no worthy portrait of his great rival at his best was known to exist before this very singular discovery.

THE proprietors of the *Horns Counties Magazine*, an excellent publication, are determined to begin the new century well. A new type has been adopted, and a new cover; and among the articles promised for 1901 are the following: "London Windmills," by Mr. J. E. Waller; "Nelson and Lady Hamilton at Merton," by Mr. Percy Mundy; "Mr. Rhodes's Farm at Islington," by Mr. Richard B. Prosser, &c., &c.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL is such a connoisseur on all that pertains to journalism that the following remarks which he includes in some "Meditations at Pau," printed in the *British Weekly*, are interesting:

One great difference between our country and the Continent is that our people read newspapers and the Continental nations do not. I know that some foreign papers have enormous circulations. I know that nearly everybody reads a few scraps of news each day. But journalism on the Continent is in its initial stage. The papers, all things being allowed for, are no further than the London papers of Dr. Johnson's day. Some of them employ brilliant writers; some of them show enterprise in getting news; but not the best of them could live in London. We are at the stage when we read newspapers, but do not read books. I have observed carefully at this hotel and noticed how English and American ladies spend hours over the newspapers. I have not seen a foreign lady even glance at one. On the other hand, I have not seen a book in anyone's hands—not even a Tauchnitz.

We presume that Dr. Nicoll thinks that England has retrograded from, rather than failed to reach, the "stage when we read newspapers, but do not read books." In Johnson's day, and for that matter fifty years ago, books were in the ascendant over newspapers in this country, and the reading done then was far more muscular and availing than the reading of to-day.

THAT death-mask of a young girl who was drowned in the Seine, and taken to the Morgue, which inspired Mr. Richard Le Gallienne to write his *Worshipper of the Image*, has inspired Mr. Stephen Gwynn to write a striking little poem in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, where the death-mask is reproduced. We are tempted to quote some of Mr. Gwynn's stanzas:

That cast there, fixed against the wall—
That face, seen now the lamps are lit—
What cunning sculptor moulded it?
My friend—the cunningest of all.

Look at her hair, drawn back in bands,
Across the ears that hardly show;
One loved it when she wore it so,
Just so unruffled, till his hands—
Ah, but not dank, nor dull! It shone,
It lived; and here it falls like lead,
Yet keeps the contour of the head
His fingers loved to dwell upon.

Ay, what of him? Read in her face.
Is it betrayal that you trace?
That unresentful brow, exempt
From soil of anger or contempt,
Seems dimly touched with some divine
Compassion for a faith less fine.

Who shall divine? But if her leap
To other lands than lands of sleep
Launch her, and he may follow, where
He can confess till his life lies
Pierced through and thrilling with her eyes,
He yet may be forgiven there.

THE January number of the *Antiquary* will contain articles on the following subjects: "The Potters' Craft in Olden Times," with illustrations; "Notes on Roman Britain," by H. F. Haverfield; "Three Cromwell Books"; "Annals of a Country Fair," by F. J. Snell; "Gogarth Abbey," by W. H. Burnett.

Bibliographical.

My remarks last week upon the monotonous nature of the titles of so many contemporary novels have drawn from a correspondent the following observations. Speaking of one of the stories I mentioned, he says: "It may interest you to know that this book was named and re-named several times. At last '—' was chosen. Copies were actually ready and bound for subscription; then one of the wholesale people declined it on the ground that the title had been recently used. Of course, it might be said that the publisher should have found this out before, but the actual difficulty is not easily disposed of. It involves in any case the choice, on the part of an author, of a title which in many a case he dislikes, and the changing and re-changing of a title is a troublesome business."

Undoubtedly it is; but ought it to be necessary? My correspondent seems to suggest that it is the publisher's duty to see that a title has not been anticipated; but is that not quite as much the author's duty? When a publisher accepts a novel he generally accepts the title with it—unless he is exceptionally shrewd, and rejects the title either because it is familiar, or because (in any case) it would be bad. I have known instances in which publishers have again and again disapproved of suggested titles, and persevered until the author invented something better. I have known cases in which the accepted title has been excogitated by the "reader" to the firm. Male authors generally know what they mean and want in the matter of titles; the ladies are too often agreeably vague. They will send you, obligingly, half a dozen or so "to choose from."

I have at least once, if not more often, in this column, mentioned an obvious resource for novelists perturbed

about titles—namely, the latest edition of Mudie's Catalogue, to which I may add the latest edition of W. H. Smith's. These supply, at any rate, the titles of the fictions which are presently in demand. And that is the great point. There is no actual intrinsic value in the title of a story which is out of print and out of vogue. The public's memory is short; the memory of librarians is not much longer. Publishers (I have always found, but I do not ask my Editor to agree with me) are, in this respect, blissfully ignorant of the A B C of their profession. You would think that it was their business, as well as that of their authors, to keep the titles of novels in their mind; but, as a matter of fact, dear Editor, they don't.

Says a contemporary: "Whence sprang that peculiar product, Gilbertian wit, if not wholly in the brain of Mr. Gilbert?" It is suggested that that writer may have owed something to Meilhac and Halévy. Mr. Gilbert admitted that he was indebted for his "Palace of Truth" to a French original, but his peculiar familiarity with topsy-turvydom is surely a personal gift. Otherwise we might trace some of it back to that old comedy, "The Antipodes," in which all the usual social conditions are represented as reversed. Does not the foreign king in Fielding's extravaganza "enter walking on his hands"? And is there not in one of Planché's comic pieces a character which seems to have suggested directly Mr. Gilbert's Pooh-Bah? "Gilbertism" is not a new thing, but none have had it in such profusion and perfection as Mr. Gilbert himself.

The announcement of Mme. Ristori's article on "The Art of Acting" in the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine* reminds me that we already possess in an English translation an autobiographical work by Mme. Ristori called *Studies and Memoirs*, published by W. H. Allen in 1876. In that book the actress does not discuss at all elaborately the principles of her art, but she devotes a chapter to the analysis of each of her most notable impersonations—Mary Stuart (Schiller), Myrrha (Alfieri), Medea (Legouvé), Phaedra (Racine), Lady Macbeth and Queen Elizabeth (Giacometti). These chapters are much on the plan of Helen Faucit's studies of Shakespeare heroines—a *mélange* of exposition and reminiscence.

The proposed facsimile of the First Folio of Shakespeare plays will be extremely welcome, but can it be produced at a reasonable price? Shakespeare students with limited resources have been content for a good many years back to utilise the reduced facsimile of the Folio published by Chatto & Windus in 1876, with an introduction by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. Of course, the type in this is small, and, for all but youthful eyes, requires the aid of the magnifying glass; still it has been found eminently useful. I do not know whether it is still on Messrs. Chatto & Windus's list.

I am glad to be in a position to inform my correspondent of last week as to the authorship of the two lines he submitted—

Touched by his hand the wayside weed
Became a flower.

Longfellow, I am reminded from several quarters, wrote this concerning Burns; and by so doing he no doubt led to Mr. Watson's pronouncement on "the basest weed." The inspiration of contemporary bards can generally be traced to an original not very remote.

One of my correctors is kind enough to remark: "Your ignorance of Longfellow's tribute to Burns is pardonable. There is more in common, by the way, between the American and the Scottish bard than is apparent to those who affect nowadays to depreciate the former." Let me say that I am not among the depreciators of Longfellow, but I confess to being unable to recall to memory, at will, every line he wrote.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Some Excluded Poets.

The Oxford Anthology. Chosen and Edited by A. Quiller-Couch. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.)

THE anthology edited by Mr. Quiller-Couch, if not perfect (what anthology is?), is a very interesting compilation. Let this be said at the outset, because it is our intention to dwell especially on that portion of it which is least adequate and most open to comment. This not out of any desire to disparage the collection, but because the portion in question happens to be the most interesting to the general reader. Mr. Quiller-Couch's task has been one of great difficulty. He has set himself to cover the whole range of English poetry, from the early beginnings to the present day, including living authors, and not excluding the better-known American poets. He might have adopted the strictly representative plan. He might have elected to be frankly individual and capricious—to say: "These are my likings; take or leave, as you please." He has done neither, or rather he has done both. He has tried to be representative, classical, and at the same time to make room for his personal preferences. Now (and for the most part) you feel the pieces are there because the anthologist judges them classically the right thing—the pick of the basket. Now you feel they are there because they are the personal *protégés* of Mr. Quiller-Couch. The resulting gruel is not quite "thick and slab." Still, there is little fault to find in the bulk of the anthology. What it loses in absolute impeccability it gains in side-interest and freshness. We have read it with real interest, *blasé* though we be with anthologies. And we believe that others will do the same. Mr. Quiller-Couch, for example, has sandwiched into the seventeenth century a selection of old ballads. It is a question whether it should have been there at all, or anywhere. It is scarcely representative. But it contains, with some disputable things, specimens not usually quoted in selections from the old ballads, and so altogether delightful that for their sake much worse matters might be forgiven Mr. Quiller-Couch. And so, whenever we are disposed to curse, we remain to bless, and the anthologist is safe until—Alas! there is an "until"—until he comes to the living poets of unestablished rank. These might very well not have been included at all, and most anthologists would have shrunk from their inclusion. The courage which led Mr. Quiller-Couch to include them is so commendable, that it seems hard to criticise him for the difficulties into which he has been betrayed by that inclusion. Yet it does appear necessary to say that it was an error of judgment to include them unless his space allowed him to make a representative selection. And it is very evident that his space did not so allow him. Here, and with this, we might stop. But this is precisely the section which to the general reader will possess most interest. Therefore, we purpose to criticise Mr. Quiller-Couch's selection in some detail, and to suggest what additions are necessary to make it at all representative.

Mr. Austin Dobson, we note, is represented by two poems—scarcely adequate, to our thinking. Mr. Bridges has no less than seven pages—surely an excessive proportion, excellent though Mr. Bridges be; and the "Elegy on a Lady," perhaps his finest poem, is omitted. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has also seven pages, to which the same remark applies; but we cannot question the selection in his case. It includes not only some of the best of his sonnets, but the one lyric in which Mr. Blunt seems to us to have succeeded.

It is scarcely a matter of taste that Mr. Henley has but three pages and three poems. Two of them ("Invictus" and "Margaritæ Sorori") are excellent; but "England, My England" is far from Mr. Henley's highest mark. Yet Lord Lytton, a poet of lesser power, is represented

by a long poem. Mr. John Davidson has but two short poems, neither of which is his high-water mark. Mr. Watson has three poems: the "Ode to May" quite representative, the "Song" scarce his best, the sonnet far from showing his mastery over this form. Yet there was the fine "Autumnal Ode" to quote, not to speak of lesser lyrics.

Mr. Kipling has space enough, but the bulk of it is devoted to a long poem which might be bettered; while of the remaining two quotations one is the notorious and weak "Recessional." "Tomlinson," "Mandalay," "The English Flag"—half-a-dozen one thinks of which would show him better. Mr. Lawrence Binyon has two brief poems, which give no idea of his power. And novelists like Mr. Howells and Mr. Gilbert Parker, why are they here? Why Mr. Rolleston, Mr. Sturge Moore, Dr. Todhunter, while poets of greater parts are omitted, as we shall presently show?

Those who should surely have figured, rather than, say, Mr. Howells and Mr. Gilbert Parker, are more numerous than we can well discuss. One such, surely, is that fine poet, Mr. Stephen Phillips. For, apart from his longer poems, he has done exquisite things in the brief lyric, as this poignant example shows:

THE APPARITION.

She is not happy! It was noon;
The sun fell on my head:
And it was not an hour in which
We think upon the dead.

She is not happy! I should know
Her voice, much more her cry;
And close beside me a great rose
Had just begun to die.

She is not happy! As I walked,
Of her I was aware:
She cried out like a creature hurt,
Close by me in the air.

Mr. Arthur Symonds, again, might surely have found a place. Granted the monotony of his note, it has at times extreme grace. And he can sometimes touch a more human tone, as in "Emmy":

Emmy's exquisite youth and her virginal air,
Eyes and teeth in the flash of a musical smile,
Come to me out of the past, and I see her there,
As I saw her once for a while.

Emmy's laughter rings in my ears, as bright,
Fresh and sweet as the voice of a mountain brook,
And still I hear her telling us tales that night
Out of Boccaccio's book.

There in the midst of the villainous dancing-hall,
Leaning across the table, over the beer,
While the music maddened the whirling skirts of the ball
As the midnight hour drew near;

There with the women, haggard, painted, and old,
One fresh bud in a garland withered and stale,
She, with her innocent voice and her clear eyes, told
Tale after shameless tale.

And ever the witching smile, to her face beguiled,
Paused and broadened, and broke in a ripple of fun,
And the soul of a child looked out of the eyes of a child,
Or ever the tale was done.

O my child, who wronged you first, and began
First the dance of death that you dance so well?
Soul for soul; and I think the soul of a man
Shall answer for yours in hell.

In an anthology of living poets Mme. Darmesteter would claim a place. She has tried many themes with success; but, rather than her graver style, we are tempted

to quote from "The Springs of Fontana." Even an abbreviation cannot obscure its musical spontaneity :

The springs of Fontana well high on the mountain,
Out of the rock of the granite they pour,
Twenty or more ;
Ripple and runnel and freshet and fountain,
Well, happy tears, from the heart of the mountain,
Up at Fontana.

Twenty or more, and no one of the twenty
Gushes the same ; here the waters abundant
Babble redundant,
Filling the vale with the bruit of their plenty ;
Here a mere ripple, a trickle, a scanty
Dew on Fontana.

Over the rocks !
Over the tree-root that tangles and blocks—
Robbing from all that resists you a sunny
Scent of the cistus and rock-hidden honey,
Yarrow, campanula, thyme, agrimony,—
Flow from Fontana !
Flow, happy waters, and gather and rally,
Rush to the plain.
Flow to the heavenly fields of Limain,
Blue as a dream in the folds of the valley,
Feed them and fatten with blossom and grain,
Springs of Fontana !

Born (who knows how ?) a mysterious fountain
Out of the stone and the dust of the mountain,
Bound to a country we know little of,
How shall I bless ye and praise ye enough,
Image of Love,
Springs of Fontana !

Mr. Frederick Myers is another writer yet living among us who does not deserve neglect in such a collection. The best of his work is in his longer poems, the "St. Paul" or the "Passing of Faith," with their imposing and flamboyant passages. Another who might well have a place (though not among actually living poets), but who finds no place in this anthology, is the late Lord de Tabley, whose best work, fine though it be, is too little known. Let us quote some portion of "Retrospect" :

With ardent cheek and earnest breath
We plighted unending vows ;
And bound, instead of amaranth wreath,
Deciduous roses round our brows.

Then farewell, Love, for other skies,
We laud thee now we need thee least ;
We will not be as guests who rise,
And risen, chide against the feast.

We least will ape this dotard's part,
Who sneers at Love in aspen tone ;
Who jests on his once wholesome heart,
And cheapens all who still have one.
He hardens in his selfish crust,
His bleary eyes only understand
Three things as comely—wise and lust,
And greed which guides the palsied hand.

Leave in his shrine, veiled round and sad,
The Amor of thy tender days ;
Thank Heaven that once thou couldst be glad,
Be silent if thou canst not praise.

Ah, crush not in with tainted feet ;
Is thy thought cankered, keep away ;
Tho' idols snap, and fair things fleet,
Leave one spot pure wherein to pray.

Some day, indeed, before thy last,
When all life's boughs are bare of fruit,
When mock and sneer are overpast,
And every shallow laugh is mute,

Come to this haven, and unveil
The imaged face thy youth held best ;
Kneel down before it, have thy wail,
And crawl the better to thy rest.

The terse, pregnant, and finished diction of this lifts it far beyond the level of average verse. Nor should the two Housmans be passed over. A. E. Housman, author of "A Shropshire Lad," is the more popular in his direct and simple style. Who that has read it can forget the epigrammatic close of this poem ?

"Is my team ploughing
That I was used to drive,
And hear the harness jingle,
When I was man alive ?"
"Aye, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now ;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough."

"Is my girl happy
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve ?"

"Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep :
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep."

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine ?"

"Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose ;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart ;
Never ask me whose."

Two stanzas we have been forced to omit. The same considerations of space forbid us to quote Mr. Laurence Housman's lovely "Cupid and Christ," a strong contrast in its mystical grace and felicity. And the best of Mr. Norman Gale, or Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse—might not these, too, plead admittance ?

But our list is already too long, yet it may be not long enough. Enough has been said, we hope, to show that this section of Mr. Quiller-Couch's anthology is so gravely defective that it should never have been attempted. There are sins of inclusion, which need not have been ; while sins of omission, under the conditions of the anthology, there could scarce help but be.

De Profundis.

Pictures and Problems from London Police Courts. By Thomas Holmes. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

"I HAVE learned to be pitiful." That is Mr. Holmes's answer to the statement of a notable lady that women are better adapted for "rescue work" than men, because "women can see through people better than men," thereby giving the measure of her unfitness. "I can see through no one," says Mr. Holmes. "I do not want to. I am not worse than the average male, but I would not like anyone to see through me ; and quite certain am I that I would not like to rake anyone fore and aft with mental rays. Many a time I have shut my eyes that I might not see, for I have learned to be pitiful." That is the lesson which Mr. Holmes has learned in his service of many years as a police-court missionary, and that is the keynote of the book before us. It is a book which one can criticise only as one criticises Bradshaw or the Law Reports. The style is a secondary consideration. In this case it is sometimes surprisingly good for an unpractised writer, and sometimes it is bad. Its strength and its weakness will be apparent to the expert from the above quotation. But the facts overshadow the form, and Mr. Holmes has the real thing. He has been at grip with life at its lowest expression. Many men have glanced and nodded at mean streets and hooligans and drunkards and burglars. But their interest

has been more or less an æsthetic one. They have not, as Mr. Holmes has done, taken the outcast to their homes, sat at meat with him, given him the best bedroom and years of steady friendship. Mr. Holmes has gone down to the depths. He has fought, like Paul at Ephesus, with wild beasts, the wild beasts of lust and drink and crime and insanity. He has known the worst of which human nature in the biggest and wickedest city in the world is capable, and this book contains only hints of the lowest inferno. And the outcome of it all is—"I have learned to be pitiful."

Pitiful; and the law is pitiless. The law, we are told, is not made to fit individual cases; but each case of crime is an individual case, and as all human beings do not possess, morally, the stock figure—to use the dressmaker's phrase—ready-made law is too often a misfit. It was a terrible misfit for poor Jane Cakebread, the demented woman whom the law treated as an habitual drunkard for thirty years or so, and over whom the papers made mercy, little suspecting the tragedy behind the comic relief. She did not drink as much in six months as an average alderman will drink at a city banquet; but a pennyworth of four ale sent her after the nearest policeman clamouring for arrest. "I have seen policemen running away," says Mr. Holmes, "and old Jane after them to be taken into custody." And after stepping out of the dock she would say: "Mr. Holmes, did you see me make the magistrate laugh?" and ask him to keep her a paper that she might read her press notice. On Clapton Common she would be found pounding up pieces of brick to a powder for her teeth, of which she was rightfully proud. A gentleman left a shilling a week at a coffee-stall so that Jane should have two cups a day. This she construed into a pound a week and a declaration of love, and the hope kept her straight for weeks. She came to the same conclusion when Mr. Holmes paid for her lodging, much to his embarrassment. The end came in Claybury Asylum. "I touched her and said: 'Jane, don't you know me?—I am Mr. Holmes.' She half-opened her eyes for a moment, and said: 'You are a liar. Mr. Holmes wouldn't leave me here.'" But for years the law could think of no better expedient than to send Jane back to gaol unto seventy times seven. It was the same with Kate Henessay, Susan Hurley, Annie Drayton, and the rest of the wild, homeless women whom the police-court missionary brought home and at least partially tamed. The legal rule of thumb, the rule of the stick, is absurdly inadequate.

What are we to do with the man, expert workman and good husband, who once in every few years of honest and lucrative labour drops into a burglary on a sudden impulse? What are we to do with the man who, with a watch in his pocket, suddenly hears a voice from the past when he was sentenced for stealing watches, and steals another so clumsily that he is caught at once? What are we to say to the man who never steals anything but boots, and has paid years of hard labour for his passion? He does not want for boots; Mr. Holmes has seen to that. But he wants them. Is there not a twist in these men's minds that cannot be straightened out by the plank bed and treated by the warder or the average prison doctor? Take the man with the passion for burglary, one of the most inexplicable of many extraordinary cases. The man was a skilled bookbinder, a little man, straight as an arrow and full of nervous energy. He appealed to Mr. Holmes for help after a "stretch" of fifteen years—and men are not given fifteen years for a first offence. "Bring drink, gambling, horse-racing, and roll them into one, and they do not equal the fascination of burglary." So he said in explanation of his conduct. He obtained help, tools, work, a house, furniture. Then the instant's temptation and more years of gaol. Once again he tried, and succeeded. "With some pounds of his own honest earnings in his pocket, with a watch and chain and plenty of good, tailor-made

clothes, with a thriving business that promised him independence, with a smile on his face and a 'Good afternoon, Mr. Holmes,' he left my house and went to the suburbs and broke into a mean little house where it was impossible for him to secure portable goods to anything like the value of the money then in his own pocket." He is now dying in prison. "I am no hypocrite, but why cannot I be as your sons?" he writes. "Why there should be a power within me impelling me to do these things I don't know; but I do know that at times I am utterly unable to resist it." Gaol is no remedy for such a man, for the prospect of penal servitude is powerless against the passion that masters him. Religion is equally futile; for the man knows that theft is wrong and strives with might and main to do right. It is the business of the doctor to cure him, and so far the doctor has failed.

But this book of pity is not compact of sorrow—indeed, we may gather from it that human nature at its worst is flecked by fine impulse, and that the impenitent sinner has the making of a saint. One does not look for fine feeling among the "drunk and disorderlies" in the women's waiting-room at the police-court. Well, visiting a cell one morning, Mr. Holmes found a girl of refined appearance with the hand of death upon her. On the wall above her was freshly scrawled "Deus Misereatur." Strictly speaking, it was not God, or the Law, or even Mr. Holmes who had mercy, but a couple of coarse prostitutes, who assured Mr. Holmes: "We can look after her ourselves." Fresh from the dock these two girls went out to pawn their jackets and came back to meet the law's demands. "I watched them in the street, that cold wintry morning as the snow fell about them, two jacketless girls, one on each side of a dying one supporting her. I saw them pass into a haunt of vice, and I knew they would be faithful unto death. In less than a month's time there was a funeral from that house . . . How had they paid for the funeral, kept their friend, and paid the doctor? By selling themselves, by hunting drunken men, and possibly by robbing them, by the help of other unfortunates, and by getting into debt. And I had no word of condemnation"—"Neither do I condemn thee." One cannot forget that Divine apology for the failure of humanity.

The question of the Hooligan has lately stirred the public mind and has engaged many pens. Sir Walter Besant has treated it in the *Century*, and M. Maurice Kuhn has made it the subject of an essay on "La Rue à Londres" in the *Nouvelle Revue*. "Comment capturer ces bataillons en armes?" asks M. Kuhn. "Comment connaître leur lieu de rassemblement? Comment les empêcher de se disperser au moindre signal et de glisser entre les mains de l'autorité?" Mr. Holmes must know much of the Hooligan who is attracting the attention of America and France, to say nothing of those immediately concerned with his loaded belt. But he says disappointingly little. What he does say, however, is quite in accord with the view of the present writer, that the boy who makes the London streets a terror is simply a boy with abounding energy and no legitimate outlet for that energy. There comes a time in the healthy boy's life when he must play hard, work hard, or hit something. For play the London slum boy has no facilities. Then comes the difficulty which the slum parent shirks. It is the neglect of parents to provide situations for their boys before they leave school which leads to mischief. "Scores of lads become criminals from this one cause. The day arrives when these lads can legally leave school, and they do it. There is nothing at home to entertain them, so they seek entertainment in the street. A few weeks' idleness, coupled with the undisciplined liberty of the street, is sufficient for the ruin of many lads." The Eton or Harrow boy, as M. Kuhn acutely observes, has his athletics; and the Hooligan looks to his leader as to the captain of football or cricket. And though Mr. Holmes suggests no definite remedy for Hooliganism—his book was com-

pleted before the public went into its periodical hysterics—it is obvious that he is not in favour of the stick.

We have picked but a few passages from a book which is very notable, since it is written on a vital subject by a man who knows. And as we have said, it is a cheering book. Coming from contact with the dregs of humanity, Mr. Holmes hopefully bids us be pitiful.

The Primrose Path of Criticism.

Conferences on Books and Men. By the Author of *Pages from a Private Diary*. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE nameless author (nameless if not unknown) of this book of literary essays has as pretty a wit, as lucid a style, and as sound a judgment as need be asked of any contributor to a magazine. He touches his subjects with grace and discretion, leaves us pleased and smiling, and passes on. From a light essayist nothing more can be demanded.

But Mr. Be——, but the author of these *Conferences*, does more than that. His book is not merely entertainment; it is informing too. By some charmingly alluring excursions into literary criticism it opens the eyes of its readers, and leaves them also to seek for excellences. We do not remember, for example, a more agreeable and sound appreciation of Cowley than we have here. Mr. Swinburne has written finely of the poet; but the later critic seems to us to come nigher to the heart of him. And of Chaucer he writes with gentle enthusiasm and keen delight. For the sake of getting two birds with one stone—two critics with one quotation—we give a passage from the *Conference on Chaucer*, wherein some new comments of Leigh Hunt also find a place:

I have among my books a copy of Dryden's *Fables* with manuscript notes by Leigh Hunt. It is plain that he began to read the book with the orthodox conviction of the day, that Dryden had done an invaluable service to letters by polishing Chaucer's rough diamonds; for he explains at the beginning that an asterisk is to mark the good passages. But again and again the asterisk is supplemented by the note, "Word for word from the original," and there are many notes which at first hesitatingly and presently with emphasis record the critic's growing conviction that Chaucer has been badly served by his friend. "Dryden has omitted here a very lively and characteristic part of the picture." "These lines are a noble specimen of increasing energy—of 'building the lofty rhyme'; but Dryden has omitted a fine finishing touch of his rude original." "The original is much more natural and pathetic." "Chaucer has a fine racy line in this place." "Chaucer is more native and striking in this passage." "This pleasant satire is better and prettier in Chaucer." At last we come to the note: "A pretty, natural touch of Dryden's, quite worthy of his original!" There is a famous story of a young enthusiast telling Mr. Ruskin of a visit he had paid to Florence, and how he had seen at once all that the Master had written of the merits of Botticelli. To whom the Master replied: "At once? It took me twenty years' hard study to discover them." We now can see at a glance the merit of Chaucer's verse; let us not forget the patient labour of the critics who gave us our eyes. It may be interesting to compare a passage of Dryden with his original; for that purpose we will take a very beautiful and characteristic description of morning in the "Knight's Tale":

"The bisy larkē, messenger of day,
Salueth in her song the morning gray;
And fiery Phebus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the light.
And with his stream's drieth in the greves
The silver drop's hanging on the leaves."

In Dryden's "transfusion" this became:

"The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous light;
He, with his tepid rays, the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves and dries the dews."

The reader will not fail to note that all the spring is taken out of the lines by Dryden's change of an iambic for a trochaic movement, Chaucer having thirteen trochaic disyllables in the six lines to Dryden's six; that all the freshness is taken out of them by the substitution of "the sun" for "fiery Phebus" and "the horizon" for "the orient"; and that all the poetry is gone when for the lovely picture summoned up by Chaucer's last line we have nothing but a coarse metaphor and a dull, matter-of-fact statement.

That is good criticism, and it is a fair specimen of the methods of this appraiser, for it shows him exercising his laudable habit of not only saying a thing is good, but saying why it is so. Too many critics omit the reason for the faith that they profess.

But Mr. Be——, late Urbanus Sylvan, has more than one advantage over the majority of the critics of to-day. As well as a willingness to give his reasons, and much soundness of judgment, he has humour. His gift of irony is ample, and in the paper on the "New Criticism," where Prof. Dowden (for his Hibernicising of Hamlet), Mr. Samuel Butler (for some fantastic theories concerning the sonnets of Shakespeare), and Mr. Gosse (for laying down the principle that Donne's poems have an autobiographical basis) the gift has very agreeable play. Mr. Gosse's treatment of Donne being transferred to Browning, we get such acceptable fooling as this:

The first thing to strike a new critic in the search for biographical material is Mr. Browning's curious *penchant* for duchesses, which is every bit as remarkable as Donne's for countesses, only Browning's were not, of course, English duchesses, who are rare birds, but the more widely spread Italian species. One of them, a Ferrarese lady, is described as his *last* duchess, implying, therefore, at least two predecessors, one of whom was probably the duchess that ran away from the effeminate duke with a gipsy woman, who is thus seen to have been in league with Browning, if not, as I suspect, Browning himself in disguise. From a poem called "Love among the Ruins" it would appear that they had found a very safe and picturesque trysting-place. It is, however, neither of these, but the first duchess who attracts me most. Her story is contained in a poem called "In a Gondola." She was a Venetian lady, whose brothers for some reason had a spite against Mr. Browning, and hired bravos to stab him—happily, as we know, without permanent effect.

In the same paper, by the way, there is this passage of outspokenness on a matter upon which not many persons are honest enough to tell the strict truth:

Few people, notwithstanding a literary affectation to the contrary, are really so coxcombical as to prefer old books when new are to be had. There is a gusto, an enthusiasm, with which the mind throws itself upon the new work that the old, however reverently esteemed, cannot inspire. Even shadows of the good things to come, the advertisements which form the best reading in the gazettes the few weeks before Christmas, are apt to take the taste out of the second-hand catalogues. They lie before me, Mr. Starkey's list of announcements for the year of grace 1671, in which I read:

Paradice Regain'd, a Poem in four books, to which is added *Samson Agonistes*. The author, John Milton, price, bound, 2s. 6d.

Will anyone contend that if at this moment, in exchange for my half-crown, the large and well-printed octavo lay crisp and clean before me, my feelings would be no livelier, if less devout, than when I take it now from its sacred tabernacle?

The *Conferences* are not wholly literary. Men play their part as well as books, and the account of a holiday in a Swiss health resort is by no means the least worthy of the essays. Among the other *Conferences* is a *précis* of the story of Macconglinne, of which we fancy Mr. Yeats makes use in his *Celtic Twilight*, an account of the quainter entries in the black books of Lincoln's Inn, a disquisition on patriotic songs, a disquisition on Oxford

wits, and the appreciation of two comparatively unknown living poets—Mr. Oliver Herford and Mr. Bowyer Nichols. Of Mr. Herford we should think more if his technique were better, but the critic does not seem to us to have said a word too much for the delicate and distinguished art of Mr. Nichols. We quote one of the epigrams chosen as illustrative by Sylvanus Urban, made upon Marie Antoinette's toilet-table in the South Kensington Museum:

This was her table, these her trim outspread
Brushes and trays and porcelain cups for red;
Here sate she while her women tired and curled
The most unhappy head in all the world.

The *Conferences* should find many readers; and if every one who reads *Pages from a Private Diary* buys a copy, they will be popular indeed.

The Anatomy of Paris.

The Life of Paris. By Richard Whiteing. (Murray. 6s.)

MR. WHITEING's book on Paris is as interesting from the merely cold and accurate point of view as it is brilliant from the purely literary point of view. Its intellectual value gives it a place apart among books of the kind. It is not the author's concern to make us feel the undying charm of Paris, for charm plays no part in his vigorous and virile style; his design is to get at the very core of Parisian life. How admirably he has achieved this will be felt by all who know Paris as well as he does. There can be no hesitation in admitting that no modern Englishman has written more wisely or more comprehensively of Paris. Here is, for instance, a novel aspect of French character, profoundly true: "The French are really the most serious and purposeful folk in the world—a great sad race too, with a pessimistic bitter for the sub-flavour of their national gaiety as it is the sub-flavour of their national absinthe." It is something of a paradox, in continuing the assertion, to depict them as "a gloomy and brooding swarm," while truth again lies in the statement that they are "ever haunted with the fear of being left behind in the race of life, their clear, keen intellect marred and thwarted by wretched nerves." And, again: "In point of temperament the men here are the women, and the women the men. The quiet, laborious, cool-headed housewife runs France."

To know a city surprisingly well is not enough to make an intimate record; but in addition to full knowledge and the faculty of trained observation, Mr. Whiteing brings to the study of Paris an intellect cool and clear, precise and logical. He takes to pieces in the first chapter the entire governmental machine and shows us carefully how each part works separately yet in perfect conjunction with the whole. He makes a very plausible apology for Napoleon's famous gift to France, its present centralised rule, the tyranny of bureaucracy and the discouragement of individualism, because, like most dispassionate observers, he sees that it works on the whole fairly well and makes for national prosperity. He is too much preoccupied with the question of racial nerves and the sky-flying of incensed blunderers and dreamers to give the consideration it deserves to the desirable project of decentralisation and the diminution of the functionary's glory. At first blush no foreigner can be brought to accept the average Frenchman's honest conviction that France is the worst governed country of the world. He looks around him and sees on all sides signs of unwonted prosperity; order, grace, a handsome spread of comfort over the lowest ranks of society. The courts of justice are free to all, and the Minister of the Interior attends with such almost superhuman interest to the minutest affairs of the provinces as well as of the capital, that one asks in amazement what the French have to complain of. This is apparently Mr. Whiteing's feeling. The institution, he

tells us, is satisfactory, but he does not take into consideration the fact that this institution engenders and nourishes the very faults he complains of in the race. All the horrors of the political battle, all the atrocities of the French press spring from it. The decentralisation which young Liberal France sighs for would prove a safety valve in national wild moments. With all eyes strained towards Paris, and the tiniest administrative existence on the very verge of the frontiers dependent upon the Minister of the Interior, how is the whole country to avoid going mad whenever Paris, most wilful and excitable of witches, takes it into her perverse and charming head to run frantic for a while?

But this is merely a point of difference with Mr. Whiteing. His sentiment is natural in a foreigner content with what he sees and intellectually capable of taking the measure of French administration with all its defects and its benefits. His view is large and tolerant and wise, as appreciative and sympathetic as a strong, self-satisfied Saxon can be of a race so essentially different as the French. What could be neater and more accurate than his definition of the reason of every Frenchman's desire to have the Cross of the Legion of Honour. "To have it not is more of a reproach than to have it is a distinction." The chapter on Parisian pastimes is, perhaps, the most attractive in a work of solid value. "The French," Mr. Whiteing remarks, "have had a century's familiarity with the conception that the first duty of a community in the distribution of the blessings of life is to itself as a whole." The square gardens of London, reserved under lock and key for residents, would be impossible in Paris, for the people have too keen a consciousness of their rights to tolerate such privilege. None work harder than the French, or more cheerfully; but they must have their reward in a full and free share of all the joys art and nature offer in their land. This characteristic Mr. Whiteing notes with wit and fanciful humour: "The Paris man in the street is the heir of the ages of the most stimulating suggestions of glory and power. So fashioned, like the Athenian of old, he has naturally come to regard himself as a sort of centre of things." Here is a page which sums up his out-of-doors view which could hardly be bettered: "So the Parisian common man has his share of the Champs Elysées and of the boulevards in his freedom of access to their fountains and promenades and their bordering alleys of tender green. He comes downstairs to them, so to speak, as soon as the scavengers have done their timely work. He descends to his thoroughfare as the millionaire expects to descend to his breakfast-room or his study, with all its appointments fresh from the broom and shining in their brightness of metal and glass. So whatever the gloom of the domestic prospect, his street helps him to feel good. The beauty of the statuary, of the public buildings, is a means to the same end. For nothing the poorest of poor devils may see the glorious bronzes of the terrace garden of the Tuileries, the outdoor figures of the Luxembourg, the great horses of the Place de la Concorde, the magnificent composition of the Arch. The very lamp-post that will light his way at nightfall serves the purpose of a thing of beauty all through the day. Compare it with the English bar of cast iron, hideous to the eye in form and colour, foul with the mudstains of years of traffic. The Frenchman must have it suave and shapely in its lines, a model of good Renaissance ornament in its decorations, bronze in its material, and washed and polished every week or so to keep it smart."

The book is full of good things, not a page of it is dull or marred with cheap or hasty generalisation. One last quotation:

Montmartre is not so much as the Grub-street of Paris, for Grub-street was actually productive, and it was at least sincere. Most of these poets and painters are simply the failures of the schools, masquerading as coming men. They are put out of doors as soon as they cease to draw.

Their very wickedness is scenic, and it bears a strong family likeness to the potations from the skull in the revels of Newstead Abbey. The contemplative ratepayer looks in, drinks his glass of beer, and goes his way, thanking heaven he was not born clever. The tourist lays out a few francs in a copy of a song or a copy of a volume, and writes well-meant but misguiding letters to his native papers to say that he has been at supper with the gods.

Mr. Whiteing takes the good along with the bad in Parisian life, and is wise enough to see, for all the dissipated voices of renown, that it is the good which prevails, that industry, grace, and order here hold all the strong places.

Nurseries of the Navy.

The Cinque Ports. By Ford Madox Hueffer. Illustrated by William Hyde. (Blackwood. 63s. net.)

THE history of the Cinque Ports is of overflowing interest touching the larger issues of the national life. The men of the Ports were the first organised guardians of the English coast, fathers of the navy in a strictly accurate sense. Their subsidisation by the Crown was a stroke of admirably wise policy, and the return for the services rendered generous and appreciative. The general charter to the confederation of Edward I., which appears to have gathered together and confirmed the previous separate charters of the Ports, enacts that they "shall do to us and our heirs, kings of England, yearly their full service of fifty-seven ships, at their cost, for fifty days, at the summons of us and our heirs." In recognition of this service they were freed from all toll and custom throughout England, and, among other privileges, were granted the right of governing their internal affairs. The confederacy became a rich and jealous commonwealth, able to sustain the harryings and burnings continually inflicted by France, and to repay in kind and in ample measure. But the day of their decline came; their harbours, one by one, silted up, and from nurseries of the navy they declined into the useful obscurity of watering-places.

Mr. Hueffer has brought to his loving labour faculties not often found in combination in writers of topographical and historical books of this description. He is accurate—which was essential—particularly clear in arrangement, and a little master of atmosphere and phrase. In those who know the marsh-country covered in these pages, a sense of reminiscent delight will continually be stirred. To an intimate local knowledge is added a power of poetical appreciation which seldom fails to get at the essence of beauty either in form or suggestion. Take this, of Pett Level; the flavour is admirably caught:

It is a lotus-eating land—a land where one loses one's grip of life, to remain intensely individual. Nowhere is one so absolutely alone; but nowhere do inanimate things—the water plants and the lichens on the stiles—afford one so much company. It must not be hurried through, or it is a dull, flat stretch. But linger and saunter through it and you are caught by the heels in a moment. You will catch a malady of tranquility—a kind of idle fever that will fall on you in distant places for years after.

Mr. Hueffer has a habit which seriously detracts from the melody and grace of his prose—the use of the indefinite nominative "one." At best it is a construction to be used sparingly; here it is thick on almost every page. This is a serious and annoying defect. We can forgive Mr. Hueffer for an attitude towards our own times which seems faddishly depreciative and sometimes blind—a sensitivism too remote from actual life; we can more than forgive him for quoting from his own excellent verse, but we cannot pardon that perpetual "one." It becomes a positive offence.

Both Mr. Hueffer and the Ports are fortunate in their

illustrator. Mr. Hyde's drawings, fourteen of which are reproduced in photogravure, are fine examples of the work of an artist whose poetical vision is wonderfully comprehensive and refined, whose execution is delicate and masterly. A careful examination of these plates revives our faith in black and white as a medium for landscape not yet dead; but such work as this can only be attained by the few. The drawing of Dover from the sea has a dignity and imagination, a wave-movement, wholly remarkable; those of Winchelsea, Rye, and Sandwich Flats have caught the true spirit of the places at most characteristic moments. It is, perhaps, this insight into the spirit, into the subtle meaning, of nature, which renders Mr. Hyde's work so fascinating. He interprets rather than represents. But, while according this high praise, we would suggest to Mr. Hyde that he gives us too much of storm and twilight, too little of the witchery of the sun.

Towards the close of his history Mr. Hueffer says: "If the words would come and would dance themselves into metre, one might finish it with a Ballad of Fair Ships and Goodly Havens." We hope that the ballad will not remain long unwritten, that we may "sail with *La Blithe de Winchelsea* and *La Littel Douce de Saundwic* over glassier seas into a more golden twilight." And may Mr. Hyde be moved to realise for us those stately ghosts.

Other New Books.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

By PAGET TOYNBEE.

THIS excellent little volume on Dante, by one of the most competent and instructed of mediæval scholars, is primarily "addressed rather to the so-called general reader than to the serious Dante student." But the latter, too, will find it a clear, compact, and convenient summary of the whole subject. The five sections into which it is divided consist of, firstly, a study of thirteenth century Florentine politics, under the title of "Guelfs and Ghibellines"; secondly, a sketch of Dante's career at Florence; thirdly, a sketch of his wanderings in exile and posthumous rehabilitation at home; fourthly, a personal account of him, based on Villani and Boccaccio, on his portraits and on the Dante legend; finally, a brief analysis of his works. For the use made of unauthentic and doubtfully authentic stories Mr. Toynbee half apologises, holding that "the legends and traditions which hang around the name of a great personality are a not unimportant element in his biography, and may sometimes serve to place him as well as, if not better than, the more sober estimates of the serious historian." Doubtless this is as true in Dante's case as it certainly is in that of his great countryman, St. Francis. It gives colour to Mr. Toynbee's book that so far as possible he modestly interweaves into his narrative long passages from Villani, Boccaccio and even modern writers, preferring translation of what has been already well said to mere paraphrase. There are some good illustrations, but we look in vain for anything in the way of a bibliography. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

HOW THE GARDEN GREW.

By MAUD MARYON.

HAD Miss Jekyll never cultivated the Munstead primrose; had Mrs. Earle's Surrey pleasaunce remained untilled; had Elizabeth sate not in her German garden and babbled of the Man of Wrath, this book—and many others—would have remained unwritten, and the task of wounding its author's feelings would happily never have confronted us. But here it is, in all its self-satisfied mediocrity, in all its futile imitativeness, and we must do our duty. All the ingredients are present: the garden, the packets of seeds, the trite reflections on nature and its mystery, the coynesses and archnesses of the fair writer-gardener, and the amusing Men Things who give advice and assistance. Chief

of these is the Young Man. When a woman writes a book and spells Young Man with capital letters, one is prepared for the worst. The Young Man is a curate, a nicely bred, rather wistful curate, with the usual gift of conversational facetiousness (yet never wholly unmindful of his high calling). In the end he proposes to the author, and is exquisitely accepted—as curates should be. On the way to this consummation are such passages as the following, discreetly combining the practical and the reflective: “After the ground is ready, make little straight trenches about one inch deep, and thinly, because they are certain anyway to be too close, scatter in your seeds. [Now mark the transition from earth to the rarer atmosphere, the appeal from one class of reader to the other.] There for the present your work ends, and Mother Nature commences her never-ending miracle of death and resurrection. ‘Thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain,’ and ‘that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die,’ when ‘God giveth it a body, to every seed its own body.’” So it goes on, with never a word of real gardening knowledge. And incidentally we find such words as “plantlets.” It is high time that this kind of book had a close season. (Longman. 5s. net.)

HOLBEIN'S “AMBASSADORS.” BY MARY F. S. HERVEY.

Has so elaborate, learned, and finely illustrated a monograph ever before been devoted to the elucidation of a single picture? When Holbein's “Ambassadors” first came to the National Gallery from Longford Castle, in 1890, it excited unusual popular interest, partly on account of the curious device of a death's head painted from a reflection in a curved mirror which occupies the foreground, partly because of the difficulty felt by historical scholars in identifying the two important diplomatic personages whose portraits it contains. The problem is now solved, and the whole history of the picture is fully set forth, as a result of unwearied patience and research, by Miss Hervey. The “ambassadors” are Jean de Dinteville, Seigneur of Polisy and Bailly of Troyes, and George de Selve, Bishop of Lavaur. Dinteville was French ambassador at the court of Henry VIII., and in 1533, the year in which the picture was painted, Selve was on a visit to his friend in this country. Miss Hervey's task falls into three sections. In the first she traces the history of the picture itself and of the inquiries which led to its identification. The second deals exhaustively with the careers, personal and diplomatic, of its subjects, two very interesting and typical Frenchmen of the sixteenth century. The third is an explanation of the curious wealth of detail and surrounding, much of it symbolic in character, with which Holbein has accompanied the portraits. Naturally it falls within Miss Hervey's scheme to expound the mystery of the “death's head.” There are other symbols of death in the picture, a smaller death's head in Dinteville's cap, a crucifix half concealed by a curtain in the background. Miss Hervey points out that Dinteville was, in his own words, “the most melancholy ambassador that ever was seen,” and suggests that he had taken the death's head as his characteristic emblem or “devise.” The mystification of the optical delusion thus becomes easily explicable; for according to sixteenth century fancy a “devise” should not be too obviously employed. It must not be “so plain as to be understood by all, nor so obscure as to require a sphinx to interpret.” Miss Hervey is to be congratulated upon the very valuable study of sixteenth century society which she has woven around her text. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)

GUINGAMOR, SIR LANVAL, TYOLET,
THE WEREWOLF.

TRANS. BY
JESSIE L. WESTON.

This is a number of Miss Weston's useful little series of “Arthurian Romances unrepresented in Malory.” The four *lais*—three by Marie de France, one by an unknown

author—probably represent an early stage of Arthurian romance. They are short narratives, such as may have served Crétien de Troyes and others, as material to be worked up into longer verse romances. They were in all likelihood translated from the Breton, and through those elements of Celtic faery and folk-lore gradually filtered into French literature. Miss Weston has given a translation which faithfully possesses much of the spirit of the originals, has added some useful notes, and has provided a short introduction on the literary history of the *lais* and their relation to the Arthurian cycle. (Nutt. 2s. net.)

Fiction.

Montes the Matador, and Other Stories. By Frank Harris.
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE author of *Elder Conklin* employs in all his fiction the device of what we would call “simple narration,” a device used by Balzac and Turgenev, but not, we think, by any other great European novelist of the nineteenth century: not even, strangely enough, by de Maupassant. The user of this device may be deemed to adopt the following attitude toward his reader: “See here, I have some very curious and interesting facts to tell you, and I will relate them straightforwardly, without embroidery, and with only such explanations and descriptions as are absolutely necessary. I merely want you to get hold of the facts; indeed, you must listen to them, because they have interested me tremendously and I am sure they will interest you. Whatever you do, don't mistake me for a romancer, a concocter of stories. Now just listen, and I won't waste your time . . . There! Now, wasn't that worth hearing! True? Of course it is true: that is why I wished you to hear it.” Such an attitude and such a method, employed with skill and discretion, are enormously effective in the way of *vraisemblance*; and *vraisemblance* is esteemed by novelists the highest quality of narrative art. (It isn't—no one ever imagined that *Paradise Lost* was true—but that is another and a larger question.)

There are five stories in Mr. Harris's volume—two rather slight and unequal to the three larger ones—and each leaves you with the impression that the events told did actually occur. The best tale is the first one, the love-story of an old *espada*, told (like most of the others) in the first person. It is a sinister and powerful recital, and the bull-fighting lore comes out of the mouth of old Montes in a very natural and convincing manner. “Profit and Loss” is a tale of Kansas City—Mr. Harris's cosmopolitanism amounts almost to an affectation—and the theme is an arson committed by an employee at the instigation of his employer, the reward being the latter's daughter. The analysis of the criminal's feelings after the crime is one of the best things in the book.

. . . He realised that all efforts were in vain, that nothing could check the fire, that his work was done—completely. And then remorse came upon him; at first, with a vague sense of loss, such as one feels in missing the familiar and accustomed; later, with the full understanding of waste and destruction, as acutely keen regret. . . .

The last story, “Sonia,” is Russian, and very obviously it has been composed at the feet of Ivan Turgenev. Mr. Harris could not have gone to a better master; but nevertheless “Sonia” is only a clever imitation. The episode of the assassination of Alexander II. is here used with singular dramatic effect.

The book as a whole is capable; but Mr. Harris's careless way of writing English will prevent him from taking so high a place as he might otherwise have occupied.

Marshfield the Observer; and the Death Dance. By Egerton Castle. (Macmillan. 6s.)

ABOUT these "Studies of Life and Character" there is an old-world flavour of the early 'nineties, the Latch Key moment, the moment also of the idiotic notion that the shape of a sentence was everything, its thought—so long as it was of the latch-key order—nothing. We say this because the author of *Marshfield* is, in this antiquated sense, so manifestly a student of style. If not a stylist, in fact, he is in peril of being almost nothing at all. Yet surely a stylist is just what he can by no means compass it to be. Every paragraph bears witness to his limitations. Take, now, the story of "Endymion in Barracks." Dalrymple "was essentially a college-bred [!] man, and, moreover, a creature specially equipped, both by nature and self training, for the higher transcendent flights of purely intellectual life . . ." This exquisite person joined the army and learned to talk like an officer and a gentleman. Alas! Mr. Marshfield paid him a visit; and he broke out:

At last he began—no longer with the studied disjointedness, the slang of camp and mess, but with the cultured precision of wording and phrasing which had been one of the leading marks in the "Deuced Superior Set."

"Marshfield," he said, "I have that on my mind which must find voice . . . had I to tell it to the clouds, to the winds, to the rushes!" . . .

"It is a wondrous coincidence [he goes on] that you should be near me to-day; for, certes, there is no one I know at present to whom I would tell what has happened to me."

He had found, in fact, that he was growing too Superior; and that way, precedent assured him, madness lay. Therefore:

I burnt my poems, sold my books, locked my piano—nor has any one these eight years even suspected I could play aught but the vamping to a music-hall song.

Then we have a series of apparitions of the Great Joy of Man's Desire ("for when we must symbolise the Beautiful the most abstract, we must of necessity materialise it under lines of beauty the most perfect in themselves, the most harmonious in their changes"); till presently "melancholy marked Dalrymple for her own." In the end:

They found his body on the lip of the enemy's trenches; and it was said that the beauty of his dead face was such, the smile upon it so exquisite, that the very soldiers of the burying party, all hardened to their materialising task, begged to look and look again before wrapping him away in that insatiable earth that had already drunk in so much gallant blood.

All the stories are conceived and told in this exalted manner.

The Visits of Elizabeth. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"ADORABLE *enfant terrible*" is Lord Valmond's description of Elizabeth, and whoever looks at the miniature reproduced in this book and reads her droll letters will agree with him. It is a young aristocrat prattling away to its mamma that we encounter in these pages. Mamma had old-fashioned notions about an epistolary style, which were triumphantly opposed in one exquisitely ungrammatical sentence in her daughter's second letter.

Elizabeth visited Lady Cecilia at Nazeby Hall, Great-aunt Maria at Heaviland Manor, Mme. de Croixmare at her French château—but why extend the list? Enough to say that she ended by becoming engaged in November to a person who in August of the same year was "an odious young man and very rude."

It will be perceived that *The Visits of Elizabeth* is a novel interesting as a piece of pure presentation of what the French journalist called "hig-lif." When Elizabeth

writes: "I wouldn't keep a coachman with a beard, would you?" one has a flash of the patrician egoism which is the cause of Socialistic surges. For the most part she is just the human girl—an *ingénue*, perhaps, rather than an *enfant terrible*, though such ingenuousness as hers is astounding. Even Credulity, however, might be induced to slap Innocence which parades itself thus:

While we were going to the house to get our wraps, I overheard two ladies talking of Godmamma. They said she gave herself great airs, and considering that everyone knew that years ago she had been the *amie* of that good-looking Englishman at the Embassy, these high stilts of virtue were ridiculous. I suppose to be an *amie* is something wicked in French, but it doesn't sound very bad, does it, Mamma? And, whatever it is, I wonder if poor papa knew, as he was at the Embassy, and it might have been one of his friends, mightn't it? I expect she had not a moustache then.

The shadow of things not seen is a little too pronounced in the above and some other passages, but Elizabeth's letters from France are amusing in spite and because of their sub-conscious impropriety. She conquered a marquis and a vicomte there, but she would not "dream," she observes in a fit of insularity, "of marrying into a nation that eats badly, and doesn't have a bath except to be smart."

She is a minx when it comes to describing her embodied dislikes. Thus Victorine, in order to prepossess her *fiancé* in her favour, is credited with having "scrubbed her face with soap—I suppose to get that greasy look off—until it shines like an apple, her nose is crimson, and her eyes look like two beads."

Elizabeth has the frank insolence of seventeen; to her twenty-two spells Old Maid. Her *obiter dicta* enjoy the emphasis of youth. Thus she conjugates the verb "to hate": "I hate gold-plate myself; one's knife does make such slate-pencilish noises on it." "I should hate to be a priest; should not you, Mamma? You mayn't even look at anyone nice." "I should hate to be a marquis, always having to take the hostess in to dinner, no matter how old and ugly she is, just because a duke isn't present."

One would fain close on so philosophical a note. But, alas! the last sentence of the book expresses Elizabeth's gratification that as an English marchioness she will be able to "walk in front of Victorine anywhere."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SECOND LOVE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

Mr. Speight does the mystery novel rather well; he has been doing it for so long that he must by now think in terms of mystery. Here we meet a woman whose second love, after she had married him, was believed by her to be the murderer of her first husband. Of course, he wasn't. Mr. Speight makes it his business to explain matters satisfactorily. The suspected man was our old friend Rivers. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

DIAMANELEN.

BY SADI GRANT.

Diamanelen was named "after a fair, frail ancestress of the time of Charles the Second, who loved not wisely, but too well." We are introduced to a gentleman in the North of China whose name was Li Ki Foo. The book is pervaded by China and melodrama. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

WHO GOES THERE?

BY B. K. BENSON.

This is a story of a spy in the American Civil War. It is packed with adventure, vigorously narrated, and gives a vivid personal view of that great upheaval. The style is somewhat jerky and flamboyant, but the author has grip. (Macmillan. 6s.)

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Gabriele d'Annunzio.

An Enquiry.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO is thirty-six years old; he was born in a ship on the Adriatic. His childhood was sensitive, capricious, and violent. As a boy he followed the *culte du Moi*, and to come between him and the least of his desires was to arouse a storm of furious anger. He was always precocious, and at the age of sixteen he published some verses, *Primo Vere*, of which the precocity is excessive. He made a name at once. That witty critic, Marc Monnier, said of him in the *Revue Suisse*: "If I was one of his masters, I should give him a medal and the stick." At the University of Rome his personality excited enthusiasm; he published both prose and verse of unmistakable genius. Soon he burst upon society, and, in the double rôle of artist and rake, he dazzled and scandalised even Rome for a number of years. Then he began seriously to work. All these things are semi-officially recorded of him in print.

To-day, despite his translators, he enjoys a European fame. Few modern writers have suffered more by translation than d'Annunzio. In France, the faithful and hero-worshipping M. Hérèlle has certainly spared no effort on behalf of his idol; but one is bound to say that M. Hérèlle's conception of the translator's charter of freedom is entirely too broad. In England the austerity of taste is such that an adequate translation is impossible; the thing simply could not be done. Miss Georgina Harding has partially rendered several of the novels with brilliance; her version of *Le Virgini delle Rocce* is one of the very best translations of recent years; but the five translated novels are all mutilated, necessarily, and the effect is like that of a hacked statue. To translate too much, as in France, or too little, as in England, is to impair its appeal, and to translate feebly or clumsily is to nullify it. The final beauty of d'Annunzio's fiction is a beauty of form. In the research after style he began where Flaubert ceased; he performs by instinct feats which cost Flaubert such cruel labour, and Flaubert would have been the first to acknowledge the youth's pre-eminence of virtuosity.

Not often, in these latter days, do the philosopher and the stylist come together in the novelist: the "message" is usually delivered in terms careless of, or derogatory to, art, and the philosopher, while declaring that art must serve morals, is quaintly blind to the fact that art can only serve when it is respected; use it disdainfully, and it disserves. In d'Annunzio, however, the philosopher and the artist are, strange to say, well met; and this man with his keen instinct for form and beauty has also the reforming ardour of the moralist, and the sanity to keep an even balance between the two sides of himself.

The English reader of d'Annunzio, even d'Annunzio expurgated, may perhaps smile at the spectacle of the author of *Il Piacere* posing as a moralist. Yet indubitably he is a moralist, with a very noble moral to propound. The pity is that he happens to be, by race and by temperament, one of the least proper persons in the

world to propound it. You will get the first hint of what the moral is from the fact that all his long novels are more or less about himself. Under one guise or another, he is always the hero, and, directly or indirectly, each book is an impassioned revelation of its hero. We have referred to the *culte du Moi*—a phrase already sufficiently victimised by the wit of England and France, especially since Maurice Barrès has contrived to make himself both ridiculous and dull, but a phrase, nevertheless, which adumbrates a superb idea. The *culte du Moi* is d'Annunzio's, and the whole of his production is an *apologia*—not, for heaven's sake! an apology—*pro vita sua*. Or one may say, more accurately, that the whole of his production is a statement of himself.

I know I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself—be understood,

I see that the elementary laws never apologise,
(I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by, after all).

I exist as I am, that is enough.

Whitman sang himself in fifty pages, d'Annunzio in nine volumes. To the Italian there is neither pure nor impure: there is only d'Annunzio. And so it happens that several books are devoted to aspects of the man which, to be exact, are obscene. But to d'Annunzio nothing of himself is obscene. "Here am I," he says, in effect, "the result of the operation of natural law during countless centuries. Why should I hide anything? Why should I be ashamed of anything? It is my lot to write, and I will tell you all. I will never pretend to be what I am not. My aim is to be myself." The idea is not a new one, but it has never been worked out with such ruthless and fearless logic, and such bewildering beauty, as characterise d'Annunzio's development of it. Of course the old question at once arises whether one can be more one's-self by self-indulgence or by self-command. D'Annunzio might answer, "Equally by both." But the deep Northern instinct will always answer, "By self-command." It is so that d'Annunzio answers, in *The Virgins of the Rocks*, that lofty aspiration to transmit his faculties to a descendant in a more efficient condition than that in which they were transmitted to him. *The Virgins of the Rocks*, steeped in an atmosphere of decay, is yet a profoundly moral and astringent book. It expresses the ideal of d'Annunzio the man, just as *The Flame of Life* (*Il Fuoco*), recently issued in English,* expresses the ideal of d'Annunzio the artist. The ideal of d'Annunzio the man is to give play to every natural impulse, to perfect every faculty, to develop the individuality, to mate wisely in order worthily to continue one's "stock," and to blush for nothing except affectation. Put more briefly, the moral of *The Virgins of the Rocks* is that man's supreme duty is to leave a son superior to himself. Love, for the sake of love, occupies a minor place in such a scheme; and it is indeed highly curious to watch the "child of pleasure" thus reverting, in his finest moments, to an exalted form of altruism.

The ideal of d'Annunzio the artist is, rightly, more egoistic. *Il Fuoco* is more than a revelation, it is an apotheosis of its hero, Stelio Effrena; and Stelio is more surely and completely a portrait of d'Annunzio than any other of his creations. *Il Fuoco* is, in fact, a gallery of portraits, for the heroine, La Foscarina, cannot but have been drawn from a renowned tragic actress; and the third great character is Richard Wagner, with no disguise whatever. Stelio Effrena is a poet of the first order, and his artistic emotions are described as only a poet of the first order could describe them. His creative vitality, his ever-burning "flame of life" is always foremost. He is continually called "The Life Giver." "To create with joy!"

* *The Flame of Life*. Translated by Kassandra Vivaria. (Heinemann. 6s.)

It is the attribute of Divinity! It is not possible to imagine at the summit of our spirit a more triumphal act." Here is a finished picture of the great artist's soul:

The pride; the intoxication of his hard, dogged labour; his boundless, uncurbed ambition that has been forced into a field too narrow for it; his bitter intolerance of mediocrity in life; his claim to princely privileges; the dissembled craving for action by which he was propelled towards the multitude as to the prey he should prefer; the vision of great and imperious art that should be at the same time a signal of light in his hands and a weapon of subjection; his strangely imperial dreams; his insatiable need of pre-eminence, of glory, of pleasure—rebelling tumultuously, dazzling and suffocating him in their confusion.

Observe: great and imperious art. D'Annunzio the artist demands empire. "Once more he would prove to them how, in order to obtain victory over man and circumstance, there is no other way but that of constantly feeding one's own exaltation and magnifying one's own dream of beauty or of power." It is a source of sadness to him that he cannot be Napoleon, Bismarck, and Carlyle, as well as d'Annunzio. He has the creative energy to be everything: the field is always "too narrow."

Expression, that is the necessity. The greatest vision has no value unless it be manifested and condensed in living forms. And I have everything to create. I am not pouring my substance into hereditary forms. My whole work is an invention; I cannot and will not obey other than my own instinct and the genius of my race.

It is in that phrase, "the genius of my race," that lies the secret of d'Annunzio's ultimate failure. For he must fail; with all the magnificence of his artistic endowment, the sincerity of his humanity, and the force of his moral and artistic creeds—he must fail. He believes in two things which are certain to play him false—the Latin race and his moral self. He talks of "the growing virtue of the ideals handed down by their fathers, their sovereign dignity of spirit, the indestructible power of Beauty, all the great values held as nothing by modern barbarity." Yes, yes! But modern barbarity will in the end make its own great values, and meanwhile it will crush out the Latin race. That a man of d'Annunzio's vision should have faith in "the growing virtue" of Latin ideals is pathetic. The Latin race is effete, exhausted, dying. No make-believes of a United Italy, no gorgeous activity of Universal Exhibitions, can save it from the fate of assimilation by the stronger. A race cannot have both a detached past and a future. The Latin must be content with its past. And yet here is this imperious and wondrous Unit of a decadent race talking to Europe about the future, explaining how he will "hand down" this and that, and exercise domination and enjoy glory. He will never hand down, he will never dominate, and his only glory will be that he illuminates splendidly a dissolution. He is a lovely orchid flowering over decay. He is not a moral force, and therefore he is not an artistic force (for the one must be behind the other), because there is no moral force left in the race. And so an artistic equipment almost unparalleled in the present era is doomed to spend its strength and sweetness in disguising the odours of corruption. "Be yourself!" It is a proud incitement, but its authentic value depends on what yourself is.

Things Seen.

A Half-God.

SIXTEEN years ago at school, how that name shone! Week after week, when the *Illustrated London News* came, we used—I and another—to tear it open at the second page and devour those garrulous notes. What wisdom, what humour, what erudition, what a memory, what an acquaintance-roll, what familiarity with Courts, what anecdote! We saturated ourselves in those "Echoes of the Week": to be able to write like that was the crown

of the literary life. "Some day [I remember saying, in the Disraeli tone of 'Some day you shall hear me!'], some day I will be Sala's successor on this paper!" I meant it too. And now—. In the holidays I read everything he wrote—even *The Seven Sons of Mammon* (which Thackeray called "The Seven Tons of Gammon"). I read *Breakfast in Bed* and *Dutch Pictures*, and *After Breakfast and Twice Round the Clock*. "Almost the true Dickens" I thought it then, as Browning said of Gigadibs (perhaps Gigadibs was Sala)—nay, Heaven help me, I believe I thought it better than the true Dickens, for a very madness for this man was working; and I recollect a weary and mortifying pilgrimage to an old and not too popular uncle, undertaken entirely because the rumour circulated that he and G. A. S. had once corresponded. The thrill of seeing him (it was on the promenade at Brighton) I can still recall, though (such creatures we are!) I blush a little in doing so. He wore a white waistcoat, one eye was screwed up exactly as in the pictures, his face celebrated good dinners in both hemispheres. It was he! That was the hand—now holding a large cigar—the hand that wrote the *Echoes*, and the leaders in the *Telegraph*, and the books. I beheld George Augustus Sala, and my heart was almost too big for my waistcoat.

And now, sixteen years later, I stand in front of the window of Glaisher's in Holborn—that object-lesson in the mistaken judgment of publishers—and see a huge volume lettered *The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala* labelled at two shillings. My once hero, my once exemplar, a remainder! And as I walk away I know that of all the busy hands that have driven a pen since literature began none has possessed a style which I would repudiate for my own so energetically and absolutely as that of G. A. S.

There is something passionate, Lowell wrote, in the recoil of the young man from the idol of the boy. Yes, and there is something very sad in the position of the idol when the devotee neglects him—a side of the question that rebellious devotees too seldom meditate upon.

Gipsies.

THE river was deserted, save by a few pensive fishermen in moored punts. Yet the December Thames had a charm hardly less magical than August's—a charm which instilled into the heart a spirit of quietness, of austere restfulness. The afternoon was warm, the sky clear, the ripples dancing with gold; only I and the swans moved upon the water.

As I pulled upstream between Hampton and Sunbury I saw, on the right bank, the glimmer of a fire against the black mouth of a gipsy tent; above it the smoke curled blue. Round about the fire figures moved, and a red bodice made a vivid splash of colour. A sudden impulse made me run the boat inshore. I landed, to find friends whom I had last seen encamped on a wild Surrey common.

Tea was in preparation, and I was invited to share it. The master was polite, but silent, the wife voluble and embarrassingly hospitable. She of the red bodice, the eldest girl, stood at the tent entrance in an attitude of statuesque repose; her unbound hair, swept back from the wide brows, fell to her waist. In her the true eastern blood was manifest; it spoke in her colour, her poise of body, her untamed eyes, in her power of self abstraction, in her absolute unconcern. She watched the flow of the darkening river as though only it and she existed. So far as I observed, she only glanced at me once during the hour I remained; in all that time she did not speak a word. The other children laughed and scrambled at her feet, but she retained her absolute and impenetrable repose.

As I dropped down the river in the twilight I felt that I was turning my back upon a mystery. In that single figure I recognised all the glamour of the East, and there moved before me a sorrowful but most majestic vision of the world's wanderers.

A Paradox on Art.

Is it not part of the pedantry of letters to limit the word art, a little narrowly, to certain manifestations only of the artistic spirit, or, at all events, to set up a comparative estimate of the values of the several arts, a little unnecessarily? Literature, painting, sculpture, music; these we admit as art, and the persons who work in them as artists; but dancing, for instance, in which the performer is at once creator and interpreter, and those methods of interpretation, such as the playing of musical instruments, or the conducting of an orchestra, or acting, have we scrupulously considered the degree to which these also are art, and their executants, in a strict sense, artists?

If we may be allowed to look upon art as something essentially independent of its material, however dependent upon its own material each art may be, in a secondary sense, it will scarcely be logical to contend that the motionless and permanent creation of the sculptor in marble is, as art, more perfect than the same sculptor's modelling in snow, which, motionless one moment, melts the next, or than the dancer's harmonious succession of movements which we have not even time to realise individually before one is succeeded by another, and the whole has vanished from before our eyes. Art is the creation of beauty in form, visible or audible, and the artist is the creator of beauty in visible or audible form. But beauty is infinitely various, and as truly beauty in the voice of Sarah Bernhardt or the silence of Duse as in a face painted by Leonardo or a poem written by Blake. A dance, performed faultlessly and by a dancer of temperament, is as beautiful, in its own way, as a performance on the violin by Ysaye or the effect of an orchestra conducted by Mottl. In each case the beauty is different, but, once we have really attained beauty, there can be no question of superiority. Beauty is always equally beautiful; the degrees exist only when we have not yet attained beauty.

And thus the old prejudice against the artist to whom interpretation is his own special form of creation is really based upon a misunderstanding. Take the art of music. Bach writes a composition for the violin: that composition exists, in the abstract, the moment it is written down upon paper, but, even to those trained musicians who are able to read at sight, it exists in a state at best but half alive; to all the rest of the world it is silent. Ysaye plays it on his violin, and the thing begins to breathe, has found a voice perhaps more exquisite than the sound which Bach heard in his brain when he wrote down the notes. Take the violin out of Ysaye's hands, and put it into the hands of the first violin in the orchestra behind him; every note will be the same, every interval may be the same, the same general scheme of expression may be followed, but the thing that we shall hear will be another thing, just as much Bach, perhaps, but, because Ysaye is wanting, not the work of art, the creation, to which we have just listened.

That such art should be fragile, evanescent, leaving only a memory which can never be realised again, is as pathetic and as natural as that a beautiful woman should die young. To the actor, the dancer, the same fate is reserved. They work for the instant, and for the memory of the living, with a supremely prodigal magnanimity. Old people tell us that they have seen Desclée, Taglion; soon, no one will be old enough to remember those great artists. Then, if their renown becomes a matter of charity, of credulity, if you will, it will be but equal with the renown of all those poets and painters who are only names to us, or whose masterpieces have perished.

Beauty is infinitely various, always equally beautiful, and can never be repeated. Gautier, in a famous poem, has wisely praised the artist who works in durable material:

Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle
D'une forme au travail
Rebelle,
Vers, marbre, onyx, émail.

No, not more beautiful; only more lasting.

Tout passe. L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité.
Le buste
Survit à la cité.

Well, after all, is there not, to one who regards it curiously, a certain selfishness, even, in this desire to perpetuate oneself or the work of one's hands; as the most austere saints have found selfishness at the root of the soul's too conscious, or too exclusive, longing after eternal life? To have created beauty for an instant is to have achieved an equal result in art with one who has created beauty which will last many thousands of years. Art is concerned only with accomplishment, not with duration. The rest is a question partly of vanity, partly of business. An artist to whom posterity means anything very definite, and the admiration of those who will live after him can seem to promise much warmth in the grave, may indeed refuse to waste his time, as it seems to him, over temporary successes. Or he may shrink from the continuing ardour of one to whom art has to be made over again with the same energy, the same sureness, every time that he acts on the stage or draws music out of his instrument. One may indeed be listless enough to prefer to have finished one's work, and to be able to point to it, as it stands on its pedestal, or comes to meet all the world, with the democratic freedom of the book. All that is a natural feeling in the artist, but it has nothing to do with art. Art has to do only with the creation of beauty, whether it be in words, or sounds, or colour, or outline, or rhythmical movement; and the man who writes music is no more truly an artist than the man who plays that music, the poet who composes rhythms in words no more truly an artist than the dancer who composes rhythms with the body, than the painter is to be preferred to the sculptor, or the musician to the poet, in those forms of art which we have agreed to recognise as of equal value.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Correspondence.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."

SIR,—Referring to the recent correspondence on this book in your columns, the "problem" presented by "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" is briefly this: Can the situation revealed by the letters have arisen, and both lovers still be blameless? As an affirmative answer to this question I concluded "Theta's" suggestion wide of the mark, and hence am the more surprised to find it apparently approved by the "Editor" of the letters. One cannot understand why the relationship for which "Theta" contends should be thought so "terrible" in its nature that it unconditionally imposes silence on the man's lips. Why should he keep silent so persistently? Surely not because of false delicacy or through fear of conventionality where so full and complete a woman as the writer of these letters was concerned! Nor could it be respect for his mother, for she died before his lover. Then why? Far better for him to confess the truth than for his lover to die through a slow torture of perplexity! "Theta's" suggestion hardly reduces the blame attaching to the man's conduct one whit, and leaves his motive undetermined.

The letters imply that both parties were blameless. I hold that no conceivable motive can justify the man's refusal to give his reasons for breaking off the engagement, and allowing his lover to die in the tortures of perplexity; and think that in declaring both parties to be blameless the author's ethics are at fault. Further, with the characters revealed in the letters such a situation was psychically impossible (here I am in agreement with "Phi"); and, even if it had been possible, some inkling

of the man's motive must have been suggested to his lover, and, deepening into certainty, dispelled her perplexity.

In these respects the author's ethics and psychology are questionable; but, in spite of that, the "problem" presented by the letters is amazingly interesting, and they form one of the most delightful human documents I have read for long. So ("Phi's" sensational screech notwithstanding) the author has my blessing—"thanks" is not the word.—I am, &c.,

H. H.

"The Blue Boy."

SIR,—Will you allow me space for a reply to the letter signed "Audax" in your issue of last week, with reference to Gainsborough's celebrated picture—or pictures? I believe that I am in possession of all the known facts. What we want is for someone to discover new facts. Having had access to the Nesbitt family papers, and having seen the "Blue Boy" now in Mr. George Hearn's possession in New York, as well as that at Grosvenor House, I claim to know something about the matter.

It seems not quite certain whether Gainsborough's model was or was not "Master Buttall," the son of an ironmonger in Soho. There is good reason for doubting the assertion, which apparently rests on Young's catalogue of the 1820 sale, published half a century after the picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy.

The present owner is not a banker, but a successful merchant in New York, who has filled his house with art treasures of all descriptions.

It is quite possible that the picture in Grosvenor House is a copy by Hoppner, as suggested by "Audax," or that it is a replica by Gainsborough. It may even be the original. In the latter case, the Prince of Wales's "Blue Boy" was Gainsborough's replica. It is certainly an original picture, and not a copy by another painter, and Gainsborough's own nephew, Lane, pronounced it to be the finer of the two in every way.

It is possible, therefore, that there were two "Blue Boys" painted before 1788, the date of Gainsborough's death.

Now, the points of interest still remaining to be cleared up are these:

1. When did the Prince of Wales give his "Blue Boy" to John Nesbitt?
2. When did the Prince first become possessed of it?
3. In whose possession was the other "Blue Boy" between 1770 and October, 1802; or between the date of the Royal Academy exhibition and the date when Hoppner sold to Lord Grosvenor the picture now in the possession of the Duke of Westminster?

If your readers care to continue the subject, I can give you a summary of all the known facts, which will, I think, leave no doubt in the mind of any unbiassed critic that, whether the Duke's picture is an original or a copy, Mr. Hearn's is certainly the very picture which the Prince of Wales gave to Nesbitt in some year prior to 1802.—I am, &c.,

BUSCADOR.

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George Eliot's <i>Adam Bede</i>	19
Macaulay's <i>Essays</i>	19

This list strikes us as equally surprising and unsurprising. That *Vanity Fair* should head the list seems almost a reproach; but this does not prove that any one of our competitors would have placed it there. As a matter of fact, three competitors do place Thackeray's masterpiece at the head of their lists.

Two competitors have sent lists agreeing with the plébiscite list in the proportion of eight to ten. They are: Miss C. C. Bell, Epworth, Doncaster, and Miss E. M. Smith, 7, Gordon Street, W.C. Cheques for half-a-guinea have accordingly been sent to these competitors.

Miss Bell's list is as follows:

The *Pickwick Papers*.
Vanity Fair.
In Memoriam.
Sartor Resartus.
Waverley.
Modern Painters.
The Essays of Elia.
Emerson's Essays.
The Origin of Species.
Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Miss Smith's list is as follows:

Essays of Elia.
Waverley.
Wordsworth's Poems.
Sartor Resartus.
Vanity Fair.
Pickwick.
Modern Painters.
In Memoriam.
Adam Bede.
Treasure Island.

On the whole, the plébiscite list surprises us the more we look into it. Why should *Modern Painters* be in every English home? We approve of *Elia's Essays*, and *Macaulay's*; the one is a library of sentiment and the other of fact, and both are consummate in their way. It is suggestive that the nearest approach to a book founded on religious faith is *In Memoriam*. Why *Adam Bede*? Why not *Browning's Poems*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*? Why not—? But space forbids. Among books which failed of inclusion in the plébiscite list are these:

TITLE.	VOTES.
Greene's <i>Short History of the English People</i>	18
Ivanhoe	17
Tennyson's <i>Poems</i>	17
David Copperfield	16
Emerson's <i>Essays</i>	14
Wordsworth's <i>Poems</i> ..	12
Carlyle's <i>French Revolution</i>	11
Sesame and Lilies	9
Wordsworth's <i>Excursion</i> ..	8
<i>Alice in Wonderland</i>	6
<i>Lyrical Ballads</i>	5
Macaulay's <i>History of England</i>	5
<i>Idylls of the King</i>	5

We regret that pressure on our space makes it impossible to acknowledge the unsuccessful competitions.

Competition No. 66 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of One Guinea for the best Sonnet on the passing of the Nineteenth Century and the advent of the Twentieth Century.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Thursday, December 27. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 65 (New Series).

The terms of our Competition last week ran as follows: "We offer a prize of One Guinea for a list of the ten books written in English in the nineteenth century which no English home should be without. We exclude encyclopedias, and works of reference generally. The best list will be identified by plébiscite."

An examination of the 60 lists sent in shows that in the united judgment of our competitors the following are the ten English

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The Literary Week.

WE are glad to be able to print in this issue of the ACADEMY a striking poem by Mr. Francis Thompson, entitled "The Nineteenth Century." Mr. Thompson's long silence has been much regretted by those who love his poetry, and who place it very high among the gifts of the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century. Our hope, nevertheless, is that Mr. Thompson has been his own herald, and that the pageant of his verse, so finely begun, will move to greater conquests.

In a recent number we commented on the New York *Outlook's* lists of the most influential books of the Nineteenth Century. Such lists will, no doubt, be diligently compiled, and from points of view as varied as they are numerous. Mr. Shorter, in the *Sphere*, answers the question: "What are the greatest names that imaginative literature has given to the world during the period?" as follows:

Byron.
Goethe.
Scott.
Balzac.
Turgueneff.

As the six most influential books he names:

Byron's *Childe Harold*.
Scott's *Waverley*.
Heine's *Buch der Leiden*.
Balzac's *Père Goriot*.
Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.
Turgueneff's *Virgin Soil*.

Of these it is difficult to understand why *Père Goriot* was particularly selected from the marvellous Balzac *Comédie Humaine*, but we are glad that Mr. Shorter has the courage to include Byron so plumply. There is really no doubt about Byron's claim; but not everyone will see or admit it nowadays.

On Thursday the *Daily Chronicle* published the first four of its promised articles on "The Mind of the Century." Poetry is treated by Mr. Lionel Johnson. Drama by Mr. William Archer. Fiction by Mr. Arthur Waugh. The Essay and Criticism by Mr. H. W. Nevinson. The writers of the summaries are, on the whole, satisfied with the tendencies and work of the almost dead century, but Mr. Waugh ends on a dismal note:

... English fiction seems again to be lost in a very wilderness of indecision. Tacking from topic to topic, viewing nothing steadily or long, tortured by problems of misunderstanding and ignorance, its progress seems for the moment to evade the eye of criticism altogether. Out of all this chaos we can but hope that some unity may come, when feverish emotions have cooled down into enthusiasm.

We hope so, too.

To the January number of the *Century* Mr. Gosse contributes an article dealing with the career and work of

Mr. Stephen Phillips. Most of the biographical details recorded are already well known, but Mr. Gosse supplies us with one interesting fact which we do not remember to have seen before. He says, speaking of Mr. Phillips's experiences as an actor in Mr. Benson's company:

There was one part in which he really excelled, and, oddly enough, it is one which Shakespeare is known to have played, and which was said to be "the top of his performance." This was the ghost in "Hamlet," which Mr. Phillips acted with a dignity so awful that he was positively called before the curtain—a distinction believed to be in this rôle unparalleled.

There is reason in the apparent reluctance of an audience to call Hamlet's ghost. Mr. Gosse refers to *Herod* as being in commission only. We suppose that the exigencies of magazine printing occasionally make such inaccuracies inevitable, but it is almost pathetic to read at the end of December that a play is in the making which has been successfully running for some weeks.

THE first instalment of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" appears in the January number of *Cassell's Magazine*. Some of the illustrations are by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, and are to be reproduced from relief models in clay; one of these appears in this issue. We have had time only to glance at the story, but here is a passage which makes a good beginning:

... Kim was white—a poor white of the very poorest. The half-caste woman who looked after him (she smoked opium, and pretended to keep a second-hand furniture shop by the square where the cheap cabs wait) told the missionaries that she was Kim's mother's sister; but his mother had been nursemaid in a colonel's family and had married Kimball O'Hara, a young colour-sergeant of the Mavericks, an Irish Regiment. He afterwards took a post on the Sind, Punjab, and Delhi railway, and his regiment went home without him. The wife died of cholera in Ferozepore, and O'Hara fell to drink and loafing up and down the line with the keen-eyed three-year-old baby. Societies and chaplains, anxious for the child, tried to catch him, but O'Hara drifted away, till he came across the woman who took opium and learned the taste from her, and died as poor whites die in India. His estate at death consisted of three papers—one he called his "*ne varietur*," because those words were written below his signature thereon, and another his "clearance-certificate." The third was Kim's birth-certificate. Those things, he was used to say, in his glorious opium hours, would yet make little Kimball a man. On no account was Kim to part with them, for they belonged to a great piece of magic—such magic as men practised over yonder behind the Museum, in the big blue and white Jadoo-Gher—the Magic House, as we name the Masonic Lodge. It would, he said, all come right some day, and Kim's horn would be exalted between pillars—monstrous pillars—of beauty and strength.

THE authorship and literary quality of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* continue to excite discussion. The meaning of the book seems to be regarded as settled. Meanwhile, attempts to thicken the mystery are not wanting. We have received the following curious announcement from the Unicorn Press: "A sequence of letters, which

will be found to fit rather curiously into the letters composing a recently published and much talked of volume, will be issued in a few days under the title of *An Englishman's Love-Letters*. As in the case of its forerunner, the author's name is not disclosed." One thing grows probable. It is that the concealed authorship device will be practised more and more, and that it will become flat, stale, and unprofitable.

MR. NEWBOLT has given us a very good number of the *New Review* for January. Mr. Leslie Stephen explains why he refused to sign a protest against the war in South Africa, and proceeds to show that once the war had been entered into, a set of considerations came into existence larger than those which belonged to its alleged root in Mr. Chamberlain's treatment of the Boers. In the course of his argument Mr. Stephen uses the following illustration:

Ahab may have behaved abominably to Naboth; but if Naboth raised a rebellion and called in the Philistines to fight himself, it might still be the duty of a loyal Jew to put him down. Right and wrong are so mixed up in this world that an error or injustice in one part of the proceedings which has led to a conflict cannot decide the rights of the whole controversy.

Another good item in the *Review* is Mr. Julian S. Corbett's presentation of a number of unpublished conversations with Napoleon on St. Helena from the personal notes of his interviewer, Colonel Mark Wilks, who was Governor of the island under the East India Company when Napoleon landed. It is astonishing that conversations of such interest should have remained hidden so long. They now serve as a fine plum to Mr. Newbolt's magazine, and as an answer, more or less effective, to Lord Rosebery's charges of undue severity against Sir Hudson Lowe. The principal conversation shows that Napoleon endeavoured to use Colonel Wilks as a secret messenger to the Prince Regent—a scheme which was at once brought to the knowledge of Sir Hudson. Other conversations between Napoleon and Colonel Wilks turn on flogging in the English army, British administration in India, and—such is the range of subjects—"the mention of indigo brought us back to the subject of chemistry."

In the same magazine Mr. Quiller-Couch writes in varying shades of reverence about Coventry Patmore. He finds it hard to reconcile the homage paid to woman in the "Angel" and "Victories of Love" with Patmore's scoffing rejection of the view that woman is man's equal. And Mr. Quiller-Couch rubs in a little satire:

I confess a disappointment to discover that the exquisite homage paid to Honoria by her poet-husband was, after all, polite humbug. "Everybody knew what he meant in thus making a divinity of her," &c. Did everybody? I—alas!—for years understood him to be saying what he believed. Nor am I assured that Patmore knew everything about love when I read *Amelia* (which, with his rifle club, he reckoned his greatest achievement), and note the chill condensation beneath the exquisite phrasing of that idyll—so perfect in expression, so fundamentally selfish and patronising in its point of view. Nor, again, am I sure that in chivalry he had hold of the right end of the stick, when I read *The Storm*, and learn how he earned the thanks of his Beloved by running home in the rain, and sending her "woman" with an umbrella!

In certain of his Odes—"Saint Valentine's Day," "Wind and Wave," "The Toys," "If I Were Dead," and others—Mr. Quiller-Couch holds that Patmore's utterances "pierce and shake as no others in our whole range of song since Wordsworth declined from his best."

THERE is a good paper in the January *Macmillan* comparing the characters and literary tastes of T. E. Brown and Edward FitzGerald. The comparison is deftly

elaborated, from their love of Sophocles to their love of Crabbe. "FitzGerald sobbed over Sophocles. Brown declared that the tremendous parabasis, 'ἄγε δὴ φύσιν ἀνδρες ἀνθρώποις, from 'The Birds' of Aristophanes made him tremble." Both men had a passion for music, both loved the sea, and both were wedded to their native soil, with its growth of words and character. "Both had the poet's eye and ear for all the fairest sights and sounds of life, and the tender heart for human suffering. And therefore both suffered much themselves."

THE *Cornhill Magazine* is about to enter on the forty-first year of its existence, and its January number is appropriately freighted with an article of reminiscences by Mr. George Smith, who tells the story of the magazine from the first bright idea to its full and successful establishment under Thackeray. A very amusing item in the same number is Mr. Andrew Lang's article, "Examinations in Fiction," founded on a "Student's Guide to the School of Literæ Fictitiæ," printed at Oxford in 1855, and anticipating to some extent Calverley's famous Cambridge examination on *Pickwick*. Some of the questions are fooling, others serious and excellent, as, for instance:

Does the history of prose fiction up to the present time afford any grounds for conceiving its course to be subject to a law of recurrence in a cycle?

Compare, with a view to ascertain the relative excellence of their authors as *pathetic* writers, the death scenes of Clarissa Harlowe, Ruth, Paul Dombey, Guy Morville, Eva St. Clair, Le Fevre.

Mark the progress of society towards philanthropy by comparing (1) the tone of Fielding's novels, (2) of the earlier and later works of Dickens.

But the cream of the article is the set of questions in *Literæ Fictitiæ* which Mr. Lang himself propounds for novel critics of these days, when fiction claims to be doing the work of prophecy, science, religion, government, and biblical criticism. From Mr. Lang's fourteen questions we select eight:

1. State and discuss Miss Corelli's theory of a molecule, distinguishing, if possible, a molecule from a microbe.

2. Criticise Mr. Hall Caine's biblical knowledge with reference to his theory of the destruction of Sodom. How far is it in accordance (a) with the Hebrew traditions, (b) with the evidence of the monuments, (c) with the higher criticism?

3. Criticise the use of hypnotism by modern authors. How far is its treatment by Mr. George MacDonald and Mr. A. E. W. Mason in accordance with the teaching (a) of the Salpêtrière, (b) of the Nancy schools?

6. Give a recipe (a) for an historical, (b) for a prehistoric, (c) for a scientific novel, (d) for a novel of the future.

7. Briefly sketch a romance intended to demonstrate the genuine and archaic character of the Book of Deuteronomy, showing how you would work in "the love interest."

8. State the etymology of the word "boom." Show how a boom may best be organised. Mention the earliest known date at which the pulpit was used as an engine for booming a novel.

12. Discuss American historical novels, mentioning, if you can, any examples in which Washington is not introduced.

14. Discuss the theory that *Esmond* is a work by many various hands, giving reasons for your opinion, and drawing inferences as to the unity of the *Iliad*.

We may mention, for students of parody, that Mr. Lang's paper contains a rendering into the style of Dr. Johnson of Tony Weller's celebrated remarks on the unnaturalness of poetry.

FROM the secretary of the Public Library in far-off Hawera, New Zealand, we have received a "Visitor's Privilege Ticket," entitling us to borrow books from the

Hawera Library for one month. The fact that our month has expired during the ticket's voyage to England does not lessen our gratitude, especially as the ticket is accompanied by particulars interesting to bookmen and gratifying to ourselves. The secretary writes:

In this bright little New Zealand town of 2,500 people we maintain an excellent institution, which, socially, financially, and as an educative influence is quite a success. Each ticket is practically a family one, as it enables the subscriber to take three books. No irksome restrictions are placed upon readers.

We have a free room in which twenty-two daily and six weekly papers are filed.

The secret of success is the selection of the newest books every week. These are notified in the daily paper. The ACADEMY is the guide from which we purchase.

THE Vale Press reprint of Benvenuto Cellini's Memoir (J. A. Symonds's translation) is the handsomest work that has been issued under the direction of Mr. Ricketts since the production of the Vale type in 1896. It is of folio shape, considerably larger than any of the other works of the series, and is issued in two volumes, of which only the first has yet appeared. Like most of the recent Vale Press editions, it was out of print before publication. So far as is known at present, this is the last work which will be published in the Vale type. The Shakespeare, of which nine volumes have appeared out of thirty-six, is printed in a special type that was designed for it, and will continue to appear for many months to come.

ANOTHER very interesting printing venture, which is just about to publish its first announcement, is the press which Mr. Emery Walker and Mr. Cobden Sanderson have started at Hammersmith to revive the fine old type of Jensen. A specimen leaflet has already been privately issued, and shows that the difficulty of reproducing an ancient type has been most successfully overcome. The first work set up by Messrs. Walker & Sanderson is the little *Agricola* of Tacitus, with text arranged by Mr. Mackail. This is almost ready for issue. Other works which are in course of preparation are Ruskin's *Unto this Last* and an edition of the Bible, to be published by arrangement with the Cambridge Press. The completion of this great work will, however, depend partly on the support it receives.

In America a somewhat similar undertaking is being carried out by Mr. D. B. Updike, at the Merrymount Press, Boston; and, curiously enough, Mr. Updike's trial volume is also to be the *Agricola*. The choice is a mere coincidence, both printers being aware that Latin looks handsomer than English in type, and the *Agricola* being probably selected as the shortest treatise of any recognised merit. Mr. Updike, on hearing what was being done at the Hammersmith Press, has sent over one or two specimen pages of his work, which will be a handsome foolscap folio, probably of no great bulk. His type resembles rather the Jensen revival than the Kelmscott or Vale Press models, and was designed by Mr. Goodhue, the author of the imitation Morris type which is so popular among printers just now. While on this subject we may mention that Mr. C. R. Ashbee, of the Guild of Handicrafts, has also designed a new type, and that the first book printed in it is announced for publication. Hitherto the works issued from Essex House have been printed in "Caslon" type.

A WRITER in *Chambers's Journal* discourses on the books he has picked from the "Twopenny Stall." For twopence, as he justly points out, one can pick up a great deal of good old literature well worth putting on one's shelf at the price. For twopence the writer of the article, Mr.

Arthur L. Salmon, has, we note, purchased the following books, mostly old editions in good states:

Thomson's *Seasons*.

Thomas Warton's *Poems*.

Gray's *Complete Works*. (Mason's edition.)

Dr. James Beattie's *Works*.

The *Poetical Works* of Smollett and Thomas Tickell in one volume.

Ambrose Phillips's *Poems*.

Akenside's *Poems*. (Cooke's edition.)

Pope's *Homer*.

Dryden's *Virgil*.

Cowper's *Iliad*.

Fairfax's *Tasso*.

Glover's *Leonidas*.

Gay's *Poems* bound up with Cotton's *Visions in Verse*, and Moore's *Fables for the Female Sex*.

Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*.

Falconer's *Shipwreck*, and Somerville's *Chace* in one volume.

Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*.

We have picked these titles out of the pleasant rivulet of comment in which they are set by Mr. Salmon.

STUDENTS of Charles Lamb should not miss the interesting "Lamb Jottings" contributed by Mr. J. A. Rutter to *Notes and Queries* of last week. Mr. Rutter points out some errors in Canon Ainger's *édition de luxe* which the *Quarterly* had pronounced "final." On one point Mr. Rutter incidentally sheds a new light. It has not been clearly known what were Lamb's duties and emoluments during his brief employment at the South Sea House. Mr. Rutter says: "In a small exhibit of documents illustrative of the great Bubble, preserved in the Albert Museum at Exeter, I found the following:

Rec^d 8th feby 1792 of the Honble South Sea Company by the hands of their Secretary Twelve pounds 1s. 6d. for 23 weeks attendance in the Examiners Office.

£12 : 1 : 6.

CHARLES LAMB."

Only the signature is in Lamb's hand. Brief as it is this document furnishes some definite information. That "indolence almost cloistral" which Elia attributed to the South Sea House seems to be reflected in this long delayed payment to a young extra clerk of his small wages.

AMONG these magazines which are putting on a wedding garment for the Twentieth Century is the *Art Journal*, which appears in a newly designed cover with a bold effect of black and orange. The January number contains the first of a series of articles on the Wallace Collection, by Mr. Claude Phillips.

THE *Student*, the magazine of Edinburgh University, has arranged a novel and interesting method of celebrating the commencement of the Twentieth Century. About the middle of next month a special New Century number will appear, consisting of contributions from well known men of letters, both in England and Scotland. The list of contributors is by no means complete, but it already contains such names as Mr. William Archer, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. Evelyn Abbott, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Neil Munro, Sir George Douglas, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. John Buchan, Mr. I. Zangwill, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Lewis N. Parker, and many others. This venture of the Edinburgh undergraduates is likely to be of great literary interest.

THE January *Pall Mall Magazine* is notable for an excellent illustrated article on M. Rodin, the greatest living sculptor, by Marie van Vorst. The article has the more timely interest because of the movement now on foot in this country to buy one of Rodin's bronzes for presentation to South Kensington Museum, a movement which has the support of Prof. Legros, Mr. Sydney Colvin, Mr. Sargent, R.A., and other artists and connoisseurs of note.

Rodin is now sixty years of age, and he is represented to us as full of vitality. "Standing before the head of *L'Homme au Nez Cassé* (curiously enough the milestone of his first defeat, refused by the Salon in 1864), his masterpieces all around him, in the mellow light of the autumn sun falling on exquisite marble or dark bronze, Rodin said: 'It is good to be alive. I find existence marvellous, glorious. These effigies of human pain' (and he indicated a bronze representing an emaciated poet dying on the knees of the Muse) 'no longer make me suffer as they used. I am happy. To me nature is so beautiful, the truths of humanity are so thrilling, that I have grown to adore life and the world. *Je trouve que la vie est tellement belle!*'" Rodin's masterpiece, the *Porte de l'Enfer* ("Door of Hades") has yet to be seen by the world. This great group has occupied him for fifteen years, and has been ordered by the Museum of Decorative Art in Paris.

MR. JOHN A. STEUART has resigned the editorship of the *Publishers' Circular*, the issue of this week being the last for which he is responsible. Mr. Steuart's new novel, *The Eternal Quest*, will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson in February next.

Bibliographical.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN promise us the *Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks*, written and edited by Prof. A. V. G. Allen; and, no doubt, the work will be interesting and, perhaps, valuable. Meanwhile, at least two monographs on the distinguished American bishop have been published in England—one by a Mr. Dunbar in 1893, and another by a Mr. De Wolfe Howe so recently as 1899. Quite a large number of works by the bishop have found their way across the Atlantic. To name only some, we have had *The Influence of Jesus* (lectures, 1879), *The Candle of the Lord* (sermons, 1881), *Sermons Preached in English Churches* (1883), *Lectures on Preaching* (1881 and 1885), *Twenty Sermons* (1886), *Tolerance* (lectures, 1887), *The Light of the World and Spiritual Man* (sermons, 1891), *Letters of Travel* (1893), *The Mystery of Iniquity* (sermons, 1893), *Essays and Addresses* (1894), and *The More Abundant Life* (1897). In addition to these we have had two volumes of extracts from the bishop's writings—*Brilliantes* (1893) and *Words of Strength and Cheer* (1898). Altogether, this excellent divine must be fairly well represented on the bookshelves of our clergy and more thoughtful laymen.

We are to have, it seems, a new, revised, and augmented edition of Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox's *Poems of Passion and Poems of Pleasure*. These volumes appear to have been introduced to the British public in 1894 and 1896 respectively. The works of Miss Wilcox have, however, been before the English reader for at least some ten years past. Her books called *A Double Life* and *How Salvator Won* were circulated over here in 1891. In 1892 came *An Erring Woman's Love* and *The Beautiful Land of Nod*; to 1893 belongs the book called *Men, Women, and Emotions*; and in 1896 we had *Caster, and Other Poems*. Apparently, the latest thing that Miss Wilcox has given us is a volume entitled *Maurine, and Other Poems*. This is not the place in which to discourse on the merits or demerits of Miss Wilcox's verse; but that it has had, and still has, a certain amount of vogue in this country the above memoranda make tolerably clear.

In his *Reason of Church Government* Milton wrote—"By labour and intent study . . . joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die." It so happens that the last phrase of the last clause of the sentence has come into almost universal use. But, behold, a greater than Milton is here. A writer in the latest issue of the *Sunday Times*, signing himself "C. J.,"

describes the phrase as "common, and perhaps somewhat foolish." "Taken literally," we are told, it "is ridiculous, because any willing consideration of literature is obviously just the thing which keeps it alive." Why does not "C. J." set to work and re-write poor old Milton?

It is interesting to note that the *Ought We to Visit Her?* of Mrs. Annie Edwardes is to come out in a sixpenny edition. This argues for the story a vitality which one would hardly have thought that it possessed, clever as it is, and clever as the author's writings always were. The tale, I may add, has the unique distinction of being the only English work, of any kind, which Mr. W. S. Gilbert has adapted to the stage. His dramatic version of it was brought out at the Royalty Theatre in January, 1874.

The recurrence of Dr. Samuel Smiles's birthday—the eighty-eighth anniversary—will recall to all middle-aged readers the big popular success made, just thirty years ago, by Dr. Smiles's *Self-Help*. He had already produced his *Life of George Stephenson*, but it was *Self-Help* that made him as a writer. After that everything he did went well—the *Lives of the Engineers*, the *Lives of Boulton and Watt*, the *Huguenots*, the *Life of George Moore*, the *Life of Robert Dick*, and so forth. The best indication of what is most likely, of all his work, to please the coming generation may be found, perhaps, in the list of those books of his of which a uniform new edition appeared three years ago. These were: *Character, Duty, Industrial Biography, Jasmin, Life and Labour, Men of Invention and Discovery, Self-Help, Thomas Edvard, and Thrift*. Of these, *Character, Duty, Self-Help, and Thrift* may last the longest. It is difficult, meanwhile, to believe that it is very nearly ten years since Dr. Smiles brought out his biography of John Murray—*A Publisher and His Friends*.

I see we are to have a monthly publication, to be called the *Thrush*, which is to consist of "original" verse by living writers. It has my best wishes, though I cannot say I think there is any "felt want" which it will "supply." Is there no room for this sort of thing in the magazines and the country newspapers? Anyway, I trust that this *Thrush* at least will not sing each song twice over; we shall be satisfied, probably, with the first fine careless raptures. *Apropos*: did not the late W. C. Bennett issue a serial called the *Lark*, also consisting of poetry, though (if I remember rightly) of selected poetry only? Is it too late to change the title of the new monthly in favour of Bennett's older and better choice? Think of the charming motto from Coleridge that would be available—

The *Lark* is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he—

which, I suppose, is what the contributors to the *Thrush* are proposing to do.

Among the books to be expected shortly is one on *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man*, from the pen of the America *littérateur*, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. Many writers have tried to build up a plausible figure of "the man Shakespeare"; it will be interesting to note what our Transatlantic contemporary has to contribute on the subject. Of Shakespeare the dramatist very much less has been written, even by the Germans, than of Shakespeare the poet; and, indeed, the topic could only be dealt with adequately by one who had witnessed many of the public representations of the plays. It is in studying them as performed that the dramatic weakness of certain of them is forced upon the critic.

It is said we are to have the autobiography of John Stuart Blackie in the form of a volume to be called *The Day-Book* of that worthy. Did Blackie really keep a diary, or is the promised work to be simply a sort of calendar made up of autobiographic fragments? Meanwhile, the proposed title recalls that of *The Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre*, and is none the worse for doing so.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Atlas of Criticism.

A HISTORY OF CRITICISM AND LITERARY TASTE IN EUROPE. By George Saintsbury. Vol. I.: *Classical and Mediæval Criticism*. (Blackwood. 16s. net.)

It is Prof. Saintsbury's design to furnish young critics with an "atlas" of "the theory and practice of criticism," such as he himself felt the need of when, some thirty years ago, he was first "asked to undertake the duties of a critic." Great as the value of his book may certainly be, when wisely used, we should hesitate to commend it to a young critic without a very strong warning, both against the literary models which Prof. Saintsbury's own writing affords, and against the views as to the limitations and functions of criticism which he holds. There is, indeed, no writer worth reading at all whom we read with less pleasure. Faults of style and taste stand out on every page. The English is without dignity or decorum. Broken-backed sentences stagger under the weight of parenthetic and appended clauses, and are starred with ugly catchwords and unnecessary neologisms. Prof. Saintsbury is as cocksure as Mr. Chamberlain; nor does he ever spare to offend us with arrogant assertions of the extent of his own reading in several languages, or with sneers at branches of research, phonetics, textual criticism, the "higher criticism" of the Bible and Homer, or whatever it may be, which lie outside the somewhat narrow limits of his own literary interests. All these are matters of subjective liking, apart from what seems to us the general incorrectness of his attitude towards literature and criticism. Nor does our prejudice go so far as to deny him more than one sterling merit. He *has* read widely, with a lucid brain, a rapid judgment, and a strong memory. He does not shun his share of literary drudgery, and behind whatever he writes there is a solid basis of erudition. His criticism, even where we think it unsound, is the outcome of a thoroughly honest attempt to see and judge for himself. It is not mere book-making at second-hand. And, best of all, he has, within his limitations, a genuine and infectious enthusiasm for some at least of the delightful things of letters.

For good or for evil, all Prof. Saintsbury's qualities find characteristic expression in the *History of Criticism and Literary Taste* before us. The work is planned on a generous scale. Ultimately it will consist of three thick volumes, of which the present instalment deals with Greece, Rome, and the Middle Ages; a second and third will continue the tale through the Renaissance to modern times. Before attempting anything in the way of a summary it will be best to follow Prof. Saintsbury himself in setting down precisely what it is that, for the purposes of his treatment, he considers as included in the term criticism.

The criticism which will be dealt with here is that function of the judgment which busies itself with the goodness or badness, the success or ill-success, of literature from the purely literary point of view. Other offices of the critic, real or so-called, will occupy us slightly or not at all.

A page later this is expanded:

The Criticism, or modified Rhetoric, of which this book attempts to give a history, is pretty much the same thing as the reasoned exercise of Literary Taste—the attempt, by examination of literature, to find out what it is that makes literature pleasant, and therefore good—the discovery, classification, and, as far as possible, tracing to their sources, of the qualities of poetry and prose, of style and metre, the classification of literary kinds, the examination and "proving," as arms are proved, of literary means and weapons, not neglecting the observation of literary fashions and the like.

The obvious remark to make upon this definition is that it takes a good deal for granted. Prof. Saintsbury has

ruled out of his inquiry the whole of what he calls "the more transcendental æsthetic." He does not discuss the philosophy of the beautiful, or the place of art in life or in the human ideal, or the psychology of artistic or literary production, or the historical origins of art and song. Yet on such discussions and their result the rightness or wrongness of his definition depends. We demur, as many would demur, to the hedonistic way in which it is stated. Doubtless good literature is pleasant, but is literature pleasant because it is good? And whose pleasure is the test? Certainly not the writer's, as a psychological fact. And if the reader's, as we understand Prof. Saintsbury to mean, then what reader's? Mr. T. E. Brown found pleasure in the works of Mr. Hall Caine, and so do many others. These things cannot be thrashed out here. But our point is that Prof. Saintsbury has not thrashed them out either, and that therefore it must be borne in mind throughout his book that the whole argument of it is coloured by an unverified and highly disputable definition.

Prof. Saintsbury's opinion on another even more important question of critical principle, is not so explicitly stated in the definition; but he does not long leave us in doubt as to what it is. The "purely literary point of view," from which criticism is to judge literature, is explained to be the point of view which commands the form of literature without its content. This is the moribund heresy of "art for art's sake." What you say does not matter, so long as you say it in such a way as to produce the *oikeia hedone* of the particular mode of expression you have chosen. Those who differ from Prof. Saintsbury have "a mania for insisting that literary criticism shall perpetually mix itself up with ethics and psychology." Dante is claimed as agreeing with him, that "the ultimate and real test of literary excellence" lies "in the expression, not in the meaning." To think that literature can be "judged adequately as an expression of national life," is to harbour a fallacy whence will come "a brood of monsters." *Und so weiter*. Here, again, Prof. Saintsbury is making an assumption from which many critics will absolutely dissent, and we point it out with the intention, not of arguing it here, but of warning the reader, and especially the young critic, that the consciousness of this assumption must accompany him throughout the book.

He will not, however, find it difficult to disentangle, as he goes along, what is dubious in Prof. Saintsbury's comment and bias from what is clearly valuable in the facts he brings out. The chapters follow a chronological order, and the method is largely that of a copious analysis of all the more important critical writings during the Greek, Roman, and Mediæval periods, together with a brief summary of slighter works, and of incidental illustrations of literary taste gathered from books not professedly critical. It must have been an arid task enough to plough through so many second-rate rhetoricians, and thorough praise is due to the completeness and lucidity of Prof. Saintsbury's exposition. At intervals he stops and sums up the total results of a period in a convenient "interchapter." It must not be denied that the total critical outcome of the ages traversed is not great. Neither insolent Greece nor haughty Rome were critically disposed; their self-consciousness did not take precisely that form. The Middle Ages were too busy in transforming the ideals of literature to reflect much upon its processes. The utterances of most of the writers with whom Prof. Saintsbury deals may be wisely taken from him at second-hand; they are hopelessly jejune, engrossed with the minute classification of tropes and figures, and far less with literature in any reasonable sense than with rhetoric as the base art of persuasion. Aristotle, of course, is fundamental; and so, too, is Plato, though Prof. Saintsbury's assumptions blur his appreciation of the fact. Horace has already a place beyond his deserts. Quintilian cannot safely be neglected. But it is Longinus, or whoever wrote the anonymous treatise "On

the Sublime," and Dante, if, as is almost certain, Dante wrote the "De Vulgari Eloquentia," for whom Prof. Saintsbury would claim an attention which they have not always in adequate measure received. "Literary elevation" rather than "the Sublime," the qualities that transport and give ecstasy—these are what Longinus demanded, and, demanding them, he went to the heart of the critic's business.

Amid the desert and chaos of wasted industry there stands the great rock of the *Περί Ὑψους*, with its shade and refreshment in the weary land of its own contemporaries, and with its brow catching the dawn which was not to shine fully for more than fifteen hundred years, and is hardly noon-day yet. . . . The intelligent enjoyment of literature; the intimacy with it, at once voluptuous and intellectual; the untiring, though it may be never fully satisfied, quest after the secret of its charms, never neglecting the opportunity of basking and revelling in them—these things, till we come to Longinus, are rare indeed. And when we do meet them, the *rencontre* is of a sort of accidental and shame-faced character. When we come to Longinus there is no more false modesty. "Beautiful words are the light of thought." These words themselves are the lantern of criticism.

We do not wish to belittle Longinus, for his point, even if only a half-truth, was a big one to make; and the aspiration to the "Sublime" does not exclude a "Sublime" that is more than merely verbal. He "hitched his waggon to a star," indeed! But, of course, it is the specific requirement of beautiful words that pleases Prof. Saintsbury; just as it is on account of Dante's "bent towards formal criticism—towards considerations of prosody, of harmony, of vocabulary, of structure"—that this historian claims for the "De Vulgari Eloquentia" "not merely the position of the most important critical document between Longinus and the seventeenth century at least, but one of intrinsic importance on a line with that of the very greatest critical documents of all history." The magic of words is a thing that no advocate of soul in literature will deny; let us, as an antidote to Prof. Saintsbury, conclude with a quotation from a great conjuror with words:

Literature [says Mr. Pater], by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things everywhere, of all good art. Good art, but not necessarily great art: the distinction between great art and good art depending immediately, as regards literature at all events, not on its form, but on its matter. Thackeray's *Esmond*, surely, is greater art than Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, by the greater dignity of its interests. It is on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as *The Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, *Les Misérables*, *The English Bible*, are great art.

In Book Form.

Herod: a Tragedy. By Stephen Phillips. (Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

To read *Herod*, and to see it acted, are two different things. But, while it certainly loses force in representation, there can be no doubt that the loss is due to no fault of the playwright. The austere rendering of the grand emotions, even the audible and intelligent articulation of blank verse, are scarcely possible under the conditions of the modern stage in England. One may be, happily, sure, however, that the composition of a few more plays like *Herod* will soon work a change; for the stage always moves, backwards or forwards, with the

playwright: no other influence permanently affects it. In *Herod* Mr. Phillips is a playwright first and a poet afterwards. Matthew Arnold, in the invaluable Preface to the 1853 edition of his *Poems*, remarks that "at the present day we can hardly understand what Menander meant when he told a man who inquired as to the progress of his comedy that he had finished it, not having yet written a single line, because he had constructed the action of it in his mind." Mr. Phillips has clearly returned to the classical method; everywhere the poetry is subordinated to the action, and the author's aim is at that "total impression," upon which Matthew Arnold so strenuously and rightly insisted. Here, in *Herod*, is drama which happens to be poetry, not poetry which happens to be drama. The "action" is the best part of it. Judged on the comparatively low plane of mere theatric invention, *Herod* is very deft. The introduction of the swooning women during the absence of Herod and Mariamne in the first act is a good example of Mr. Phillips's invention. Cypros' plot against Mariamne in the second act is well devised—yet how simply!—to meet the situation; and, indeed, the whole play is full of the felicities of a born stage-craftsman. The dramatic (as distinguished from the theatric) merits of the piece are admirable. The clash of Herod's two motives—his passion for Mariamne and his murderous hatred of her beloved brother—resounds fatefully in the very beginning, and almost at once we are faced with the great situation of Herod making tempestuous love to Mariamne in the full knowledge that Aristobulus is at the very moment being murdered. This is to conceive in the grand manner of old tragedy. From the first, Herod, with all his tigerish personal force, is helpless in the clutch of circumstance, helpless even in his love. Says Mariamne:

You rushed on me like fire, and a wind drove you,
Thou who didst never fear, Herod, my Herod,
Now clasp me close as thou didst clasp me then,
When like a hundred lightnings brands upsprung
In the night sudden. Then did you laugh out
And whirled me like a god through the dark away.

He raised Aristobulus to high and sacred office in order to please her. He struck the youth down in order to save his throne; and note that his crime was not the killing of Aristobulus (murder was a trifle in Judæa) but the desolating of Mariamne. But he had no alternative; there was no escape from fate. Mariamne's own death follows like a logical consequence the death of Aristobulus: Herod's love was the cause of the one, through arousing the jealousy of Cypros and Salome, just as much as of the other. Blame him for nothing but a too passionate love. It was in the first meeting of their lips that all the ruin was wrought. And Herod, ejaculating at the close,

I have outspanned life, and the worm of God,
Imagining I am already dead,
Begins to prey on me,

was aware of this.

Turning to the "expression" of the play, although it is often beautiful, we do not think it is quite as fine as the "action." For austere discarding the "purple patch" Mr. Phillips must be warmly praised. Not once does he attempt, in the wrong sense, to "write." His one desire is to tell the story, never to discover excuses for splendour of imagery and gorgeous words. There are fine lines and passages in *Herod*, but scarcely once do they attain the highest standard. And at their best they seem to be imitated from the Elizabethan model:

Summon the queen,
Or I will not call earthly vengeance down.
I have exhausted earth, I'll fetch the lightning
And call on thunder like an Emperor!

And again :

I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold
To be a counter-glory to the Sun.
There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,
There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon
Shall aim all night her argent archery ;
And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon ;

And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive.

This may be fine, but is it fine enough ? Has it an individual ring, a fresh inspiration ? In our view there is nothing in *Herod* so fine as the best parts of *Marpessa*, except, perhaps, Herod's imperious cry when he dreams of re-creating Mariamne :

Can I

Not imitate in furious ecstasy
What God hath coldly made ?

Mr. Phillips is a rather impressive Elizabethan, but in almost any Elizabethan play of the second-class one can find passages of an absolute virile beauty to which he cannot reach.

Oh, but thou dost not know

What 'tis to die.

Yes, I do know, my lord :

'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep ;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue ; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Or this :

Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I.

These are not Shakespeare ; merely Beaumont and Fletcher, chosen at random.

When Mr. Phillips abandons his great exemplars and essays the poetry of the nineteenth century he is apt to fall into prettiness and flimsiness.

Nor long and leafy Lebanonian sigh

is not good. And

The low long " Ah " of foliage

is feeble. He uses the word " burn " (in the " Tiger, Tiger " sense) too frequently, and that Mesopotamian word " Lebanonian " has an undue fascination for him. The couplet-like effect of

Some fancy, all incredible to me,
But which alone diverts insanity,

is unfortunate, and so is the unintended Americanism in

Am I that Herod

That fired the robbers out of Galilee ?

We have made a few animadversions upon the poetical quality of *Herod*. On the other hand, its dramatic quality is remarkable.

Mrs. Earle's Museum.

Stage-Coach and Tavern Days. By Alice Morse Earle.
(Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

MRS. EARLE goes on with the big book, of which her *Home Life in Colonial Days*, her *Child Life in Colonial Days*, and the present work are virtually constituent volumes, though they appear under different titles. Hers has been a delightful hobby, pursued with zest, and made fruitful to others by a clever pen and illustrations which no hand but hers could have brought together. The present volume differs from the others only in

affording glimpses of a less puritanic and more open-air life than that which was depicted in its predecessors, wherein we were often made to feel the pious stuffiness of New England life. The tavern now rears its head under strange restraints, and with strange freedoms. It was established by the elect for the convenience of travellers and the comfort of the townspeople ; indeed, a township which did not provide an ordinary was liable to a fine. But under how many restrictions ? Under a hundred, that gradually became fewer as the times broadened. " Sack or strong waters " might not be sold ; " carding," bowls, billiards, and quots were forbidden at the ordinaries ; and the titling-man, an officer of intolerable importance, controlled not only the landlord but the customers, dashing the cup from the very lips of the too freely imbibing traveller. Tobacco was a sin, and no tavern might harbour it, under fine. Later, it might be smoked in a private room of the inn, but not " publicquely " ; and in any case two men might not smoke together. In Connecticut an indulgent Legislature permitted a man to smoke one pipe in a journey of ten miles. It is amusing to note that while a man might not under any pretence light his pipe within two miles of a meeting-house on the Sabbath-day, the tavern-keeper was often invited, even compelled, to set a his roof-tree close to the meeting-house. This regulation harks us back to what Mrs. Earle has graphically told us elsewhere of the arctic temperature which was maintained in the meeting-house by its wretched stove. Men swung their arms to keep warm while they prayed, and women and children cowered half-frozen to receive grace from above. Hence, between morning and afternoon service, the whole company adjourned to the tavern ; and this " noonning," as it was called, was not without its scandals, many a godly church-member returning to the meeting-house in a state of warmth which affected his walk and words. We have not space to touch on Mrs. Earle's wealth of tavern curiosities, mugs, jugs, signs, landlords, and liquors. The great liquors were rum, cider, and flip. Flip was made in many ways ; but it could not be made without thrusting a red-hot poker into the beer on which it was built up.

As in England, so in New England, the tavern opened its arms to shows and stage-plays. The first attempts to " edge in " the drama were made in the Boston coffee-houses, in one of which two English strollers gave a version of Otway's " Orphans," and were sent packing. The word " play " was, indeed, anathema ; and one of the gems of this volume is the copy of a Shakespearian play-bill put forward by a manager in a Newport tavern. Here is a portion of it :

KINGS ARMS TAVERN NEWPORT RHODE ISLAND.

On Monday, June 10th, at the Public Room of the Above Inn will be delivered a series of

Moral Dialogues

In Five Parts.

Depicting the evil effects of jealousy and other bad passions and Proving that happiness can only spring from the pursuit of Virtue.

MR. DOUGLASS—Will represent a noble magnanimous Moor called Othello, who loves a young lady named Desdemona, and, after he marries her, harbours (as in too many cases) the dreadful passion of jealousy.

Of jealousy, our being's bane,

Mark the small cause and the most dreadful pain.

MR. ALLYN—Will depict the character of a specious villain in the regiment of Othello, who is so base as to hate his commander on mere suspicion and to impose on his best friend. Of such characters, it is to be feared, there are thousands in the world, and the one in question may present to us a salutary warning.

*The man that wrongs his master and his friend
What can he come to but a shameful end ?*

Various other Dialogues, too numerous to mention here, will be delivered at night, all adapted to the mind and manners. The whole will be repeated on Wednesday and on Saturday. Tickets, six shillings each, to be had within. Commencement at 7. Conclusion at half-past ten: in order that every spectator may go home at a sober hour and reflect upon what he has seen before he retires to rest.

God save the King
Long may he sway.
East, north, and south
And fair America.

The tavern soon became a coaching-house, and it is curious to see how coaching thrived English-wise in the new country. The first coach between New York and Philadelphia did the journey in three days, and was driven by one John Butler, "an aged huntsman who kept a kennel of hounds till foxes were shy of Philadelphia streets, when his old sporting companions thus made a place for him." That was in 1759. Butler was the father of a race of magnificent coachmen, men of science and dignity, who were adored by their passengers, and ruled the road from end to end. These men would boast that horses were changed before the coach stopped rocking. Their very whips were of the knowingest build and size. "The rule of perfection was that it should be five feet one and one-half inches from butt to holder, and twelve feet five inches long from holder to end of point of lash." An anecdote which lights up custom and character as well as any in the book, is as follows:

There was a closeness of association in stage-coach travel which made fellow-passengers companionable. One would feel a decided intimacy with a fellow-sufferer who had risen several mornings in succession with you, at day-break, and ridden all night, cheek by jowl. Even fellow-travellers on short trips entered into conversation, and the characteristic inquisitiveness was shown. Ralph Waldo Emerson took great delight in this experience of his in stage-coach travel. A sharp-featured, keen-eyed, elderly Yankee woman rode in a Vermont coach opposite a woman deeply veiled and garbed in mourning attire, and the older woman thus entered into conversation: "Have you lost friends?" "Yes," was the answer, "I have." "Was they near friends?" "Yes, they was." "How near was they?" "A husband and a brother." "Where did they die?" "Down in Mobile." "What did they die of?" "Yellow fever." "How long was they sick?" "Not very long." "Was they seafaring men?" "Yes, they was." "Did you save their chists?" "Yes, I did." "Was they hopefully pious?" "I hope so." "Well, if you have got their chists (with emphasis), and they was hopefully pious, you've got much to be thankful for."

Piquancy of humour and fragrance of regret mingle very happily in all that Mrs. Earle writes. And especially the fragrance of regret, now that the gates of another century are about to shut with a surly clang.

Academic Wit.

Reminiscences of Oxford. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. (Cassell. 9s.)

MR. TUCKWELL was born in the reign of George the Fourth, and his remembrance of Oxford goes back to the dim and distant 'thirties, when the Duke of Wellington was Chancellor, and Keble and Newman first began to perturb a placid Church. Of those days, and of many days since, he has a budget of genial and racy stories to tell, and a number of detailed reminiscences to register which will have a considerable value for the academic historian of the future. Naturally, some of his jests are chestnuts, but he taps a stratum of myth beyond the reach of most of his contemporaries. Few, for instance,

remember "Mo" Griffith and Frowd, the Senior Fellows of Merton and Corpus in the 'forties, and their daily walk round Christchurch Meadow, in the course of which Frowd was once heard to lament the lack of "Originals" in Oxford as compared with their earlier days, to be met with the stiffly delivered suggestion: "Has it never occurred to you, Dr. Frowd, that you and I are the 'Originals' of to-day?" Griffith was the greater character of the two, a notable eater:

Dr. Wootten, an Oxford physician, dined with him one day, and did scant justice to the dishes: "My maxim, Mr. Griffith, is to eat and leave off hungry." Mo threw up his hands, as he was wont: "Eat and leave off hungry! Why not wash and leave off dirty?"

The achievements of scholarship are necessarily fleeting, and there have been great Oxford Grecians whose names are preserved more securely by some traditional story than by all their commentaries and lexicons. Among such are Gaisford and Linwood. Of Gaisford, who was Dean of Christchurch, Mr. Tuckwell recalls the famous peroration in a Christmas sermon:

Nor can I do better, in conclusion, than impress upon you the study of Greek literature, which not only elevates above the vulgar herd, but leads not infrequently to positions of considerable emolument.

Linwood was a boor, with a genius for composition in the dead tongues. When an examiner for Greats, he scandalised his colleagues by proposing to "throw all that other rubbish into the fire, and go by the Greek prose." Late in life he read St. Paul's Epistles for the first time, and, being asked what he thought of them, reported "that they contained a good deal of curious matter, but that the Greek was execrable." A university is essentially a democratic institution, and, whatever the outside scoffer may say, it is not true that a courteous manner is the invariable passport to success. A late distinguished professor is said to have enjoyed writing a book on Holland because it was "a low country and full of dams." One day Thorold Rogers was invited to meet Freeman at dinner, and the conversation turned on political economy. "Political economy," said Freeman, "always seems to me so much garbage." "Garbage is it?" retorted Rogers, "then it ought to be good enough for a hog like you." A truly Shakespearian encounter! It was at Oxford, too, that Huxley told Bishop Wilberforce how he "would rather be descended from an ape than from a divine who employs authority to stifle truth." This, however, was excusable, for "Soapy Sam" posing as a scientist must have been enough to irritate a milder biologist than Huxley. Science is at home in Oxford now, and the days are gone when Gaisford could thank God on Buckland's departure for Italy, because "we shall hear no more of his geology," or when Keble could dogmatically declare that "when God made the stones he made the fossils in them." There was more humour in the undergraduate who broke up Dr. Acland's conferences on animal instinct by a grave statement that "he knew a man whose sister had a tame jelly-fish which would sit up and beg"; and more modesty in the churchmanship of Dr. Solomon Cæsar Malan, who knew seventy languages, and when preaching always prayed into a cap within which was inscribed a text from the story of Balaam: "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she spake—."

Many readers will be glad to possess the collection of Balliol epigrams which Mr. Tuckwell prints in an appendix. Perhaps it was indiscreet of him, as many of the victims are living, and some are distinguished. But there they are, and one at least we cannot refrain from quoting:

I am Mr. Andrew Bradley:
When my liver's doing sadly,
I take refuge from the brute
In the blessed Absolute.

An Era and a Man.

The Englishman in China. By Alexander Michie. (Blackwood. 38s. net.)

It is extraordinarily difficult to arouse any interest in the affairs of China in the mind of the ordinary man. But it is not for want of trying, for everyone who has been in China seems to have written a book on the subject, and with singular unanimity denounces our supineness and ignorance of the Far East. To the stay-at-homes among us China is very far off, and a land of fairy tales and Arabian Nights' stories, so that they cannot be persuaded to take it seriously. However, the public must be roused or nothing will be done, and we shall see a magnificent trade slip away from the hands that are too nerveless to grasp it. For gaining an insight into the real China few books have been published of late that are better qualified to instruct than Mr. Alexander Michie's two bulky volumes, the full title of which is: *The Englishman in China during the Victorian Era, as illustrated by the career of Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., D.C.L., many years Consul and Minister in China and Japan.* This portentous title in reality very accurately describes the work, for it is more than a biography, and yet not quite a history: it is the story of an era as illustrated by the life of one great man.

History repeats itself, we are told; but nowhere does it repeat itself with such unfailing accuracy as in China. The changeless East is ever the same, and there are a thousand times as many changes in fifty years of Europe as in a cycle of Cathay. Hence it is that whole pages of the history of the 'forties are vital and actual to-day, and, with only the names of the protagonists altered, might serve as comment on what is going on to-day. In 1839, in 1869, in 1899, these words hold good: "the British Government was so friendly and pacific that they would endure anything"; and there is not a man living who, without previous knowledge, could tell in which of the three years they were originally spoken. It is true that we have ceased to leave the persons and property of British subjects at the mercy of Chinese officials, and to give up Englishmen to be strangled on the demand of the Chinese authorities, and for that those who have business in the Far East are, let us hope, duly grateful. But there seems some blighting influence in life in China which renders our officials out there subservient to the Chinese, and it was not to Sir John Davis, our Minister out there, but to Lord Palmerston that we owed the change. The Foreign Secretary wrote in 1847:

I have to instruct you to demand the punishment of the parties guilty of this outrage [an assault on some British officers]; and you will, moreover, inform the Chinese authorities in plain and distinct terms that the British Government will not tolerate that a Chinese mob shall with impunity maltreat British subjects in China whenever they get them into their power; and that if the Chinese authorities will not by the exercise of their own power punish and prevent such outrages, the British Government will be obliged to take the matter into their own hands.

To do Sir John Davis justice, he was anxious to act boldly; but he had been so tied down to a policy of "forbearance" by previous Foreign Ministers that he had never ventured to hold his own against the overbearing Chinese officials.

As Consul Sir Rutherford (then Mr.) Alcock had a large share in bringing about a better state of things in the relationship between England and China; and yet it was almost by accident that he went out to the Far East. He was born in May, 1809, at Ealing, where his father practised as a medical man. He, too, entered the profession, and in 1832 was sent out to Portugal as a surgeon in the British-Portuguese force which was fighting for Donna Maria, the rightful queen. In 1838 Mr. Alcock returned to England, and in 1842 was appointed Inspector

of Anatomy under the Home Office; but soon afterwards was obliged to abandon surgical practice owing to a form of paralysis of the hands and arms consequent on a rheumatic fever of a particularly severe type contracted at the siege of San Sebastian. It was to the credit of the Government that, in 1844, he was one of the five chosen to fill the office of Consul in China under the Treaty of Nanking, which was concluded in 1842.

As we have already observed, Mr. Michie does not confine himself to Sir Rutherford's career, but sketches the position of the Englishman in China for sixty years. In many respects it is the most interesting book on China and Japan which the present crisis has called forth. Here and there are dull pages which the Judicious Skipper will avoid; but, on the whole, the book throws more light on the subject than any other we have seen. It has the advantage of the connecting thread of Sir Rutherford Alcock's personality, which gives it in places almost the air of an historical romance.

Soldier and Novelist.

Captain Mayne Reid: his Life and Adventures. By Elizabeth Reid, his Widow, assisted by Charles H. Coe. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

THERE is a good deal of entertainment in this artless volume, which is an amplification of an account of the ever-delightful Mayne Reid published by his widow some years ago. It is a little startling, to begin with, to learn that the fire-eating soldier of fortune who produced so long a series of stories of blood-red adventure and hair-breadth escapes from Indians and other poisonous personages was intended for the Church. And, what is more, he actually spent four years in studying for the Presbyterian ministry. Mayne Reid's father, an Irishman of Scottish extraction, was, no doubt, highly disappointed at the failure of his efforts to hand on the apostolical succession to his son, for he was himself in Holy Orders; but, like so many other fathers, he was compelled to realise that youth will have its way, and so, at the age of twenty-one, Mayne Reid (who was born in 1818) went to America in search of fortune. He was long in finding it, for it was not until the war between the United States and Mexico, in 1847, that he got his chance. In the interval he had been trader, journalist, school-master, and friend of Edgar Allan Poe. In later life Reid wrote a passionate defence of his friend against what he considered to be the aspersions of his biographer, Griswold. Everything that he did, indeed, was done passionately, in the sense that he never minced matters, and that he often appeared to be in a great rage when he was merely a trifle impatient of delay or contradiction, or some little detail of that kind. Upon such occasions his terrific voice—we fancy we hear it still, for his wife's pious conjecture that it could almost be heard a mile away is not so very extravagant—was calculated to strike instant and abject terror into those who were unaccustomed to it and to its master's ways.

In the Mexican campaign Mayne Reid, who had obtained a commission in the American army, was the bravest of the brave. At Churubusco he led the last charge, and at the storming of Chapultepec was the first man to reach the enemy's walls. He was only prevented being first on the other side of them by a terrible wound, which was for some time supposed to have killed him—the newspapers even published elegies upon him. But he recovered, to become, in the delicious language of a full-blooded American journalist, "a mixture of Adonis and the Apollo Belvedere, with a dash of the Centaur." As a lady-killer he was clearly irresistible; but in the end he fell in love with his wife at first sight when, at the age of thirteen, he found her dressing a doll. At sixteen she was actually married, despite her early disappointment that her suitor was not like

Jack the Giant-Killer. After marriage, Mayne Reid settled down to the production of the fifty odd romances which have delighted two generations of boys and their fathers. Nobody would dream of calling the author of *The Headless Horseman* a stylist, but the root of the matter was in him. The simple directness with which he told his stories, the easy and natural way in which he led up to blood-curdling situations, the dexterity with which he saved his people from murder and sudden death, brought him a popularity such as no other English writer of books for boys has enjoyed in our time, and would have brought him fortune likewise had he not frittered away his money in starting papers, building an expensive country-house, and driving a yellow chariot with a brace of spotted dogs trotting behind. His later years were dimmed by physical suffering, the result of his Mexican wound, but he was indomitable to the last, like one of his own Red Indian braves. The book is sometimes a trifle extravagant, but Mrs. Mayne Reid's frank and outspoken admiration for her interesting and remarkable husband is distinctly engaging, while her account of his impetuous wooing is highly amusing.

Defoe.

"WESTMINSTER BIOGRAPHIES."—*Daniel Defoe*. By Wilfred Whitten. (Kegan Paul. 2s.)

WE are not quite convinced that a crowded life, such as was Defoe's, can be profitably written in a hundred miniature pages. But small books are the order of this democratic day, with its desultory and wandering attention; and, if they are to be done at all, they should be done as Mr. Whitten does them. His *Daniel Defoe* is a model of thumb-nail biography. Its brevity is no measure of the work put into it. It is *ex abundanti scientia*, a most careful abstract by elimination of the unessential from the mass of what might have been said. Defoe is there in outline merely, but in his right proportions, and with the self-same expression which his face wears in the most faithful of his larger portraits. And it was a crowded life. Mr. Whitten has kindly saved us the trouble of summarising. The Defoe who wrote *Robinson Crusoe* and the Defoe who wrote the pamphlets are familiar:

But Defoe wrote books on Magic and Apparitions, and many books on Commerce. He thrashed out ecclesiastical questions and wrote a history of the Devil. He travelled seven times over England, and turned his tours into books. He composed a poem on the Complete Art of Painting, and treatises on the Complete Gentleman and the Complete Tradesman. He wrote biographies of Rob Roy and Jack Sheppard, and drew up manuals of conduct for parents, and of "religious courtship" for lovers. He wrote a newspaper with his own hand three times a week, and threw off satires in verse in odd moments. He was a diplomatist and a hesier, and a spy and a brick-maker, and a member of the Butchers' Company. He was favoured by Cabinet Ministers and pursued by bailiffs; he stood in the pulpit at Tooting and in the pillory at Temple Bar; he wrote two hundred and fifty books and lost several fortunes.

Mr. Whitten has achieved the difficult task of writing under fetters without loss of literary quality. His closely knit paragraphs still find space for the telling epithet and the characteristic quotation. You may read him as the man of letters and not as the Dry-as-dust of the biographical dictionary. Style, adapting itself to conditions, but retaining the dignity of style, is here. Where we rather part company with Mr. Whitten is in his ethical judgment of Defoe's career. He conceals nothing. Rather he tries to disarm us by the very frankness with which he sets before us the complicated and discreditable web of Defoe's political intrigues. But he insinuates charity, the misplaced charity, which the fashion of

historians extends to bad men and of reviewers to bad books:

Let no reader suppose that Defoe was a mere party adventurer. His changes of side were often excusable in an age when parties themselves were subject to sub-division and exchange of functions.

It is special pleading. If this last sentence means anything, it means that Defoe did not quite know where he stood politically. He knew well enough; nor were the issues between parties particularly obscure in 1715. No! Defoe had the backstairs instinct, and candid history must not pretend otherwise.

Other New Books.

SEMANTICS: STUDIES IN THE SCIENCE
OF MEANING.

BY MICHEL BRÉAL.

IN this volume M. Bréal's *Essai de Sémantique* is presented in an English form, with some additions and a lengthy preface and appendix by Prof. Postgate. That delightful "Essai" dealt with the changes and developments, not of the forms of words, but of their meanings—the history not of their bodies, but of their souls. To those readers in this country—alas, how few!—who really care about the uses and values of words, the book came as a delightful revelation. Each page as it was turned was accompanied by the unspoken words: "Why did I never think of this myself?" To see the minds of men working, intelligently but unconsciously, at the shaping of man's special tool, the spoken word, is to enter by a new avenue into the province of psychology. It is impossible to read the chapters headed, Analogy, The Extinction of Useless Forms, The Parts of Speech, On Certain Grammatical Instruments, and The Order of Words, without feeling new light shed on our own mental processes. Our eyes are opened; the tongue we talk becomes suddenly alive, and words, instead of being blank counters, become commemorative medals carrying history on their faces.

The English version fails to give quite the same delight as the original. Yet it is accurate, and far superior in elegance to nine translations out of ten. Something of the charm, however, has evaporated. M. Bréal's happy touch upon that fascinating instrument, the French language, is not—perhaps could not be—reproduced; and Mrs. Cust has not succeeded in replacing it by equivalent virtues in English. Her style, however, is distinctly more readable than that of Prof. Postgate, whose preface and appendix—the preface especially—are, though full of useful and interesting matter, so fatally unattractive in the manner of their presentation, so inducive of an inclination to lay down the volume, that they will rather, it may be feared, serve to "devote," as Charles Lamb said, than to attract readers. It would be an interesting exercise to trace exactly why writing that is correct (the grammatical error in the first sentence may be attributed, no doubt, to the printer), that is not pompous, nor assertive, nor affected, is so dull that a reader deeply interested in its subject can only read it with repugnance; but this is not the place.

Finally, it may be earnestly hoped that the publication in English of this admirable book may help to awaken some few English readers to the need of knowing and of teaching our language. In no other European country are boys and girls educated without any attempt to teach them how to speak and compose their own tongue. In no other do educated persons think it "good form" not to speak correctly; in no other are to be found a whole class of young persons belonging to the wealthier strata whose vocabulary of verbs, nouns, and adjectives consists wholly and solely of slang. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE EAST INDIA COMPANY FROM ITS SERVANTS IN THE EAST. VOL. IV.

EDITED BY WILLIAM FOSTER.

The new instalment of the East India's "Original Correspondence" series deals with the year 1616. The most important event of that year was the mission of Sir Thomas Roe, in the interests of the trading company, but with the rank of an ambassador from James I., to the Great Mogul. A full account of this important event was separately compiled by Mr. Foster last year for the Hakluyt Society, and fully reviewed in the ACADEMY at the time. We need not, therefore, return to it now. For the rest, the reports and intercommunications of the factors are mainly occupied with trade details, especially with the gradual falling off of the Japan trade, which led soon after to its practical abandonment. From time to time, however, a more personal element touches the arid chronicle with human interest. Richard Wickham writes furiously from Japan to Richard Cocks with regard to some complaints of insubordination brought against him.

I pray conceive not so ill of my writing or speaking without ground or cause. Every worm desires to live, and if it be trodden on it will turn again. Suffer me not thus to be wronged by the malicious reports and slander of such as in all honesty ought to more love, yet now forget once to look back into the hinder part of the wallet; such is the height of oblivion now grown to in Japan.

The appointment of General Keeling as "Factor-General and Supervisor of the Factories and Merchants in the East India and all other parts and places belonging to that trade" also gave rise to difficulties and jealousies. Keeling's authority was not altogether relished by the factors, and this feeling finds very candid expression in a pompous, racy, and entertaining letter from Joseph Salbank at Agra, "the ancientest servant that you have in all this country."

The first matter that I will intimate unto you shall be the discovery of a great indignity and wrong done unto me by your insolent General Keeling, towards whom though I carried myself in every respective manner in our whole voyage betwixt England and the Indies, yet without any desert of mine or the least colour of any just cause that could be objected against me, he disgraced me (as I may properly say), removing me from the place which your Worships had allotted and assigned unto me, and placed punies and young men in my stead, which yielded more discontent unto me than any injuries I sustained this long time; for I know that as your Worships did in your mature wisdom and discretion bestow such a place upon me, so you would not allow of such insolency in your Generals to displace me again without cause and so to disannul and annihilate your authority.

Mr. Salbank then waxes oriental in a reference to the fact that "the almond tree hath displayed his white blossoms upon my head," since he entered the Company's service. He also espouses the cause of a poor mariner who, condemned harshly by Keeling for a petty fault, "nimmed a bag of money out of one of the merchants' chests," and that of Mr. Edwards, whom "the arrogant General Keeling" summoned by "the thunderbolts of his threats" before him, and "publicly scandalised and disgraced his person." "So that," quoth Salbank, "the old rule is to be observed in all countries, I think, of the world, that envy is the inseparable companion of virtue." (Sampson Low.)

THE GREAT FAMINE.

BY VAUGHAN NASH.

He is a bold man who, since Mr. Kipling pilloried the globe-trotter in undying verse, ventures to lay down the law about India after a few months' scamper through the land. Mr. Vaughan Nash is bold enough to write of the great famine in India after eleven months' study of it, and to set right those who have spent their lives and their health in battling with Nature and trying to hold back

Nature's laws among the natives of Hindostan. Mr. Nash appears to have gone out as the "commissioner" for a provincial paper; and, therefore, it is perhaps more his misfortune than his fault that he has to be omniscient. This will also account for his bias against his own countrymen in administrative offices which leaks out all through the book, and his tendency to praise the work of native States in contradistinction to that of the English officials. Much that Mr. Nash says of the bunya, or native money-lender, is perfectly true; but men who have spent not eleven months only, but twice or thrice eleven years in working for India, know all this, and know, too, the difficulties which beset the whole intricate question. Successive Viceroys have recognised how the ryots suffer from the extortions of the money-lenders; but the laws of usury have been the most difficult to arrange satisfactorily in all countries and through all the ages. "Under the native States there are laws of leather; in British territory laws of iron." In other words, there is equal justice in British States; and to the Oriental mind this is hard. The Eastern likes laws of leather which will stretch to his benefit if the right means be used. Mr. Nash's book is conscientious; but we venture to think that to those who do not know India it will give an inadequate idea of the famine, and of the devoted men who have laboured so hard to minimise its effects among the improvident natives. (Longmans.)

As a powder-and-shot historian Mr. W. H. Fitchett has few rivals. He is an Australian minister, and from his far-off home he launches book after book on the model of his *Deeds that Won the Empire*. In his latest, *Wellington's Men* (Smith, Elder), Mr. Fitchett edits and weaves together "a cluster of soldierly autobiographies," bringing the skill of a literary man to their proper compression and display. Four such narratives are taken up: Captain Kineard's *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade in the Peninsula*, Sergeant Anton's *Recollections of Service in the 42nd*, the tale of *Rifleman Harris* in the old 95th, and Mercer's story of the battery he commanded at Waterloo. They are all old books, and three of them are out of print. Mr. Fitchett gives us their best passages with a connecting commentary.

Happiness: its Pursuit and Attainment, by the Rev. W. J. Kelly (Long, 1s.), is a rather wordy and very orthodox discussion of its subject under such titles as "Love and Friendship," "Glory," "Power," "The Positivist," "The Christian," "The Heaven of the Senses," &c., &c. The conclusion is that "they who desire a life of joy and pleasure can only have their desire completely fulfilled in that happy land, where it is truly said they shall be . . . inebriated with the plenty of His house, and made to drink of the torrents of His pleasure . . . They will have joy beyond measure—joy in the joy of the God-head, joy in the joy of all their heavenly companions, joy in their own ineffable joy."

Mr. Newnes's "Library of Useful Stories" has been concerned chiefly with severely practical kinds of knowledge, but it now includes *The Story of Thought and Feeling*, in which Mr. Frederick Ryland endeavours to open up some portions of the field of Psychology to unaccustomed readers. The book will be found interesting and illuminative, especially if read with Prof. Baldwin's *Story of the Mind* in the same series.

Hazell's Annual comes again replete with the year's story, and thoroughly up to date. We have a detailed account of the military operations in South Africa, the official list of casualties, the names of those who have won the V.C., the proceedings in Parliament, the financial measures necessitated, and the military problems raised by the war, &c., &c. Similarly, "full information" is given in regard to China. The literary summary of the year is very useful.

Fiction.

The Ivory Bride. By Thomas Pinkerton.
(Long. 6s.)

ONE of the principal characteristics of the man born literary, him whose preoccupation is the art of writing, is that he does not limit himself to one vein. This characteristic is Mr. Pinkerton's, an admirable novelist who still awaits general esteem. Of his nine novels each is different from the others. His last book, *Dead Oppressors*, was a naturalistic study of modern life. *The Ivory Bride* is a romance—and, what is rarer, a romance composed with true romantic feeling. The machinery of the plot is not new; when the Scottish Earl has a premonition that a certain ivory statue will come to life, we confidently expect something of this sort:

I kept vigil that night on the deck of the *Melinde*. I could not sleep, because that day the most wonderful thing that could happen to me had happened. Of course I knew that history repeats itself, because people are repeated. And the Princess Beatrice was undoubtedly descended from the daughter of the Princess whose tomb was at Ulpha, just as I was descended from her son. The daughter had remained in Italy. But the amazing thing was that the repetition should be so perfect. Every lineament, every curve, every dimple matched. The two sleeping doves I had seen nestling together were a replica of the ivory bosom of the chryselephantine statue.

I felt the solemn joy of the man who can say: "To-day the finger of God touched my thread of life!"

I kept vigil until those rays before the dawn, the out-riders of Phœbus, touched the towers of the old castle with rose. Over the room where my love lay sleeping, stood, sending a track of greeting to me across the violet water, splendid harbinger of good hope, the golden star of morn.

But the treatment is original and fine, and the writing, as may be seen, better than ordinary. Mr. Pinkerton makes brave pictures of warfare in the Italian state of Princess Huldine; and Princess Huldine herself, that terrible woman, is conceived with an audacious imagination. One is at once reminded of the creature of Baudelaire's great sonnet, "La Géante":

Du temps que la Nature en sa verve puissante
Concevait chaque jour des enfants monstrueux,
J'eusse aimé vivre auprès d'une jeune géante,
Comme aux pieds d'une reine un chat voluptueux.

The Ivory Bride is the production of an artist.

Love in our Village. By Orme Agnus.
(Ward. 6s.)

MR. AGNUS is of the idyllists; his reputation is growing; and his work, judged by the usual standards, is pleasant and satisfactory enough. But this volume of twittering recitals of Dorsetshire life leaves us chiefly with a sense of its triviality; its preoccupation with the unimportant, and careful ignoring of the essential. "My friends in town," says the introduction, "cannot understand how I manage to exist year after year in civilisation and yet not of it. It may be a pretty village, say they, and rural life may have its charms when taken in small doses and at proper intervals; but . . ." And so on to the inevitable apology for rusticity. This air of having discovered that village rustics are men and women, of "insisting" that they can furnish you with "interest and excitement," is rather tiresome. The discovery has been made so often during recent years. We know it, we have always known it; and we should be infinitely obliged to the idyllist who would write about village-folk not as though they constituted a Zoo. We seem ever to hear the idyllists saying, with naïve pride: "See! These people can fall in love, just like you and me. After all, they are human, and, in their little way, they have their comedies and tragedies."

It is the attitude of bland patronage which is insufferable. One wonders whether the idyllists have grasped Goethe's profound saying that the "folk" are the only real people; whether it has ever occurred to them that the word "ignorant" has come to mean "ignorant of certain specified things"; and that the ploughman who meets the idyllist on the high road of an evening is probably less ignorant than the man to whom he touches his cap. These remarks do not apply specially to Mr. Orme Agnus's book; they apply to a school of which Mr. Agnus is a very creditable example. Mr. Agnus may say that he has not discovered his village, nor does he patronise it. Nevertheless, he continually has the manner of the discoverer on a lecturing tour, and patronage is implicit in all his gay, innocuous badinage at the expense of the villagers, even in his careful sympathy with them. If he had truly realised the humanity of his rustics, he would not be content to get nearly all his effects out of their superficial peculiarities.

Philip Winwood. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Illustrated by E. W. D. Hamilton.
(Chatto. 6s.)

FOR solidity and graphic colouring the "Independence" novels of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford and Mr. Winston Churchill were hard to beat. In the fiction before us, put in the mouth of one of his subordinate characters, Mr. Stephens does not beat them, but he treats their subject and epoch with a delightful air of reality. The hero of the title fights on the American side, while his wife schemes on the other, and her scoundrel elder brother betrays both in turn. History is touched passingly—Washington being almost a *personnage muet*. The novel is a sketch of domestic life as darkened and deformed by vital differences of opinion and conduct. That its domesticity is sufficiently tempered a scrap of dialogue will attest:

"Won't you come into my room and have a glass of wine?"

"No, sir. If I had a glass of wine I should only waste it by throwing it in your face."

The flight of the heroine to London in platonic, but wholly objectionable, company is a rather obscure episode in her career; but, like most things in the world of fiction, it is by no means irremediable. She is in many passages admirably realised in witchery, wilfulness, and in what only women will hold to be unfeminine audacity. Her father is, however, in some respects, the most notable figure in the book—a merchant of iron for whom one develops the gradual affection worth much sudden and blazing beauty-worship and hero-love.

Lines Written after Reading "Martin Chuzzlewit."

"Who is the lady you love best—
The fairest form in fiction drest?
Whose face a heaven-descended sight
Sheds beauty like the stars at night;
Whose *distilled* breath in perfume trips
O'er pearly teeth and cherry lips,
Whose gentle voice strikes sweetest chords
That tremble in her tender words?"

This quest put I to persons three,
And thus, in sooth, they answered me:

"First, Dante's *Beatrice* drawn divine,
Then Homer's *Helen* superfine,
And Shakespeare's *Portia* formed the trine."

Ineffable ladies of highest stamp!
But what, ah! what of SAIREY GAMP?

M.

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The Nineteenth Century.

As, fore-announced by threat of flame and smoke,
 Out of the night's lair broke
 The sun among the startled stars, whose blood
 Looses its slow bright flood
 Beneath the radiant onset of the sun;
 So crouches he anon,
 With nostrils breathing threat of smoke and flame,
 Back to the lairing night wherefrom he came.

And who is She,
 With cloudy battle smoking round her feet,
 That issues through the exit-doors of death;
 And at the alternate limit of her path,
 Where first her nascent footsteps troubled day,
 Forgotten tumult curls itself away?
 Who is she that rose
 Tumultuous, and in tumult goes?

This is she
 That rose 'midst dust of a down-tumbled world,
 And dies with rumour on the air
 Of preparation
 For a more ample devastation,
 And death of ancient fairness no more fair.
 First when she knew the day,
 The holy poets sung her on her way.
 The high, clear band that takes
 Its name from heaven-acquainted mountain-lakes;
 And he
 That like a star set in Italian sea;
 And he that mangled by the jaws of our
 Fierce London, from all frets
 Lies balmed in Roman violets.
 And other names of power,
 Too recent but for worship and regret,
 On whom the tears lie wet.

But not to these
 She gave her heart; her heart she gave
 To the blind worm that bores the mold,
 Bloodless, pertinacious, cold,
 Unweeting what itself upturns,
 The seer and prophet of the grave.
 It reared its head from off the earth
 (Which gives it life and gave it birth)
 And placed upon its eyeless head a crown,
 And all the peoples in their turns
 Before the blind worm bowed them down.
 Yet, crowned beyond its due,
 Working dull way by obdurate, slow degrees,
 It is a thing of sightless prophecies;
 And glories, past its own conceit,
 Attend to crown
 Its travail, when the mounded time is meet.
 Nor measured, fit renown,

When that hour paces forth,
 Shall overlook those workers of the North,
 And West, those patient Darwins who forthdrew
 From humble dust what truth they knew,
 And greater than they knew, not knowing all they knew.
 Yet was their knowledge in its scope a Might,
 Strong and true souls to measure of their sight.
 Behold the broad globe in their hands comprest,
 As a boy kneads a pellet, till the East
 Looks in the eyes o' the West;
 And as guest whispers guest
 That counters him at feast,
 The Northern mouth
 Leans to the attent ear of the bended South.
 The fur-skinned garb justling the northern bear
 Crosses the threshold where,
 With linen wisp girt on,
 Drowns the next-door neighbour of the sun.
 Such their laborious worth
 To change the old face of the wonted earth.

Nor were they all o' the dust; as witness may
 Davy and Faraday;
 And they
 Who clomb the cars
 And learned to rein the chariots of the stars;*
 Or who in night's dark waters dipt their hands
 To sift the hid gold from its sands;†
 And theirs the greatest gift, who drew to light
 By their sciential might,
 The secret ladder, wherethrough all things climb
 Upward from the primeval slime.‡

Nor less we praise
 Him that with burnished tube betrays
 The multitudinous diminutive
 Recessed in virtual night
 Below the surface-seas of sight;
 Him whose enchanted window gives
 Upon the populated ways
 Where the shy universes live
 Ambushed beyond the unapprehending gaze.
 The dusted anther's globe of spiky stars;
 The beetle flashing in his minute mail
 Of green and golden scale;
 And every water-drop a-sting with writhing wars.
 The unnoted green scale cleaving to the moist earth's face
 Behold disclosed a conjugal embrace,
 And womb—
 Submitting to the tomb—
 That sprouts its lusty issue: § everywhere conjoins
 Either glad sex, and from unguessed-at loins
 Breeds in an opulent ease
 The liberal earth's increase;
 Such Valentine's sweet unsurmised diocese.

Nor, dying Lady, of the sons
 Whom proudly owns
 Thy valedictory and difficult breath,
 The least are they who followed Death
 Into his obscure fastnesses,
 Tracked to her secret lair Disease—
 Under the candid-seeming and confederate Day
 Venoming the air's pure lips to kiss and to betray.
 Who foiled the ancient Tyrant's grey design
 Unfathomed long, and brake his dusty toils,
 Spoiling him of his spoils,
 And man, the loud dull fly, loosed from his woven line.

* Measuring the stars' orbits.

† Discovery of new stars.

‡ Evolution.

§ The prothallus of the fern, for example; which contains in itself the two sexes, and decays as the young fern sprouts from it.

Such triumph theirs who at the destined term
Descried the arrow flying in the day—
The age-long hidden germ—
And threw their prescient shield before its deadly way.

Thou, spacious Century!
Hast seen the Western knee
Set on the Asian neck,
The dusky Africa
Kneel to imperial Europe's beck;
And that refused head plucked to the day
Of the close-hooded Nile.
Hast seen the West for its permitted while
Stand mistress-wise and tutelar
To the grey nations dreaming on their days afar,
From old forgotten war
Folding hands whence has slid disused rule;
The while, unprescient, in her regent school
She shapes the ample days and things to be,
And large new empery.
Thence Asia shall be brought to bed
Of dominations yet undreamed;
Narrow-eyed Egypt lift again the head
Whereon the far-seen crown Nilotic gleamed.
Thou'st seen the Saxon horde whose veins run brine,
Spawned of the salt wave, wet with the salt breeze,
Their sails combine,
Lash their bold prows together, and turn swords
Against the world's knit hordes;
The whelps repeat the lioness' roar athwart the windy seas.

Yet let it grieve, grey Dame,
Thy passing spirit, God wot,
Thou wast half-hearted, wishing peace, but not
The means of it. The avaricious flame
Thou'st fanned, which thou should'st tame:
Cluck'dst thy wide brood beneath thy mothering plumes,
And coo'dst them from their fumes,
Stretched necks provocative, and throats
Ruffled with challenging notes;
Yet all didst mar
Flattering the too-much-pampered Boy of War:
Whence the far-jetting engine, and the globe
In labour with her iron progeny,—
Infernal litter of sudden-whelped deaths,
Vomiting venomous breaths;
Thicker than driven dust of testy March
When the blown flood o'erswells,
The armed parallels
Of the long nations' columned march;
The growl as of long surf that draweth back
Half a beach in its rattling track,
When like a tiger-cat
The angry rifle spat
Its fury in the opposing foemen's eyes;—
These are thy consummating victories,
For this hast thou been troubled to be wise!

And now what child is this upon thy lap,
Born in the red glow of relighted war?
That draws Bellona's pap,
Fierce foster-mother; does already stare
With mimicked dark regard
And copied threat of brow whose trick it took from her?—
The twentieth of Time's loins, since that
Which in the quiet snows of Bethlehem he begat.
Ah! born, grey mother, in an hour ill-starred,
After the day of blood and night of fate,
Shall it survive with brow no longer marred,
Lip no more wry with hate;
With all thou hadst of good,
But from its blood
Washed thine hereditary ill,
Yet thy child still?

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Things Seen.

Gentility.

It was in a Bayswater 'bus, and the day was very hot. I luckily was on the shady side, but though there was some room next me, the two middle-aged women opposite, uncomfortably hot though they looked, were too much absorbed in their conversation to move. The stouter and more voluble of the two fanned herself energetically with the pair of limp gloves she was carrying (by no possibility could they have been got on to those hot, red hands). "Yes," she was saying, "they have come into a lot of money now. I went down to see her in the country—quite a nice little place they've got, and everything most genteel, and they've taken to breeding prize poultry. I said to her: 'How nice it must be for you to get plenty of fresh eggs.' And she said: 'Oh, no! Not at all. Of course, the hens *can* lay if they wish to, but in *our* position it isn't necessary!'" A pause of admiration—and then I heard her mild little friend murmur: "Well, I never! How genteel!"

Ragged Robin.

THE Christmas season brought me face to face again with the old home library. A copy of *Kenilworth* caught my eye: I knew the medallion portrait of Sir Walter, printed in gold on the back. On the flyleaf was written my own name, with a birthday date and the year 1882.

I had received the book at school: I remembered the morning of its arrival, the first eager glance, the anxious waiting until the useless tedium of lessons should be over. Then I was alone with it in the deserted schoolroom. Through the open windows came the sound of laughter, scurrying feet, shouting, the rat-tat of ball against bat, all the delightful mingled noises of a playground. But they lured me not. I was already reading of Varney and Leicester, of Tressilian and Amy Robsart.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

That stanza, standing at the head of the sixth chapter, sent me out into the free air. I ran past the school-farm, across a broad meadow, and plunged down through tall grass and tangled blossoms to the edge of the slow stream which was our majestic river, leading into the world. Lying there, I read on and on until the clock struck the hour for returning. I plucked a head of ragged robin for a marker, shut it into the book, and went back to Ovid and Logarithms.

All this came back to me with poignant vividness, for in the book was still pressed the bit of ragged robin, survivor of many vicissitudes, a beautiful frail reminder of the permanence of all impressions, of the imperishability of youth.

A Hit.

A FLAT parcel. I opened it, and found a sketch of The Spaniards Inn, at Hampstead. No letter. Nothing but the postmark to tell me that a friend had seen it in a remote English town—lurking, may be, among blue Nankin, rusty tomahawks, German helmets, faded samplers, and copper bed-warmers. He had entered the shop, bought it, and despatched it, believing that it would hit a soft place in my breast.

His aim was true. The Spaniards! Ah, nights of the 'eighties, when I sprang up-hill from London's plain of brick, and earned by honest walking a long draught of beer and the smile of twilit Middlesex!

The Curious Eye.

IN his little book of essays called *Domesticities* (Smith, Elder), Mr. E. V. Lucas writes with knowledge and grace about tea, toast, walks and walking-sticks, schoolboys, animals, fires, catalogues, clothes, and correspondence. These are the very subjects beloved of the amateur essayist, who sees in toast a subject on which he may enlarge sagely, and from which he may digress beautifully. The smallness of such subjects is his joy, and if walking-sticks be his choice he dips his pen in serene confidence that it is his to make a thousand angels dance on one ferrule. But it is odds that his ardour soon abates, that his inspiration flattens on itself, and that the burning of much oil results in disillumination. He discovers that it is not easy to write on easy subjects, not even on tea, toast, walks and walking-sticks, schoolboys, animals, fires, catalogues, clothes, or correspondence. As for digression, he may be said to avoid his subject as successfully as a learner avoids skating—by not standing upright for two seconds together. If, now, in a humbler mood, he wishes to see how the thing can be done, let him observe Mr. Lucas. In these pages things-to-the-point are said on almost every page, and the digressions are simply bends and flourishes in the skater's progress.

Not that these are very remarkable essays. Mr. Lucas is careful to tell us that they leave a great deal of him unexpressed. They are witty little deliverances by a man whom a London landlady would hold in awe as a "very particler gent," and from whose wrath waiters would fly in holy dread. "Toast should *not* be waferlike, nor crisp *throughout*. On the contrary, it should be cut just thick enough to leave in its very inward midst the merest tissue of soft bread, if only by way of compliment to the butter spread upon it, which thereby gains in flavour. . . . Toast is one of the few delicacies that can be made better by the amateur than the professional, and as well by a man as by a woman. Cooks treat toast perfunctorily: it does not interest them. Indeed, toast might well be kept strictly to amateur ambition. For several reasons: one being that its fragrance is pleasant in a sitting room; another, that making it is an agreeable diversion; and a third, that whereas bad toast produced in the kitchen leads to annoyance and irritation, bad toast produced by a guest or a member of the family makes for mock abuse, sham penitence, and good-humour." Most of the philosophy of toast is there, is it not? Into Mr. Lucas's great disputation with the *Spectator* on the question whether toast should be hot-buttered (Mr. Lucas permits this, and finds a separate and seductive food in the result) we shall not enter further than to say that we take the *Spectator's* view, but that we follow Mr. Lucas in practice. Toast ought not to be hot-buttered, and we hot-butter it. We are sorry that we never went to Tyson's, "the most famous hot-buttered toast house in the world," in Reek-street, Manchester. There Tyson lorded it over clerks and merchants, supplying only chops or steaks or Cumberland ham, with hot buttered toast for vegetables, and compelling every customer to drink ale, stout, coffee, or tea. He walked about in his shirt sleeves, and was a very beadle to his customers. Reading was not permitted, and a customer who dared to glance at a letter from his pocket was told "This is not a library." Mr. Lucas briefly says that "toast-and-water is cooling as the wind of the morning across fields of dew." Which is correct; but as the beverage has nothing like the vogue it deserves, he would have done well to give injunctions as to its delicate brewing. Mr. Lucas is so sound on toast that we come with confidence to the essay "Concerning Breakfast." And here, again, we find a salient utterance; a kind of Test, offered sternly under small-talk.

No matter of what the breakfast consists, marmalade is the coping-stone of the meal. Without marmalade the finest breakfast is incomplete, a broken arc. Only with

marmalade can it be a perfect round. Every one's home-made marmalade is notoriously the best; but, where the commercially-manufactured article is used opinions differ. Her Most Gracious Majesty (it is stated so on the pot) prefers a viscous variety which is impossible to Oxford men bred on Cooper's. Toss of the D'Urbervilles, it will be remembered, favoured Keelwell's; or, at any rate, it was this maker who assisted in the embellishment of Sorrow's grave. The Universities are nobly loyal to marmalade. At Cambridge there is a saying that no man can pass his Little-go until he has consumed his own weight in it, while Oxford first called it Squish. The attitude of women to marmalade has never been quite sound. True, they make it excellently, but afterwards their association with it is one lamentable retrogression. They spread it over pastry; they do not particularly desire it for breakfast; and (worst) they decant it into glass dishes and fancy jars.

There is another way, which Mr. Lucas may have thought too sordid to mention, in which women go wrong on marmalade. They constantly allow their grocers to lure them from ancient and trustworthy brands to the purchase of "our own make." It may be unhesitatingly said that if everyone's home-made marmalade is notoriously the best, every grocer's "own make" is indisputably the worst. It is marmalade without pedigree or peel. By the way, we do not know what Mr. Lucas means by saying that when there is no marmalade "shift may be made with honey or jam." With jam certainly; but honey a makeshift? Never!—not even for "Squish." Honey is the Queen of the breakfast-table, invincibly pale and sweet, irremovably regnant in her season. Of course, if Mr. Lucas means grocers' honey . . .

On walking-sticks (in the essay "Concerning Walks") we have these admirable queries: "Where, one wonders, are the old walking-sticks? Where are George Borrow's sticks? He must have had noble fellows . . . Where is that wonderful stick of Coleridge's which, when a young man, walking in Wales, he lost, and advertised for so piquantly?" Yet the hue-and-cry is too brief; what of the stick that Dr. Johnson lost in Scotland, and despaired of recovering because its value to the inhabitants as timber rendered its return unthinkable? On the vexed subject of woods Mr. Lucas touches lightly. Cherry and ground ash come nearest to his liking, but he does not name gorse, which provides strong, interesting sticks, if you forgive an excess of rigidity tending to breakage under actual misuse. The least satisfactory essay in the volume is, we think, the one on Correspondence; but then the genius of the volume hardly permitted this subject to be threshed out. Mr. Lucas says nothing about the greatest of letters—love-letters; and love-letters being now the regular reading of the man on the bus, the omission seems the greater. We should like in passing—and in all casualness—to present him with an instance of one mood of tender correspondence, touched by a master hand. In his *Journal to Stella* Swift writes under the date January 20, 1710-11, to Stella and Miss Dingley:

Then I walked in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and, coming down the Mall, who should come towards me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Psch, said I; of the second, psch again; of the third, pschah, pschah, pschah; of the fourth, a gad, a gad, a gad, I'm in a rage; of the fifth and last, O hoooa; ay, marry this is something, this is our M D ["My Dears"], so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus. Dear Presto, we are *even* thus far. Now we are *even*, quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I'll reckon with you anon about that, young women.

Swift's use of initials and other cryptic designations reminds us that letters stand in need of such private inventions. We know of one large family that has adopted

in its correspondence a hieroglyphic for a smile, and it is prodigiously useful. To be introduced to that hieroglyphic, and to be allowed to smile in it, is to receive the freedom of the family.

Here we part company with Mr. Lucas's book, but not with his gift. We wish to point out to young writers that the gift of observation, of a wakeful taste, is among the most valuable that they can possess, or, possessing in a measure, can cultivate. Mr. Lucas has it. But it is found in almost every writer of any "parts." It feeds the interior fund of common sense, and provides a vast amount of small change into the bargain. Some writers, indeed, have had little of it. Johnson, for instance, lacked this nimble spirit of appreciation, these swift gustos. A thousand things were impossible to Johnson that were inevitable visitors to Lamb's mind. Even in literature Johnson rarely enjoyed the tang of words, the sojourn of a phrase on the tongue. A coarse eater, a loud talker, a life-scarred giant, he had few of Lamb's exquisite appetites. Lamb it was who gave to the softness of candle-light and the lusciousness of pineapple their classic expressions. Lamb is full of the knowledge of little things. But look around literature, and where do you not find proofs of the value of this knowledge? Think of the minutiae in *Don Quixote*. Montaigne is the high professor of this little knowledge, this penetrating eagerness; and it has been said that he has wise and witty words for every hour of life. Balzac's genius was sometimes in danger of drowning in a sea of noticed things; his catalogues and composite backgrounds are the marvel of literature. Hazlitt is full of the nicest interests. "The taste of barberries, which have hung out in the snow during the severity of a North American winter, I have in my mouth still, after an interval of thirty years." His description of the fives-playing of John Cavanagh is immortal. Goethe was full of *savoir faire*, and his mind, elephantine in dimensions, was elephantine in its prehensile tact. "Goethe," says Eckermann, "appeared now solely as father of a family, helping to all the dishes, carving the roast fowls with great dexterity, and not forgetting between whiles to fill the glasses." Great is such wakefulness in an old man. Goethe spent hours in discussing with Eckermann the right way of making bows and arrows, though he had never bent the one or shot the other in his long life.

Now the point we wish to make is this: a wakeful attention to life and a rapidly judicial taste of its kindly and unkindly fruits are more important to a young writer than the formation of a style. If there is a deliberate exercise which we would recommend to the aspirant it is not the apeing of Hazlitt or Stevenson or Maupassant, but the whetting of the mind on actualities. Let a young fellow study the name and origin of every article in his mother's house, of every plant in his father's garden, and treasure the words of the gardener, the joiner, the tradesman, and the odd man. Let him exactly know what he may easily know, and appreciate carefully what is his to appreciate. That is real training for authorship. Not that such conscious studies can be indefinitely indulged or prolonged. But if conscious training is of use, it should be training in the acquisition of matter, as well as manner. Only a habit of wakeful appreciation, wakeful at table, in the street, on the heath, and in the crowd, can provide those stores of small experience which must be acquired as we go along, or not at all. It is this habit which enriches and enlivens any style, and it alone can furnish forth the writer who undertakes to discourse in print on toast, tea, walks and walking-sticks, schoolboys, animals, catalogues, clothes, and correspondence. We have written and quoted enough to show that Mr. Lucas has the habit, and has joined to it a graceful wit. Let the budding writer, if he has the wit, acquire the habit.

Correspondence.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."

SIR,—I do not suppose there will be any dispute over Theta's explanation of the story contained in *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, but in respect of some of the praise she (for I presume Theta to be of the Englishwoman's sex) bestows upon this "heartrending romance," there might be some divergence of opinion. *Pure, delicate, artistic* are pretty epithets, but are they entirely justified? I have no personal experience of the terms of endearment applied by young ladies to their lovers, and to be called "a common or garden Englishman" may, for aught I know, sound sweetly in a young man's ears from the lips he loves, though I should hardly have thought the phrase natural to such an extremely cultivated young person as this unlucky Englishwoman. But when I find her writing to her lover from Venice of "the sound of many waters wallowing under the bellies of the gondolas" I cannot refrain from asking Theta if she calls such language pure, or delicate, or artistic. Why, Sir, a decent housemaid would not write so to the young man she walks out with.—I am, &c., KAPPA.

Facsimiles of the First Folio.

SIR,—After reading your bibliographical contributor's remarks on a projected facsimile edition of the First Folio, it seemed to me scarcely probable that such a work is called for at present. During the nineteenth century four reprints have appeared: the first in 1807, of comparatively small value, being disfigured by some 370 errors; the second in 1862, known as Booth's edition, in type a little smaller than the original, and highly esteemed on account of its legibility and correctness; the third, in 1866, edited by Howard Staunton, a handsome full-sized replica; and the fourth, in 1876, the Chatto & Windus reprint, which is so greatly "reduced" that it cannot be easily read. All the foregoing turn up now and then in the dealers' catalogues, marked at moderate prices; not long since I noticed Booth's facsimile at ten shillings, and Chatto's at four shillings.

There is, however, another reprint which is really wanted, and would no doubt be readily purchased by Shakespeare students—namely, a new edition of "Steevens's Twenty Quartos" (4 vols., London, 1766). Its re-issue in our day would render necessary rather extensive modification, and the addition of fresh matter; it would also call for the intelligence and judgment of an editor well versed in the subject: happily there is no lack of men who would take up such a task in the right spirit.—I am, &c., S. W. ORSON.

Brunch.

SIR,—We were much interested in seeing in the ACADEMY of December 15 an allusion to the word "brunch." Does the poet of the *Westminster Gazette* think he has invented it? If so, it is another case of plagiarism.

This useful word was introduced to us about four years ago by a youthful subaltern of artillery, since when we have used it constantly.

There are some other words of the same type which we might mention. "Brupper" is the joyous meal you have after a very late dance, for instance, and consists of supper, which might almost be breakfast. "Brea" is early morning tea, or *chota haziri*. "Tunch" is rather a common meal in the country, and would be partaken of on coming back late in the afternoon, after a long morning's hunting or bicycling; some people call it "an egg to their tea." "Brinner," on the contrary, can only be eaten by those people whose custom it is to dine heavily in the middle of the day. Germans probably find it a favourite

meal. But, of course, "brunch is undoubtedly far the best of them all, and is, indeed, as you remark, the 'resource of the indolent.'"—I am, &c., M.

SIR,—Anent the paragraph in your issue of the 15th ult. on the subject of "Brunch," permit me to inform you that the word is no new thing in this university, where it has been in use for many years past, as also in the sister university of Oxford, I believe.

When and where it originated I cannot say, but it undoubtedly owes its conception to Lewis Carroll's "port-manteau words," of which, indeed, it is a favourable example, being compounded of the opening letters of "breakfast"—BR, and the final letters of "lunch"—UNCH. A cognate word—"slithy"—will at once suggest itself to readers of *Alice in Wonderland*.

With the definition of the word, as given by the writer of the verses in the *Westminster Gazette*, I beg leave to differ. True, a "brunch" combines the essential features of breakfast and lunch; but, far from being an "unhappy combination," it is, on the contrary, a particularly happy one, agreeable alike to late and early risers, since it spares the former the bother of breakfast, and the latter the labour of lunch.—I am, &c., H. D. C.

Mr. Whiteing and Bacon.

SIR,—In your review of Mr. Richard Whiteing's new book, *The Life of Paris*, you say: "What could be neater or more accurate than his definition of the reason of every Frenchman's desire to have the Cross of the Legion of Honour? 'To have it not is more of a reproach than to have it is a distinction.'" That phrase had such a peculiarly familiar ring about it that I took down my copy of Bacon's Essays, and on turning to that "Of honour and reputation" found: "A man is an ill husband of his honour that entereth into any action the failing of which may disgrace him more than the carrying it through can honour him."

That the definition is extremely neat I agree, but are we indebted to Mr. Whiteing or to Lord Verulam for the neatness? Perhaps to both, but in that case the affinity is striking.—I am, &c., T. E. TURNBULL.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 66 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best sonnet on the change of century. We award the prize to Miss Mary A. Woods, 20, Clifton-gardens, W., for the following:

From Time's great water-clock—whose seconds spell
Our centuries—into the timeless sea
A drop has fallen to-night, not silently
But with an answering music; in whose swell
And fall are mingled tones innumerable,
Pean and battle-cry and splash of tears—
Echoes of all things that, a hundred years,
The world has wrought and suffered, ill or well.

What shall the master-note be, when the days
Bring back that music? What shall most resound
Of the new century's gain? A pathway found
Through yielding air; a garnered sunlight; skill
To sense the soul? Or but an old, cold phrase
Fanned into living flame—"Peace and Goodwill"?

The five next best sonnets seem to be these:

One Æon dies, an Æon new is born
To fill the hungry world with ampler store,
Yet richer blood into its veins to pour,
Make poverty less grim, want less forlorn.
The past lives on; no planted good upturn,
No laggard step, as hast'ning to the fore,
Wisdom and knowledge, art and hoarded lore
Crown the new century, its brow adorn.

With such inheritance of light and power,
To what may not the century expand?
Upon the level of the present hour
My vision swims; then let me take my stand
On Pisgah height, or see from some high tower
The glory of the new enchanted land.

[J. G., Bradford]

As one might pause, who from the dizzy height
Of some keen ridge looks down upon a sheer
And beckoning prospect, now first seen but dear
By long anticipation, then to flight
A craven panic urges him, despite
His hope of kindlier welcome—so the fear
Of unacquainted voyagings pangs us here,
Where sways the silent vessel in the night.

There is no flutter on board of delicate wings,
No treasury of tradition's hoarded stores,
No peerless precedents or rich garnerings,
But vacant rooms and vainly opened doors;
Yet must we leave our old home derelict,
To compass Time's immutable edict.

[H. B. R., Bradford.]

Full soon the iron tongue of time shall toll
The century's knell! At midnight we shall glide
Into a new one on a flowing tide—
It is an hour to stir the sleeping soul,
For, lo! before us lies a virgin scroll
Where all is blank; alas, for human pride,
We cannot push the future's veil aside,
Or guess what writing yet shall stain that roll!

As Nineteen-hundred slides into the vast
That gulfs the countless ages of the past
For evermore, the Twentieth shall arise
Before a weary waiting world at last.
And men will hail it then with kindling eyes.
Hope points to "Peace on earth," and clearer skies.

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

The wheels of Time turn slowly with the wain
Of years, that "homes" the harvest of each one:
Dream brought to deed accompt tho' late-begun,
Or rotted gold of hope, or full ripe grain.
One load—a hundred garnered stooks—again
Is "led," and we who muse to mark it "Done,"
Take a reflection from the low, red sun
That for an instant sunders Being in twain!
Who saw the last load are not here—at least!
And who view this, the next one shall not know!
If mightier this, and greater, so, the feast
Than that which Eighteen-hundred squandered so,
Then blest are we! as the years darkward go
Next century through us shall have joys increas'd.

[F. A. M. D.]

What of the night? Shall we find any rest
With the new age that breaks along the sky?
Or shall old hopes and aspirations die,
'Mid the red glare of ruin in the West?
Hope on, faint hearts! The dying years attest
Not all in vain has been our strife of old:
The world shall see, e'er all the tale be told,
Perfection won with marvels manifest.

We or our sons—who knows?—the gods are great.
The hands that sow the harvest one by one
Drop from the working weary, and are gone.
The future grows beneath the hand of Fate—
Hope on, faint hearts, the gods are good and great.

[F. S., Manchester.]

Twenty-one other sonnets received, with thanks.

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